

Emeralds in Old Egypt

The emerald seems to have been the favorite stone of ancient Egypt. Old emerald mines have been discovered so extensive that hundreds of men must have worked in them at a time, much as they work in the diamond mines of South Africa today. Many rings of Cleopatra's time are set with emeralds deeply cut with her portrait. These she is said to have bestowed on foreign ambassadors as a mark of her favor.

No Wonder It's Costly

To obtain the single gram of radium which the women of America gave to Madame Curie when she visited this country in 1921 required the working of 600 tons of ore and the labor of 800 men for six months. During the process of extraction there were consumed 10,000 tons of distilled water, 1,000 tons of coal and 500 tons of chemicals.—Gas Logic.

Vain Search for Motto

London, the heart of the British empire, is one of the few big cities of the world that has no motto. For many years now the London county council has been diligently striving to find one. A subcommittee of the general purposes committee, which had the matter in hand for nearly fifteen years, has given it up as a bad job.

World's Population

The population of the entire world is estimated, roughly, at 1,800,000,000. The population of China, estimated in the same manner is 300,000,000. Thus about one-sixth of the world's population is in China. The population of India is also about 300,000,000. One-third of the population of the world lives in China and India.

Has Known Many Changes

Texas has paid allegiance to the Bourbons and the Bonapartes, the Hapsburgs and the Montezumas. It has several times been a kingdom, twice an empire and six times a republic. It has now reached its goal as a king of empires in the greatest republic the world has ever known.

Happiness in Thrift

Save a little of thy income, and thy hide-bound pocket will soon begin to throb, and thou wilt never cry again with an empty stomach; neither will creditors insult thee, nor will nakedness freeze thee.—Benjamin Franklin.

Arlington Amphitheater

In the pit of the Arlington amphitheater 5,000 can be seated; in the gallery, 1,000; in the boxes, 480, and on the speakers' stand 50. This makes a total of 7,130. The structure is built of marble, and cost \$1,000,000.

Houston Saw Clearly

The rapid growth of Texas recalls the prophecy of Sam Houston in 1832 that Texas was capable of supporting 10,000,000 persons. At that time there were fewer than 1,000 Americans in the Lone Star state.

Religious Appeal

A conspicuous sign displayed on a transcontinental motor highway in the State of Washington reads as follows: "This is God's country. Don't set it on fire and make it look like hell."—Wall Street Journal.

Wary Ladies

When a girl doesn't marry until she's thirty three days she's hard to catch. She finds out how well she can get along without marriage and becomes very choosy.—Atchison Globe.

Further Refuge

Old Doctor Johnson said patriotism was the last refuge of scoundrels. But in case that fails nowadays there is still a writ of error, or certiorari, or whatever it is.—Detroit News.

Use for Spiders' Webs

Strands of the web of spiders are used for cross lines in microscopes, range finders and other exacting instruments. The web is wound on a card like thread.

Are You an Honest Man?

You may think you are an honest man. But if there is prejudice in your heart, it is crowding the truth pretty hard.—Atchison Globe.

Dog and New Tricks

Jud Tunkins says an old dog that was any good in the first place, knows plenty of tricks. Why try to teach him new ones?



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Sylvia of the Minute

By **HELEN R. MARTIN**

CHAPTER X—Continued

He drew a long, deep, quivering breath. Well, he would have an explanation of this mystery if he had to drag Meely by force into the parlor car to face either her empty chair or her living counterpart!

"Meely!"
She turned with a bound and at sight of him, her dull face expressed surprise and pleasure. "Well—of—all—things! Mr. Creighton yet! Well, me, I'm that took back, Mr. Creighton! What bring you to New York over? Come on," she said, making room for him beside her, "and set down here, side by side—ain't? My land's sakes!" she exclaimed as he obeyed her, "ain't you feelin' good, Mr. Creighton? You look that pale! Most like a dead one! What ails you, anyhow? Are you meebly car-sick? I got awful car-sick goin'. But comin', I'm feelin' right good. I was to New York over to look for a place. I'm a right good cooker and I heard they paid good cooks in New York as much as five dollars a week. With room and board yet! So I says to Pop, I says—"

She stopped short, reached for a coat that was crushed between her and the window, slipped it on and stood up. "Come, St. Croix," she spoke naturally, "the game's up of course. Let's go back to our chairs—If you're not embarrassed to walk through this train with my pompous! I thought this the quickest, easiest way to make you see how I do it! For I'm in the way of being a professional actress, St. Croix, and 'make-up' is my strongest point."

Her countenance was concerned and sympathetic as, sitting opposite him in the parlor car, she considered his white-faced suffering. Was she cruel, she wondered? But surely, this was "coming to him"—he deserved it! And yet he looked so ghastly! Perhaps he might kill himself and it would be her fault! Well, would that be as bad as what he had plotted to do to "Meely Schwenckton"? It would not!

"I'll tell you, St. Croix, all about it if you want to know," she suggested in a troubled voice, her face almost as pale as his own. "I'm sorry if I've hurt you terribly, but think how you were going to hurt me!"

"Not you!—the girl you pretended to be," he said huskily. "And such a girl would not have been hurt! A girl like you can't judge for one like Meely of the Schwenckton breed!"

"Better than you can, St. Croix! You would have ruined her life for her!"

"Not if she'd been what she seemed!" he insisted, his voice low-pitched and hoarse.

"What she seemed was an ignorant, stupid, but perfectly decent girl! And after the pitiful note Mr. Schwenckton wrote you which you thought was about me! It was about his daughter Nettie, who he knew was in love with you. It was she that sent you that fudge."

"How the h—l you ever managed the devilish coup!" he exclaimed desperately.

"The queer thing, St. Croix, was that there wasn't a thing premeditated about it—it all just happened. I just fell into the thing step by step. I'll tell you. I'll begin with the mole. I knew that was a 'landmark' for you! So I put flesh-colored court plaster over it and powdered the spot with flesh-colored powder."

He stared at her helplessly.

"The big mistake you made, St. Croix, was in not knowing I was the teacher of William Penn school. Nettie Schwenckton wasn't. You had us mixed. I was the teacher; and I boarded at the Schwenckton farm."

"But—but," he stammered, "then Marvin helped you put this thing over on me!"

"Oh, dear, no! He had nothing to do with it!"
"Do you swear to me he didn't know who you were?" St. Croix demanded with jealous suspicion and resentment.

Meantime, as Marvin has jilted me, Mother and Father decided there was no obligation upon us, now, to tell your family of my adventure and my ambition, until we saw how I succeeded on the screen, if at all!"

"But it has surely been understood all along, Sylvia, that I was eager to take Marvin's place—"

"There wasn't any place to take, St. Croix. Marvin may think, in his pride, that he jilted me—but the fact of the case is that I jilted him first. I never would hear of marrying either of you! But my poor parents needed your money so badly, they always hoped I'd change my mind, and so they never broke it to any of you that I'd backed out. Well, I came over to America in the utmost ignorance of everything I should have known; rather expecting to take Hollywood by storm!—feeling quite condescending in offering my talents (which I myself greatly admired) to the American managers; and not knowing that Hollywood was three thousand miles from New York. Fortunately, I learned a few needful facts on the way over. My deck chair happened to be next to a young American woman who had been a country teacher. She told me all about herself—how she had gone over in June with the student-teacher excursion and had met and fallen in love with a man on the ship, a young college professor. As soon as they'd landed at Plymouth, they'd gotten married, traveled all summer and were now on their way home. She told me the first thing she'd got to do when she got home was to send in her resignation to the country school she was to have taught if she had not met her fate and gotten married. When she mentioned the state, county and township where she was to have taught, I recognized them

It was to you my father paid five thousand dollars to get away! My G—d!"
"Yes, wasn't that a sprightly scene! That's what I'm going to see your father about. I ran home to England with that money to feed my starving parents. Now I'm going to make a clean breast of it all to your father and then if he'll let me borrow what I've still got of that five thousand, I'll go to Hollywood with it. The only blot on my family escutcheon," she sighed, "is my having taken that bribe from your father! But I needed it."

"Why you tell me," demanded St. Croix, frowning darkly, "is Marvin in love with you?"

"I'm sure I don't know. He never told me so, the one time I met him unprofessionally."

"And you are perfectly confident, are you, that Marvin had no suspicions at all as to who you were?"

"I fancy he had several suspicions. Oh, St. Croix, it's going to be awfully embarrassing, facing them all! Especially your awful father after my taking that money from him! It makes me shudder! When we get there, St. Croix, let me walk in behind you, will you?—and I promise to bring up a good, solid rear in the procession! Oh, but I'm nervous about it!"

"To see you sitting there looking like Meely Schwenckton and talking straight English!—It's the d—t knock-out I've ever experienced!" St. Croix almost groaned.

"Didn't I do the part to the life?" she amazingly appealed for applause. "Now I can go to Hollywood not only to offer myself, but my piece as well—for I've written a scenario of this weird, wild escapade, St. Croix, that they can't resist! You'll see yourself in a 'movie' and find out just how—just what you're like!"

"Sylvia!" He leaned forward and took her hand. (They had their end of the car pretty much to themselves.) "Give up this Hollywood idea! You know how I love you—"

"How," she repeated thoughtfully, as she gently withdrew her hand. "Yes, I know 'how.'"

"But look here! You're not going to hold me to account for treating you like the creature you pretended to be!"

"What sort of a creature was I pretending to be?"

"You know what I mean, Sylvia!" "Yet you made love to that creature! A man's standards," she shook her head over it, "are certainly low!"

"They're high enough when it comes to choosing a wife, Sylvia!"

"Then let a woman's standards be as high when choosing a husband!"

"You don't know life, my dear, or you wouldn't say such an impossible thing! My own standards are far more fastidious than the average!"

"Gracious!"

"If you'll marry me, I'll worship and reverence and adore you all my life long!"

"My dear St. Croix, I can't imagine anything more uncomfortable than being 'reverenced'—heavens! You've known Meely Schwenckton much longer and better than you've known Cousin Sylvia and I'm afraid if you married me, you'd be far more likely to bully and browbeat the meek and lowly Meely than to 'worship, reverence and adore' the Lady Sylvia! You're so used to bullying me, I couldn't risk it!"

"You actually believe I could ever for a moment confound you with the stupid, vulgar girl you pretended to be?"

"You made love to that girl and would have despoiled and ravished her!"

He winced and looked shocked.

"Please! Such words on your lips!"

"Bunk! Bosh! You would have done to her what you consider indecent even to speak of to me! Do you think I forget what you told her of your feelings about your marriage? You said to her—'I will marry my cousin because I shall enjoy the prestige this marriage will give to me and to my children.' You weren't even hoping for love in your marriage. That you would find outside of marriage—with girls like Meely Schwenckton!"

"I hadn't seen you then, Sylvia!"

"You were planning to marry one girl while you were trying your best to seduce another! And in the face of that, you dare to speak of marriage to me?"

"Yes! Because I love you! I was mad about 'Meely' and you are she—with just the difference that turns desire into worship!"

"I'm afraid, St. Croix, that Marvin's repudiating me is more to my taste! You see, my dear cousin, I know too well how unchivalrous you are to womanhood, how you dishonor it and ravage it!"

Again he winced and drew back. "I cannot bear," he frowned, disgust in his eyes, "to hear such coarse language on the lips of a girl I respect!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Ancient Stone Unveiled
The "Brus Stone," which dates from 1304, and was lost for 150 years, was recently installed permanently in the staircase of the town hall at Annan, Scotland. At the ceremonies the unveiling was by Sir Robert Bruce. The stone was originally part of the ancient "Castle of Brus" at Annan. After its disappearance for a century and a half it was found ten years ago in a North Devon garden.

Obstacy Defined
Obstacy is will asserting itself without being able to justify itself.—It is persistence without a reasonable motive.—It is the tenacity of self-love substituted for that of reason and conscience.—Amiel.

Go through life seeking a "kick" and you'll probably get several.

"Busy" Men Can Learn

Lesson From Genesis

"Big Business Is Too Busy," says Bruce Barton in McClure's Magazine. He begins his article with this suggestion:

"Once a year the president of every company should assemble his entire staff and read the first chapter of Genesis aloud. It is the supreme record of the way in which work used to be done."

"A clear-cut program.
"An early morning start.
"No conversation or consultation.
"Each day's work finished at the end of the day.
"Real rest at the end.
"Let us refresh our memories with a glance at the seven-day program:

"First day—The Almighty said: 'Let there be light; and there was light.'

"Second day—The Almighty said: Let there be a firmament . . . and it was so.

"Third day—The Almighty said: Let dry land appear. Let the earth bring forth grass and herbs and fruit trees . . . and it was so.

"Fourth day—He made the sun and moon and stars.

"Fifth day—He created all fish and fowl.

"Sixth day—He created animals; also Adam and Eve.

"Seventh day—He rested."

CLOTHES IDEAS FROM ABROAD

By Mae Martin

Last fall when I was in France, I admired the dress which the daughter of our hostess was wearing, and she confessed it was three years old, originally rose-beige, now dyed a rich, deep shade of red!

The French are eternally surprising you with thrifty little tricks like that—tricks which it pays to imitate.

Most of us have dresses which, if allowed to remain their original color, are discarded or seldom worn. Redyed, they become favorites again.

Just get a package or two of true, fadeless Diamond Dyes, and try your hand at tinting or dyeing. You'll be amazed to see how easy it is to use Diamond Dyes. They never disappear. The "know-how" is in the dyes. They are real dyes like those used when the cloth was made. They never give things that redyed look, like make-shift, inferior dyes. The more than sixty colors you can get from them include everything that's fashionable.

My new 64-page illustrated book, "Color Craft," gives hundreds of money-saving hints for renewing clothes and draperies. It's FREE. Write for it, NOW, to Mae Martin, Home Service Dept., Diamond Dyes, Burlington, Vermont.

Machinery Has Freed Women From Drudgery

It is a fascinating topic to debate whether man lives up to his inventions, or whether his inventions follow him. One can argue forever to prove that women today are better educated and more intelligent, because it is necessary for them to know how to manage the electrical equipment which confronts them in both industrial and domestic life, or to prove that the electrical equipment has provided the opportunity to develop the use of their heads instead of their hands alone. It is of small importance what the answer is. The fact remains that homes are more charming places in which to live, offices are more attractive places in which to work, and women are more interesting human beings, because electrical machinery has come into existence to do the body-breaking mind-destroying routine tasks, which for so many years constituted woman's entire field of endeavor.—Exchange.

Dress-Alike Party

Perhaps the dinkiest dance I have been to lately was Lady Joram's. All the dancers were dressed exactly alike—up to the masks, which granted there were some charming embarrassments. And the queer thing was that when everybody unmasked for break fast, even then, somehow, we all seemed alike. Quite remarkable, wasn't it?—"Lady of Fashion," in G. K.'s Weekly.

Leap-Year Hint

Mr. Bach (moralizing)—"After all, man is weak." Miss Willing—"In union there is strength."



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New uses are always being found for X-rays. One of the latest is that of searching for buttons and other solid materials in piles of rags that are to be used for paper-making. Serious damage to the pulping machine is likely if buttons, hocks, eyes, and such like are not removed from the pulp. To prevent this, endless bands convey the rags over an X-ray tube, where the solid materials are readily detected by fluorescent screens in the X-ray outfit.

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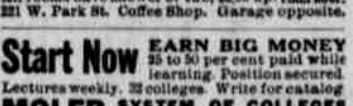
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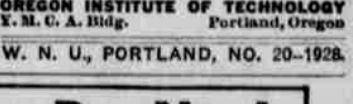
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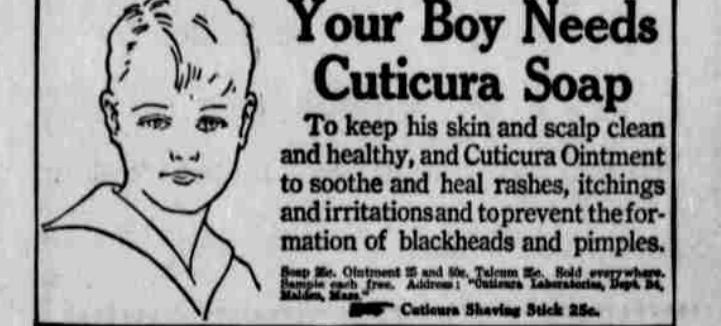
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