Muses

The Nine muses were the daughters of Jupiter and Mnemosyne, goddess of memory, and presided over the arts and sciences after this manner: Calliope, epic poetry and rhetoric; Clio history; Erato, love poetry; Thalia festivals and comedy; Melpomene tragic poetry; Terpsichore, dancing; Euterpe, instrumental music; Polyhymnia, singing and rhetoric; Urania astronomy.

"Vanities" Burned

The "Bonfire of Vanities" was the burning of indecent books, pictures masks and other objects pertaining to frivolity at Florence, Italy, in 1497, under order of Savonarola. A Venetian merchant offered 22,000 gold florins for the doomed vanities, but his offer was rejected and his portrait was added to the pyre. It is said that no book or painting of value was destroyed.

Defenses of New Orleans

The famous trench fortification at New Orleans was originally a canal. At the time of the War of 1812, Gen. Andrew Jackson threw up breastworks on the near side of the bank. The other fortifications of the city were months in building, both the British and the Americans being responsible for the construction.

Rain Foiled Burglars

Burglary of a dress shop in New York was called off on account of rain. The burglars had cut a two-foot hole in the roof, but drops of water from a storm that was passing over the city came through the hole, completing the electric circuit of an automatic burglar alarm and called the police.

Education's Power

If you would have the sun continue to shed its rays on the faces of freemen, then educate all the children in the land. This alone startles the tyrant in his dreams of power and rouses the slumbering energies of an oppressed people.—Thomas Jefferson.

Thyroid and Paralysis

The thyroid gland is so closely linked with the nervous system that abnormal conditions of the gland often cause paralysis. Removal of part of the gland sometimes produces paralysis, which can be relieved by removing more of the gland.

Concatenated Troubles

A cat crossed the road, causing the motorist to apply his brakes sharply. "Darn!" he ejaculated, "as if we didn't have trouble enough with human jay walkers, there are those blamed quadrupedestrians."—Boston Transcript.

In No Way Akin

The difference between a Singhalese and a Senegalese is that a Singhalese is one of a race inhabiting Ceylon and a Senegalese is one of a French West African people, according to an answered question in Liberty Magazine.

Great Deposits of Salt

Geologists have estimated that the salt mines at Malagash, N. S., contain at least 60,000,000 tons of 99 per cent pure salt, or enough to warrant working the property for the next 450 years.

"Cherchez la Femme"

"Find the woman" is sometimes credited to Alexander Dumas. It appears in his "Mohicans of Paris." But it is said to be an old proverb of France and Spain.

Birds-Eye View

Experiments conducted in England have revealed the fact that a thrush detects as small an object as a worm squirming in the grass at a distance of 100 yards.

Many Women Raise Dogs

So many women in England are taking up dog breeding as a pursuit that at some of the recent bench shows there were more feminine exhibitors than men.

Explorer's Claim to Fame

Paul Du Chaillu was the first white man to observe and obtain specimens of the gorilla. This was during his first trip of exploration in Africa in 1855.

Rank Neophytes

One of the first signs of inexperience is thinking a thing's unusual because it never happened to you before. —Farm and Fireside.

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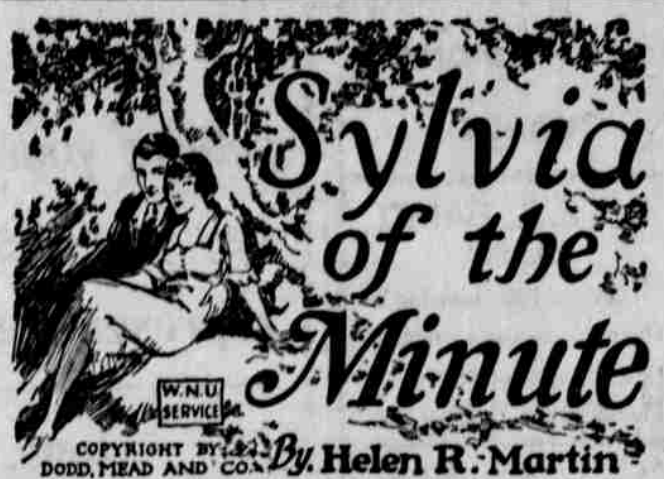
Sylvia of the Minute



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By Helen R. Martin

CHAPTER X—Continued

—24—

"The only really objectionable thing about you, my dear, is your rotten sense of propriety. You need to be shocked out of it. And, believe me, I'll do my cousinly best for you in that regard! But I can't marry you, St. Croix. And it isn't only because of 'Meely'—it's hardly that at all. It's because you and I could never be mates. When you know me better, you'll realize that; you and I are everything the other can't stand! If I had to live with your standards, St. Croix, I'd feel as cramped as though I were in jail. And you'd have fits if you had to reckon with a free-lance like me who finds all sorts and conditions of people so interesting and likable that your taking 'classes' so solemnly, your respect for a bauble like a title, and all that, just seems to me awfully funny!"

"You don't really know me, Sylvia!" he pleaded. "With 'Meely' I was not my real (and better) self! I was of course a cad! But that was not my true self, Sylvia," he insisted. "If you'll give me a chance to prove myself—"

"St. Croix, shall I tell you how impossible it would be to me to marry you? Just as impossible as it would be for you to marry that poor Meely Schwenckton!"

St. Croix recoiled—for he knew when she said that that he was beaten.

It was the first time in all his life that he had been humiliated. And by a girl!

CHAPTER XI

Mr. Creighton, senior, after the first shock and embarrassment of discovering the identity of his wife's relative, Lady Sylvia St. Croix, with the teacher, Miss Schwenckton, whom he had ignominiously bribed to abandon his son when it was his dearest wish that she should marry him, regarded the episode with vast amusement; Mrs. Creighton and Sylvia liked each other on sight; Marvin accepted the confirmation of his suspicions with outward calm, but inward delirium; but St. Croix, almost as soon as he had delivered the girl over to his mother, had escaped from his own devastating situation by fleeing to Florida on the pretext of looking into his father's interests there.

As these interests were not so pressing as to necessitate his leaving home at this crucial time, his action could be interpreted by his family in only one way—Sylvia must have given him to understand quite unequivocally that he, the younger son, was not an acceptable substitute for his elder brother—even though the elder had long since flatly refused to so much as consider the question of marrying her.

Mr. Creighton could now only hope that the apprehensions he had suffered lest Marvin had fallen a prey to the charms of the teacher of William Penn school were indeed well founded.

The very morning after her arrival she asked "Cousin Creighton" to let her have a talk with him alone. Shut up with him in his study, the revelation she there made to him of her ambition and determination to exploit herself at Hollywood came to him as a blow.

"The only way you could stop me, Cousin Creighton," she answered his arguments against her plan, with sympathy in her tone for his manifest dejection, "would be to take back your money—what's left of it." She pushed toward him on the table between them a pile of bills—a pensive wistfulness in the lovely eyes she raised to his. "I can't go, of course, without your money."

"And if you can't go, what then? Will you," he asked hopefully, "then marry one of my sons?"

"If I said yes to that," she replied in alarm, drawing back the bills, "you'd take back your money! No, if I can't go with your money, I'll earn the money. And if you won't give me a job at mining, I warn you I'll turn evangelist! I've heard there's money in that. I'd make piles, for I'd be a new American sensation—an English titled woman prancing and ranting over your broad land as a Soul-Saver! I could do it, too!"

"Yes, and would, by G—d!" he exclaimed. "Keep the money, in heaven's name!"

"Thank you. Then that's settled."

"If you fail at Hollywood?" he gloomily inquired.

"Don't wish it on me—please! If I fail, I'll come back and marry any of your sons that want me. Only I draw the line at St. Croix. I couldn't," she shook her head, "marry St. Croix."

"Why?" asked Creighton testily, wounded in his paternal pride.

"First, because I'm not in love with him. Then I think a girl owes it to her children to pick out a good father for them—and St. Croix strikes me as too self-absorbed to make a successful husband and father. His own interests would always be first with him."

"St. Croix is a very fine young man!" his father warmly defended him. "Sensible and well balanced. No wild vagaries—"

"But I like rebels and vagabonds so much better than 'fine young men'!"

"Oh, then you mean," said Creighton, again picking up hope, "that you will marry Marvin if Hollywood disappoints you?"

"Not unless he asks me to."

"If he doesn't ask you to," exclaimed Mr. Creighton, "he's a—"

"Yes, isn't he! I think so too. But though I'd never marry a man that hadn't proposed to me, if I never got married, that question need not engage us, Cousin Creighton, because I'm not going to fail at Hollywood!"

* * * * * * *

It was a few days later that Marvin Creighton, one evening after dinner, standing in front of the library fire, looked down reflectively over his

"Is This a Proposal, Marvin?"

folded arms upon his radiant young cousin who reclined lazily and with a maddening grace on the big couch that stood before the fireplace.

"It's incredible—utterly incredible!" he voiced his reflections.

"Yes, isn't it?—everything! But what in particular were you referring to?"

"That you—sitting there in front of me—you!—are the girl I said I wouldn't marry! Why didn't some one suggest that I cross to England and look you over first?"

"Probably because they were all too sensible to think you'd pay any attention to such a good suggestion. And if you had, you'd probably have found me flown from home to elude you."

"You see, you were offered to me," he explained, "like a mark-down at Woolworth's! Too cheap an article, it seemed to me, to take as a wife—seeing I did have a few dreams of fair women that were not so purchasable! And now, if I'm correctly informed as to 'the fury of a woman scorned,' there can't be the least hope for me—can there, Sylvia?"

"Is this a proposal, Marvin?"

"Well, I'm not sure it is. I'm not so conceited as to think my worth to you could measure up to the worth of a career for which you are highly talented! So I don't think I am proposing. I don't believe I intend to—if I have any influence with myself."

"Let's be engaged, Marvin, until I see how I make out at Hollywood. If I succeed, then no wedding bells for Meely and you'll have to jilt me again!"

"If only," he fetched a deep breath, "you hadn't that fatal talent! For we're mates, Sylvia, it's written in the heavens! I believe, you know, that you and I are mates in the real and lasting sense—for it's you I love, sweet child, not just your epidermis, lovely as it is—"

"My what?"

"I can think of you as old and wrinkled and I want and love you just the same—"

She warbled, "'Believe me if all those endearing—' But that's such old stuff—can't you tell me something a little more up to date?"

"Our sort of love, Sylvia, is so rare (or so it seems to me) that it's an awful pity, don't you think, to let it go by us even for the sake of a brilliant career?"

"Go by you, you mean?" she sweetly inquired; "for I didn't say I was in love with any one in particular."

"I said, didn't I, that we were mates? I'm your mate, too, if you only knew it—as much as you're mine!"

"When did you begin to feel that way?" she asked with a bright interest, her eyes shining up into his with rather a feverish excitement.

"From the first day I met you in your school! I couldn't keep off you! You had me—in the hollow of your hand!"

"Oh, gee, I didn't know it! And, Marvin! I've got to hold on to myself like anything or you'd have me in the hollow of your dear hand—and I don't want to be in any one's hands—not even in your strong and tender ones!—for I want to act!"

"I've seen you with those school children—I think your bigger career, Sylvia, lies in your having a brood of your own—I don't shock you, child, do I?"

"Well, yes, when you suggest a whole 'brood'! I think that's too many! I wish," sighed Sylvia, "I could have babies and a career, too. If I insisted on that, would you jilt me?"

"But, dear child, I can't live in California. Not even in New York. My work will always be here. And what kind of a marriage would that be—you in California and I in Pennsylvania?"

"You wouldn't give up your work for marriage; why should I? What is going to become of marriage when women's professions become as important and as inevitable to them as a man's is to him? I wonder!"

"Do you really think, Sylvia, that being a screen actress is as big a thing as rearing children?"

"It would depend, I should say, upon the sort of children you rear. I'd consider it an awful waste of life to bring up most of the people one knows!"

"But you and I, Sylvia," said Marvin solemnly, "might get some satisfaction from bringing up a family of—well, honest, fearless truth-seekers, prophets of a new gospel—"

"Oh, come, Marvin, let's give them a chance to be themselves!"

"That's what I want them to be! So few of us are ever ourselves! We're forced into a mold that's quite unlike our real selves! Let's rear a family that shall be a nucleus to start something—"

"But it's so dangerous, these days, to start anything—"

"Let them start the long-looked-for 'good-will to men' era. It's about due, if humanity is to survive, don't you think? Well, what do you say? Shall we?"

"This is the queerest proposal I ever had!"

"Well, I can't seem to do anything, even propose to a girl, according to pattern!"

"But you see, Marvin dear, love lasts such a short time. My career on the screen would last rather longer."

"Ours won't be the kind that doesn't last! It will be the kind that grows! It will—"

"Oh, you're young! You sound sixteen! I'm not so sure. But it does not really matter, does it?—whether it lasts or not? It's the supreme thing now!"

"You admit that?" he eagerly demanded.

"Oh, yes, Marvin! You've gone and dimmed the glory of the screen for me so that I don't feel half so enamored of it as I did—"

"I tell you, Sylvia!" He flung himself on the couch at her side. "You go on out to your old Hollywood, my dear, and try it out. For if you didn't give it a trial, you'd never be satisfied, never be sure you had not made a mistake—"

"I might even throw it up to you that you'd deprived the world of a great star—"

"That's what I want to avert. So you go on out there—and then when you decide to be mine, I'll have you fast!"

"I won't go a step unless you promise to come to see me over some week-end."

"It's three thousand miles across this continent, you know—or probably you don't know! You probably think California is a suburb of Philadelphia! You need to travel out to Hollywood to pick up some United States geography on the way."

"Now, Marvin," she feebly protested as he slipped a hard, strong arm about her and drew her close, "if you really make love to me, I'm lost!"

[THE END]

Fragments of Bottle Good Legal Evidence

Fragments of a broken bottle once settled a legal dispute as to the location of the original corner post of a surveyed tract. It was customary in the old surveys to place broken bottles, crockery or other articles that would resist decay in the holes where the corner posts were to be set, and notes of such deposits were recorded by the surveyor in his book.

On this particular occasion, when an effort was being made to establish the location of a post in Canada which had been set sixty years previously, the surveyor's gang dug for two days over an area covering more than fifty square feet. Finally the diggers unearthed broken glass with embossings that corresponded to the notes in the original surveyor's book. With this point established, more than thirty posts in the vicinity were restored and the dispute over the boundary lines was settled.—Kansas City Star.

Longer a man lives, the more he is convinced that truth lies deeper than at the bottom of a well.

Ring's Low-Down on Deep Subject

By RING LARDNER

To the Editor:

It seems like as if it was up to me to settle a big argument which has occurred between Al Mamaux and Jack Kieran. It must be exclaimed that Mr. Kieran is one of the baseball writers on the New York Times and a prominent golf player. Mr. Mamaux is somewhat of a veteran big league baseball pitcher, who used to be the best singer in the big leagues. The argument was reported by Mr. Harry Salsinger of the Detroit News. Mr. Salsinger is a tall skinny handsome brunette who looks not unlike the writer only he has more hair.

Well it seems like Mr. Mamaux and Mr. Kieran got into a fishing argument namely, Mr. Mamaux claimed that if you took a bucket, the bucket would weigh just the same like as if no fish had been dropped into it.

"A live fish can't possibly increase the weight of water," said Mr. Mamaux. "A dead fish, that is different matter, because that would be dead weight."

Well they went to a laboratory in Detroit where this bitter argument started and asked the professor of fish which was right and who was wrong, so the professor said he would make a test but he didn't have no live fish on hand that day and Mr. Mamaux would not stand for no test being made with a dead fish. Finely they went to a fish market and they had a tub full of water there weighing 95 pounds and they found a fish named Carp who weighed three pounds and they put it in the tub and then weighed the total which weighed 97 pounds so Mr. Mamaux claimed that clinched his argument because in the first place the carp was dead and in the second place he only increased the weight of the tub two pounds wherens the fish man admitted that his weight before being dropped into the tub was three pounds.

"That shows how right I am," said Mr. Mamaux.

"No it don't," retorted Mr. Kieran, "All it proves is that nobody with any brains should ought to buy fish from this market."

Well friends the reason I feel called upon to horn into this argument is that all my life I been making a study of weights and displacements and etc., and I will give you a few facts to prove that it is a very tricky subject and a person should not ought to get into no argument in regards to same unless they have mastered it.

If you will go into a restaurant and order a large glass of milk and weigh it before you touch cup to lip you will find that the total weight is about one ounce. Then if you will wait a few moments till a fly drops into the glass and weigh it again, why if the fly is just a common fly and still alive you will find that the weight of the entire project ain't increased even one fly weight but if the fly was dead when it dropped in, why then will be a increased weight of 10 and no hundreds minims a specially if the fly was a horse fly.

On the other hand if you take a pail of water or beer and drop a live rat in same, the weight of the pail will increase exactly as much as the rat weighed in the first place and if you make it two rats, the weight will increase pro rata. But if one or both of the rats, happens to get drowned, they will come to the surface looking like drowned rats and at the same time proving that they didn't weigh nothing or they would of sank. It is kind of dangerous to make this test in a pail of beer as the rats goes right to it and are libel to reach the singing stage.

The most conclusive test I ever made along these lines was one time when I took a night boat from N. Y. to Albany on the Hudson river. First it was necessary to weigh the river and then the boat when it was empty and afterwards when all the passengers got a board. Then I made all the passengers come into the weighing room and get weighed one by one. When the boat got to Albany the next morning the river looked just like it did the last time I was up there.

Prof. Sump of Severe University, New Hampshire, once made a experiment which perhaps proves more than the foregoing. He weighed all the passengers that was going on a trip from New York to Cherbourg and then weighed them all again when the ship got to Cherbourg. They didn't weigh nowheres near as much. Prof Sump was much impressed.

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Dodging a Debt

"Well," said the lawyer to an acquaintance, "how goes the world with you?"

"Splendid! Magnificent!" said the other. "I wish I could get away to the races every day."

"How's that?"

"Oh, I went there yesterday and made $10,000."

"That's very good indeed!" said the lawyer. "And it's rather fortunate, too, because Jones has come to me about a little matter of $50 you owe him. You might as well pay him now, mightn't you?"

"H-m-n!" coughed the other. "I am a little absent-minded sometimes. I said $10,000, but I meant $10. I simply put too many noughts on the end. Yes, it was $10—and I haven't been able to get it yet."—Argonaut.

MOST people know this absolute antidote for pain, but are you careful to say Bayer when you buy it? And do you always give a glance to see Bayer on the box—and the word *genuine* printed in red? It isn't the genuine Bayer Aspirin without it! A drugstore always has Bayer, with the proven directions tucked in every box:

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

Poor Team Work

Dealer—Well, wasn't I right when I said it was a 90-horse-power car?

Customer—I don't doubt it, but 45 of the horses want to go one way and the other 45 another.

WILL DO ALL IT CLAIMS TO DO

Mrs. Steele Says of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Pratt, W. Va.—"I was so weak and nervous that I was in bed most all the time and couldn't sit up and I am only 30 years old. I saw your advertising in a magazine and after I had taken three doses of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I could feel that I was better. After taking two bottles I began doing my work and I feel like a new woman. I recommend the Vegetable Compound to my friends and say it will do all it claims to do and more. I will gladly answer all letters I recive."—Mrs. S. E. Steele, Pratt, W. Va.

Expensive Laugh

It is mighty pleasant to raise a laugh and to tingle to the applause of one's wit, says the modern philosopher, but there is no surer way of rousing the hate of that wit's butt.—The American Magazine.

Cute in a Baby—Awful at Three —and it's Dangerous

by Ruth Brittain

Thumb sucking does look sweet in a baby, but it is disgusting in the three-year-old and sometimes it hangs on until fifteen or sixteen! The habit may cause an ill-formed mouth or induce adenoids; and it always interferes with digestion. Pinning the sleeve over the hand; attaching mittens, or putting on cardboard cuffs, which prevent bending the arms at the elbows, are some of the ways to stop the habit.

Another bad habit—irregularity in bowel action—is responsible for weak bowels and constipation in babies. Give the tiny bowels an opportunity to act at regular periods each day. If they don't act at first, a little Fletcher's Castoria will soon regulate them. Every mother should keep a bottle of it handy to use in case of colic, cholera, diarrhea, gas on stomach and bowels, constipation, loss of sleep, or when baby is cross and feverish. Its gentle influence over baby's system enables him to get full nourishment from his food, helps him gain, strengthens his bowels.

Castoria is purely vegetable and harmless—the recipe is on the wrapper. Physicians have prescribed it for over 30 years. With each package, you get a valuable book on Motherhood. Look for Chas. H. Fletcher's signature on the wrapper so you'll get the genuine.

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