

China and India Not Most Densely Populated Countries

China and India, contrary to popular opinion, are not the most densely populated countries in the world. China stands seventh and India fifteenth in the list of twenty.

Actually, only one small province of China (Kiangsu, the coastal province containing the great cities of Nanking, Soochow and Shanghai), with its 897 persons per square mile, has a greater density than Belgium. —Current History Magazine.

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The Original Milk of Magnesia Wafers

FORTUNATE HONESTY

By ANN SAVILLE

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ALTHOUGH custom's seldom came into the store at night, it was part of Jadd Baines' job to keep it open until nine. He often decided laconically, as he seated himself before the coal stove, that it was lucky for him he could spend so much time dreaming. And he enjoyed it, too, this dreaming of the day when he could get beyond the hill-country into the cities where there was laughter and music the same as you heard over the radio. Of course, it wasn't so pleasant when his dreams were inevitably grounded by a grim reality—money. At least five hundred dollars he would need to go "in style." Such an impossible amount that it was fortunate the store cash never exceeded fifty dollars.

He was thinking along these lines when a couple, typical of the hardy hill-folk, entered. Withered, they were, and you noticed it all the more because their eyes were so bright.

The man spoke first. "Is thar a courthouse hereabouts where we can get married?"

"Why, yes, there's a courthouse 'cross the way, but it's too late tonight. You'll have to stay over until tomorrow morning."

The old man wiped his brow in fatigue. "We come a long way. Couldn't make it no earlier."

His bride-to-be patted his hand consolingly. "One more day ain't much. We can stay up to Cousin Tillie's over night."

"Tain't the stayin' part that worries me," the prospective bridegroom said, then paused as his eyes roved about the store until they rested on a safe in the corner. He looked at it a while, then turned back to the clerk and studied him carefully.

Jadd was becoming uncomfortable when the old man spoke. "Young feller," he said, "you 'pear honest to me. I want to put this money in the safe 'til mornin'. I don't trust cousin Tillie's man a mite." He took the purse from the woman and handed it to Jadd.

Jadd took it, knowing perfectly well that he couldn't put it in the safe; that was beyond his domain.

The man was saying wistfully, "Thar's nine hundred of 'em in that. We saved quite a spell for that."

Jadd muttered something unintelligible as the trusting pair made their way off. He was left standing with the nine hundred. Four hundred dollars more than he needed! He looked at the clock on the wall. Its ticking was suddenly like a volley of rhythmic hammers. Eight-fifteen—thirty minutes until the only night train to the city pulled in. The

train would take him to the city that had music and lights.

He stood there, a solitary figure, his imagination picturing the new scenes that were now within his reach. His eyes saw streets crowded with friendly people and shining with lights of brilliant hues. . . . And all at once another sort of light came into his vision. Lights that had been soft and starry, lights that shone from the eyes of a wizened old lady—a bride-to-be. And still again appeared a different sort of light, proud, defiant, that had accompanied the words of the groom.

"We saved quite a spell for that."

But something that had always threatened the cash register still persisted. It was saying that the little hill-town had a heart; a great big heart that would shower the poor couple after he was far beyond apprehension.

The purse was still clutched tightly in his hand. He wished suddenly that the train might come at once, so that he need hesitate no longer.

Suddenly he whirled around. The door had opened and the old man was again entering. Jadd dropped the purse into his pocket.

The old mountaineer leaned on the counter. "Jes' thought I'd run back 'n ast ya to go 'long to the courthouse tomorrow," he said, then added confidentially, "I never liked Cousin Tillie's man nohow. He's got wicked eyes, not straight, like most fellas—like yourn are."

Jadd Baines' eyes fell, then lifted suddenly as a train whistled shrilly. The eight forty-five!

The engine had stopped and was panting impatiently at its inactivity. Jadd stood fascinated until the panting began to quicken. Bells rang warningly, and then the panting became a steady purr.

Then, to the old man's astonishment, he laughed. A laugh that held a world of relief. He stretched his neck and ran his handkerchief around inside of his collar.

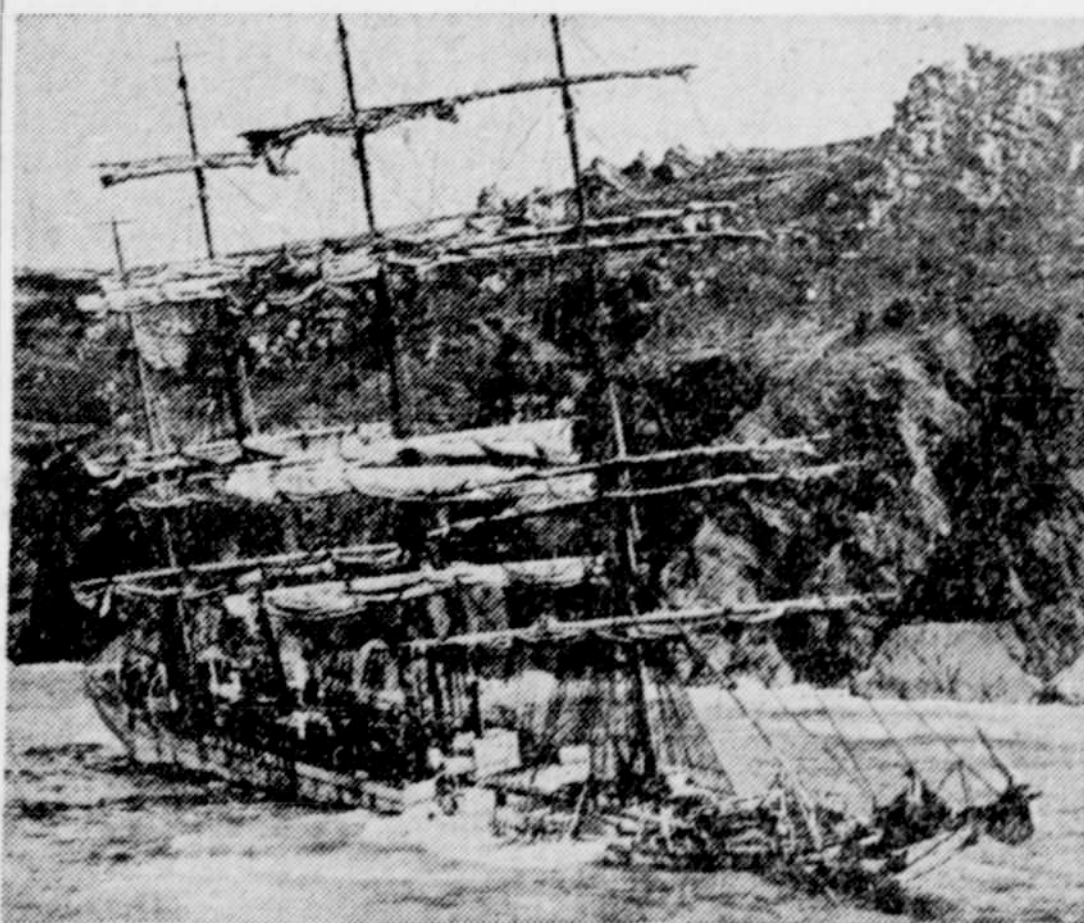
"What's a matter?" His trusting friend wanted to know.

"That train," Jadd motioned in the direction of the station. "I'm just glad it wasn't early."

The old fellow's brow wrinkled in puzzlement. Then he, too, laughed in a bewildered manner. He had dismissed it as something he couldn't understand.

And he was right about that. But the next morning, when a happy old man opened a decrepit purse to pay for his marriage license, and nine hundred pennies rolled out, Jadd Baines blinked at the pile of coppers and then understood many things. Among which was that honesty—even fortunate honesty—pays.

Farewell to Famous Windjammer



Here is the Herzogin Cecilie, one of the last of the windjammers and a record breaker in the grain race from Australia to England, breaking up on the rocks near Salcombe, on the Devonshire coast. She went aground there in a recent storm and could not be saved.

what Irvin S. Cobb thinks about:

Yesterday's Literary Lights.

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.—

The other day Finley Peter Dunne passed away. Thirty years ago his articles meant each week a roar of joy as wide as the continent. His books sold enormously; his country properly acclaimed him its greatest satiric humorist. Yet I'll venture not one in five of the on-coming generation ever heard his name, and we thought the fame of "Mr. Dooley" was eternal.

Mary Johnston, who wrote some of the most distinguished novels of her time, also died recently. In the papers I saw she rated only a brief paragraph.

Slower than Americans to give their love to man or woman, the English remain in sentiment wedded to the idol from then on. The marriage between popularity and merit lasts till death doth them part. But, we, who elevate a favorite to a pedestal overnight, forget that favorite overnight. We make an ardent sweetheart, an impetuous bride, but a most inconstant spouse.

"Simplified" Revenue Bills.

CONGRESS is wrestling with the new "simplified" revenue bill, having simplified it down to a mere sixty-odd thousand words—about the length of a fair-sized summer novel. But the plot is different—and having made its provisions so clear and lucid that you may read it backward or forward, you seem to get practically the same result either way.

It may yet be necessary to call in Professor Einstein to elucidate it.

Anyhow, the ultimate outcome—and in this connection I certainly like that word "outcome"—must be that congress will find a method further to lighten pocketbooks.

G-Man Hoover's Efficiency.

YOU can't help liking the fellow's style of repartee.

"And what's a person named Hoover doing to justify his hanging on with this administration?" or words to that general effect, says Senator McKeller, of old Tennessee, brightly. "Scuse me, massa," murmurs J. Edgar, reaching for his hat and handcuffs. "Ah won't be gone long, boss." And inside of a week or two he drifts in, strutting a plantation tune on his G-string and, by gum, if he isn't towing a whole mess of public enemies.

Yellow Public Enemies.

WHAT is it that has turned them from cop-killing bravos into quivering wretches who cower in hiding like mice behind a wainscot, who flinch like trapped rabbits when they're smoked out, who whine like whipped cur-dogs for a chance to plead guilty?

Can it be because, instead of courageous but inexperienced local officers, they now face trained man-hunters who'd rather destroy such human vermin than eat pie? Or is it because, instead of going to trial in state courts where unscrupulous shysters may trick dazed jurors into showing mistaken mercy and where, even though convicted, there's nothing ahead worse than temporary detention in some criminal-coddling retreat with sentimental meddlers to pamper them and mush-minded parole boards waiting to free them, now they get a full measure of stern justice from federal judges and go to real prisons, to stay there—hurrah!

IRVIN S. COBB.

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