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Belgium to Pay Debts.

Washington, D. C.—Baron de Carter, the Belgian ambassador, informed Secretary Mellon Friday that his government desired to initiate negotiations at an early date for funding of the Belgian debt to the United States.

The ambassador, who conferred with the treasury secretary for an hour, plans to sail soon for home to confer with his government on the question, and upon his return will be accompanied to Washington by members of a commission to take up negotiations.

The move by Belgium came with striking suddenness and was based, it was understood, on cabled instructions to the ambassador to notify the American treasury of his government's intentions before leaving Washington for Brussels.

That Rude Awakening.

We read an account of a man who slept past the time for his wedding. That's nothing. Lots of men don't wake up till after marriage.—Los Angeles Times.

Last Wonder of World.

Only one of the "seven wonders of the world" survives, that being the pyramid of Cheops at Ghizeh.

Each One Has a Duty.

We are members of one great body. Nature wanted in us a mutual love, and fitted us for a social life. We must consider that we were born for the good of the whole.—Seneca.

Odd Form of Marriage.

Marriage is celebrated in a strange fashion in parts of India. The woman puts a pot of water in her prospective husband's house, and on his lifting it up the marriage is ratified.

Tribute to Meekness.

Meekness is the grace which, from beneath God's footstool, lifts up a candid and confiding eye, accepting God's smile of fatherly affection, and adopting those perfections which it cannot comprehend.—James Hamilton.

Eskimo Misnamed.

Eskimo signifies "Eater of raw meat," but these people eat uncooked meat only when the absence of fuel prohibits cooking, or as a side dish.

Hymn Instead of Applause.

Audiences at a mystery play at Richmond, England, are requested to sing a hymn from a leaflet instead of applauding with their hands.

"Ultima Thule"

"Thule," which means Norway, was the most distant land known to the Romans. The adjective "ultima" means "utmost." United the two words ultimately came to mean "the extreme end."

Indirect Approach

Educated (affected by moonlight)—Somehow—you're different from other girls I have known. There's something mysterious about you—that unfathomable something that makes me—Co-educated (also affected by moonlight)—G'wan! If you want a pet, say so.

Woman's Viewpoint

Police Constable—Madam, you are interfering with the traffic. Fair Motorist—Sir, I beg to inform you that the traffic is interfering with me.—Answers.

LAUGHING MATTER



Professor Bug—I wonder what those fool kids are laughing about?

Had His Price

"Will you be quiet for a bit?" His father said to Lew. "No, sir, his slanky son replied, 'But I'll keep still for two.'"

What the Trees Heard

While viewing nature's gorgeous colorings the fair girl said: "Really, is there anything lovelier than fall?" "Yes," replied her sentimental escort, "falling in love."

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THE BOX WITH THE RED LABEL

By BELLWOOD C. HAWKINS

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WRIGGLING forward on his stomach through the prickly pear thicket, his beady, snake-like eyes gleaming evilly in the starlight, Pedro Sanchez, greaser and desert-rat, glided noiselessly up to the edge of the water hole.

Beyond the still, black pool a camp-fire glowed, while over it squatted the old German prospector. And inside the little tent, full in the glare of the fire, was that fascinating black box with the taring red label.

It was to gain possession of the box that Pedro had come to the water-hole. That it contained treasure he never for a moment doubted. From the summit of the ridge that overlooked Lizard gulch at the base of the distant Spy Glass range, he had watched the old prospector as he toiled with pick and shovel in the canyon's bed. Ever with him, as he worked, had gone that little box. At night, securely tied in a barley sack, it hung suspended from the ridgepole of his tent, while its owner slept across the opening.

The desert-rat would have had the box long ago if his puny courage had not failed him each time at the crucial moment. Sneak-thievery in all its branches was an open book to him, but so far, in his checkered career, he had managed to steer clear of murder. And murder he would have to commit before he could hope to secure the treasure box, for the old prospector slept with his hand on his gun and one eye open.

His supper finished, according to his invariable custom, the greaser's quarry placed the coveted box in the barley sack, suspended it by a light rope from the ridgepole, wrapped himself in a blanket and lay down across the tent opening. Soon the sounds of his heavy breathing reached the watcher in the pear thicket.

It was now or never! With trembling fingers Pedro pulled a half-filled flask of brandy from his hip pocket and drank it at a draught. As the liquid fire of the stimulant coursed through his veins, the desert-rat's courage revived until he was able to work himself up to the state of frenzy required to accomplish his dread design.

His yellow fangs showed in an animal snarl as he drew an ugly looking knife from his belt and crept up to his unsuspecting man. A sudden vicious plunge, a choking gasp from the sleeper, a brief, half-hearted, struggle and the old German lay still.

A few minutes later, Pedro had carried the box, still inclosed in the sack, to the spot where he had left his little buckskin pony in the shelter of the pear thicket. Tying the sack to his saddle horn, he mounted the pony and set out at a brisk gallop across the desert, star guided. In the direction of the Little Mojave water hole. He hoped to reach there before morning, water his pony, refill his canteen and hide for a day in a nearby washout. The following night he would be able to reach the Panvah water hole, or with good luck, the town of Panvah, itself. Once there, among the hundreds of Mexican railroad laborers, he would be safe.

As the effect of the stimulant wore off and the deadly reaction set in, the murderer began to develop a set of nerves. Every mesquite bush and cactus stump became endowed with life to rise up and point an accusing finger. He tried to whistle to regain his composure, but through his frightened, leathery lips, no sound would come. Even the little buckskin seemed to realize that something was wrong with his master, for he tossed his head impatiently from side to side and shied nervously as little desert creatures, aroused from their midnight lethargy, scuttled across his path.

One thing alone served to soothe him. He had the box with the red label! Of that at least he was sure, for it lay snugly tied to his saddle horn. A the little Mojave water hole he would take time to examine its contents. . . . How much gold would it contain? It had been heavy for so small a package. It might hold, perhaps, as much as ten pounds! Two thousand dollars! More than he could earn in two years of blood-letting toll on the railroad. Enough for a dozen grub-stakes. Ah, it was worth the risk after all! Though the night was cold, a tormenting thirst began to trouble the greaser. Several times he drank deeply of his canteen, but the relief was only temporary. Long before daylight his meager supply of water was exhausted. His interest in the contents of the

English Writer Talks of "March of Progress"

"Nothing in this modern life of ours," said Mr. Hammond, "is more significant than the attitude of the good and respectable towards Sunday evening. Places like this night club are the signs of the change that has taken place in the life of the English family. Twenty years ago a man of my decent stodge and unblemished reputation would never have dreamed of moving out of his home on Sunday night.

"Twenty years ago I would have spent the concluding hours of the Sabbath surrounded by my loved ones beneath my own roof-tree. There would have been supper, consisting of rather red cold beef, rather wet salad, cold clammy apple pie, blanc-mange, and a very big, very yellow cheese. This would have been followed by hymns in the drawing-room—or possibly, if our views were a little less, by some round-game played with pencils and pieces of paper. The fact that I am here, and strongly tempted to drop a sardine on the lead

mysterious box diminished as the thirst increased. By the time he reached the dry washout that he knew would lead him down to the little Mojave water hole, he had had one idea—to reach that water hole and drink.

The first glow of coming dawn was just visible on the horizon as he reached a little patch of mesquite anactus that represented the last shelter before reaching the water hole. Dropping the reins over his pony's head, he walked softly forward alone, crouching close to the ground.

As he came suddenly around a bend in the washout, a savage, half-stiffed oath escaped him, for there, a pistol shot ahead, dimly limned against the gray sky-line, were two horsemen, tense, alert, like sentinels posted to watch for someone—for him, perhaps!

Even his consuming thirst was insufficient to prod him forward in the face of this unexpected peril. No doubt the murder had really been discovered and these men were on his track! He stumbled back to the thin shelter of the mesquite and cacti, tied his pony firmly to a projecting root, stretched out full length on the sand and lapsed into a sort of stupor.

The desert sun came up and shed its pitiless, scorching rays on the recumbent man; a hot wind filled his mouth, eyes and ears with acid, choking alkali dust, while innumerable buzzing, stinging flies added to his torment.

At regular intervals through the day, he would arouse himself and creep painfully down toward the water hole, but these two men seemed to have established a permanent camp, for their tent was pitched in the shade of a friendly cottonwood, while their horses were tethered to a limb of a nearby willow tree. Sadly though he needed it, Pedro dared not go after water, so after each disappointment he would return doggedly to his retreat. Not once in that whole miserable day did he bestow more than a passing thought on the box with the red label.

It was near sundown when the two strange men packed up and left the water hole. With stolid patience Sanchez watched them until they had passed out of sight in the vibrating heat waves. He had just enough strength left to crawl down the bank to the life-restoring liquid. When several deep draughts of the tepid, stagnant water, had restored both strength and reason, Pedro once more thought of the box to procure which he had stained his hands with human blood.

He must have a look at that box! With eager steps he returned to his recent hiding place. He did not even stop to water his patient, long-suffering pony, but tore wildly at the enveloping sack, removed the box and set it on the sand. The red label flamed in his very face, but Pedro could not read. This worried him not at all, for it was not information, but the contents of the box that he was after.

It proved to be unlocked. A simple catch secured the top and a moment sufficed to throw it back. But underneath was a second cover of fine-woven wire netting with a narrow opening in the center, like the lid of a fish basket. Into this opening, the greaser thrust his arm almost to the elbow. Then, suddenly, the look of satisfaction on his snifter face changed to one of intense horror. A loud yell of mortal agony broke from his lips and he recoiled from the box as from a thing accursed.

There is a well established legend among the human denizens of the desert that when a Gila Monster bites its victim its jaws will remain clamped to the flesh after life is extinct. When Jim Medford, a prospector from Panvah, stumbled onto Pedro's dead body, he found a case in point, for to the greaser's left hand there still clung the severed head of one of those hideous reptiles, which the desert-rat had cut from the body in a last desperate attempt to free himself. Medford took his head gravely as he perused the red label on the fatal box:

"Poisonous reptiles for Banks' circus. Handle with care!"

Seventh Day Adventists

A few persons in New England, formerly of the First Day Adventists began to observe, in 1844, the seventh-day of the week as the Sabbath and to preach the doctrines which now constitute the distinctive tenets of the Seventh Day Adventists. At a conference held at Battie Creek, Mich., in 1880 these were organized under the name "Seventh Day Adventist denomination" and three years later a general conference was organized.

Odorless Skunks Raised

Near Dartmouth in England a successful experiment in breeding and raising odorless skunks has been carried in some success. Capt. D. Pigot and C. Johnston are in charge of the farm with the object of producing fine furs, free from odor. The secret is a surgical operation on the baby skunks, for the removal of the scent glands, which are two in number.

Reading the Minutes

The word "minute" is from old Latin, meaning a slight fraction or small portion. Its use as a definition of the reading of the former acts of an organization is to call to the remembrance of the members the minute or small things which took place which might escape the attention of the members or fail to be recorded in the permanent records of the organization.

"Bottled Sunshine"

London has a municipal clinic where anemic and malnourished children are given "bottled sunshine" treatments by means of ultraviolet rays, and one of the doctors recommends that all school children should have the benefit of such treatments two or three times a week.—Science Service.

OFF DAYS

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

EVER have it happen, too? Off days ever come to you? When you say the foolish thing. Specialize in blundering? That's the day I have today; Everything I do and say. In some weak and foolish way.

There are days a fellow's head Acts like ivory or lead— When the things you say, by far, Make you worse out than you are, When the things you tell the rest Make you look your fooliest, When you want to look your best.

It's the day you make mistakes, Blunders, fumbles, silly breaks, It's the day that often comes When your fingers all are thumbs, Dropping every throw to first— For a man is often cursed With a day he's at his worst.

Well, if such days come to you, Just remember others, too, Have an off day now and then; Don't remember other men, Like yourself, get off their game— Be a little slow to blame, Know that you are much the same, (© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

This familiar "monster" actor was born in Kentucky twenty-five years ago. He spent his early boyhood days in Texas. After much experience in vaudeville he entered motion pictures and has been seen with some of the leading players, usually in juvenile leads. He is a relative of the late President McKinley.

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT

By F. A. WALKER

UPLAND SOLITUDES

IT IS becoming a mooted question among observing educators as to whether our present-day diversions do not often dwarf the budding intellects of the young and carry them far afield in the wrong direction.

With the possible exception of music, the universal language, our entertainments, as a rule, have become mere frivolities, appealing to the baser passions, the redeeming features in almost all cases being the superb stage settings.

With their deft brushes the scenery painters seem to be doing more for the elevation of the mind than the welders of the stage pen.

Without the exquisite scenes many of our popular plays would indeed become miserable makeshifts, incapable of holding the boards a fortnight.

The fine art of acting is being relegated to the past. There is a craving for the gross, glaring, flagrant and thumping, rather than for the refined, uplifting and ennobling, doubtless due to perverted tastes and cravings for sensationalism and excitement.

The intermediate colors and fine gradings of the older school have given way to higher tones whose intensities and limits have about been reached.

Just what will follow cannot be guessed, except to hint in a vague way that this modern tower of Babel will some day suddenly topple over, tumble noisily at our feet and leave us babbling in strange tongues, wondering what confusion means!

There is in the human heart an everlasting yearning for something new, and no one apparently knows what to suggest.

It is just possible that we need now, more than anything else, the upland solitudes, where we may get in the pure, clear atmosphere and reflect awhile without molestation from the crude scarlet letters and blinding lights which have warped our judgment and dulled our finer sensibilities.

We need these upland solitudes far more often than we may suspect, for it is among them that we gather new strength for the higher duties of life, a keener conception of our individuality, a deeper realization of our lack of human kindness and a sickening sense at the loss of our faith in the good, the clean, the noble and in humanity itself!

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

A LINE OF CHEER

By John Kendrick Bangs.

A WORD FROM SPRING

A GENTLE breeze came whispering by today, And paused a moment on its laughing way. "I'm just in from the South," it said, "and I'm glad to say. Have stopped to tell you that the spring is nigh, And all her styles Are based on smiles; And when she comes her paniers will be full Of blossoms fragrant and delectable; And in her train a gay and choral throng Of happy birds will wing their way along; And brand new leaves to clothe the naked trees She'll bring and spread as lavish as you please; And all the country o'er Her flowers will dance as on a ballroom floor. That all may know in these dark days of dread That Youth, and Grace, and Beauty are not dead, But with us still, For man to make such use of as he will." (© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Varying Temperatures

Warm cream should never be mixed with cold cream as this will not only hasten the souring process, but will also give the cream an off-flavor. The proper way to mix the morning's cream with the cream of the evening before is to thoroughly cool the warm cream before it is mixed with the cold cream. While the cream is cooling the cover should be slightly raised to allow the animal flavor to escape and the cream should be stirred.

Free Range for Poults

Poults should not be allowed free range until they are about six weeks of age, after which time there is little danger from ordinary disease. Before that time they should be inclosed in a pen about 15 inches high. They will need special care during storms and should not be allowed to go through the grass while the dew is heavy. Both hens and poults should be examined frequently for lice, and if they are found they should be dusted twice a week.

YOUR Last Name IS IT SEWALL? THE New England Sewalls and Sewells have the satisfaction of knowing that they were descended from Henry Sewall, mayor of Coventry, England, in 1606. His son, Henry Sewall, came to New England and settled in Newberry, Massachusetts, in 1634. By his wife Jane Drummer he had a son named Samuel Sewall who was one of the most interesting of the Massachusetts colonists of his day. He gives an excellent chance to know him in his famous diary which recounts with quaintness, humor and rare truthfulness the details of his courtship in later life. His first wife was Judith Quincy Hall and when he was married to her Governor Bradstreet performed the ceremony. It was on this occasion that the bride's father presented the young bridegroom with a chest full of pine tree shillings equaling the bride in weight. At his second marriage Samuel's own son officiated. Samuel Sewall was one of the judges who took an active part in condemning the witches. Later he saw the error of his ways and did not hesitate to confess his error and lament over the action he had taken. It was his custom to spend frequent days in prayer and fasting by way of repenting for his action in the witchcraft trials, although he undoubtedly acted according to his best judgment at the time. Samuel Sewall made large bequests to Harvard. Joseph Sewall, one of his descendants, declined the presidency of Harvard in 1724, and Joseph's grandson, named Samuel, was member of congress from Massachusetts. Jonathan Sewall, born in 1760, chief justice of Lower Canada, was a member of this family; born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, he spent his boyhood in England and from thence went to Canada. The name is usually spelled here Sewall although it is said that at the time of the Revolution members of the family who remained loyal took the spelling Sewell. Apparently most of them were revolutionists for the spelling Sewell is very rare here. One of the earliest of the name in England was Sewall de Sovill, archbishop of York. (© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

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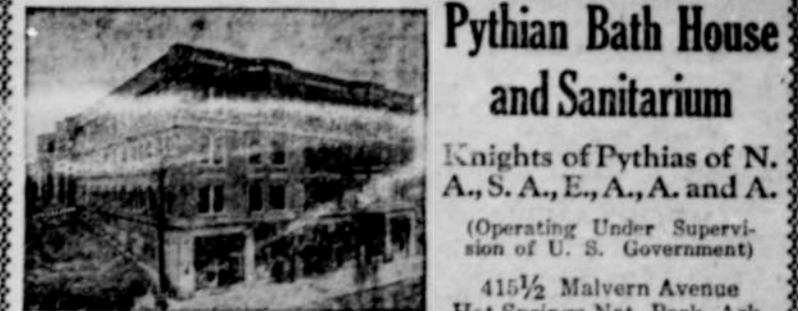
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