



When the Engine Stalls on Dead Man's Curve!

THEY climb aboard their loaded truck at sundown, fifteen miles behind the lines. They rumble through the winding streets, out on the white road that leads to Germany!

The man at the wheel used to be a broker in Philadelphia. Beside him sits an accountant from Chicago. A newspaper man from the Pacific Coast is the third. Now they all wear the uniform of one of these organizations.

The road sweeps round a village and on a tree is nailed a sign: "Attention! L'Ennemi Vous Voit! The Enemy Sees You!"

They glance far up ahead and there, suspended in the evening light, they see a Hun balloon.

"Say, we can see him plain tonight!" murmurs the accountant from Chicago.

"And don't forget," replies the Philadelphia broker, "that he can see us just as plain."

The packing cases creak and groan, the truck plods on—straight toward that hanging menace.

They reach another village—where heaps of stone stand under crumpled walls.

Then up they go, through the strange silence broken only when a great projectile inscribes its arc of sound far overhead.

They reach a turn. They take it. They face a heavy incline. For half a mile it stretches and they know the Germans have the range of every inch of it. The mountain over there is where the big Boches' guns are fired. This incline is their target.

The three men on the truck bring up their gas masks to the alert, settle their steel helmets closer on their heads.

At first the camion holds its speed. Then it slackens off. The driver grabs his gear-shaft, kicks out his clutch. The engine heaves—and heaves—and stalls!

"Quick! Spin it!" calls the driver. The California journalist has jumped. He tugs at the big crank.

"Wh-r-r-r-r-r-room!"

The shell breaks fifty yards behind. Another digs a hole beside the road just on ahead.

And then the engine comes to life. It crunches, groans and answers. Slowly, with maddening lack of haste, it rumbles on.

"Wh-r-r-room!" That one was close behind. The fragments of the shell are rattling on the truck.

Now shells are falling, further back along the road. And the driver feels the summit as his wheels begin to pick up speed.

Straight down a village street in which the buildings are only skeletons of buildings. He wheels into the courtyard of a great shell-torn chateau.

"Well, you made it again I see!" says a smiling face under a tin hat—a face that used to look out over a congregation in Rochester.

"Yep!" says the driver glancing at his watch. "And we came up Dead Man's Curve in less than three minutes—including one stall!"

Later that night two American boys, fresh from the trenches bordering that shattered town, stumble up the stairs of the chateau, into a sandbagged room where the Rochester minister has his canteen.

"Get any supplies tonight?" they ask.

"You bet I did!" is the answer. "What will you have?"

"What's those? Canned peaches? Gimme some. Package of American cigarettes—let's see—an' a cake of chocolate—an' some of them cookies!"

"Gosh!" says the other youngster when his wants are filled. "What would we do without you?"

You hear that up and down the front, a dozen times a night—"What would we do without them?"

Men and women in these organizations are risking their lives tonight to carry up supplies to the soldiers. Trucks and camionettes are creeping up as close as any transportation is permitted.

From there these people are carrying up to the gun-nests, through woods, across open fields, into the trenches. The boys are being served wherever they go. Things to eat, things to read, things to smoke, are being carried up everywhere along the line.

With new troops pouring into France, new supplies must be sent, more men and women by the hundreds must be enlisted. They are ready to give everything. Will you give your dollars to help them help our men?

NO LOBSTER AT THAT MEAL

Good and Distinct Reason Why Man Took His Dinner From the Humble Sardine Tin.

A friend of mine is very fond of lobster, but, like many men, has no idea how such food is prepared. His wife had occasion to be absent from home one day last week, and she told the servant girl to broil a lobster for my friend's dinner. She left a note, telling her husband of the treat she had provided for him, and requesting him not to wait dinner for her. He was quite hungry when he reached home and, after regarding the note, said to the servant:

"Is that lobster ready?"
"No, sir, it isn't," said the girl.
"Well, hurry up with it. I'm as hungry as a bear," said he.

"I can't, sir," said the girl. "The mistress said to broil the lobster, and I got him on the grilliron after a dale of fuss. The more I poked the fire the more he walked off, and I thought the baste was haunted and no good would come from cooking a straddle bug like that."

"What did you do with it?" said my friend, getting mad.
"Faith, the last I saw of him he was going out the back door with his tail up, like the maniac he was."

He had sardines for dinner.—London Mail.

ALIBI PROVED FOR PRETZEL

Going Far Back Into Ancient History, It Can Be Proved That It Was Not of German Origin.

Now comes the lowly pretzel before the bar of public opinion in a valorous attempt to remove the stigma of German origin. It has delved deep into ancient history to prove its alibi and upon the face of the evidence presented it has made out a reasonable case for itself. Indignantly does the pretzel deny that it sprang from unhallowed association with German beer; that use it declares is a degradation of its originally high birth, a degradation characteristically Teutonic. The pretzel insists that it is inherently a baked prayer, for in the early day of the Christian church the pretzel was used almost exclusively as a reward of merit given by a priest to children for learning their prayers. In the monasteries of the middle ages the pretzel was considered a rare delicacy, and during lent it was the usual alms offering. Furthermore the very crookedness of the pretzel is a crushing argument against its claimators, for it represents the arms folded in prayer. Thus stands the case for the sanctity of the humble pretzel.

House Oldest in America.

Tradition, indorsed by the press and the testimony of the oldest inhabitants, gives authority to the statement that the oldest house, No. 54 North St. George street, St. Augustine, Fla., is really the oldest house in America. Built by the Dons in medieval times (1589) on the oldest street of what was the site of the Indian village of Seloe, whose chief was Folomato, this ancient house has never been remodeled or modernized. The architecture is of Moorish design, antedating the Spanish. With its coquina-terrace floors, round carved pillars in the patio, mahogany stairway, hewn red cedar timbers, all pegged together, secret closets and other substantiating hallmarks, it is unlike any other house in St. Augustine, and is truly one of the sights of the ancient city.

Pitt a Spendthrift.

The complaint that many of our statesmen will not themselves set the fashion in economical living in wartime is not a new one. Pitt, who preached economy and forced it on the people, was himself a notorious spendthrift.

For a long time (while warden of the Cinque ports) his income was £10,000 a year, and it never fell below £5,000. Yet he was always hard up, and when he died the nation, in the throes of a great war, had to find some £40,000 to satisfy his creditors.

Examinations of Pitt's household budgets—made from time to time at his own request—showed such items as a hundredweight of butcher's meat consumed in a single week—or, more accurately, charged to Pitt's account.—London Chronicle.

Wouldn't Mix in That.

"Howdy, 'Squire!" saluted a younger neighbor. "Me and wife have got into a sort of a jangle over naming our baby. It's our first, and I s'pose we're more particular about it than folks who have a bunch of 'em. Wife, she is set and determined to name him after her side of the house, and I'm sticking and hanging for him to be named after one of my kin. Now, if you'll come over and settle it for us we'll—"

"Now, looky here, Lucas!" interrupted old man Backledaffer. "While I hate peace as much as anybody, and more than a good many, I ain't so absolutely senseless and foolhardy as all that!"—Kansas City Sun.

Knowledge Gained by Experience.

A young ensign, acting as school teacher on the battleship Texas, says Philadelphia Public Ledger, asked the question: "What are the two principal parts of a sentence?" He expected, of course, to get the answer, "Subject and predicate."

The old "salt" who was called on scratched his head in perplexity and at last replied: "Solitary confinement and bread and water."

TOWN HAS HISTORIC PAST

Iffracombe, Popular English Summer Resort, Has Been Well Known Through Many Centuries.

Iffracombe is rapidly becoming popular as a summer resort—or, as the English call it, a watering place. It is set on a steep hillside, surrounded by "the seven hills," on the beautiful Devonshire coast. From the near town of Hillsborough Iffracombe shows a mass of white cottages, clinging desperately to the hillside to keep from tumbling into the Atlantic ocean.

Many people think that Iffracombe is a modern town, in spite of its quaintness, because it has such an up-to-date air. But Iffracombe is a skillfully camouflaged antique, having been a harbor of some note way back in the twelfth century. This attractive townlet has been afflicted with a great variety of jaw-breaking names during the centuries of its existence. Its names range all the way from Aelfringcombe and Ilfordscombe to Alfredscombe, and, at last, Iffracombe. But the good folk round about Iffracombe just call it "Combe."

In 1344 Iffracombe was one of the 45 English ports that sent representatives to the council of shipping, and in 1646 it was captured by Fairfax. They say there were some hot skirmishes at that time in what is now known as "Bloody Meadow." Some cannon balls of that period found here corroborate this tale.

In these olden days wrecks near Iffracombe were frequent, and pearls and other valuable treasures of the Indies were often sold to advantage by the fisher folk to merchants in neighboring towns.

SEA BUFFALO "GOOD EATING"

Other Things Beside the Beefsteak, to Which the Nation is Attached, May Be Made of Use.

Sirlon of sea buffalo is much esteemed in San Francisco and other Pacific coast cities, where men of this highly valued animal is coming to market in such quantities as to lower the cost of living by keeping down the price of beef and mutton.

Sea cows and sea horses have long been familiarly known, but most folks would confess themselves unacquainted with the sea buffalo. If they saw one, they would call it a whale; and no wonder, for that is the sea buffalo's other name.

Some people might be prejudiced against eating whale meat, but sea buffalo steak sounds good. It is good—quite equal, in fact, to the best beefsteak, and hardly distinguishable from the latter. In the market, sea buffalo tenderloin (boneless "filet") costs only 15 cents a pound; other cuts are cheaper.

The gray whale (common in Pacific waters) furnishes most of the meat. A 60-foot specimen will yield as much butcher's material as 70 head of cattle.

First Quakers.

The first Quakers to land on American soil were Mary Fisher and Ann Austin, who reached Boston in 1636 after a long voyage from England by way of the West Indian island of Barbados. The two women caused great consternation to the Puritans, and George Bishop, in an address to the magistrates, said:

"Two women arriving in your harbor so shock ye, to the everlasting shame of you and of your established order, as if a formidable army had invaded your borders."

The Quaker sect, or Society of Friends, was founded by Fox in 1648, about eight years before the first members reached America on July 11, 1656. Later George Fox visited America. The part played by William Penn and other Quakers in the early history of Pennsylvania and New Jersey is familiar to all students of history.

Can Shyness Be Cured?

What is the remedy for shyness? What is the shy man to do in order that he may be shy no longer?

The remedy is simple, and is to be found by consideration of the cause. The shy person is shy in the presence of strangers only. Let him have no opportunity of meeting strangers, and let the opportunity be abolished not by abolition of the meetings, but by abolition of the strangers. In other words, shy persons are those who in early life had not practice and no experience in meeting strangers, and so having the attention of strangers directed to them and attracted to them. If the meeting with strangers becomes customary it loses its strangeness.

As a Gentleman!

Little brother accompanied his mamma on a visit to some friends in Chicago, and included in the entertainment of the visitor was a luncheon at one of the fashionable cafes. Little brother was taken along because there was no place to "check" him.

"Now, brother," said mamma, "you see this beautiful place and all these lovely ladies—you are the only man present, and I want you to be very polite and act just like your father would if he was here."

"Well," said brother, "I guess I'll take a cigarette."

Enterprise.

"How far can you travel on a gallon of gasoline?"

"Not as far as I used to," replied Mr. Chuggins. "But I'm hoping to reduce the expense by developing a by-product. The gasoline is so oily and the roads are so rough that with a little care we ought to make every trip yield a good churning of axle grease."

ORIGIN OF COUNTRY FAIR

Its Establishment Can Be Clearly Traced to an Ancient Religious Custom.

The country fair owes its origin to an ancient religious custom. In early days, when Englishmen observed saints' days, a crowd of worshippers and pilgrims would assemble within the precincts of the church or abbey during the festival of a popular saint. To supply the wants of the throng, tents were pitched, and stalls for provisions set up in the churchyard. Peddlers and traders found many customers among the worshippers, and in course of time these pious assemblies became marts of trade, and were known as "fairs."

Many odd customs associated with fairs illustrate the social life of other days. The opening of fairs in many towns was announced by hoisting a large glove in a conspicuous place. In the event of a law forbidding the holding of a fair without royal permission, the king would send his glove to the town as a token of his consent.

In Liverpool, a hand was exhibited in front of the town hall ten days before and after each fair day, to signify that no person coming to or going from the fair might be arrested for debt within the town's precincts.

At Painsnot fair, Exeter, an immense plum pudding was drawn through the town by four yoke of oxen and afterward distributed for the crowd. Its ingredients were: 400 pounds of flour, 170 pounds of beef suet, 140 pounds of raisins and 240 eggs. It was boiled in a brewer's copper for three days and nights.

SUPREME IN INSECT MIMICRY

Really Wonderful Act of Caterpillar Shows Nature's Protection Thrown Around Innocents.

I witnessed a quaint little scene on a blackthorn bush in Epping forest a day or two ago, writes "L. F." in Manchester (Eng.) Guardian. It is well known that many species of caterpillars so closely resemble the brown, barked stems, while others, being green, fix themselves to the new green stems of the current year's growth.

Among the blackthorn twigs I observed one young member of the darker species sticking out, rigid and motionless, at the orthodox angle of 45 degrees, from apparently a young green shoot. On closer examination I discovered that the young green shoot was itself a caterpillar sticking out at an angle of 45 degrees.

What had happened was obvious. The disguise of the green caterpillar was so perfect that even another caterpillar—itself a master in the art of twig imitation—had palpably been completely deceived and mistaken the green caterpillar for a twig. Surely this is a triumph of insect mimicry.

Ideal Friendship.

Insincerity may fascinate—but it is not lovable. Only honesty and directness of dealing can win a lasting attachment. Artificial folk are desperately afraid of the picturesquely unconventional actions that they think will make them ridiculous. They are so stiff and starched in their unmanliness that they are hopelessly uninteresting. Sticklers for etiquette and for the observances of all the minor canons of good form, they find so many petty, silly rules to follow that they have no time to give rein to large and generous impulses. A personality that makes itself count ardently and lastingly in other lives and for the world's well being is too high for spite, too noble for mean, small ways, too genuine for intrigue and innuendo and too faithful to sacrifice a friend.

History of a Star.

The history of a star begins with dust and ends with dust. It takes its form out of chaotic nebulae, passes through a period of life, grows cool, then dark and dead, and ultimately dashes into another dark cloud of star dust, and is thus turned back into nebula.

We on earth live our lives in such a short moment that evolution among the stars is not at once apparent. It would require a great many centuries to actually see a blue sun become white, then yellow, then finally red. While it is not possible to watch any one star living its life, yet by noting the characteristics of a great many, a complete and logical chain of evidence may be found, which includes representative stars of every type in the sky.

Society of the Cincinnati.

The historic Society of the Cincinnati, oldest of the American patriotic organizations, was founded by officers of the Continental forces and of the French army and fleet which aided us in gaining our independence at the close of the Revolutionary war, 135 years ago. Washington was its first president general, Hamilton the second, and on its original rolls appear the names of many others who gained fame for their services in the cause of liberty. Its membership, composed of the eldest male descendants of these officers, now numbers about 1,000.

That Evened Things Up.

One day my two little nieces were discussing which had been with her mother the longer.

"I've been with mother longer than you have," said the elder.

After thinking a few moments her younger sister answered, "Yes, but I've been with God longer."—Chicago Tribune.

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