

Democratic Matchman

Bellefonte, Pa., January 15, 1915.

THE WAR TAX.

Uncle Sam has set a tax
On Pullman seat and chewing wax
On circus tickets, booze unmixed
And many other things 'tis fixed.

And Gladys at the drug store 'phone
In calling Tom, to which she's prone,
To Uncle Sam must give her pence,
If she talks more than fifteen cents.

And when you send a wire to Jane,
And say to meet you at the train,
Then you must pay an extra mite,
Because the Europeans fight.

The tax on some, of course, is rough,
But it does not go far enough.
The country would be helped a bit
If several kinds of folks were hit.

The knocker should be forced to pay
Whenever he must have his say.
The man who always wants to fight
The city's progress, 't would be right.

If he were forced to pay a dime
For every slur, each separate time,
And many other kinds there be,
You know them well and so do we.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

BEFORE THE COURT.

It was the first day of the Christmas vacation and among the throng at the great New York station were many small groups awaiting the train from New England by which the boys of St. John's School were expected.

Prosperous-looking fathers exchanged hearty greetings and mutual inquiries of "How's your boy getting on?" while smartly-dressed, smiling mothers confided to each other their plans, and expectant young brothers and sisters jumped about craning their necks to see if the overdue train were not in sight.

At last, long and heavily-loaded, it puffed importantly into the train-shed, and out between the ropes that kept back the waiting crowd came his hurrying passengers, among them the two car-loads of boys wearing St. John's colors.

Some of the older ones passed carelessly along, but the small lads eagerly scanned the crowd for familiar faces. Then there arose subdued little cries of "There he is!" and quick affectionate greetings followed as boys slipped under the ropes and submitted themselves to embraces.

Among his fellows of the youngest form come Dicky Tremaine, stepping quickly in spite of flapping overshoes which he had forgotten to pack and had neglected to fasten.

In one hand he clutched a hastily-rolled and bulgy umbrella, and in the other a bag as well as a stinging pair of skates. He gazed eagerly at the waiting parents as if in search of an expected face, but only a sedate man-servant stepped forward and deftly relieved him of his burdens.

THE WELCOME

"Hello! Simpson! Where's my mother?" asked the boy.

"The Madam couldn't come, Master Dicky, but she's sent the car for you. May I have your trunk checked for you, if you please?" answered Simpson, setting down the bag for a moment as he neatly re-rolled the offending umbrella.

Dicky produced the check from an overflowing pocket, disposed of a piece of chocolate adhering to it, and called out "So long, Mugsey, Merry Christmas!" to another boy who was passing him under the escort of an admiring family.

"That's little Dickey Tremaine," commented "Mugsey's" fond mother to his proud father, who whispered back, "Not much of a Christmas there, I'm afraid."

At the curb a motor-car was waiting and Dickey sprang to the front seat, waving the not unwilling Simpson to the padded shelter within.

"Not too cold for you?" queried the chauffeur smilingly, as he threw a rug over the boy's knees.

"Cold, rats! It was five below in the dormitory this morning. Let her out a little, Reed. This is great," and Dickey beamed approvingly at the avenue as the big car swiftly purr'd its way up town.

Before it had fairly stopped in front of his home, he had stormed up the steps and given the bell a vigorous push. A maid opened the door immediately, and a fair-haired girl in a blue dress ran out into the hall and threw her arms about him.

"Cut that out now, Conty," he ordered with firmness, wriggling away from her kiss and out of his overcoat at the same time. "Where's Mother?"

"Oh, Dickey" sighed the little sister. "I'm so glad that you've come! Mother won't be home until late and I've lots of things to tell you."

"What's the matter?" he demanded, catching a note of trouble in her voice. "Isn't Mother well? Have you got into another scrap with Fraulein? Can't you tell a fellow?"

As he spoke, she pulled him into the library and carefully closed the doors. "It's something serious, Dickey," she said shaking her head solemnly. "They don't know that I know anything about it, but I do. What do you suppose? Father and Mother are going to be divorced, and we'll never, never all live together any more."

Dickey turned on her with flashing eyes. "I don't believe a word of it," he cried indignantly. "You've been listening to servants' gossip, as usual. I shall speak to Mother about it the moment she comes in."

Constance's lip trembled. "Don't be cross to me Dickey," she begged. "You don't know how hard everything is now. Daddy has gone to the Club to live and I never see him except on Sundays when he takes me to the park. Mother's different too, Dickey. She always sends me off to Fraulein, and I don't dare ask her questions, she—"

There was a tap at the door and Simpson appeared looking slightly embarrassed. "Master Dick," he said, "the Madam left orders that you were to stay here in the library as—er—Mr. Tremaine is coming to see you at four o'clock. Also, Fraulein says that Miss Constance is to come to her at once, please."

NEW COMPLICATIONS.

"Very well, Simpson," asserted the boy mechanically, but Constance stamped her foot wilfully.

"Tell Fraulein to let me alone," she said. "I won't go upstairs! I'm going to stay and see my father."

Simpson hesitated, but Dickey drew

himself up with a new dignity. "You needn't wait, Simpson," he said, and as the door closed he pulled Constance down to a seat beside him.

"Now tell me all about it Kid, and don't you dare boo-hoo," he commanded. Constance twisted her bit of a handkerchief nervously.

"Don't be mad at me, Dickey," she faltered. "I couldn't help listening when Marie and Fraulein were talking in the room next the nursery. They thought I was asleep, of course. It isn't sneaky to listen when nobody will tell you the things you've got a right to know."

"Go on," urged the impatient boy. "What did those lunatics say?"

"They said there was going to be a divorce. Marie said that American wives were too cold—"

"French idiot, what does she mean by that?" growled Dickey.

"And Fraulein said that American ladies were not domestic and had too much money," continued Constance like a parrot.

"Dutch Bonehead!" exploded Dickey wrathfully. "How dare they talk about Mother? She's the nicest person in the whole world."

"And so's Daddy," protested Constance. "It isn't his fault. He's always kind and jolly. Oh, I don't see why they quarrel! They always punish us when we do. And, Dickey, Fraulein said that Mother would probably take me to Europe to go to school. I know I'd have to study and practice all day and never have any fun."

"And am I to be left here all alone?" demanded the boy.

"Oh, they said that you would belong to Daddy. You'll stay on at St. John's. I'd lots rather stay at home with Daddy than go to that silly old Europe," and Constance kicked viciously in the supposed direction of the old world.

"I don't believe that Mother means to go away and leave me," began the boy passionately and then stopped short, as the door opened and his father came into the room.

Constance ran to him and as she pulled his face down to her own, the marked likeness between them was apparent. Both were fair and blue-eyed; impulsive, amiable, and pleasure-loving.

The pale dark-eyed boy looked almost of another race as he silently held out his hand to his father, who put an arm about him, gently detaching his little daughter.

"Glad to see you Dick," he said. "I want to have a talk with you. Constance, you run along to Fraulein now."

But she clung to him, crying, "Daddy dear, don't send me away. I know what's going to happen. I've just told Dickey about it. Don't send your own little girl away, please, please!"

Her father's face twitched and he sat down, taking her on his lap. Dick stood facing them, his eyes fixed upon his father's face.

Richard Tremaine, the elder, had a strange feeling of being before two judges, and he began to speak with difficulty.

"I don't know what you children have heard or how you heard it. The truth is that it seems best for your mother and me—to separate."

There was a pause until Constance said in a scared little voice.

"But what about Dickey and me, Daddy? We don't like separating at all."

"I suppose, my darling," said the father sadly, "that you will stay with your mother and—"

"And never see you, my own Daddy," she cried, holding him fast.

His eyes grew moist, "My little girl," he said, reassuringly, "we shall see each other very often. I can take you to the Park, you know, and to the theatre when you're a big girl—"

But the levity of his tone rang false even to childish ears and Constance sobbed, "No, no, Daddy, that isn't enough. I want to eat my breakfast with you."

Mr. Tremaine looked at Dick as if for help against feminine tears, but the boy's face was set and stern.

"What is to become of me, Sir?" he asked.

"Well, you'll stay at school, you know, and then go to college, of course. I'll try to give you a good time in the holidays. We are going to be good friends, Dick," said the father pleadingly.

"And my mother?" asked the boy.

"Oh, your mother will see you often, of course, and—"

But Dick interrupted desperately, "I know how it will be. There's a fellow at school whose father and mother are divorced. His mother comes to see him and she has to ask him what he did in vacation. She doesn't know. He just belongs to his father. On Sunday, once, in chapel, when the clergyman spoke about the evil of divorce, that boy got all red and looked ashamed. He knew that we all knew about his family. It isn't fair to Conty and me. I say it isn't fair, Sir."

"He kissed Constance and went toward the door, but the little girl uttered a heart-broken wail and rushed across the room after him. Her stumbling, impetuous feet caught in a rug and she fell, her head striking the sharp corner of a bookcase.

"There she lay as still as death at her father's feet."

"My God!" he exclaimed, as he bent over her and saw the blood on her forehead. "Have we killed her, Eleanor?"

His wife stood at his side, "Run, telephone," she gasped; "we must have a doctor at once! Hurry!"

She lifted Constance and laid her on the sofa while her husband caught up the telephone book in his trembling hands, but Dick shot out of the room, past the servant in the hall, and out of the house.

Over the snowy street, like a good little football player, he ran and caromed into a young man coming out of a house which bore a doctor's sign.

Dick tackled him, "Are you the doctor?" he asked.

"That's what I am," said the other amiably. "What's up, youngster, you look pretty scared?"

"My sister! Her head is cut open. Please come along. It's just across the street."

"Hold on a second until I get some things," answered the doctor as he dashed back into his office and re-emerging followed Dick up the steps of the Tremaine house, where Simpson watched anxiously at the open door.

In the library Mr. Tremaine was still at the telephone; his wife held Constance's listless hand; a German woman was washing the bleeding forehead, and some one in the corner was ejaculating in fluent and excited French.

The doctor took command of the situation as a captain clears the deck in a storm, and when Constance opened her eyes again, the room was quiet and dim. Dickey sat at her feet on the sofa and a strange young man held her wrist with his fingers.

"I want Daddy," she said feebly.

Then from behind her stepped her father and knelt down at her side. She put her hand in his, sighed comfortably and closed her eyes again.

"There she's all right," said the young doctor, gently laying her arm upon the sofa. "Put her to bed and keep her quiet. I'll see her early tomorrow."

He rose to go when his keen eyes rested on Dick.

"This young man looks pretty white around the gills," he said. "When did you have your lunch, youngster?"

"Well, I didn't like the lunch they put up for us at school, so I chucked it out of the train window. I usually have tea with mother the first day of vacation," faltered Dick in shabby tones.

There was an exclamation from some one in the dusk, a quick hand on the bell, and an order hastily given to the servant who promptly appeared.

"WE MUST TRY AGAIN."

"That's right," said the doctor, who knew of the cloud that hung over the head of Tremaine. "You have a jolly tea-party with mother, but don't disturb my patient here."

He donned his overcoat and picked up his hat. "Good afternoon," he said, and added to Dick as he left the room, "Merry Christmas, sprinter."

Then, from out her shadowy corner came Eleanor Tremaine and stood contently before her husband.

"Richard," she said, "for their sakes we must try again. I have been too proud. Forgive me."

He reached up from his seat by the child and took her hand. Dick saw him kiss it softly as he answered, "It was my fault, Eleanor. Try to be kinder."

A discreet footfall sounded in the hall; Simpson entered with his shining tea-tray and set it down.

Then, better to Dick than all the good things for which his empty little stomach yearned, more beautiful than the gleaming silver and transparent porcelain, were the eyes of the child which Simpson, in token of the morrow, had ventured to put upon the well-laden tray.

Dick picked one up and fastened it in his mother's gown, saying to her half shyly, "Merry Christmas!"

She, smiling at last the lovely smile that to him meant home and holidays this year and for all the years to come, answered softly in his ear, "And a happy New Year for us all, please God, my Dickey."—By Emily Sargent Lewis, in Harper's Bazar, December, 1914.

Our Friend—the Banana.

The banana is of the Musa family, embracing many species and varieties, and is to be found almost everywhere between the tropics of Cancer and Capricorn, extending its limits a few degrees to the north and south in some cases.

FROM INDIA.

By One on Medical Duty in that Far Eastern Country. Back to Jhansi. After Six Weeks in the Mountains. A Honey Letter.

JHANSI, NOVEMBER 21st, 1913.

Dear Home Folk:
"A very Merry Christmas and a most bright New Year."

I just must prod myself into some Christmas spirit for here in Jhansi all the winter aspect that Kashmir had is gone and, as I told you, the water failed—dust, dust, "slathers and gobs" of it every place, in your mouth and lungs, until I am getting to again feel my clothes. I lost some fat while away and felt rather lank but if I swallow as much dust in the next two months as I have these ten days, well, I can't imagine just what I will wear when starting home.

It all seems like a dream, my going home, and yet I have written to Cook's for my passage, hoping to leave Colombo by the twelfth of February, so it's a real fact. I am glad to leave India in many ways, but of course, a wee tinge of regret creeps in when I know I shall never see these people who have been so kind to me; but you know that has been my portion for so many times think I ought to have gotten accustomed to "breaking ties" by this time.

I am almost ashamed to write letters to you after those long ravings I sent while away, but must bubble over to some one when seeing things, so be prepared for I know I will do it all again when I start on this homeward way.

The hospital is closed this morning and so I am sitting chatting to you while four of the nurses take a second examination, they having failed in the first one, given them before I went away. They are seated on the hard, cold stone floor, writing on their knees, and look determined to succeed, and the questions are as easy as I can make them, so I have no doubt about them; but I do sympathize with them for I remember how my heart used to jump when I had to get and tell how little I knew about things.

Already we are feeling the shortage—eggs have gone to fifteen cents for small ones, per dozen, and eighteen cents for large ones; (small ones are the size of batman's eggs at home.) Milk is now 16 A. (32 cents per "seer" (two quart). By the way, speaking of prices, in Kashmir you could get all the vegetables you wanted at two to four cents a "seer" (two pounds.) Eggs were but six cents a dozen, fruit: apples and pears, six to eight cents a dozen, so that the actual living was cheap. But wood—any fancy articles, jam, sugar, crackers, cheese, house rent, (an ordinary boat, little and mean, costing ten and fifteen dollars per month) were all just about the same, or even more than you are paying at home.

Coolies are paid two to four cents at a time, but you nearly always have to hire three or four, so again the tipping is nearly what I used to give in the States—ten and fifteen cents; and then, the worst part is that this must be given at every station, if you happen to change cars, and having to carry so much with you for comfort, makes it expensive.

The actual train fare from Jhansi to Rawal Pindi (twenty-six hour's run) was, third class, four dollars; but it allows of but thirty pounds of luggage, so that by the time I paid excess luggage, tariff I had added six dollars to my fare; and ten dollars was not so very cheap after all for the comfort you had.

I just wonder what you are all doing; if Christmas is making as little stir in your lives as it is in mine this year it will pass as any day might—not a single gift will I send, just a few little notes, and it will all be over. In one way I am sorry for this inertia, but it sure does save energy, and India is not kind in giving surplus anything to strangers.

Next year, if all goes well, perhaps, with you all, I can revive a bit, so I am living in hopes.

I had so much to tell you and now I seem to be able to think of nothing. At least I can tell you I hope to have a month in China and a week or two in Japan, then a wee while in Pasadena, and so will arrive in the East in May or June. Am not looking forward to it all with any great pleasure as both lack of money and the fact that I must travel alone, detract from the delights of it. I received a most charming gift from a native woman and when I get back and you see my weird jewelry (all gifts) you will readily understand how brilliant, and yet how tawdry it is all out here.

I should have much to tell you for I know I have written but little for several weeks, and yet it is all so much the same. Even the gaunt wraiths of cattle prowling around eating the dry leaves, (for that is all that is to be found on the ground now) are just the same; of course, this should be their full season, and one wonders how their poor bones and skin will hang together for another six months.

One of the biggest stores in the bazaar burned last night, and not a drop of water could be used. They estimate their loss at two lac's of rupees (two hundred thousand rupees, or sixty-six thousand dollars.) Just to stand and watch your possessions burn up and not one thing done to save them—well, that takes courage; since no one will fall to and help another out as they do in English speaking countries. This is a country of "pie" and work (any kind) is only done for money.

Friday morning—And this must go in today's mail, but what a day—everything upside down, truly I can't say even I am

on my feet, much less how can I write a letter, especially when my poor brain cells are empty and in chaos. The patients are at times almost more than I can be smooth with and I am afraid I am most irritable. Don't think this is due to any other cause, but I had to make out a hospital report and the assistant made many and various mistakes making me re-write much, and you know how impatient I am with stupidity. The greatest fault I have to find is that they do not understand the meaning of the English words and won't ask to have them explained.

I wish you could see the garden we labored over so hard last spring; not a single green leaf, and nearly all our flowers dead. I regret all those hours of sleep lost and that steamy heat endured, just to have a pretty garden—and this is the result. The violets and the ferns—those we gave water, and they alone, are in their greenness. When I get back I am going to camp on father's grass—the greenest, softest spot I can find, and there I shall yell (for I have learned the habit of shouting when I want anything)—for roast chicken, French fried potatoes, pumpkin pie, and any and all sorts of berries and I know I'll be a regular bear if I don't get them. What a lot of rot I do talk about, you might think I really cared about my food—I don't, not a whit, and it's only words, like most folks prayers.

May you each and all have the best kind of a Christmas and the nicest kind of a New Year.

(Continued next week.)

Starvation Stalks Among Jews of the Holy Land as Results of War.

BY THE RELIGIOUS RAMBLER.

As outlined in this column many weeks ago, Turkey has become embroiled in the war, and a whole train of religious complications have ensued. Once more the blood-stained soil of the holy land sends to heaven the cries of the desolated and the dying. The ears of Christendom are keenly alert to news of the places about which we all learned from the Bible.

One of the earliest dispatches reported fighting at Gaza, where Samson carried off the gates of the city. Turkish troops have mobilized around the gulf of Akaba and the Sinai peninsula, and they are quite as likely to cause trouble with their commissariat as did the children of Israel when Moses led them over the same ground, more than 3000 years ago. Turkish troops have been concentrated at Mosul on the Tigris, which is across the river from ancient Ninevah, say the same day's dispatches, and are moving from there toward Egypt. The average reader has no conception of the hundreds of miles of desert travel involved in this, and by troops inadequately equipped and provisioned. All of Palestine proper is astray with the movement of Turkish troops.

Private advices, which I have been receiving from the holy land, indicate wide-spread distress and devastation caused by the wholesale conscription of all men, Christians and Moslems alike, between the ages of 18 and 42. It appears that the Jewish colonists in Palestine are special sufferers, and there have been actual deaths from starvation among those in the holy city itself.

The reason for this is clear. Most of the more than 60,000 Jews in Jerusalem are from Russia, Rumania and Germany countries affected by the war. Their source of livelihood has been the "port" which they have received through the mails. War and Europe's financial paralysis have summarily stopped this. Very many of the colonists are old folk, who have gone to the land of promise to spend their declining years; and they are unequal to the special exertions necessary to secure funds or to leave the country. Comparatively few of these Jewish settlers are Americans; but if relief goes to them it will have to be sent chiefly from this country.

One bright prospect appears on the horizon for those Zionists who may survive to realize it. Defeat for Turkey means disintegration. Palestine would then pass from Moslem control, probably into the hands of a commission of the powers, with considerable self-rule for the inhabitants. Thus, the vexatious burden of Turkish authority and exactions would be lifted from the Jews in the holy land. They would be free to colonize to the full extent of their ability. It might even be that at least a part of Palestine would become a Christian-Jewish democracy, with full religious tolerance. The site of David's temple, which is now the Moslem Mosque of Omar, may pass once more into the hands of the chosen people, and worship be re-established there according to the laws of Moses.

Still more significant, as a possible religious consequence of the war, assuming Turkey's ultimatum defeat, would be the realization of the dream of the Crusaders. The Church of the Holy Sepulchre, where now sits a Turkish guard, day and night, would become wholly a Christian possession, and the scepter of the Moslem would pass from the land which we call holy. Russia's dream of restoring the cross to the mosque of St. Sophia, at Constantinople, is likely to be realized. Time brings dramatic changes, but the fulfillment of the magnificent surprises of the Crusaders of the middle ages, after these many centuries, would thrill the imagination of Christendom.

Meantime, though, the Christians in Turkey are destined to suffer severely because of the war. With Turkey in conflict with most of the great powers, which have hitherto protected Christians from Moslem fanaticism, the Mohammedan population will feel free to wreak their hatred upon defenseless neighbors. The Roman Catholics, the Greek Catholics, the Armenians, the Chaldeans, Jacobites, Copts, Nestorians, Maronites and Protestants (such as some of the many varieties of Christian faiths in the holy land), will all feel the bloody reprisals of their hated and defenseless neighbors. The blight of poverty will be the worse horror of persecutions and massacres.

No nation outside of the levant has citizens and property more widely distributed over the Turkish empire than the United States. The American board and Presbyterian missionaries are found dotted over large parts of the extensive territory of the Turk, from Mardin to Constantinople. Wherever there is a mission there are native Christians and

American property to be protected. And the missionaries traditionally stay by their posts. Now that the capitulations have been canceled by Turkey, who can tell what will befall?

Along the Mediterranean, in unfortified cities, are the great American mission schools, with Syrian Protestant College, of Beirut, at their head. In Sidon and Tripoli and Alexandretta and Messina and Tarsus (a few miles in from the coast), and Smyrna, there are important mission stations of the Americans. In most of these places there are also German missions. Both Haifa and Jaffa have German religious colonies; while on both ends of Mount Carmel are monasteries of the French Carmelites. The great American colleges at Constantinople are outside the reach of the foreign warships so long as the Dardanelles is held by Turkey.

There is a possibility that a deliberate effort may be made to embroil the United States in the present strife by attacks upon its citizens and vested interests in Turkey. Certainly in the complexity of the problem the situation for this country is vastly increased.

As I have more than once pointed out, the possibility of a general "holy war," the uprising of all Moslems everywhere against all Christians, is too remote as to be almost negligible. The knowledge is general among Moslems that the sultan is not a true Caliph, for though he is the keeper of the green flag of the prophet, yet in his veins runs none of the blood of Mohammed or of his tribe of Korish.

Moreover, the solidarity and simplicity of Islam has been broken by modern civilization. Every Moslem in Egypt knows that life and property are safer under British rule than under Turkish; and that religious freedom is complete, while prosperity is greater. More than 10,000 caravan fires on the road to Mecca, the Indian and Egyptian pilgrims have contrasted the protection and assistance given them by Britain with the tyranny and extortion which they suffer in Turkey.

So while Turkish Moslems may massacre Christians, and cry aloud for a "jihad," or holy war, yet the Moslems of other nationalities, Indians, Egyptians, Arabs and Malays, will be slow to jeopardize both their civil and religious liberty by attempting to make war against their own national rulers.

With enhanced interest and anxiety, the people of America will read the war news from the land which embraces the oldest empires of history.—Philadelphia Record.

HOW MALTESE DERBY IS RUN

"Go-as-You-Please" Rules Govern a Yearly Sporting Event in That Island.

Horse racing is a favorite sport the world over, but it is doubtful whether any nation can boast of a more unique race course or claim more remarkable ideas of the sport than the Maltese. Once a year, says a writer in the Wide World, the road skirting Sliema harbor is reserved as a race course and the people turn out in thousands to back their favorites. There is no regulation of the course; the crowd simply clears out of the way as the horses come along. The jockeys ride without bridles or saddles and each carries a whip in either hand—one for his own mount, the other to keep back any horse which may try to overtake him. We saw one of the spectators deliberately trip a horse by putting his leg out, at grave risk to himself. These things, however, incredible as they may seem to sportsmen in this country, are taken as quite a matter of course, and consequently hardly a year goes by without a fatality of some kind. All things considered, it is not likely that the "go-as-you-please" rules of this Maltese derby are likely to commend themselves to our turf authorities.

History of Westminster Hall. Westminster hall is used as a vestibule to the houses of parliament, but in it were held some of the earliest English parliaments. Edward II and Richard II were deposed in this historic hall. Here English monarchs gave their coronation festivals. Here Edward II entertained the captive kings, John of France and David of Scotland.

In this hall Charles I was condemned to death. Here also Cromwell in 1653 was saluted with wonderful enthusiasm lord protector of England. He wore no king's crown, but he held a Bible in one hand and a golden scepter in the other, and he was clad in royal purple lined with ermine. But only eight years after this great honor the protector's body was dragged from his grave in Westminster abbey and thrown into a pit at Tyburn, while his head was exposed on one of the pinacles of this Westminster hall, where it remained for over twenty-five years.

Pleasure in One's Work. Pleasure in work produces a sympathetic, teachable mental attitude toward the task. It makes the attention involuntary, and eases the strain of attending. It stops the nervous leads of worry. One of the secrets of lasting well is to avoid getting stale and tired and in a mental rut. Pleasure gives a sense of freedom that is a rest, as a wide road rests the driver. To know a thing thoroughly and attain mastery in it, one must be drawn back to it repeatedly by its attractions, and must find one's powers evoked and trained by its inspiration.—Prof. Edward D. Jones, in Engineering Magazine.

Different Now. "He's sure that the people can't be trusted to act wisely in great public matters."

"That so? Only last week I heard him telling that he believed in the people."

"I know. He was running for office then, and most of them voted for the other fellow."—Detroit