Aemocratic Matchman

Bellefonte, Pa., April 13, 1923.

THE OLD STORY.

The twilight falls, the night is near; I fold my work away, And kneel to One who bends to hear The story of the day.

The old, old story; yet I kneel To tell it at Thy call;

And cares grow lighter as I feel That Jesus knows them all.

Yes, all! The morning and the night, The joy, the grief, the loss, The roughened path, the sunbeam bright, The hourly thorn and cross.

Thou knowest all, I lean my head, My weary eyelids close;

Content and glad a while to tread This path, since Jesus knows!

So here I lay me down to rest, As nightly shadows fall, And lean confiding on His breast. Who knows and pities all!

NOEL.

"Do you know," remarked Pen after five minutes of perfect silence, during which the Strange Man smoked morosely, "you remind me of George No-

el Gordon, Lord Byron?" The Strange Man, having finished smoking, threw the stub away, re-crossed his legs and favored Pen with quite a prolonged stare. Finally, "Why?" he asked.

"Oh, I don't know," murmured Penelope vaguely. "You're—you're sort of gloomy,

you know, and int'resting, and-and me. theatrical.

"Well, upon my word!" said Byron's replica blankly, and then broke into a shout of laughter that made Pen jump. "How old are you, Miss Thornton?"

"Fourteen," replied Penelope promptly, and Methuselah seemed juvenile by the antiquity that was im-plied in her tone. "How old are you?" "Guess," suggested Byron, and it

was Pen's turn to scrutinize. The man who confronted her, im-

maculate in his trim evening suit, had none of Noel Gordon's classic beauty. Slender, yet compact, with tired gray eyes and wavy gray hair, and a rath-er tired gray face too, there was yet, in spite of the grayness, something startlingly youthful about him. It wasn't a pleasant face; there were cynical lines about the heavy-lided eyes and a little sneering twist to the finely chiseled lips; but it was distinctly a high-bred one. And breeding lay in the finger tips of the long hands and rang in the tones of the charmingly modulated voice.

charmingly modulated voice. "You're hard to guess," acknowledg-ed Pen with a slow sigh. "But I charden't say that you were more than shouldn't say that you were more than

shouldn't say that you fifty." The man laughed softly. "Well, neither should I," he murmured. "I'll be thirty come Michaelmas, though, Miss Thornton." Which closed over news with his face turned steadily toward the evening star, "'Star bright,' "Is it? Well, you s ry. Come closer, I Come upon a time the

fairy?" "I s'pose that it was just feminine "I s'pose that it was just feminine Ba-aa-aa! Gentlemen rankers out on the spree explained Pen, vastly de-Damned from here to Eternity; lighted at being termed worldly-wise. Lord, ha' mercy on such as we-e-e-A woman can always tell, Noel."

that I was flirting, you worldly-wise

patricide and just plain murder."

relapsed into a gloomy silence.

lightly on the shoulder.

for them to be back."

Who is this monster?"

instinct,"

ed.

toinette.

ants?"

you, Noel."

-Selected.

one else, Noel?'

Baa! Yah! Bah!"

astray-

"Oh, Augusta, Augusta," laughed Randolph," thy name is Eve. But this woman's intuition betrayed her. I "What a horrid song," observed Pen

disapprovingly. Noel smiled a trifle grimly. "Very wasn't flirting." "Oh, said Pen, vaguely disappoint-Dh, said Pen, vaguely disappoint-"Then don't you really love any Peccavi, peccavi; but we'll have our spree, as Kipling so graphically puts Noel smiled grimly. "I love my en-emies, Augusta. They form the largit. Come."

We're little black sheep who've gone

er portion of my acquaintances, heav-en bless 'em." They sped down the steps and across the moonlit lawn, Pen flitting ahead like a fugitive will-o'-the-wisp, "How good you are," said Pen fer-vently. "Gracious, I wish that I did. I just loathe and detest them, Noel. Every time I even think of that horrisure.

Down one hill and up another they raced, and once Randolph stumbled ble Antoinette I understand tyranni-cide and regicide and fratricide and over a fallen tree and swore softly to He had waited so long." He still, his hands fumbling at his irrehimself. into the darkness.

"Poor Augusta," murmured Noel. "And, if you will permit me, poor An-Pen laughed back at him over her shoulder elfishly. She turned off sud-denly, and it seemed to Randolph that the bushes had swallowed her. He "She's madre's maid, Noel, and the bane of my existence. Oh, quelle sprang after her in quick panic, crash-horreur, mes enfants!" Pen lifted di-ing through a thicket and nearly landsprang after her in quick panic, crashminutive shoulders heavenward and ing headlong at her feet in a little clearing. Perched on the hassock, a very Na-

thought you would be so beautifully rested. Yes, let's go home. Was it the story that tired you, Noel? Was he a great friend of yours, the wicked "Puck, Puck, have mercy," he pantpoleon for tragic meditation, her great eyes brooding darkly, her mouth tense through briar, what a dance you've led with vengeance, even her hair a vinme, you wicked elf."

dictive flame, she made a picture as startling as it was laughable. What Pen laughed gleefully. "Wasn't it fun? Oh," with quick compunction, a fire must burn in that tiny body, "you said you were tired. I forgot. thought the man. It seemed actually I'm so sorry, Noel. Are you very to consume her before his eyes, and, tired?" smiling at his fancy, he touched her

"Not that way," said Randolph genlonging for lights, and madre mia's tly. "Just tired of living, Augusta. "Come, little maenad, I'm not your soft warm arms about her, and ma-Orestes, nor have I the vaguest in-It's a weary business, as my distinguished namesake has remarked bedre mit's dear gentle voice scolding tention of flying from you. But I'll fore me. I think!' fly with you if you say the word. The

"Tired of living?" demanded Pen thought of a dinner positively appalls incredulously. "Oh, no, Noel, he was not really. He was tired of suffering, What do you say to playing tru-In an instant Pen was all radiant delight. "Oh, dear Noel, what fun! Just wait until I get a cape. We'll have to hurry, because it's most time I s'pose, and fighting, and being wicked and unhappy, but not of living. Why, I get so tired myself sometimes that I just can't wait to die, but when I think about it, I want to live harder than ever. Think of never being able She flashed into the house and was to read any more, Noel, of never hear- greeted them. back in less time than it takes to tell ing music, or smelling flowers, or lovit, wrapped in a tan cape, the hood tied securely over her ruddy curls. "I have some peppermints—and some nuts and raisins. I was saving ing people, or going to the circus and

ating people, or going to the circus and eating peanuts, and—and—" Randolph laughed, a real, boyish, joyous laugh. "Enough, enough, Au-gusta. That's the most convincing arthem for a feast with Don and Peggy," she whispered gleefully. "Oh, la bonne aventure! I'm so glad I know gument against suicide that I ever heard. I shall wear overshoes for the rest of my natural life, and never Randolph tucked in a flying curl tempt Providence by so much as venwith deft fingers and smiled down inturing out in a thunderstorm. Now are you content?"

to the excited little face. "See, the evening star," he said, and his face was curiously sweet. "It's a fine sil-"If you'll laugh like that again. Oh, ver locket on Evening's gray gown. Shall we wish on it, you and I, Au-gusta?" Noel, I didn't know that you could laugh like that." "No more did I. Augusta, you're

the wisest person I know, and I'm of the twilight scene gave her the going to tell you a story." Pen gave a long sigh of utter con-

same strange lump in her throat that tent. she felt when she heard a wailing vio-"May I come a little closer to you, Noel? I'm so glad that you think that I'm wise, and I'll just love a sto-

clutched instinctively at Noel's fingers, which closed over hers with reassur-"I don't know," said the man slow-

ly. "It depends." "Oh, then make it end well, Noel,

"Is it? Well, you shall end the sto-

givness before he died. It wasn't quite fair to ask for that, was it? How should the story end? What should CONQUERED THE WART HOG "EFFICIENCY" HARD TO BEAT

Boss of Ditch Diggers Evolved Novo Plan for Getting Results From Gang Under Him.

face wonderingly. "You're joking, aren't you, Noel? Why, there's just one way that the story can end, of course. He must go back. Hasn't he gone yet, Noel? Oh, tell him to hur-Jethro Mills Boone, the efficiency expert, said in a lecture in Chicago: "The efficiency engineer studies men's motions and at once puts his studies to practical use. Let me tell you a story that contains a grain of truth.

Noel looked at her for a moment in "A gang of men were digging a ditch silence and then he rose slowly to his feet. "I'll— tell him," he replied un-steadily. "Yes, let's hurry. You're right, Augusta, there's only one endin a wet, sticky soil that was in continual danger of flooding. "'All out!' the efficient young boss

yelled one morning. ng to the story. But the man-he's "The mea were out like a flash. a little blind, you see, and very dull

"'All in !' the boss then yelled, and stood the men tumbled back into the ditch again, realizing that the call had beer a false alarm. Pen looked at him searchingly, vaguely troubled. "You look tireder

"'All out!' came another yell. "Out tumbled the men.

"All in!"

"And they disappeared once more h the hole, grumbling a little.

"Well, after half a dozen repetitions of this business, the men got angry and asked the boss what the dickens he

meant by it. "'What's yer game?' they snarled There's no water coming.'

"The efficient young boss smiled.

to let him beat her, and then pattered "'I know there isn't,' he said, 'but find that you fellows take out more dirt on your shoes than you do on your y. She had a sudden uncontrollable shovels.

"And then, lifting up his voice cheerily, he resumed the old cry: "All in!"

WILL PLEASE MUSIC LOVERS

Wagner's "Liebesverbot," Practically Forgotten, is Soon to Be issued by a Berlin Firm.

music publishers is about to issue the score of Wagner's "Liebesverbot" will be hailed with acclaim by music lovers throughout the world.

"Prohibition of Love," to translate the title, was written during the youth of the famous composer, and shows more plainly than do his other earlier works the period of transition through which he passed before he matured into the producer of the compositions which brought him fame and established his particular school of music. It is based on "Measure for Measure." It is the only Wagnerian composition in which the characters speak some of the lines. Ninety years ago the composition was given a performance in Magdeburg. It proved a dismal failure. It was never published, and on Christmas, 1866, Wagner himself gave the score to Ludwig II of Bavaria. Since then, the manuscript has been preserved among the Bavarian crown treasures

en published, only an elaborate revival when it is introduced to the public of today.

"Flivver" Proved Too Much for Pugnacious South African Animal Who Objected to Its Presence.

The wild animals of South Africa do not take kindly to such new-fangled ideas as "flivvers." as the following incident, related by William McStay, historian of H. A. Snow's expedition, which has been hunting big game from a motor car, will show:

"The wart hog, whose name fairly well describes his appearance, fought Snow's machine to a standstill; to the beast, the 'fliv' was a new form of enemy. Snow encountered the wart hog one day in driving a path across the trackless waste. For amusement the explorer chased the hog quite a distance, when, with suddenness and ferocity, the beast turned to attack. With slavering jowls and grunting defiance the wart hog hurled itself against the trusty flivver, the only carrier not susceptible to the death bite of the tse-tse fly. Its tusks ripped the tires. Its hard head battered the radiator.

"Backward reeled the Tin Lizzie. trembling in every member. Forward she lunged again, thwacking the animal in broad beam. The latter charged anew, again she retreated and again she lunged like a gasoline billygoat. Finally the wart hog gave up the struggle and went and sat down afar off, watching the new enemy it could not conquer. The beat's attitude of dejection was sufficient to cause laughter."

LITTLE NOW GOES TO WASTE

Science Has Discovered Innumerable Methods for Turning Rubbish to Profitable Uses.

One of the most remarkable features of modern life is that nothing need be wasted.

Science has discovered ways of turning every kind of rubbish into something useful. Refuse is burned in specially constructed furnaces, and the heat produced is turned into steam which is used for driving the dynamos that produce electric light. Even the ashes are used to make cement.

Soapsuds, which formerly polluted our rivers, are now strained, mixed with lime, and pressed into bricks, which, when burned, give three times the amount of heat that a similar quantity of coal gas would produce.

A dead horse can be put to almost endless uses. The hair is turned into hair-cloth and stuffing for mattresses: the hide forms leather table coverings; the tendons are made into glue and gelatine; the flesh is used as food for cats and dogs, and the blood is manufactured into prussiate of potash and manure. The hones reappear as knifehandles.

Jelly has been made from old boots and whisky from old shirts. Sawdust can be made into quite eatable cakes, and fish-scales into artificial pearls.

Though the text of the opera has music have been available in the past. said madre mia graciously; "but I Preparations are being made through shall make arrangements. I trust out music centers to give the offering

her for being out so late, and Gar-"'All out!"" rick's strong, fine hand upon her curls. But she wanted to take Noel with her She didn't want to leave poor Noel out

the time they reached the veranda a very Babel of laughing comment

Penelope beamed on them graciously, clinging securely to Randolph's hand. "W've had a perfec'ly beautiful time," she announced joyously, all her previous misery cast to the winds. "Oh, madre, are you very cross? It wasn't Noel's fault truly; I — " "Noel!" "Listen to her, Anne!"

the man do, wise little sister?" Pen looked at the strained, haggard

ry, hurry. That poor, wicked man, Noel, waiting and waiting for him to come—oh, Noel, what if he should die

proachable tie, staring out vacantly

than ever," she murmured; "and I

"My worst enemy. Let's forget him

Pen managed with infinite cunning,

for a while. I'll race you to the gap

quietly along at his side, sore at heart

Pen quickened her step unconscious-

before he came!"

man

in the hedge!"

for his trouble.

"More progress in two hours than I've made in two years." "Oh, Pen, you shameless flirt!"

Pen's eyes brimmed with indignant tears. "I don't flirt," she protested ve-hemently. "And I think you're all

"Miss Thornton called me Noel at my most urgent request," interposed Randolph lightly, but there was an ominous ring in his voice. "And I agree with her in thinking you're all rather impertinent. Mrs. Morton, we've had a most delightful evening, for the truant part of which I am entirely responsible. And will you excuse us for just five minutes more, so that I can say good-by? I-I've been called away rather suddenly; I'm afraid that if it's not too inconvenient

I'll have to leave tonight."

in the cold and dark. "Let's hurry faster," she begged with a litle catch in her voice; and Noel obediently "hurried faster." By

Announcement that a Berlin firm of

very impertinent."

"Not so dreadfully," acquiesced the Strange Man cheerfully. "And such being the case, we can talk with more Have the wish I wish tonight." freedom. Come up from the steps and sit by me.

house party was off picnicking, but the Strange Man, otherwise known as Churchill Randolph, had pleaded a ta.' headache and stayed at home.

vitation she rose with alacrity and light" to the silver star. "I wished," danced up the steps to the hassock at she said quickly, "that I might be as his feet.

"Do you mind if I call you Byron ?" enemies. she asked. "Madre says it's disrespectful to call grown people by their first names, but if they're friends I you see."

"I see," asserted Randolph gravely. called me Noel!"

"Is it—is it a particular name?" asked Pen diffidently.

"A very particular name. I don't ly. think that half a dozen people have ever used it, Miss—but what shall I call you? Miss Thornton will never is frightened eyes on him: "Run in, guite quietly, that he had married the do.

"No, indeed," acquiesced Pen. "But," regretfully, "I don't think that I'd like to be called after any of the ladies nice, were they ?"

"Not very."

"I know! Oh, Noel, won't you call me Augusta? You remember Augus-tage of the state of the state

"In the desert a fountain is springing, In the wide waste there still is a tree And a bird in the wilderness singing, Which speaks to my spirit of thee.

"She was his sister, and he loved her better than any one else in the world. Of course, you wouldn't have to do that, but it would be so lovely."

"I think that Augusta is the very name for you," declared Randolph. "And it strikes me that, unless you're careful I'll love you better than any one in the world; I feel it coming on." Pen looked at him breathlessly.

"Better than any one else? Oh, please! No one does that, and I'm tired of waiting for my fairy prince. But how can you-so soon?'

"It's not very difficult," said the man dryly. "You're rather an enchanting young person, and just at present I don't think of any one else that I love at all."

Pen tilted her little white, flowerlike face and regarded him with wide couldn't.

"If you'll just lay all my faults to Byron, I'll be infinitely grateful. That will give me quite a wide margin, little sister. But what made you think

Wish I might

quainter than ever from those lips but ever you saw. They were waiting on the veranda Pen saw no incongruity. "What did before dinner. The rest of the gay you wish?" she queried breathlessly. "I wished that you might always be

Pen nodded. The poignant beauty

Pen, after a heated discussion in the nursery, the arbitrary disposal of always will. I always wish for some-And she too chanted "Star good as you are, Noel, and love all my That's very hard, but I

don't think it's quite impossible do vou?'

clasp on Pen's fingers so that it was tain all his happiness. And it was. almost uncomfortable.

child. I don't feel like playing any more. I'm tired." her. She bit her quivering lip and forced her hateful tears back, turn-

cast one last indignant, bewildered glance at the perfidious Noel. Apparently he, too, like his famous namesake, could swear love for eternity and forswear it in an hour. He stood leaning against one of the great white pillars, staring out unseeing into the gathering dusk, all the buoyancy gone from his slender figure-and then

Penelope saw his face. In an instant she was at his side.

"Don't send me away," she pleaded. "Please let me love you, Noel. I'm sorry if I was naughty. I'll truly, truly be good. Does your head ache?

The man looked down at her helpshe lift him up?"

know. Listen."

Way-Ba-aa-aa!

ry. Come closer, little sister-so! Once upon a time there was a little boy. He lived on a great plantation somewhere in the South, and he was The quaint little rime sounded just about as spoiled a little boy as He had a good deal more money than was good for him, and a mother-a very sweet and lovely lady, Augusta—who was much too glad that you knew me, little Augus-ta." good to him. On the plantation next "Oh!" protested Pen earnestly, "you princess little girl, whom he thought was the most wonderful person in the world. And on the plantation on the had failed to render her popu- thing that's nearly impossible, but not other side lived another little boy, who lar, had drifted onto the veranda in quite, you know. That wouldn't be fair." And she too chanted "Star" up together; the boys went to the same school and then to the same college, and they were so inseparable that people who knew them used to call them. But he is a good hater. Do you fore the boy left college he told the girl, who was quite a big girl by then and more wonderful than ever, that he A spasm of pain contracted the loved her; and she said that she loved couldn't call them 'mister,' could I? man's face, leaving it a little grayer him, and it seemed to the boy as So I just have to give them names, than before, but he only tightened his though the earth was too small to con-

He had more than his share, his cup "Supose you call me Noel. By a cur-ious coincidence that is my middle I should say that that was fair." He natural that some of it should spill; name. It's a long time since any one stood smiling at her strangely for a but to have all of it dashed from his minute, then he did a curious thing. lips, Augusta-not one drop left for He droped the warm little hand and his dry lips and parched throat-that pushed Pen from him, almost rough- wasn't quite fair, was it? The money "Go in!" he commanded. "Go in! went first and then the pretty mother,

frightened eyes on him: "Run in, child. I don't feel like playing any more. I'm tired." Pen turned and went slowly to the down it here is a start of the start of door. So it had just been play, then! olo and Francesca, and Tristan and that Byron knew. They weren't very And she had thought that he loved Iscult. That's not a very new story, Noel dear."

"Not a very new story," acquiesced the man hardly, "but it was to him. Several years have passed since then, Augusta, and the boy has grown into a man. I do not think that the process has improved him. His chief diversion lay in trying to forget that he had ever been-well, a rather decent boy and not a bad fellow. He-he used rather unsavory means to attain his end, but he attained it. He forgot everything-except revenge. It sounds melodramatic, doesn't it? He grew to think that the world was as vile as he was. Man, as the melancholy Dane remarked, delights him not, nor wom-Has some one made you angry? Are you angry with me, Noel?" an neither. Neither does he delight them. But he is a good hater. Do you remember that I said that I loved my enemies? Well, so does he. He treas lessly. "Heaven help me, I can't send you away," he said finally. "Does it consolation, I may say. And the one harm a saint to love a sinner, Augus- that he treasures most is the man ta? Does he drag her down or does whom they used to call Damon. He nursed the wrong that Damon had "I won't hurt you, Noel," protested Pen. "I'll be good; truly I will. Oh, plans matured. The man was deliv-The man was deliv-Noel, they're coming back. Garrick's ered into his hand. He could have rusinging; he's driving the coach, you ined him like so much dust under his heel; and then Fate played her last eyes. "I do believe you're flirting with me," she said reproachfully. "But then I s'pose you can't help it. Byron The music rang out, faint yet clear trump. Word was brought to him catching up the swinging, mocking air: "We're poor little lambs who've lost our friend,' you understand, the man that ah can step on a dime and tell

"We shall be sorry to have you go," that it is not bad news, Mr. Randolph?"

"I hardly know. But it is urgent, very urgent."

"I quite understand. Pennie, dear kis me good night; I'm afraid that you're rather tired and excited, sweetheart. Just five minutes to bid Mr. Randolph god-by.'

tering behind them a trail of laughter help of "legs" across deserts and and smiles and light-hearted jests. And once more Pen and Randolph had the veranda alone.

"Augusta," said Noel, "I forgot to tell you the name of that man, the blind man in the story; do you remember?"

"You said he was your worst enemy," replied Pen, "so I don't like

"He is my worst enemy," said Ran-dolph. "His—his name is Noel, Augusta. Are you still glad that you know me?"

Pen stepped back quickly, dropping his hand, and the man quivered as though he had received a blow. But he did not take his strained eyes from her, while the little set smile stayed on his lips. And then in a small rush Pen was on him, her arms fast about him, shutting out the bitterness and the wickedness and the pain, and "So glad, Noel!" cried the soft, vehement little voice, "So glad, so glad, Noel!" -By Frances Noyes Hart, in The La-

dies' Home Jurnal.

Trying Times.

The reconstruction period after the great war is characterized by what may be called high pressure days. The demands of business, the wants of the family, the requirements of society, are more numerous now than ever before.

The first effect of the praiseworthy effort to keep up with all these things is commonly seen in a weakened or debilitated condition of the nervous system, which results in dyspepsia, defective nutrition of both body and brain, and, in extreme cases, in complete nervous prostra-

It is clearly seen that what is needed is what will sustain the system, give vigor and tone to the nerves, and keep the digestive and assimilative functions healthy and active. Many persons from their own experience recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla for this purpose. It acts on the vital organs, builds up the system, and fits men and women for these trying times.

In cases where there is biliousness constipation, it is well to take Hood's Pills. They are a thorough cathartic, a gentle laxative. 68-15

A Sensitive Sole.

Colored Rookie-"I'd lahk to have a new pair of shoes, suh." Sergeant-"Are your shoes worn

out!" friend,' you understand, the man whom he had ruined and betrayed and worse than killed—he wished his for-grams.

Truck That Walks.

A German engineer has constructed a motor truck which does not move on wheels, but not unlike the Martians described by H. G. Wells in his "War The gay company trooped in, scat- of the Worlds," can stride with the swamps, can wade "knee-deep" through rivers, stamp through snowfields and step across ditches, and fell tree trunks and other obstacles in its path, says a European dispatch to the Philadelphia Public Ledger. For this purpose it is furnished with two pairs of skids, one of which always rests on the ground, while the other is moving forward with the load. When "walking" normally its stride measures about four feet in length, but, like a human being, it can regulate it when walking uphill or when stepping across an obstacle in its way. With its skids, which are ten feet long, it strides along the roads at a pace of six miles per hour, or about twice as fast as an ordinary person can go. It can go backward, turn completely around its axles without movsideways if required.

Revival of the Bicycle.

There is a marked revival of cycling in England, and the cheapest known | 1668: form of transport, which has never really waned in popularity, is finding additional support by reason of recent utterances by famous medicos. These gentlemen declare that the pursuit of cycling is healthier than any other; that muscular effort and regular breathing, which are the double-harness steeds of cycling, are more conducive to health than the remedial physic of the medical profession. The Olympia show reveals a magnificent range of British pedal cycles.-British Commercial News.

Legiess Radiator Support.

By means of a new device, shown in Popular Mechanics Magazine, the bothersome legs of radiators, from around which dirt is removed with difficulty, are done away with and the radiator supported from the pipe connections at the floor. Inconspicuous wall braces prevent the radiator from tipping, and adjustable center rests are provided for long radiators. The attachments are adaptable to any size or make of radiator.

Wouldn't Be Wasted.

Father invested in a fancy shirt that proved to be much too short in the sleeves.

"Never mind, papa; don't worry, I'll soon be big enough to wear it," cried Bobby, coming to the rescue .-- Exchange.

Superstitions of Thieves

A laundryman who for eleven years used his coffin as a safe, was wise in his generation, for it is not believed that any thief would have meddled with such a receptacie. Certainly no professional burglar would have touched it.

For the criminal classes, almost without exception, are steeped in queer beliefs in luck, omens and the like

The burglar carefully avoids any house where a death has recently taken place. Anything black is anathema to him. The black cat, which to some people is an omen of good fortune, to him is just the reverse. Should a black cat be seen sitting on the steps or sill of a house marked down for plunder he will avoid it Another animal which terrifies him is a blind dog.

Hudson's Bay Company.

The Hudson's Bay company, incorporated in 1670, connects, by uninterrupted lineage, the North American wilds of the moving picture set with the stern realties of an earlier day. ing from the spot, and it even walks The first records of this stanch example of British emprise contain the following notation of a shipment made to the company's posts shortly after the earliest expedition to Canada in

Two hundred fowling pieces with powder and shot.

- Two hundred copper kettles.
- Twelve gross knives. One thousand hatchets.

The copper kettles used today in these northernmost outposts of civilization are practically identical in design with those of two centuries or more ago.

Antidote for Boredom.

While prime minister of England Lloyd George devised an antidote for boredom. When he was entertaining or being entertained he arranged to have himself called on the telephone at certain intervals. If the company was dull he discovered at the first ring that affairs of state demanded his attention. If the company was passable he waited for the second ring. If he found himself among kindred spirits, the calls were in regard to matters that his secretary could bring to a happy conclusion.

None in Sight Now.

Jack-Tom, I'm in a terrible fix, I'm engaged to three girls. Tom-Well, that's not exactly a

crime. Jack-No, that's the worst of it. If it were I could go to prison and have some peace.-Boston Evening Transcript.