THAT KIND OF PERSON

By FANNIE HURST

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(WNU Service.)

THE chronic restlessness which beset the soul of Agnes Lynn was largely due to the fact that she was continually being made aware, by appreciative friends, that she was too big a person for her small role.

Her role was that of primary teacher in the two-room rural schoolhouse nestled in a rather lovely valley that separated, by miles, two thriving vil-

For four years Agnes Lynn, who had been graduated from Normal school in the capital city of the state, had held this position as one of the two teachers in the little old, proverbially red, schoolhouse that stood beneath a pair of twin oaks and was backed by a beautiful rise of Pennsylvania mountains. The second teacher was a poetic-faced, middleaged man named Roger Nash who had a bad limp due to what some people feared was a tubercular bone condition. But that was gossip.

Except for the insistence from her local friends, as well as those in one or another of the two adjoining villages, to say nothing of those in the city where she had been educated, Agnes could have found it in her heart to relax to the quiet, rural beauties of her life as school teacher in this green and placid valley. And yet she knew that she owed it to herself, her friends and her future, to put to more significant use the fine and virile brain with which she was so undoubtedly endowed.

It took all of her will power to fight against the inertia induced by the tranquil years in the tranquil valley. The children who trouped daily into her classroom were clean-faced, clean-hearted little youngsters, products of a wholesome agricultural environment, eager to be friends with her. The pleasant companionship of Roger Nash, frail, visionary, passive, was of sufficient intellectual stimulation to ward off tedium. Her room at the farmhouse where she boarded was a lovely old one of rare, early American furniture, spic-and-span cleanliness and a view of apple orchard mountain stream and rich countryside that never ceased to delight her. As a matter of fact, an apple tree actually leaned in at her

window to awaken her. That was why, throughout the years she spent in the valley. Agnes had to fight against the sweetish kind of inertia that enveloped her. Life was so pleasant here, so deeply tranquil, each day filled with a fresh simplicity. And yet in her heart she realized how meager the sphere, how unworthy of her abilities, how spiritually and mentally lazy of her to remain. Teaching limited her talents. Throughout her college career Agnes had exhibited

a talent for executive work. Her chance came when the principal of the Normal school from which she had graduated wrote an offer to recommend her for the position of executive secretary to the vice president of a Chicago mortgage and trust

company. There was simply no withstanding the lure of this offer. It meant not only the tripling of her salary, but it offered her contacts that could lead to big achievements in the business world. There did not seem much reason for Agnes to hesitate. And what hesitating she did was too private to confide to even the best of her friends. She would not have dared to admit it. Opportunity had rapped long and insistently at Agnes' door.

Chicago, insofar as its resemblance to the life she left in the valley was concerned, might have been a city. not in another state, but on another planet. Not even her life as a student in the capital city of her state had prepared her for the degree of intensity, the complicated arduousness that awaited her. Life was like a gale that caught her from the moment she stepped off the train and kept her swirling and twirling at high

tempo. The demands of her position also kept her keyed to a degree of intensity that was as astonishing as it was exhilarating. For the first few months of the new environment, bewildered as she was in many respects, Agnes realized that she owed it to herself to have ventured forth into these active fields of enterprise. Gone were the old fears of intellectual lassitude. mental decline and physical smug-

ness. The city had her in its tempo. She rose in her fairly comfortable boarding house room that had for its vista the window of another boarding house room precisely like hers, she dressed in haste, she breakfasted in haste at a cafeteria, she met her employer in the tense, terse, impersonal mood of the city, she performed her tasks with a mechanical and speededup rectitude, she lunched in a business women's club to the rattle of dishes and the roar of the elevated railroad, she met her employer for an afternoon of more of the speed of routine, she dined in a table d'hote tearoom with the evening paper propped up against the sugar bowl. She sought out the movies, the theater or the company of a male or female | to talk with!"

colleague in her office for her evening's entertainment.

There was a man. There naturally, would be in the life of an attractive, up-and-going girl like Agnes. He was salesmanager for the Chicago branch of an enormous automobile concern. A hale, hearty fellow, with concrete ambitions, tried and true. Lilianthal was headed for wealth. He wanted power, position, money. He was on his way to obtain them. He was already slated for one of the vice presidency plums of his firm.

Strange that he should have been attracted to a girl of the particular type of Agnes. There was nothing obvious about her. She dawned upon you slowly. There was the obvious about Lilianthal. He was precisely what he seemed to be. In the phraseology of his trade he was a "comer." And yet, buried in him, was the consciousness that here in this slender. well-bred girl, was the sort of woman with whom he could proudly share his ultimate success. He visualized her in pearls and good lace, presiding at his table.

A successful man needed a wife like that. Class! That was Agnes all

over-nothing showy, but class! There came a time when the rather simple routine of the young business woman became a thing of the past. Instead, the best lakeshore hotel restaurant, night after night with Lilianthal. Opera. Races. Motor rides. And all, bear in mind, strictly within the pale of the rigid social formula of Agnes. Lilianthal, who was known to have had his fling, treated her with the kind of elaborate deference a man of his type will show toward the woman he contemplates as mate.

In fact, if Lilianthal erred at all, it was in conservatism. Agnes was to be treated as the woman worthy to become his wife.

For sixteen months Agnes succeeded in sidestepping the impending proposal of marriage. It came one night, the very week, to be exact, that the banking house which employed her services increased her salary by 331/3 per cent and gave her a bonus of five hundred dollars.

At the conclusion of eighteen months Agnes was not only justifying the confidence of her friends in her executive ability, but was about to make a marriage that was in keeping with her general success.

It was then, while Lilianthal was waiting a promised week for his answer, that Agnes sat down and took stock.

It was the first time she had dared allow herself the time to make mental inventory of the state of mind and being of this girl who had come out of the valley.

First and foremost it was obvious to her that she was not in love-with Lillianthal.

It seemed to her as she sat there. facing herself in her boarding house room, that she was bankrupt in countless ways; that she was empty handed, empty-hearted. Everything that the new life had brought her was something mechanical and outside of herself. Good clothes. Good shows. Good restaurants. Showy companionship. And to replace the old joy-ofthe-valley that seemed to have flowed out of her, there remained nothing.

Lilianthal was out of the question. Confidant predictions to the contrary notwithstanding. Agnes was miscast. She was not that kind of person. Memory of the valley-sweet mornings of walking to school, the trouping children, the pleasant chats beneath the schoolyard oak trees with a sensitive man called Roger Nash, the simple foods, the simple pastimes. the lovely, tranquil, early American room, became a nostalgia that was almost too much to bear.

Agnes had dared to take stock of herself. The results were appalling. but had to be faced. Agnes was not the kind of person she was supposed to be.

It took courage to go back; It took more courage than she would have believed herself capable of. It is not easy in life to take what may be regarded as a retrogressive step and that is just what Agnes did in returning to her position as school teacher in the valley. At least that is how her friends, who were so ambitious for her, regarded it. She had gone backward. She had not been of the stamina they had hoped.

Agnes is not particularly inter ested in the psychology of it. She only knows that the valley is sweeter and greener and cleaner than ever and the task of teaching the young is one that fills her with ambition. The days have a tonic for her that nothing else could quite achieve and so have the long, stimulating hours in the counpany of Roger Nash, the visionary.

See-Saw

"After very patiently telling my pupils in English the various uses of 'saw' and 'seen,'" writes Mrs. Donald Gridley of Los Angeles, "I called upon one of them to give sentences using the words correctly.

"The little girl thought a few moments and then smilingly gave this an-"The saw is very dull. The seen is very beautiful."

Handicapped '

Struggling with a three-year-old appetite, she had a mouthful of potato and was reaching for her glass of milk. Some one asked her a question and her answer was: "Uh huh."

"Is that the way to answer?" her mother prompted. "Why," she replied, gulping down her mouthful, "I didn't have anything Earthquakes



Crack in Filled Ground Caused by Earthquake in Japan.

(Prepared by the National Geographic Bociety, Washington, D. C.) (WNU Service.)

THE occurrence of a destructive earthquake such as that which recently practically destroyed the city of Napier, New Zealand, sets the world to thinking of and per haps to fearing these devastating tremors. It is wrongly assumed by many people that an earthquake is likely to occur at any place.

Up to 1903, it is computed by an eminent scientist, Compte de Ballore, there had been 159,782 recorded earthquakes. In later years, when more accurate records have been kept, they have averaged about 60 a year. There is comfort to the dwellers in most of the world to know that 94 per cent of recorded shocks have occurred in two narrow, well-defined belts-one called the Mediterranean, with 53 per cent to its credit, and the other the Circum-Pacific, with 41 per cept-while the remainder of the world has only 6 per cent, widely distributed.

The United States has been singularly free from recorded seismic disturbance, perhaps the most disastrous being in 1811, when a very severe shock occurred in the Mississippi valley south of the Ohio, which was felt in New York in one direction and in the West Indies in another. This earthquake changed the face of the earth. A vast extent of land was sunk, lakes were formed, and even the course of the Mississippi river was obstructed for a time.

Most of the earthquakes occurring of late years can hardly be classed with the great ones of history. Nearly all of the destruction from recent quakes has been caused by uncontrollable fires. In the more stable zones long periods may elapse between shocks, as for instance, in Kingston, Jamaica, 215 years intervened.

Exactly what is an earthquake and what causes it?

Superficially the name itself tells the story. It is no more nor less than a quaking of the earth or a part of it; and theoretically any vibration at all fills the bill, from the tremor caused by a heavy truck passing along the street or a blast in a near-by quarry to the most violent convulsion that slides hills from their bases and opens yawning chasms in the earth.

Waves in the Earth. But going beyond the superficial, there is more that needs to be said even by way of a bare definition of an earthquake. The quake in so far as man experiences it is the coming to the surface of waves in the earth. These waves cannot be compared simply to the up-and-down waves of rippled water nor to the back-and-forth waves in the air that make sound. Even the simplest wave motion is none too easy to understand; and the waves in the varying earth materials that make themselves known to man as earthquakes are probably the most complex waves that exist. They are at once motions "up-and-down" like sea waves: crosswise like the waves in a flapping flag; back-and-forth like sound waves or the motion in a long coiled spring suspended with a weight bobbing at its end; and in addition may have twists about imaginary pivot lines in all of the three dimensions;

The earth waves originate in some region down in the earth and start out in every direction. The waves from a pebble dropped into a pond form growing circles on the surface of the water. But the waves in the earth being in a solid, attempt to form spheres that constantly grow outward. Soon, however, because of the difference in the rigidity of different rock materials, the form is not a sphere at all but a very irregular curved solid · stead, more nearly that of a potato. perhaps.

The two principal types of earth waves, those that travel like the pulsations in a bobbing spring, straight out; and those that travel like ripples and the waves in a flag, with a sidewise motion, move at different speeds. The pulsing waves are the swifter, and of course the place where they make themselves felt first and most strongly is the surface area straight above their starting point. This is technically the "epicenter" or "epicentrum." The pulsing waves around the epicenter alternately push up the surface of disappeared,

the earth and everything on it, and let them fall back. When the Waves Combine.

The "sidewise" waves follow along immediately after the first pulsing waves, and the two, with perhaps "twisting waves" as well, then operate together. The ground in the epicentral area, therefore, gets innumerable thrusts and falls and at the same time

is jerked sidewise and back for tiny

distances in every direction. At points some distance from the epicenter the pulsing waves strike the surface at a slant and so accentuate the effects of the "sidewise" waves and create new surface undulations. The shaking at the epicenter, too. throws the earth's surface there into undulatory waves like ripples on a pond, and these also travel outward in widening circles. These surface waves are those of greatest motion but least speed. They register the heaviest vibrations on the siesmographs of the world.

The second important question in regard to an earthquake is: What starts the waves?

No one has ever seen an earthquake wave start outward from its center, and it is safe enough to say that no one ever will. But science has built certain hypotheses about the matter that seem to account satisfactorily for the happenings, and which are accepted pretty generally.

Hold a dry stick as big as your thumb in your hands and bend it until It breaks. At the snay, waves will travel to your hands and usually give you a quite a painful sensation.

Hold an iron bar by one end and strike the other sharply with a hammer. Again the vibrations carried to your hand may be violent enough to produce a stinging pain.

And if you should strike a small explosive cap with the end of a long rod grasped by the other end, the explosion would probably bring the same painful tingle to your fingers.

Breaks Start Most of Them.

It is generally believed that earthquake waves flow from a point where one of the three forces illustrated is suddenly released-a break, a blow or an explosion. Breaks are credited with the responsibility for most earthquakes. It is believed that because of slow contraction or shrinking which may result from the cooling of the outer portion of the earth or because of pressure from deposited silt, strains are set up below the surface like those in the bending stick. Eventually the strain reaches the breaking point and there is a snapping of the rocks which send violent waves to the surface, causing earthquakes.

The blow type of earthquake is probably less important. Such a blow might result from the falling in of a great cavern, but probably would cause only a local shiver. A more important cause of a blow might be a slipping of one mass of rock over another with a collision at the end of the slide. Such a blow often follows a break, the two acting together.

Earthquakes in active volcanic regions may often result from explosions of gases far beneath the surface; though many times there seems to be an intimate connection between earthquakes and volcanoes, the law regarding them has not been established. Some remarkable coincidences have been observed in late years, however. The terrible cataclysm of Mount Pelee, which, on May 8, 1902, almost instantly killed 30,000 inhabitants, was preceded by the earthquake which in January and April of the same year wrecked a number of cities in Mexico and Guatemala. The distance be tween these points is at least 2,000 miles, showing how deep-seated must have been the disturbances, if, as has been suggested, there was communeation between them. The great San Francisco earthquake was preceded only two days by one of the most violent eruptions of Vesuvius recorded in

many years. It is also a significant fact that the fuming island off the coast of Alaska, called Bogoslof No. 3, appeared at almost the same time. A revenue cutter, visiting this island, was astonished to see that the mountain, or hill, some 400 feet high, on the island, had

of the TRIBES By EDITHA L. WATSON

The Zuni

In that shadowy past which is so long ago that only legend reminds us

that it was at all, an Indian people came from the northward and settled in the Zuni valley. Later, from the West came another people, and these joined the first settlers. This was the beginning of the Zuni tribe, which is one of the most interesting tribes of the Pueblos. At the dawn of

Zuni.

their recorded history, they were living in seven cities, which were known

of as far south as Mexico. Perhaps Indian traders, journeying to far places with the products of their villages to exchange for the shells of the coast or the parrot feathers of the South, told of their seven cities, and, as has always been the custom of travelers, exaggerated a little. At any rate, these vague rumors reached the ears of Fray Marcos de Niza, who made his famous exploration trip in 1539. He listened to all that the Indians along the way could tell him about "Cibola" (Zuni), and finally saw one of the vilages from a neighboring hill, but instead of entering the settlement, where he might have been disabused of his notions, he returned to Mexico with a great narrative of the magnificent "Kingdom of Cibola." The Indians along the way had assured him that this was a wealthy country, and that its seven cities were filled with gold and precious stones. Hence, Coronado, the next year started North to explore this unknown land of which so many glowing tales were

The Pueblos had a way of sending messages by fleet runners, whose speed and endurance were the wonder of the Spaniards. News reached the first Zuni city (Hawikuh), of the coming of these strangers from the South, and of their warlike tendencies, and upon its receipt the Zunians became active, with the result that after storming the town, the Spaniards found that women and children, and most of the movables in the place, had been taken away. The mesa stronghold of Taniyalone (Corn Mountain or Thunder Mountain, as it is variously known), which commands the Zuni country,* was their refuge, and the warriors who had defended Hawikuh fled there also, leaving a deserted and empty pueblo to the disappointed

invaders. Coronado found that the "Kingdons of Cibola" was a small country containing seven pueblos, all within four leagues, the largest of which contained 500 houses, and that the immense treasure of rumor was a sorry myth. In fact, he wrote that Fray Marcos had "said the truth in nothing that he

reported." Zuni at this time must have been at its zenith. There are no records of more than the seven pueblos, and history shows that these dropped into oblivion one by one, until six of them

have become uninhabited ruins. Forty years after Coronado's disappointment, Chamuscado visited the tribe, and in 1583 Espejo went to Zuni. He reported that he found there some of the Mexican Indians who had been with Coronado, and that there were but six cities, so that evidently one had been abandoned since Coronado's time.

Three Spanish priests established a mission at Hawikuh in 1629, and this was the first mission in the "province of Cibola," although one had been attempted previously. In 1622, the Indians killed two priests, one who had been sent to them, and one who was passing through Hawikuh on his way to another tribe. Fearful of consequences, the Zuni again fled to Taaiyalone, their refuge in all troubles, and lived there for three years.

In 1670, an enemy tribe raided the village of Hawikuh, burned the church and killed the missionary. This town was probably not reoccupied after the raid, and by the time of the Pueblo rebellion of 1680, the Zuni were living in three towns, two others beside Hawkuh having been deserted.

The rebellion of 1680 was participated in by almost all the Pueblos, the day being set and plans made, and the news spread by runners. The Zuni were as active as the rest, and after killing the missionary who remained among them, they once more hurrled to Taaiyalone, and made it their home for twelve years, until Diego de Vargas reconquered the country in 1692.

After this, Zuni was one city. It was rebuilt on the ruins of Halona, on the Zuni river, one of the original Seven Cities of Cibola.

Even yet, there was unrest among them. Once more a missionary was killed, and once more the mesa stronghold was their refuge. However, peace was finally concluded, and from 1713 on there was not much to record in the history of Zuni. For some time it was entirely abandoned by the white people, and became a thoroughly Indian town again, but in later years the United States government established a school and built extensive irrigation works, so that the Indians began to become educated in the white man's ways of peace.

(@. 1931, Western Newspaper Union.)

Aged War Veterans

Daniel C. Dakeman was the last pensioner of the Revolutionary war. He died 86 years after the close of the war at the age of one hundred and nine years, eight months and eight days on April 5, 1869. Hiram Cronk was the last surviving pensloner of the War of 1812. He died on May 13, 1905, at the age of one hundred and five years and sixteen days. Owen Thomas Edgar, last surviving pensioner of the Mex-Ican war, died in Washington, September 3, 1929,

Narrow Thoroughfare

The narrowest street in the United States is said to be Treasury street in St. Augustine, Fla. Ii is 6 feet 1 inch wide. This street was shown as a street on the map of St. Augustine in 1737, and called Treasury street because the old treasury was on the corner of this cross street and St. George street. Carriages used to drive through it, and a stone was placed at the entrance on Bay street to prevent this. The sold treasury building is still standing.

Not Much Difference

The words fort and fortress are often used interchangeably. In the United States all permanently gurrisoned places, whether fortified or not, are termed forts. In fortification fort is usually applied to a work entirely inclosed by defens-(ble parapets. Fortress generally designates a fortified city or town, or any piece of ground so strongly fortified as to be capable of resisting an attack. It is a permanent fortification.

Famous American's Nickname

"Old Man Eloquent" was one of the nicknames of John Quincy Adams during the latter years of his life while he was a member of the house of representatives. Milton applied the phrase to Isocrates, the famous Greek orator, who is said to have died of mental shock and grief when he learned that Philip of Macedon had defeated the Greek allies at Chaeronea. - Pathfinder Magazine.

Hero's Resting Place

George Rogers Clark is buried in Cave Hill cemetery in Louisville, Ky. General Clark founded the city of Louisville in 1779 after returning from his military expedition to the Northwest. He spent most of his declining year in Louisville. Ky., and Clarksville, Ind., across the Ohio river from Louisville. This town was also founded by General

Had Enough of the Sea

On account of a shipwreck in his teens when he was emigrating from England to South Africa, Mr. Clark of Boshof, Orange Free State, made his way inland, and vowed that he would never cast eyes on the sea again. He settled at Boshof, where he built up an extensive general dealers' business, and left a large fortune at his death.

Loving Wife

Scene in millinery shop. Wife addresses husband: "You see, my dear, this is the bat I adore most passionately, but since you prefer that other one, I shall take them both, just to please you!"

First Used by Holmes?

The expression "mutual admiration society" was probably coined by Oliver Wendell Holmes. The phrase appears in "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table."

One Point of View

He is happiest, be he king or peasant, who finds peace in his home.

EAD ACHE

it's time to take Bayer Aspirin. Two tablets will head it off, and you can finish your shopping in comfort.

Limbs that ache from sheer weari-

ness. Joints sore from the beginnings of a cold. Systemic pain. The remedy is rest. But immediate relief is yours for the taking; a pocket tin of Bayer Aspirin is protection from pain

wherever you go.

Get real aspirin. Look for Bayer
on the box. Read the proven directions found inside every genuine Bayer package. They cover head-aches, colds, sore throat, toothache, neuralgia, neuritis, sciatica, lumbago, rheumatism, muscular pains, These tablets do not depress heart. They do nothing but stop the pain. Every druggist has Bayer Aspirin in the pocket size, and in bottles. To save money, buy the genuine tablets by the hundred. Don't experiment with imitations,

