

THE GALLY FEUD

By IZOLA FORRESTER.

Bruce Farraday had been away from home for so long that he had actually underestimated the manners and customs of Halsey Gap.

He had been home from Rudemir college about four days. The family had given him to understand that they expected all things of him, and especially that he should run for representative the next autumn. There had been a Farraday in the state legislature from the Gap section ever since West Virginia had walked her own path to statehood. Since the death of Bruce's father fifteen years before, the Gally family had controlled the seat. Bart Gally had gone up for two terms and Wallace had followed in his footsteps.

He rode down the mountain road to the little village after mail, loving every foot of the way. It had been years since he had walked that road to school. When he came to the old familiar crossroads, with its cairn of rock supporting an old sign post, he drew rein. Many a time he had loitered there waiting for Nance Gally to come along on her way to school. What had they cared for feuds in those days! She was six, he barely ten. Resting now in his saddle, while the Captain crooped the sweet clover and sorrel by the roadside, he remembered the day of their great quarrel. He had called her redhead on the way home from school, because she had walked with her cousin Wallace instead of him. There had been a fight and Wallace, a strapping, black-browed youth of fifteen, had beaten him before her eyes.

The sound of horses' hoofs cantering along the old timber road roused him from reverie. It was Nance. She rode her sorrel mare like a boy, her short curls flying in the morning breeze. As she rode, she was singing Dixie at the top of her lungs, until she caught sight of the silent horseman, and stopped short.

Bruce raised his cap in neighborly greeting, noting approvingly the vivid beauty of her young face and sparkling eyes.

"Good morning, Miss Nance," he said. "It seems like old times to be waiting here for you. You're looking mighty well."

She tossed her head in quick resentment.

"I reckon you can keep your compliments to home, Bruce Farraday. We ain't askin' anythin' from any of you in the complimentary line."

She rode on, never looking behind. It was that afternoon that he gave Matt Crawford, local boss of the Democratic caucus, permission to use his name for nomination at the coming elections.

"You've got to step lively and look both ways at once," said Sister Belle, when the campaign was in full swing.

The next day there was a conference between Bruce and Matt Crawford. Briefly Bruce outlined his plan of action. On the Farraday property there was a large old mica mine, unworked since the death of his father. Ever since his arrival he had secretly been probing its possibilities, and felt fairly sure of his ground.

"Matt," he said, "I know a chap with capital, who went to Rudemir with me. He'll back the old mica mines when I say so. Let's open them now and hire all the available men. Get them on one-year contracts, with option of renewal."

Matt grinned appreciatively. "I think I'm looking at our next representative," he said.

The mine was a success. Boys and men from all districts through the valley and mountains flocked to work instead of remaining idle through the summer and autumn, waiting for the Gally mills to open.

Election day told the story. When the votes were counted in the little room back of the post office old Judge Pinkus stroked his Vandyeke happily.

"I reckon you're beaten, Wally," he remarked through his little glass grating at the stamp window. Nance heard the words, too, as she stood by the window. With a muttered oath her cousin rushed past her out into the little square where men were cheering for a Farraday. Blind with fury, he shot out his fist at Bruce, but fell as Bruce caught him with a counter blow on the point of the chin.

Bruce led to the old oak stump.

"Fellow-citizens of the Gap, this is the end of the Gally feud. Right here Wallace and I have settled old scores, and I want to tell you it's time the Gap joined the march of progress and buried the feud forever. You shake hands with me, Gally; if you don't I'll beat you up until you do, for we're going to be friends from this day on."

Wonderingly the Gap beheld the two shake hands as Bruce left the stump. A minute more, and he was beside Nance, where she stood apart from the others.

"Can I help you on your horse?" he asked. "I'm going to see you home."

Nance lifted her tear-wet face to his, captivation in her eyes.

"I'm mighty glad you won, Bruce," was all she said.

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A Real Hardship.
"Son, I refuse to pay any more of your poker debts."

"That's rather tough, dad," said the glided youth.

"My decision is final."

"But, do you realize, dad, that there are practically no facilities in this town for any other games of chance?"

Thanksgiving Family Party

Donald Chamberlin

THE most delightful part of my life was that age when boys and girls freely mingle with each other as friends, half boy and girl, half man and woman.

There was one Thanksgiving when the head of our large family invited every member that could be reached to spend a week in his large country house, including Thanksgiving day.

Those of us of my generation went in for a good time together. The girls were of that age when a taste for mischief predominates. One night when I was getting ready for bed I found the legs of my pajamas sewed up. When I had ripped the sewing, got them on and tumbled into bed I found the sheets scratched. I had turned off the light, so, springing out of bed, I tiptoed hastily to the door, opened it and was in time to grab the last of a bevy of girls who ran away in the darkness.

Throwing my arms around my captive, I gave her a smack, she struggling to be free, then let her go. Slipping back into my room, I turned on a light, and there, sticking out on the breast of my pajamas, was an elongated pin of chased gold set in the center with a single sapphire.

The problem was to identify the girl I had kissed by discovering the owner of the pin. I consulted with my men cousins, and it was decided that I should put the article up at auction at the Thanksgiving dinner, bids to be accepted only from the men.

Accordingly when the nuts and coffee came on I took the pin out of my vest pocket and, holding it up before the company, said: "I found this ar-



"I Will Put It Up at Auction."

tle recently and would be happy to return it to the owner if he will claim it and prove ownership."

I swept the board with my glance, but saw no sign of a give-away on any girl's face. Then I continued:

"Since there is no claimant for the article, I will put it up at auction, reserving the right to bid to the men present of my own generation, the proceeds of the sale to go to charity."

I called for bids, and one of my cousins, Jack Somers, bid 25 cents. There was an exclamation of disapprobation for such an offer, and when another of my confederates bid 50 cents it was repeated. The gem alone could not have been worth less than \$25. When every man who was permitted to bid had done so, \$2.75 was the highest offer received.

I knocked the article down to the successful man, Jim Atwood, and he handed me the money. "What luck!" he exclaimed, holding the pin before him admiringly. "I've wanted something like this for a gift to my fiancée, and now I have found it."

The fact of another girl possessing her jewelry was too much for its owner. Becky Aldrich showed by her expression that she was at least to be suspected. I took the pin from Jim and tossed it to her. A telltale blush confirmed my suspicion, and the eyes of all the company being concentrated on Becky, it deepened into scarlet. Then there was a burst of laughter, in which everyone joined heartily but Becky.

Becky pretended to be very much offended with me for the course I had taken. This caused me to feel uncomfortable, and I endeavored to placate her. Becky for a long while refused to be appeased.

To make a long story short, Becky played me as an angler would play a trout till I was madly in love with her. Having refused me, she seemed to be satisfied and thereafter treated me so considerably that I tried again and was successful. Naturally, the anniversary of Thanksgiving brings to me interesting memories.

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Message of Cheer.

The holiday season is here and with it comes a message of cheer and a quickening of the benevolent impulses of the heart. Thanksgiving day—a festival for giving thanks for the mercies of the closing year—is one of the oldest institutions in America. The Pilgrim Fathers held their first harvest thanksgiving festival in 1621.

Voice of the Early Church.

Tell me, whence are you rich? From whom have you received? From your grandfather, did you say; from your father? Are you able to show, ascending in the order of generation, that that possession is just throughout the whole series of preceding generations? Its beginning and root grew necessarily out of injustice. Why? Because God did not make this man rich and that man poor from the beginning. Nor, when he created the world, did he allot much treasure to any one man and forbid another to seek any. He gave the same earth to be cultivated by all. Since, therefore, his bounty is common, how comes it that you have so many fields and your neighbor not even a clod of earth? . . . The idea we should have of the rich and covetous—they are truly as robbers who, standing in the public highway, despoil the passers.—St. John Chrysostom, Greek Church, 347-407.

Humoring People isn't Pleasant.

"Humoring a man" sounds like a pleasant and comfortable thing, but when one links humoring with the question of who makes the money, it does not seem very flattering to the humorer or the humoree, says a writer in the Woman's Home Companion. And what a lamentable sight is that of the humoree, what deep inequality it implies and what an absence of any real respect or understanding between two people in whose lives humoring is a part of the daily routine! When the one to be humored is a woman it may mean that a man has been forced into the craven part of doing anything for the sake of peace. There are few concessions some men will not make to avoid a domestic storm. Some unfortunate men there are who even give up vital friendships, legitimate forms of recreation, and even their own individualities in this unworthy cause.

Credit for Other Fellow.

The amount of credit you allow the other fellow to take for his efforts is the index for your measure. The little fellow can't stand seeing the other man praised. If he has worked in company with others he wants all the glory. If there is any prominence to be handed out he is a perpetual candidate. The pugnacious mind is ever trying to discount the other man's credit. There is so little to him that he needs all the glory he can get, and gets it wherever he can. Not so with the big man. He rejoices in the success of his fellows. He's glad to see others rising to his class. In fact, the truly big man sees bigger when he pays tribute to those not so big as himself. If you want to be in his class you must not dwarf your worth by being afraid you won't get all that's coming to you.—Pennsylvania Grit.

Survival of the Fittest.

Modern scientists do not entirely hold with the Darwinian theory of evolution; still, there is no doubt that the "survival of the fittest" has a large modicum of truth, for we can all see that those who are incapable of adapting themselves to the universal progress must become more or less fossilized. Every big business gets us striking examples; men who, having reached a certain position, sit down and get rooted in their own little way. Then there comes a new spirit into authority, modern methods are introduced, all things are put in motion, the change has come and the fossil sits still, an obstacle in the necessary progress until he is either thrown out of the way completely, or moved to a side where he can do no damage.

First Said of Goldsmith.

"He touched no subject that he did not adorn" was first said in a Latin epithaph on Oliver Goldsmith. "Nil tetigit quod non ornavit." The English version of it was used in an epithaph on Matthew Hale Carpenter of Wisconsin by Jeremiah S. Black of Pennsylvania. Carpenter died in 1881 and Black, who was attorney general of the United States from 1857 to 1861, died in 1888. His epithaph on Carpenter began as follows: "The most accomplished orator of his day and generation, he addressed no audience that he did not charm, and touched no subject that he did not adorn." The Latin epithaph on Goldsmith was written by Dr. Samuel Johnson.

Oyster Cheap Food.

Only the sea herring can equal the oyster in cash value as a product of the sea. This is partly because they are so palatable and partly because they are so inexpensive. A pint can usually be purchased for 20 cents on the coasts and a nourishing stew for several persons can be made of a pint of oysters. The North Atlantic ocean produces more oysters than are to be found in the oyster beds of all other countries, but oyster farming is a profitable industry in many lands. The mid-Atlantic coast is particularly noted for its oysters.

When Amethysts Turn White.

A man recently brought back to a jewelry store three rings set with amethysts which had faded to a pale yellow within a few months after he had bought them. He then discovered that instead of amethysts the gems were topazes. The latter vary in color from pale yellow to deep violet and purple. Under high temperatures amethysts change color, becoming first yellow, then green and finally entirely colorless. Under ordinary temperature, however, genuine amethysts do not change color.

TEUTON U-BOAT LOSS IS HEAVY

One-Half of Fleet Sunk Since War Started

ENGLISHMEN QUIZ GEDDES

As Many Submarines Destroyed in Last Three Months As All Last Year, He Tells House of Commons.

Germany has lost as many submarines in the past three months as she lost in the whole year of 1916, Sir Eric Geddes, first lord of the admiralty, declared in the house of commons.

The admiralty head, who was making his initial speech, declared that plans had been made to reorganize the admiralty along lines that would result in more efficient methods. He said that in the future Sir John Jellicoe, first sea lord, will devote his attention solely to naval and staff matters.

"Between 40 and 50 per cent of the German submarines operating in the North sea, the Arctic and Atlantic since the beginning of the war have been sunk," said Sir Eric. "The output of merchant shipping in the first nine months of this year, he said, was 120 per cent higher than in the corresponding period last year. The admiralty had decided that four new national shipbuilding yards would be necessary.

"We must lay plans for a long war," said Sir Eric. "I see no signs of its being a short one."

Sir Eric said he regretted it had not been found possible to arrive at a basis for publication of British tonnage losses by submarine action without giving information to the enemy.

The losses of merchantmen in October, he said were very slightly worse than in September. Enemy submarines were being sunk to an increasing extent, but the Germans were building them faster than they had done hitherto.

In September, Sir Eric continued, there was afloat on the high seas, an increase of 20 per cent in numbers and 30 per cent in tonnage of British ships as compared with April.

Standard ships aggregating 1,000,000 tons had been arranged for, he said, and more than half of them were under construction.

The total net reduction of British tonnage since the beginning of the war was given by Sir Eric as 2,500,000 tons.

Replying to the criticism that the fleet had not been sent to assist Russia, he pointed out that such an operation would occupy considerable time and that there were extensive mine fields. Responsible naval opinion was unanimous that the step was not one which should have been taken.

At the present time, Sir Eric informed the house, there are 225 drydocks which can be devoted to repairs of merchant shipping, exclusive of those used for warships.

A reduction of 50 per cent in German merchant shipping, Sir Eric continued, had been caused by the sinking of ships or by their passing into the hands of Germany's enemies.

LIVE STOCK AND GRAIN

Pittsburgh.
Cattle—Prime, \$12.75@13.50; good, \$11.50@12.50; tidy butchers, \$10.50@11.50; fair, \$8@9; common, \$6.50@7.50; heifers, \$6@10; common to good fat bulls, \$5@9; common to good fat cows, \$4@8.50; fresh cows and springers, \$4@9.00.

Sheep and Lambs—Prime wethers, \$11@11.50; good mixed, \$10@10.50; fair mixed, \$8.50@9.50; culls and common, \$5@7; heavy ewes, \$7@10; spring lambs, \$12@16.75; veal calves, \$14.50@15; heavy and thin calves, \$6@11.

Hogs—Prime heavy and heavy mixed, \$18@18.15; mediums, \$18.15@18.35; heavy yorkers, \$17.75@18.15; light yorkers, \$17@17.25; pigs, \$16@16.50; roughs, \$16@17.25; stags, \$14.50@15.

Cleveland.
Hogs—Heavies, \$17.50; mixed, \$17.25; mediums, \$17.50; yorkers, \$17; pigs, \$15.50; roughs, \$15.25; stags, \$14.25.

Sheep and Lambs—Choice to good spring lambs, \$15.75@16.25; fair to good, \$13.75@14.75; common, \$7.75@13.25; choice sheep, \$8.75@10.75; culls and common, \$4.75@8.75.

Calves—Choice, \$14@15; fair to good, \$13@14; heavy and common, \$9@12.

Cattle—Prime shipping steers, \$10.50@11; good to choice, \$9.50@10.50; good to choice butchers, \$8.50@9.50; fair to good, \$6@7.50; common to light steers, \$5@6; good to choice heifers, \$7.50@8.50; choice fat butchers, \$7@8; bologna bulls, \$5@6.50; choice fat cows, \$6.75@7.75; fair to good, \$6@6.75; canners and cutters, \$4@5.50; milch cows and springers, \$6@9.00.

Chicago.
Hogs—Bulk, \$16.40@17.10; light, \$15.50@17.05; mixed, \$15.90@17.25; heavy, \$15.90@17.25; rough, \$15.90@16.20; pigs, \$11.75@15.25.

Cattle—Native steers, \$6.70@17.35; western steers, \$6.20@13.50; stockers and feeders, \$6@11.60; cows and heifers, \$4.90@12; calves, \$7.25@14.

Sheep—Wethers, \$8.70@12.85; lambs, \$12.25@16.75.

Chicago Grain Close.
Wheat 1.17 1/2
Corn 58 1/2
Oats 59 1/2
December 58 1/2
May 59 1/2

WARFARE TO BE DIFFERENT

Armies of Future Will Have Strong Artillery and Few Infantrymen, Each Heavily Armed.

The army of the future will have an immense equipment in artillery; the infantry will be few in number, but heavily armed, each man with a machine gun, capable of holding a width of front that otherwise would need a company armed with rifles. Trench warfare, at any rate on the scale that has been witnessed in France, will disappear, for the airplane will overleap the trenches and substitute a war of movement for a war of fixed positions, says H. Sidelbotham in the Atlantic.

The airplane will be used, not only as at present for reconnaissance work, signaling ranges to the artillery, for raids on communications, and for bombing a retreating army, but also for the transport, on a large scale, of infantry. One can easily imagine airplanes sufficiently large to carry 50 or even 100 infantrymen. A hundred such planes could transport an army of 10,000 with incredible rapidity to any point behind the hostile line desired by the general in command. Such movements will make trench lines obsolete. The whole art of war will have to be rewritten from its elements.

The development of the uses of the airplane will change the strategical and tactical direction of the war, from a game comparatively elementary, like draughts, into an elaborate and complicated game like chess, with greater variety of moves and endless possibilities of fresh combinations. Such a game will be too difficult to be fought with millions. With proper use of mechanical invention a company of men will be able to do the work of a division in this war. We shall go back to the days of small professional armies of long training and high technical equipment; the great general of the future will be he who is able to divine best all the possibilities of this new war movement, and military power will no longer depend on numbers, but on the genius of the direction and the technical accomplishments of a comparatively few human instruments.

A Novel Dinner Bell.

A camp cook whose only means of calling the members of his party was pounding on a pan with a knife handle was unable to make them hear when they were fishing or hunting at any considerable distance from the camp. One of the party to whom he complained thereupon made what he called a "klepaloo."

The "klepaloo" was merely a piece of well-seasoned oak plank two inches thick, six inches wide and four feet long. Through the center he bored a hole, passed a rope through it and suspended the plank from the branch of a tree. The cook "rang" the instrument by striking it with a mallet, first on one side and then on the other.

The man who made the "klepaloo" had seen similar contrivances in small Bulgarian villages, where they are used instead of church bells to call the people to worship. A test of the instrument used by the campers showed that in ordinary weather conditions it could be heard two miles.

The Zodiac.

The earliest astronomers, who were probably the shepherds and herdsmen of the old Sumerian civilization, noted that the sun appeared to make the circuit of the heavens in one year. This is merely an appearance, due to the revolution of the earth around the sun every 12 months. So they divided the belt of sky through which he appeared to travel into 12 divisions. One for each division or constellation was named for something which they fancied its shape indicated, as Aries, the ram; Taurus, the bull, and so on. This belt of 12 constellations is called the zodiac, from the Greek word zoon, an animal. Various superstitions gradually grew up; among them, that each part of the body was under the influence of a certain constellation, it influenced that part of the body. No sensible person believes any of this old-time superstition that the position of the heavenly bodies in these constellations affect either the body or plant life.

Exeunt Scarecrows.

One of the many improvements resulting from permitting women to run the farm instead of to waste out their lives cooking for the thrasher crew is said to be the substitution, on Long Island sound at least, of tailors' models for scarecrows. It is not likely that crows can distinguish a well-dressed man from an ill-kempt one, but no matter how the dear girls slump around when they are by themselves, they do like a man who dresses up well. Besides, the models undoubtedly improve the appearance of the place more than the scarecrows do. For one thing, a man with good clothes is not expected to engage actively in the farm work; one in his old clothes is out of place idling until the evening chores are done.—Buffalo Express.

Saving Food.

"Drink to me only with thine eyes"—so said the poet.
"Well?"
"What did the poet mean by that?"
"An early example of food conservation."

The Practical Girl.

He—You are the prettiest girl I ever saw.
She—That sounds all right, but I don't know how much the compliment is worth until you tell me how many pretty girls you have seen.

CAN CHINA BE INDEPENDENT?

Entrance Into Great World War Is Viewed From Different Angles by Editors.

Much division of opinion exists in Japan regarding China's declaration of war against Germany, says the East and West News. Japan took the final step for two reasons: First, the Anglo-Japanese alliance, and second, a deep-founded belief in the necessity for solidarity of the far eastern powers. The Osaka Asahi is strongly opposed to China's participation in the world's war. It says: "China decided to take the step, on the arrival of Vice-President Feng Kuo-chang at Peking. Nothing could be more regrettable than for an independent nation to be forced by others to do anything it doesn't want to do. The national existence of any nation that yields to coercion or undue persuasion is imperiled! Some people regarded Japan's declaration of war against Germany merely from the viewpoint of the alliance with England, but we favored Japan's dominance in this part of the Pacific."

The editor of the Asahi wants to know what Feng Kuo-chang meant when he favored a declaration of war by China against Germany, but objected strenuously to joining the entente powers. "Does he mean that, like the United States, China's declaration of war shall be a separate act?" asks the Asahi. "The grave fact is that her present course was forced upon her. Whether she joins the entente or not matters little for the present. The serious question is, can China be independent from now onward?"

"GESUNDHEIT"—THEN WOE

Citizen of German Origin, Patriotic to Last Ditch, Makes a Disastrous Blunder.

This little story, which appears to be an orphan, is now going around:

"I'm going to the patriotic meeting this evening," said the citizen of German origin.

"No," said the wife, "you mustn't go. You'll get into trouble, sure."

But he went, despite her remonstrance. Just before midnight, on the last street car, he stumbled into his domicile. The good wife was sitting up for him.

When he appeared his eyes were black and blue, his face was scratched and puffed, his collar had been torn from his shirt and he looked as though he had been rolled in the dirt.

"Ah," said the wife, "I told you not to go to that meeting, that something would happen to you."

"It was not at the meeting," explained the husband. "The meeting was all right. There were three speeches, and, like everybody else, I applauded everyone of them. The band played the 'Star-Spangled Banner.' Everybody stood up. So did I."

"It was after the meeting. I was coming home on the street car. The car was crowded. Then a woman on the car sneezed and I said 'Gesundheit!' Then everything happened."

Five Great Men in History.

In the generation that saw the birth and the earlier years of the republic five men stand out—George Washington, Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson, Alexander Hamilton and John Marshall, says James Bryce in the Youth's Companion. Whether or not the last four of them were great men in the full sense of the word is a question on which people were not agreed in the lifetime of those four and are not agreed today; but everyone felt then as everyone feels now that Washington was great. He is a world figure. In mere intellectual power he was not superior to the other four. He had less originality and a less wide range of capacity than Franklin, less versatile activity of mind than Jefferson, less brilliant gifts for constructive policy and the exposition thereof than Hamilton, less logical grasp and penetration of thought than Marshall; but he rose superior to them all in a certain massive strength of character, in stately dignity, in a calm firmness of purpose that neither the smiles nor the frowns of fortune could divert from the course his judgment had approved. So his primacy was undisputed then and has remained undisputed ever since.

Japan Is Exporting Pulp.

Japanese imports of pulp have encountered obstacles, but, according to the Japan Chronicle, it is believed that the stocks held by paper manufacturers generally are sufficient to last until the end of this year, while the domestic manufacture of pulp, stimulated by import difficulties, has appreciably developed. As a result, efforts are now being made by some merchants to export home-made pulp.

The Chronicle states that this is not to be the disadvantage of those paper manufacturers who are suffering from the scarcity of imported pulp, for what they essentially want it not yet producible in this country. It finds that there is no excessive domestic pulp that is exported.

Our Army of Civil War.

During the first year of the Civil war the number of the regular army rose to 32,000. Lincoln's first call for volunteers, April 15, 1861, was for 75,000 men for three months. At the beginning of 1862 the number of volunteers in the field was about 550,000. During the next three years it was about 900,000. At the close of the war the Union army numbered 1,000,000 men. The total number of troops furnished was 2,850,000 men.