

# NORTH OF FIFTY-THREE

By BERTRAND W. SINCLAIR

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## CHAPTER XVIII—Continued.

"I am pleased to welcome you back to Gott's country, Mrs. Wagstaff," he said. "Und let me carry dot said case alrehty."

They walked two blocks to the King's hotel, where Lauer's family was housed. He was in for supplies, he told her, and of course, his wife and children accompanied him.

"Not dat Gredda iss afraid. She iss so goot a man as I on der ranch ven I am gone," he explained. "But for dem it iss a change. Und I bring by der town a vaigonloaf of bobadoes. By cosh, dem bobadoes iss seligh."

It flashed into Hazel's mind that there was a heaven-sent opportunity to reach the cabin without facing that hundred miles in the company of chance-hired strangers. But she did not broach the subject at once. Instead she asked eagerly of Bill. Lauer told her that Bill had turned a few days at the cabin, and then struck out alone for the mines. And he had not said when he would be back.

Mrs. Lauer, unchanged from a year earlier, welcomed her with pleased friendliness. And Jake left the two of them and the chubby kiddies in the King's office while he betook himself about his business. Hazel hated him and the children to her room as soon as one was assigned to her. And there, almost before she knew it, she was murmuring brokenly her story into an ear that listened with sympathy and understanding. Only a woman can grasp some of a woman's needs. Gretta Lauer patted Hazel's shoulder with a motherly hand, and bade her cheer up.

"Home's the place for you, dear," she said, smiling. "You just come right along with us. Your man will come quick enough when he gets word. And we'll take good care of you in the meantime. La, I'm all excited over it. It's the finest thing could happen for you both. Take it from me, dearie, I know. We've had our troubles, Jake and I. And seeing I'm only six months short of being a graduate nurse, you needn't fear. Well, well!"

"I'll need to have food hauled in," Hazel reflected. "And some things I brought with me. I wish Bill were here. I'm afraid I'll be a lot of bother. Won't you be heavily loaded, as it is?"

She recalled swiftly the odd, makeshift team that Lauer depended on—the mule, lop-eared and solemn, "und Gretchen, der cow." She had cash and drafts for over three thousand dollars on her person. She wondered if it would offend the sturdy independence of these simple, kindly neighbors, if she offered to supply a four-horse team and wagon for their mutual use? But she had been forestalled there, she learned in the next breath.

"Oh, bother nothing," Mrs. Lauer declared. "Why, we'd be ashamed if we couldn't help a little. And far's the load goes, you ought to see the four beautiful horses your husband let Jake have. You don't know how much Jake appreciates it, nor what a fine man he thinks your husband is. We needed horses so bad, and didn't have the money to buy. So Mr. Wagstaff didn't say a thing but got the team for us, and Jake's paying for them in clearing and plowing and making improvements on your land. Honest, they could pull twice the load we'll have. There's a good wagon road most of the way now. Quite a lot of settlers, too, as much as fifty or sixty miles out. And we've got the finest garden you ever saw. Vegetables enough to feed four families all winter. Oh, your old cities! I never want to live in one again. Never a day have the kiddies been sick. Suppose it is a bit out of the world? You're all the more pleased when somebody does happen along. Folks is so different in a new country like this. There's plenty for everybody—and everybody helps, like neighbors ought to."

She blinked. The town—it seemed to have grown remote, a fantasy in which she had played a puppet part. But she was home again. If only the gladness of it endured strong enough to carry her through whatever black days might come to her there alone.

She would gladly have cooked her supper in the kitchen fireplace, and laid down to sleep under her own roof. It seemed the natural thing to do. But Lauer came up after a time, and Hazel found herself unequivocally in their hands. With the matter of transporting herself and supplies thus solved, she set out to find Felix Courvoisier—who would know how to get word to Bill. He might come back to the cabin in a month or so; he might not come back at all unless he heard from her. She was smitten with a great fear that he might give her up as lost to him, and plunge deeper into the wilderness in some mood of recklessness. And she wanted him, longed for him, if only so that she could make amends.

She easily found Courvoisier, a tall spare Frenchman, past middle age. Yes, he could deliver a message to Bill Wagstaff; that is, he could send a man. Bill Wagstaff was in the Klappan range.

"But if he should have left there?" Hazel suggested uneasily. "E weel leave w'e W'tey Lewees word of w'e're 'e go." Courvoisier reassured her. "An' my man, w'ich ees my bruzer-law, w'ich I can mos' fully trust, 'e weel follow 'eem. So Beel' ees arrange. 'E ees say mos' particular if madame ees come or w'eesh for forward message, get heem to me queeck. Oul. Long tam Beel' ees know me. I am for depend always."

Courvoisier kept a trader's stock of goods in a weather-beaten old log house which sprawled a hundred feet back from the street. Thirty years, he told her, he had kept that store in Fort George. She guessed that Bill had selected him because he was a fixture.

She sat down at his counter and wrote her message. Just a few terse lines. And when she had delivered it to Courvoisier she went back to the hotel. There was nothing now to do but wait. And with the message under way she found herself impatient to reach the cabin, to spend the waiting days where she had first found

happiness. She could set her house in order against her man's coming. And if the days dragged, and the great, lone land seemed to close in and press inexorably upon her, she would have to be patient, very patient.

Jake was held up, waiting for supplies. Fort George suffered a sugar famine. Two days later the belated freight arrived. He loaded his wagon, a ton of goods for himself, a like weight of Hazel's supplies and belongings. A goodly load, but he drove out of Fort George with four strapping boys arching their powerful necks, and champing on the bit.

"Four days ve vill make it by der ranch," Jake chuckled. "Mit der mule und Gretchen, der cow, von veek it take me, mit half der loat."

Four altogether pleasant and satisfying days they were to Hazel. The worst of the fly pests were vanquished for the season. A crisp touch of frost sharpened the night winds. Indian summer hung its mellow haze over the land. The clean, pungent air that sifted through the forests seemed doubly sweet after the vitiated atmosphere of town. Fresh from a gridiron of dusty streets and stone pavements, and dust-stepped, as one might say, from days of imprisonment in the narrow confines of a railway coach, she drank the winey air in hungry gulps, and joyed in the soft yielding of the turf beneath her feet, the fern and peavine carpet of the forest floor.

It was her pleasure at night to sleep as she and Bill had slept, with her face bared to the stars. She would draw her bed a little aside from the campfire and from the low seclusion of a thicket of watching the nimble flames at their merry dance, smiling lazily at the grotesque shadows cast by Jake and his frau as they moved about the blaze. And she would wake in the morning clear-headed, alert, grateful for the pleasant woodland smells arising wholesomely from the fecund bosom of the earth.

Lauer pulled up before his own cabin in mid-afternoon of the fourth day, unloading his own stuff, and drove to his neighbor's with the rest. "I'll walk back after a little," Hazel told him, when he had piled her goods in one corner of the kitchen.

The rattle of the wagon died away. She was alone—at home. Her eyes filled as she roved restlessly from kitchen to living-room and on into the bedroom at the end. Bill had unpacked. The rugs were down, the books stowed in familiar disarray upon their shelves, the bedding spread in semi-disorder where he had last slept and gone away without troubling to smooth it out in housewifely fashion.

She came back to the living-room and seated herself in the big chair. She had expected to be lonely, very lonely. But she was not. Perhaps that would come later. For the present it seemed as if she had reached the end of something, as if she were very tired, and had gratefully come to a welcome resting place. She turned her gaze out the open door where the forest fell away in vast undulations to a range of snow-capped mountains purple in the autumn haze, and a verse that Bill had once quoted came back to her:

Oh, to feel the wind grow strong  
Where the trail leaps down,  
I could never learn the way  
And wisdom of the town.

She blinked. The town—it seemed to have grown remote, a fantasy in which she had played a puppet part. But she was home again. If only the gladness of it endured strong enough to carry her through whatever black days might come to her there alone.

She would gladly have cooked her supper in the kitchen fireplace, and laid down to sleep under her own roof. It seemed the natural thing to do. But



Walked Away Through the Woods.

she had not expected to find the cabin livably arranged, and she had promised the Lauers to spend the night with them. So presently she closed the door and walked away through the woods.

September and October trooped past, and as they marched the yellow thickets and poplar groves grew yellow and brown, and carpeted the floor of the woods with fallen leaves. Shrub and tree bared gaunt limbs to every autumn wind. Only the spruce and pine stood forth in their year-round habiliments of green. The days shortened steadily. The nights grew long, and bitter with frost. Snow fell, blanketing softly the dead leaves. Old Winter cracked his whip masterfully over all the North.

Day by day, between tasks, and often while she worked, Hazel's eyes would linger on the edges of the clearing. Often at night she would lift herself on elbow at some unexpected

sound, her heart leaping wild with expectation. And always she would lie down again, and sometimes press her clenched hand to her lips to keep back the despairing cry. Always she adjured herself to be patient, to wait doggedly as Bill would have waited, to make due allowance for immensity of distance, for the manifold delays which might overtake a messenger faring across those silent miles or a man hurrying to his home. Many things might hold him back. But he would come. It was inconceivable that he might not come.

Meantime, with only a dim consciousness of the fact, she underwent a marvelous schooling in adaptation, self-restraint. She had work of a sort, tasks such as every housewife finds self-imposed in her own home. She was seldom lonely. She marveled at that. It was unique in her experience. All her old dread of the profound silence, the pathless forests which inhaled like a prison wall, distances which seemed impossible of span, had vanished. In its place had fallen over her an abiding sense of peace, of security. The lusty storm winds whistling about the cabin sang a restful lullaby. When the wolves lifted their weird, melancholy plaint to the cold, star-jeweled skies, she listened without the old shudder. These things, which were wont to oppress her, to send her imagination reeling along morbid ways, seemed but a natural aspect of life, of which she herself was a part.

Often, sitting before her glowing fireplace, watching a flame kindled with her own hands with wood she herself carried from the pile outside, she pondered this. It defied her powers of self-analysis. She could only accept it as a fact, and be glad. Granite and all that Granville stood for had withdrawn to a more or less remote background. She could look over the frost-spangled forests and feel that she lacked nothing—noting save her mate. There was no impression of transient abiding; no chafing to be elsewhere, to do otherwise. It was home, she reflected; perhaps that was why.

A simple routine served to fill her days. She kept her house shining, she cooked her food, carried in her fuel. Except on days of forthright storm she put on her snowshoes, and with a little rifle in the crook of her arm prowled at random through the woods—partly because it gave her pleasure to range sturdily afield, partly for the physical brace of exertion in the crisp air. Otherwise she curled comfortably before the fireplace and sewed, or read something out of Bill's catholic assortment of books.

It was given her, also, to learn the true meaning of neighborliness, that kindness of spirit which is stifled by stress in the crowded places, and stimulated by like stress amid surroundings where life is noncomplex, direct, where cause and effect tread on each other's heels. Every day, if she failed to drop into their cabin, came one of her neighbors to see if all were well with her.

Quite as a matter of course Jake kept steadily replenished for her a great pile of firewood. Or they would come, babies and all, huddled in furs of Jake's trapping, jingling up of an evening behind the frisky bays. And while the boys nunched hay in Roaring Bill Wagstaff's stable, they would cluster about the open hearth, popping corn for the children, talking, always with cheerful optimism.

Behind Lauer's mild blue eyes lurked a miff that burrowed incessantly to the roots of things. He had lived and worked and read, and pondering it all, he had summed up a few of the verities.

"Life, it iss giften us, und ve must off it make der best ve can," he said once to Hazel, fondling a few books he had borrowed to read at home. "Life iss goot, yust der lifting of life. If only ve goot not strayt after der voolish dings—and if der self-preservation struggle veers us out so dot ve cannot enjoy being alive. So many iss struggle and slaves under terrible conditions. Und it iss largely because of ignorance. Ve know not vot ve can do, und ve shrink vrom der unknown. Here iss acres by der dousand vree to der man vot can off it make use—and dousands vot lifts and dies und neffer has a home. Here iss goot, gneff air—and in der smoke und smell und dirty streets iss a ravage of tuberculosis. Der balance iss not true. Und in der own vay der rich iss full of trouble—drunk mit vegetable, veary mit pleasures. Ach, der voods und mountains und streams, contentment iss a state off der mind—and if der mind vorks mit logic it vill content find in der simple dings."

It sounded like a pronouncement of Bill's. But Lauer did not often grow serious. Mostly he was jovially cheerful, and his wife likewise. The North had emancipated them, and they were loyal to the source of their deliverance. And Hazel understood, because she herself had found the wild land a benefactor, kindly in its silence, restful in its forested peace, a cure for sickness of soul. Twice now it had rescued her from herself.

November and December went their appointed way—and still no word of Bill. If now and then her pillow was wet she struggled mightily against depression. She was not lonely in the dire significance of the word—but she longed passionately for him and she held fast to her faith that he would come.

The last of the old year she went

little abroad, ventured seldom beyond the clearing. And on New Year's eve Jake Lauer's wife came to the cabin to stay.

Hazel sat up, wide awake, on the instant. There was not the slightest sound. She had been deep in sleep. Nevertheless she felt, rather than knew, that some one was in the living-room. Perhaps the sound of the door opening had filtered through her slumber. She hesitated an instant, not through fear, because in the months of living alone fear had utterly forsaken her; but hope had leaped so often, only to fall sickeningly, that she was half persuaded it must be a dream. Still the impression strengthened. She slipped out of bed. The door of the bedroom stood slightly ajar.

Bill stood before the fireplace, his shaggy fur cap pushed far back on his head, his gauntlets swinging from the cord about his neck. She had left a great bed of coals on the hearth, and the glow shone redly on his frost-scab-

bed face. But the marks of bitter trail

bucking, the marks of frostbite, the stubby beard, the tiny icicles that still clustered on his eyebrows; while these traces of hardship tugged at her heart they were forgotten when she saw the expression that overshadowed his face. Wonder and unbelief and longing were all mirrored there. She took a shy step forward to see what riveted his gaze. And despite the choking sensation in her throat she smiled—for she had taken off her little, beaded moccasins and left them lying on the bearskin before the fire, and he was staring down at them like a man fresh-wakened from a dream, unbelieving and bewildered.

With that she opened the door and ran to him. He started, as if she had been a ghost. Then he opened his arms and drew her close to him.

"Bill, Bill, what made you so long?" she whispered. "I guess it served me right, but it seemed a never-ending time."

"What made me so long?" he echoed, bending his rough cheek down against the warm smoothness of hers. "Lord, I didn't know you wanted me. I ain't no telepathist, hon. You never peeped one little word since I left. How long you been here?"

"Since last September." She smiled up at him. "Didn't Courvoisier's man deliver a message from me to the mine? Didn't you come in answer to my note?"

"Great Caesar's ghost—since September—alone! You poor little girl!" he murmured. "No, if you sent word to me through Courvoisier I never got it. Maybe something happened to his man. I left the Klappan with the first snow. Went poking aimlessly over around the Finlay river with a couple of trappers. Couldn't settle down. Never heard a word from you. I'd given you up. I just blew in this way by sheer accident. Girl, girl, you don't know how good it is to see you again, to have this warm body of yours cuddled up to me again. And you came right here and planted yourself to wait till I turned up?"

"Sure!" She laughed happily. "But I sent you word, even if you never got it. Oh, well, it doesn't matter. Nothing matters now. You're here, and I'm here, and—Oh, Billy-boy, I was an awful pig-headed idiot. Do you think you can take another chance with me?"

"Say"—he held her off at arm's length admiringly—"do you want to know how strong I am for taking a chance with you? Well, I was on my way out to flag the next train East. Just to see—just to see if you still cared two pins; to see if you still thought your game was better than mine."

"Well, you don't have to take any castbound train to find that out," she cried gaily. "I'm here to tell you I care a lot more than any number of pins. Oh, I've learned a lot in the last six months, Bill. I had to hurt myself, and you, too. I had to get a jolt to jar me out of my self-centered little orbit. I got it, and it did me good. And it's funny. I came back here because I thought I ought to, because it was our home, but rather dreading it. And I've been quite contented and happy—only hungry, oh, so dreadfully hungry, for you."

Bill kissed her.

"I didn't make any mistake in you, after all," he said. "You're a real partner. You're the right stuff. I love you more than ever. If you made a mistake you paid for it, like a dead-game sport. What's a few months? We've all our life before us, and it's plain sailing now we've got our bearings again."

"Amen!" she whispered. "I—but, say, man of mine, you've been on the trail, and I know what the trail is. You must be hungry. I've got all kinds of goodies cooked in the kitchen. Take off your clothes, and I'll get you something to eat."

"I'll go you," he said. "I am hungry. Made a long mush to get here for the

night. I got six huskies running loose outside, so if you hear 'em scuffling around you'll know it's not the wolves. Say, it was some welcome surprise to find a fire when I came in. Thought first somebody traveling through had put up. Then I saw those slippers lying there. That was sure making me take notice when you stepped out."

He chuckled at the recollection. Hazel lit the lamp, and stirred up the fire, plying it with wood. Then she slipped a heavy bathrobe over her nightgown and went into the chilly kitchen, emerging therefrom presently with a tray of food and a kettle of water to make coffee. This she set on the fire. Wherever she moved Bill's eyes followed her with a gleam of joy, tinged with smiling incredulity. When the kettle was safely bestowed on the coals, he drew her on his knee. There for a minute she perched in rich content. Then she rose.

"Come very quietly with me, Bill," she whispered, with a fine air of mystery. "I want to show you something."

"Sure! What is it?" he asked. "Come and see," she smiled, and took up the lamp. Bill followed obediently.

Close up beside her bed stood a small, square crib. Hazel set the lamp on a table and, turning to the bundle of blankets which filled this new piece of furniture, drew back one corner, revealing a round, pucker-up infant face.

"For the love of Mike!" Bill muttered. "Is it—is it?"

"It's our son," she whispered proudly. "Born the tenth of January—three weeks ago today. Don't, don't—you greet bear—you'll wake him."

For Bill was bending down to peer at the tiny morsel of humanity, with a strange, abashed smile on his face, his big, clumsy fingers touching the soft, pink cheeks. And when he stood up he drew a long breath, and laid one arm across her shoulders.

"Us two and the kid," he said whimsically. "It should be the hardest combination in the world to bust. Are you happy, little person?"

She nodded, clinging to him, wordlessly happy. And presently she covered the baby's face, and they went back to sit before the great fireplace, where the kettle bubbled cheerfully, and the crackling blaze sent forth its challenge to the bevy of frost sprites that held high revel outside.

And, after a time, the blaze died to a heap of glowing embers, and the forerunning wind of a northeast storm soured and whistled about a house deep wrapped in contented slumber, a house no longer divided against itself.

(THE END.)

## HAS BIBLE PRINTED IN 1620

St. Paul Woman Possesses Relic Yellow and Worn-out, Which Has Been Carried Through Many Wars.

A Bible printed in 1620, the year the Pilgrims landed in America, is in the possession of Mrs. May L. Abbott of St. Paul. It is worn and bent from being carried for many years in a soldier's knapsack, as well as yellowed and worn-out from the passage through nearly three centuries.

The book was purchased by Mrs. Abbott's husband, the late William L. Abbott, "Printed at London by Bonham Norton and John Bill, Prints to the King's Most Excellent Majesty, Anno Domini 1620." It is the announcement the title page carries, and the excellent workmanship of the volume proves the ability of its early producers.

The Bible, Mrs. Abbott says, could tell interesting tales if it had the gift of speech. It was carried through the peninsula campaign in Spain, at the battle of Waterloo, at the battle of New Orleans, and at earlier battles in this country by Sergt. William Kay of Nottingham, England. Inserted in its pages are sheets bearing a recommendation of Sergeant Kay for a pension.

He gave it in 1870 to William Holmes of St. Paul, who was its owner until its sale to Mr. Abbott.

Sunlight Distressing.

In addition to the wind there is another peculiarity of the inland ice which adds to the difficulties to be encountered in the Arctic. That is the extreme intensity of the sunlight, which can be realized only by those who have experienced it. During the summer months the sun shines as brightly there in clear weather as anywhere further south, and this continuous brilliancy is intensified a hundredfold by the reflection from endless fields of glistening, sparkling snow, unrelieved by a single object. The strongest eyes can stand such a blinding glare only a few hours without protection. We always wore heavy smoked glasses, and when in camp found it impossible to sleep without still further protecting the eyes by tying a narrow band of fur about them to exclude the light. Only when a storm is brewing does this intense light become subdued. At such times, however, the sky and snow take on a peculiar gray, opaque light, which is even more trying than the sunlight.—Century Magazine.

New Affliction.

A North Vernon man stopping a youngster on the street the other day, made inquiry about his father, saying that he had not seen him for several days.

"Oh, yes," replied the boy, "my pa has got chestnuts on his lungs."

The man investigated and learned that the father was suffering from a slight congestion of the lungs.—Indianapolis News.

Daily Thought.

Conversation is the vent of character as well as of thought.—Emerson.

## MAKING PLANS TO HONOR ITS HEROES

NAVY DEPARTMENT WANTS PHOTOGRAPHS OF ENLISTED MEN WHO PERISH IN WAR.

## FOR MEMORIAL GALLERIES

Size of Army Camps and Cantonments Increased in Past Six Months—Improvement in Ship Loading Helps Our Allies.

(From Committee on Public Information, Washington.)—The navy department is collecting photographs of enlisted men who lose their lives in the war that their memory may be perpetuated. Secretary Daniels asks relatives or others having such photographs to lend them to the navy that copies may be made for the navy's records. Originals will be returned to the owners as fast as copies can be made.

A photograph of each man is to be forwarded by the navy department to the training station where he began his career in the service. At each of these stations a memorial gallery is to be established so that for all time the face of the man of the navy who has made the supreme sacrifice may be honored by the youth of the future sent to the station for training.

All pictures, loaned or contributed, should be securely wrapped for mailing after they have been marked with the name, branch of service, and training station the young man entered after enlistment. They should be addressed to the recruiting division, bureau of navigation, navy department, Washington, D. C. Care will be taken to return safely the photograph to the sender, when desired, together with one of the copies made of it.

More than \$22,000,000 has been expended during the past six months under the direction of the construction division of the army in making additions and improvements to camps and cantonments. This sum does not include the cost of additions to the hospital equipments and the improvements made at other army stations.

The improvement work consisted of additional buildings for housing the men and providing for their comfort and needs. Among buildings erected were quarters for officers and nurses, repair plants, kitchens and bakeries, and theaters. New roads were laid and sanitation work improved and extended.

Many additional buildings are contemplated, and general construction work will be rushed to completion during the summer and fall. In some instances the camp work has been extended to drainage of an entire district surrounding the camp to remove danger of disease arising from the proximity of swamps.

Liberty theaters have been erected at all National Army cantonments. Each of these theaters has an average enclosed seating capacity of 2,000. Theaters and amusement halls have been erected also in the National Guard camps and at other points where troops are in training.

Economies of approximately 20 per cent in shipping weight and 50 per cent in shipping space have resulted from improved methods of packing merchandise for overseas practice by the army quartermaster corps. This is equivalent to about 2,500 tons space per month.

For the shipment of clothes and equipment, including such items as blankets, burracks, bags, towels, shelter tent halves, bedding, and other dry goods, in addition to swearing apparel, hauling has been substituted for boxing, and the weight of the lumber has been saved. The lutes average 20 by 15 inches and weigh 90 pounds. They are bound with not less than four cold-rolled unannealed steel bands. Burlap is used waterproofed heavy paper is used to cover the boxes, and there are two "ears" on both ends of the bale for handling.

Women are stevedores on the docks in France. There is a law they shall not be required to carry packages weighing more than 70 pounds. Packages shipped to the American expeditionary forces are standardized so they shall not weigh more than 70 pounds for handling by one woman carrier or more than 140 pounds by two women carriers. Men handle the heavier packages and the boxes must be used instead of bales.

The quartermaster corps recommends to manufacturers supplying the army similar economies in packing and shipping which will result in even more pronounced space and weight saving. Round cans and containers entail a waste in space of 23 per cent. Square containers are urged. It is estimated that every inch saved through bala compression is worth 45 cents in ship space.

Illinois is the center of agricultural production of the United States says the department of agriculture. States of greatest production during 1917 are: Iowa, \$1,230,000,000; Illinois, \$1,255,000,000; Texas, \$1,045,000,000; Missouri, \$947,000,000; Ohio, \$851,000,000; Nebraska, \$774,000,000; Indiana, \$706,000,000; Kansas, \$735,000,000; New York, \$700,000,000; Minnesota, \$646,000,000; Pennsylvania, \$636,000,000; Georgia, \$605,000,000; Wisconsin, \$598,000,000; California, \$575,000,000; Michigan, \$534,000,000; Kentucky, \$529,000,000.

The division of woman's war work of the committee on public information has taken over various departmental independent information bureaus at Union Station, Washington, will consolidate and reorganize them and be prepared to give all visitors information on government business and the names and location of those clothed with authority to speak and act for the government.

Since the service bureau opened offices May 1 it has built up a card-index system with 50,000 entries, many of the cards being subject to daily revisions and correction. In a recent week the bureau handled 1,430 requests seeking special information and answered an average of 150 query letters daily.

The medical department, United States army, needs women as reconstruction aids. The office of the surgeon general announces: "The work of reconstruction aids is divided into two sections. (1) those women who are well trained in massage and the other forms of physiotherapy, and (2) those who are trained in simple handicrafts." Foreign service pay is \$94. home service pay \$50 per month and quarters allowance.

The Difference.

Science is concerned with the names, distances and magnitudes of the stars; and with problems touching the "intestinal parasites of the flea." Art, literature and religion are concerned only with mankind; with the elemental, the universal, the eternal; with the dream, the defeat, the romance of life.—Dallas Lore Sharp, in Atlantic.

Rapidity of Wireless.

It takes but one-twentieth of a second for a wireless signal to pass from Washington to San Francisco.