The Quiet Observer

SUGAR AND ALCOHOL SHUFFLE.

If you do not eat candy it will do you no harm if you are a hard worker to contract the habit. If you will substitute a box of candy for a "crock" of bootlegger's stuff you will be money in pocket, you will feel all the stimulus that you need and your brain will not be affected either temporarily nor permanently. Alcohol and sugar chemically consist of the same proportions of carbon, oxygen and hydrogen, but organically they are differently constituted. Nobody knows just why the atoms of carbon, oxygen and hydrogen have different values in the one case than in the other, but they differ in their value as five cards in euchre are different in value from the same five cards in poker. Nature plays a different game with alcohol than with sugar. In half an hour after eating half a pound of candy there is an imemnse release of energy, and prohibition will have no terror for the man who contracts the candy habit, and he will have no terror for his family.

THE GENEROUS FARMER.

Efforts were directed to make the most of the tremendous crop of apples, but vast quantities went to waste. Owners of orchards were generous to their friends and city people who could go and pick or gather apples and convey them home are well supplied with the fruit. This generous side of the farmer's character is sometimes overlooked by city critics. In no other industry will it be found that so much generosity is manifested. Compare the dealings of the grocer, the dry goods or the hardware man with the farmer, and it will be found that farmers as a class are open-handed benefactors in contrast with city business men. Of course there are some surly and close-fisted farmers, but even they have their friends and their generous moments. Plowing has been a little backward on account of the pressure of other work. Fall wheat is doing well, with some reports of Hessian fly from Norfolk. Snow has fallen and may be permanent. Attention naturally turns to stock at this season. Cows of good quality are in demand at prices varying from $100 to $150. Horses are not in such demand, and the use of tractors is evidently going to affect the number of farm horses. The horse continues to be indispensable, however, in many ways and while there may be a less general demand, his scarcity may increase his value. Hogs are scarce, but prices are still falling, though little pigs are not cheap. Hay is going up and is selling in Wentworth as high as $40. There is plenty of silage with surplus corn still in the fields.

A FINANCIAL MILLENIUM.

Sugar has been an index in the fall of prices, and also of the trend of profiteering. But the profiteering would have been impossible without the creation of the great modern gambling machine, the limited liability company. If this device of commerce be not denatured it will denature and destroy commerce and civilization in the West as thoroughly as autocracy has destroyed them in the east. The limited liability company has become the means of obtaining unlimited credit from the public or in other words of transferring the liability from the original owners and investors to other people who take their chance. The fiction that new capital is put into the business and should receive dividends as a part of the investment is the flaw in modern business methods, and if some way be not found to remedy it the losses due to it will become ever more and more disastrous. The sugar boom was not based on investment, but on the idea that the public could be taken advantage of, that sugar was a necessity and that it was scarce, and that people would pay six or eight or ten times its normal price for it. It does not matter which of the factors was miscalculated the fiction failed to gain credence. Some men may have grown wealthy over the speculation, but a great many lost money to the amount altogether it is said of $200,000,000 or more. When we have become a little more civilized we will organize a Federation of Finance which must first pass on all stock fluctuations, which will represent all the banks, all the big interests, including the farmers and labor men, and the Government, and which will fix the amount of capital which will be legitimate to interest in any business that the dividend rate which it will be legitimate to pay. But we shan't do this before the year 2020, even if then, because it will only be possible in a community where every man wishes to do what is square and honest, and when such a community exists it will not need a F[illegible] of Finance. All business wi[illegible] be run on fair and honest lines and no businessman will dream of overcharging his neighbor.

NO ROOM FOR THE UNEMPLOYED.

For a long time the leaders of the world in society, in politics, in big business, in education and in religion have existed without the necessity of having to descend to manual labor. In the course of the centuries the idea has become ingrained in the masses that the ideal of life is to be able to live without working. Gradually the part about the ability to live without working dropped out of sight, and during the last century as education advanced, the view has become general that people can live without working. A lot of people and some nations have given this view consideration with the result that a lot of trouble has arisen on every hand. Those who want to live without working must rely on those who do, and if they cannot make what seems an adequate return for the privilege they enjoy their position is precarious, and has become still more so since the war. Well educated people have never had any illusions on the matter and the conscientious among them have tried to make some fair return by the exercize of their brains or such disposition of their talents for the public welfare as appeared just and honest. The very dangerous idea has been spread abroad of late that a man has no responsibility for others, but only for himself. This, too, has arisen from the observation of the habits of those who are well-to-do but who, like the priest and Levite, pass by on the other side when real distress is in evidence. It is quite forgotten as a rule, both by capital and labor, that the Good Samaritan was a capitalist of some sort, but if the capitalists since his time had followed his example in spirit and practice, we should have had fewer economic problems on hand to-day. We will never get over our difficulties, however, until everybody gets the idea that work is a necessity, and idleness a crime, and that if any man will not work, either with his bodily or mental strength, he has no right to eat. Perhaps a Paradise in the Pacific ocean might be provided for all who wish to live without working where they could exist on water products and spring water. Civilization has no room for the unemployed whether voluntary or involuntary, and there can be no final settlement of economic and social problems until this evil of unemployment has been wiped out.

PIONEERING IN ELECTRIC SCIENCE.

Mr. W. S. Murray, the electrical expert who has been relied upon by Sir Adam Beck in his estimates in the Chippawa Power Canal and Radial projects, and who is regarded as the greatest authority in America, has written in the Electric Railway Journal an article recommending the creation of a super-power zone in which power could be utilized to the limit of capacity so that one horse power could be made to do the work of three and one pound of coal the work of two. This is because the average load factor of a locomotive is only ten per cent., and the average load factor of the great central power stations is only 35 per cent. The average load in the great zone of the super power survey is only 15 per cent. This is the same thing as saying that if you keep a horse and only use him three hours a day his load factor is only 12½ per cent. If you work him ten hours a day he is probably not actually using his strength, actually pulling, more than half the time so that his load factor would be considerably under 20 per cent. But an electric machine can work all the time, and if its power is not utilized at one point in a super power zone, it can be turned on instantaneously at another point. Mr. Murray says that in a territory between Boston and Washington averaging 150 miles inland from the coast and comprising 60,000 square miles, or about two per cent of the land area of the United States there is a demand in machine capacity for 17,000,000 horse power, 10,000,00 for industries and the rest for railways. By centralizing the power sources the load factor could be raised from 15 to 50 per cent., a clear gain of 35 per cent. It is this principle which has been applied in the Hydro-Electric System and which renders the Hydro Radial plans so substantial and solid. People who figure on electricity as they do on steam-power usually know nothing about electricity, and this is what has led to so much opposition to the Hydro Radials. As real knowledge on these matters spreads Sir Adam Beck's position as a pioneer in the application of the most advanced science will be recognized.

PEOPLE OF BALKANS VERY SUPERSTITIOUS

PEASANTS HAVE LITTLE FAITH IN MEDICAL SCIENCE AND NO REGARD FOR CLEANLINESS.

Disease in the Balkans is looked upon by the people as a result of fate. The peasantry has been educated in superstitions rather than in the laws of sanitation. They are opposed to the killing of mosquitoes, rats, flies and vermin, believing that they are a part of life. They know nothing about the carriers of disease. The importance of protecting their food suplies from winged insects has not been impressed upon them. Little or no attempt is made to drain mosquito pools or marshes, so that the Balkan States claim the distinction of having some of the worst malarial sections on earth.

The peasant has little faith in medical science. "How can a bug give us typhus?" they ask. "Every living thing harbors insects. Why not man? If the good God sends us disease and misfortune, we believe that he knows best."

In most districts in the Balkans the houses of the rural population are small and poorly constructed. Many of them are built of mud and straw and have no provision for sanitation or ventilation. The only air admitted to the homes is obtained through accidental imperfections in construction. A few of the houses have two stories, the lower floor being occupied by the horses and cattle, the upper by the family. In such houses as these families live crowded together under the most unhygeanic conditions. Years pass without a doctor entering the huts. Disease goes untreated. In the country districts dentistry is virtually unknown. Bath tubs are rare in the Balkans, even in the larger cities. The people in that part of Europe rarely wash.

FOOLISH FRANCESCA

By Olive Wadsley

She opened her eyes, then with passionate swiftness put her hand and drew Leon's head down again. With his lips on hers he lifted her bodily in his arms and bore her to the sofa, and laid her down on it, and then kneeling put his arm round her again.

"Do you love me?" His voice was scarcely audible.

"Is this love?"

Eyes of youth looked at him, soul of woman answered the question itself. Frankie half sat up and took his hand in her two hands and looked long into his eyes, then very gently and tenderly she kissed him as mothers kiss their little children good night, one kiss on the brow, one on each cheek, and one on the lips.

"Do I love you?" she whispered "Yes and yet and yes."

His conquering arms seized her again.

"Is it really true? Has it all really happened?"

Frankie was as human even if a transcendent lover. She sudenly ruffled up Leon's thick hair with both hands and gave it a little tweak.

"Is that real?" she laughed; then in a second she caught up again in her love. "And I never knew. I didn't even guess. I thought I hated you. Do you remeber how horrid you were to me, do you remember how rude I was?"

"A darling little devil baby!" he said, kissing her hair and beginning a long and eulogistic definition of her charms.

"And I'm as plain as plain," Frankie said, nestling up against him. He laughed at that.

"But I am," Frankie said gaily, "and I don't care a bit, if you don't. Of course I'm very attractive in spite of it!"

She threw back her head and laughed.

"We shall be rather the long and the short of it," she said, surveying him. "You six foot three and me five foot two. Never mind, darling, as the little bear said, 'All the more to love me with, my dear!' And talking of bears that's what you are yourself—a Russian bear with blue eyes and a temper."

A quick flow of Russian words answered her. "Love words!" she questioned anxiously. Leon kissed her again and again.

"I adore you, I adore you."

His eyes blazed at her, he was holding her so tight that she could scarcely breathe. "When will you marry me?" his vehement voice whispered. "At once? Say at once. I want you all for my own."

"I can't yet, darling," Frankie said rather faintly. "There's 'Carmen' to-morrow, you know, and after that 'Mimi' and 'Tosca.'"

"What does that matter?" he urged impatiently. "Don't you care for me more than all that?"

Frankie tried to think coherently; she was happy now, at this minute, in a way she had never dreamed she would be. It did not seem possible child who slept," she said to Leon.

He came to her and smiled; his face looked transfigured. "Oh, Elene," he said with a big sigh—"by Jove, I'm happy!"

"You'll have to kiss Frankie good night now," Mme. Kain said. "No, Leon, I insist. Tomorrow is the premiere, and a premiere that without you would not have been half so wonderful. Carmen will sing now with her soul as well as in her voice! Kiss your possession good night and let me put her to bed."

Leon laughed shortly, half turned away, and then, visibly conquering his annoyance, bent over Frankie and kissed her lightly.

"Not like that," she said.

Leon flushed. Without looking at Mme. Kain, he put his arms round Frankie and kissed her mouth; then, without speaking, left the room.

CHAPTER XX.

The Course of True Love.

There is no night in all the days of shares the darkened hours.

Frankie, her hands beneath her head, her face toward the soft sky, lay and lived through her hour of love again. The memory that until that evening had hated Leon, had been utterly wiped out by his love.

All her life she seemed to realize she had been waiting for love, needing, wanting it, searching for it. She remembered Kit, and all the days of dreadful loneliness after he had gone.

Now she would never be lonely again. And Leon was a wonderful person; he was everything that was attractive.

"Oh," said Frankie, sitting up in bed, "I'm so happy!"

A little sigh of sheer happiness quivered in her throat. India, the life to believe she would ever see Leon and not feel like this, and so she wanted naturally to see him always; but behind the thrill and the ecstasy the real of an hour ago remained, and even in the midst of her wild joy the memory of to-morrow and its great event made her heart beat faster.

"But, darling, you do want me to be a success. Think of Carissima!" Leon kissed the words from her lips.

"I don't want you even to remember any one else in this hour," he said roughly. "You belong to me now, all your thoughts must be mine—"

His quick, vehement nature resented jealously any slightest reminder of any claim save his own. "Frankie, d'you hear? You're mine now, and you're never to forget it." He bent over her. "Baby, do you hear?"

Before she could answer, while she was still conscious of a sense of fear, light flared up in the room; Mme. Schubert Kain stood looking at them.

"Oh, Carissima," Frankie cried.

She flew across to the outstretched arm and flung herself into them. There were tears in the great singer's eyes. "So you have waked up the there when she had been a nobody, the days in London when she had been a waitress, the dreadful time when her voice had gone—all these things were past now; they could never come back again.

The love of one being stood forever between her and happiness. Frankie was not religious; she had never been taught to be in India; and in London she had been too tired to bother much about anything except getting up in time and going to bed as soon as possible, but she got out of bed on the night of happiness and knelt by the window for an instant.

No words came, but from her heart an inarticulate prayer was born. As she scrambled back into bed the prayer became words: "Thank whatever power there is in heaven for Leon." She fell asleep at last just as the clouds grew golden at the edges.

Late breakfast, late rising, and a very hurried scramble into a fluffy blouse and the best skirt because Therese so coyly refused to give the name of the m'sieu' who awaited mademoiselle in the salon.

Leon, of course"

Frankie chuckled gaily at his subterfuge. She would go in and look at him and say in her most distant manner: "To what do I owe the honor of this visit, m'sieu?" And! then—oh, well, then, both she and Leon would not wait an instant longer for their meeting.

She flew along the corridor, her white skirt proving very unaccommodating when it came to a lover's speed; and flashed, a white, thin thing, with black silk stockings and small, black satin shoes, into the salon.

On the sofa a man was sitting He rose at once and came toward her. It was Danver. "I say, Frankie, you do look ripping," he said.

"Oh, Reg, where did you come from?" Her first sudden disappointment was hidedu at once.

"Got leave to come over and hear you sing, kiddie."

"Oh, Reg, you dear!"

He smoothed his much brilliantined hair very carefully and flushed with pleasure. "Ripping to see you again, Frankie."

"Come and sit on the sofa beside me. Of course you'll stay here. I'm certain Carissima won't mind I'll tell her how good you were to me. She's such a dear, Reg. Oh, Reg, it is sweet of you to come all this way just to hear me sing! I'm 'fraid it's fearfully 'spensive."

They were back again at once in their frindship where they had been obliged to leave off when Frankie had first been taken to Berlin.

"A chap doesn't get the chance to hear—well—to hear the girl he's keen on sing in opera every day," Danvers said stanchly; "and I say, Frankie, I've got you a present."

He took a case out of his pocket and opening it, disclosed a little plain bracelet.

"Rather pretty, isn't it?" he said broadly. "And it's got the date and everything. I had it put in the very day I knew that the first night was to be the 12th. Let me put it on for you."

He bent over her wrist.

"Oh, Reg, you are a dear!" Frankie said, instantly touched by the gift. "It was sweet of you to think of it; no one else would have dreamed of getting me a present. How can I thank you for it?"

Danvers fastened the clasp carefully; then he looked up, and the expression in his eyes was unmistakable. Frankie blushed a little and laughed nervously. "You silly old boy!"

"Just one," Danvers said very gently. "I—you don't know how I think of you, Frankie. I'll never care about any one else.

A memory of his wanting to help her when he had been very poor himself came to Frankie.

"Why, of course you may!" she said, leaning toward him. Danvers put his hands on her shoulders, and kneeling beside her, kissed her once.

The door opened and Leon came in. Frankie, over Danvers's head, just saw his radiant face and th flowers he was carrying; then, before her eyes he altered almost unrecognizably.

His face seemed to broaden; he flushed deeply; his eyes looked savage. He stood by the door, staring. Danvers rose awkwardly.

"Hello," he said, a look of bravado standing on his face. "What's up, Frankie."

Frankie stood up, too. "Leon," she said clearly, "this is Reg Denvers. Last year in London he helped me ever so much when I was very poor, before I knew Carissima; he—he came to-day to hear the opera."

"Are any more of your men friends to be permitted to this private rehearsal first?" Savinge asked uncontrollably.

"Here, I say," Danvers began; he half turned to Frankie: "Who on earth's this chap, Frankie?"

"He's—he's the man I'm going to marry," Frankie faltered; her voice shook a little. Leon laughed unpleasantly. A ghastly silence settled own over them suddenly.

Frankie broke it.

"Reg," she said, turning to Danvers, "will you go now, just for a little while, and then come back? And thank you ever so much for this lovely bracelet."

Danvers lingered.

"Sure I can't help you, kiddie?" he asked unhappily. "Sure," she said gently. He walked past Leon and went out of the door, shutting it behind him.

Leon put the flowers down and strolled to the fireplace. Without even glancing at Frankie, he took out his cigarette case, chose a cigarette, and lit it.

"Leon," Frankie said faintly—"darling, what is the matter?"

He smiled at her without any mirth.

"The matter?" he echoed. "Surely you should know better than I. I must apologize for interrupting your—er—agreeable tete-a-tete just now. I was not aware that I was not alone in my privilege! or, of course, I should not have been so discourteous as to come into your presence unannounced."

Frankie felt as though an ice-cold hand were slowly gripping her heart.

"I don't understand what you mean," to tell about Reg. Danvers. Oh, Leon, please, please don't be like this! she said. "I've told you all there is What have I done!"

(To be continued.)

The Sunday School Lesson

Lesson XI. December 12.

WHAT THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN IS LIKE.

Phinted Text—Matt. 13: 44-58.

Golden Text.—"The kingdom of God is not eating and drinking, but righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Spirit" (Rom. 14: 17,.

Historical Setting.

Time.—A. D. 28. Place.—Galilee.

Daily Readings.

Monday, December 6.—The Worth of the Kingdom (Matt. 13: 44-58). Tuesday, December 7.—Gradual Growth (Mark 4: 26-32). Wednesday, December 8.—The Kingdom Spiritual (Rom. 14: 13-19). Thursday, December 9.—The Kinkdom of Truth (John 18: 33-38). Friday, December 10.—The Promised Kingdom (Luke 12: 27-34). Saturday, December 11.—The Kingdom World-wide (Luke 13: 22-30). Sunday, December 12.—Proclaiming the Kingdom (Isa. 62: 6-12).

Comments.

Verse 44. We continue a study in the parables of our Lord. It is said that the Holy Land abounds in hidden treasures. Where there are no banks, treasures are often buried. The idea of the parable is that the kingdom of Christ abundantly rewards the individual discoverer. There is also the idea that as soon as we see the richness of Christ's kingdom we should enthusiastically embrace it.

Verse 45. Pearls are probably specified because of their rare value, and the teaching of the parable is aimed to emphasize the incomparable value of the kingdom of Christ.

Verse 46. The fact is also stressed that he who sought the pearl of great price found it and possessed himself of it.

Verse 47, 48. The knigdom is like a dragnet, or seine, in that all kinds of people are gathered into it. This is distinctly a missionary parable. Membership in the church of Jesus Christ is nootoo a matter of careful selection, riches, scholarship, social position, or even reputation. Christ's appeal will be answered by all.

Verse 49. "The sea is the world; those who draw the net are they who preach the gospel, and the angels will gather in and gather out" (Matt. 13: 39-43; 25: 31-33). The final count and account will be rendered before the judgment-bar of God.

Verse 50. There is plainly a doom awaiting the purposeely wicked. Hhere have been strenuous and various efforts to eliminate epunishment, but the Bible teaches both punishment and reward.

Versus 51, 52. The Jewish scribes knew the Mociac law. Christ's followers must know the laws of the kingdom of heaven. They will set forth the new and also give the true teaching of the old.

Versus 51, 52. The Jewish scribes knew the Mosiac law. Christ's followers must know the laws of the kingdom of heaven. They will set forth the new and also give the true teaching of the old.

Versus 53, 54. Our Lord's brothers were not in the number of the twelve (7: 5). Of his sisters nothing is known.

Verses 57, 58. It is jealousy that prevents a prophet from having honor in his own country. Ordinarily a man is better received by his own kindred and associates, but not when he appears as their superior.

HOW TO ADVERTISE.

Decide on your plan and then "strike hard."

The story is told of a man who had a message for everyone in an auditorium. He wanted to tell the people about his attractive proposition.

He went to the man at the door and said: "How much will you charge me to whisper?"

"I will charge you $5 to whisper," said the doorman.

"How much will you charge me to yell?"

"I will charge you $25 to yell."

The man decided he would take five whispers.

When you are spending your money for advertising, spend it for "results." When an expensive mailing or large space is needed it is penny-wise policy to "economize." When outside aid is needed, such counsel should be secured. "It "pays."

MYSTERIOUS METAL.

Csting $200 an ounce, zirconium is one of the most precious and useful metals employed by scientists and manufacturers to-day. It derives its name from the mineral zircon, varieties of which, known as jargon and hyacinth, have long been used by jewellers for women's ornaments. The existence of the metal zirconium in zircon was discovered 130 years ago, but it has been discovered of recent years in large quantities in a certain ore known as zrazilite, the deposits of which in Brazil are practically inexhaustible. The value of vircoinium lies in the fact that it is a wonderful substitute for other metals. Since platinum became so scarce, it has been used in its stead. The Germans experimented with it with a view of getting armor-plate superior in hardness to steel. It can withstand such high temperatures that it has been found superior to all other metal for lining electrical furnaces. It is used in the manufacture of wire filamentes for electric lights; for X-ray work and enamelling. The zirconium industry is a comparatively new one, interesting developments being forshadowed by the discoveries already made.

Although 63, M. Deguine, chief of the Boulogne Fire Brigade, rowed from Boulogne to Folkestone in five hours and 25 minutes.