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Give the youngsters this wholesome, long-lasting sweet - for pleasure and benefit.

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WRIGLEY'S

"after every meal"

ISSUE No. 34—'26.

"The Wop."

His name was herd to pronounce—so they called him "the "Wop." He appeared at the mouth of the shaft one day in April. By means of profuse gestures he made it known that he had walked much of the hundred and fifty miles from the city and was looking for work. A good-natured foreman put him down on the book as No. 409, gave him a shovel and sent him down the shaft to perform ordinary labor. Some of his fellow workmen laughed at the man's unintelligible attempts to speak English! most of them ignored him. In a little while the Wop had learned the routine, which, for him, was nothing more than to fill a barrow with earth and take it to the shaft.

No one knows just how it happened. But there it was—a stick of dynamite and a short length of sputtering fuse attached, lying on the ground near the portable forge. There were then about thirty men in that bit of the tunnel, many feet under the surface of the ground, and there was only one way out—up the shaft ladder at the end of the working. There was no elevator save the "dirt hoist." This short section of the great aqueduct had not been joined to the rest of the tunnel; it was a blind alley at both ends.

Some one pointed to the dynamite and lighted fuse. No one was quick enough to take hold of the dynamite and disconnect the fuse. Instead, with one accord, they ran toward the single ladder—that is, all save the Wop. It was the brightly glowing fuse end doubtelss that caused the panic. These men were accustomed to dynamite; but it was always fired by an electric detonator. Some of them said afterward that it was the hissing point of fire that frightened them. Whatever the reason, they stormed the shaft, and under their rush the ladder swayed and fell. They were trapped.

It was the Wop that saved their lives. He saw and understood. With a warning cry he swooped down on the dynamite. The fuse was almost burned out. He did not try to detach fuse and fulminating cap. Instead he turned toward the far end of the tunnel. Part way down the tube was a huge mound of loose dirt waiting to be removed. The Wop ran up this sloping mound and hurled the explosive as far as he could. That instant came the explosion. Happily the great pile of earth acted as a baffle plate. The men were deafened, but no one was injured save the Wop, whose face and neck were badly burned.

"It's funny," said one of the Wop's fellow workers, "but none of us thought of the man's being human like us. We couldn't understand his queer talk and laughed at him. But he was 'white' all through. We learned that he had a wife and three children and loved them as much as we loved our families. Yes, he was 'white.' His skin was swarthy, and his English was terrible; but he was white.' "

Raising Sunken Riches.

Over a hundred years ago off the coast of Pondoland, the East Indiaman, Grosvenor, was lost, together with her cargo of gold, silver and precious stones worth more than two million pounds.

Up to the early part of the present century two attempts had been made to reach the treasure, but both failed, the first on account of the lack of special gear, and the second because the strongly-built hatches could not be opened.

In 1905 operations were again started, this time by a syndicate floated in South Africa. But it is was now found that the ship had become surrounded by sand and had completely disappeared. Luckily the weather kept fine, so a dredger was set to work to remove the sand.

Seemingly the effort was nearing success—yet it failed. The force of the sea caused the walls of sand to collapse, so that the work of men and dredger was destroyed.

Two years ago still another effort was made, this time in a totally different manner. It was hoped to recover the treasure by way of the land instead of the sea.

The Grosvenor was not a great distance from the shore, so it was an easy matter to sink an inclined shaft below the floor of the sea, and then tunnel out to the ship.

Before the operations could commence, however, a great deal had to be done, for the nearest village is forty to fifty miles from Port St. Johns. In order to get the material, roads had to be made; and after this work was completed it took another two or three months before the material arrived.

The work of salving the Grasvenor's wealth is still going on. The money and precious stones have not as yet been reached, but it is expected that before long success will crown the salvage men's effort.

The Way the Voting Went

BY EDITH BARNARD DELANO.

PART II.

But the women of Wisdom village spent many a pleasant afternoon calling upon each other and driving about the hills. On registration day scarcely a household, scarcely a distant farm but was represented at the town office.

Mr. Gregg was seen to look worried. "It ain't like I want the office," said he, "but the school board's no place for a woman."

"Woman's place is in the home," someone agreed; and someone else repeated both remarks at his own supper table that evening.

"No truer word was ever spoken," said Mrs. Wing, when the sayings were told her. "The school board is no place for a woman unless we women want our influence felt in all the activities of our children. Women's place is indeed in the home—and woman's home is the great wide world."

On the whole, the women were increasingly proud of Mrs. Wing. Even some of the men seemed to favor her election.

"She's got a lot o' brains, Mis' Wing has," said one. "There's wasn't anything Charlie Wing ever did that she didn't have her say in, and folks say she's just about doubled his property since he died."

"Eee-uh. And he died young," said Lew Hall.

Haying was over, but tobacco was coming along. The men were exceedingly busy, with no time for campaigning; still, it was felt that as things had been in Wisdom, so they would be. The town had always been ruled by men. Then Mrs. Wing presented a new bell to the schoolhouse. On the first of July she gave a flagpole and a new flag for the Common. She even read an address on the occasion of the first running up of the flag.

"Women must ever look out for the public good," the address said. "Since the days of Eve, women have served. They must ever stand ready to serve, to give of their time and their strength for the benefit of those around them and of those to come after them."

Alvah Rice, hovering on the outskirts of the group around the flagpole, remarked cynically, "Maybe Eve cooked and dished up and all, but she had an apple hid up her sleeve. Well—or somewheres."

It was known that the special town meeting was to be called for the fourth Monday in August. The month came, and daily, at evening mail time, Zebina Gregg waylaid one man after another. He borrowed Lew Hall's horse and wagon and drove out into the hills. It was to be observed that either the heat or his unwonted activity was wearing on him. Several times he held prolonged consultations with Cyrus Morse.

Zebina Gregg was leaning against a pillar of the narrow porch that ran along Henry Hillis' store on an evening so sultry that even Henry had deserted the store for a seat on the porch floor. There were seven or eight other men in like position, their feet hanging over the edge; only Zebina was standing. Energy was at a low ebb, conversation lapsed.

"That pond," said Zebina into the silence that was broken only by the rattle of tree toads and katydids—"that pond is a public nuisance."

Two men nearest the south end of the porch turned their heads and looked at the moonlit pond as though it were something new.

"Be'en there a long time," said Lew Hall.

"Too long," said Zebina. "Why, just think what a nuisance that pond must be to Mis' Wing. Right under her winders, you might say. It's a breeding place for mosquitoes. It floods in the spring. It ain't healthy."

"There ain't a healthier place in the province than Wisdom," said Alvah Rice. "All's the matter with this town, folks needs a little shakin' up once in a while to keep 'em from dying off of old age."

"Why, that pond was there when the Indians come," said Lew Hall. "My gran'father said when he was a boy, all you had to do to get a mess o' fish for dinner was to throw out a line into that pond. Nowadays folks are so dum lazy they wunt even catch fish to put into their mouths. That's that."

"I agree with you, Lew," said Zebina Gregg. "This town sure does need some shakin' up. Moreover, it needs reform."

The men looked at him. Something told them that Zebina's ingenuity was working.

"Take that pond, now. It ain't right to leave a damp, unsightly place like that right in the middle of the village. It's an eyesore. It's a waste of good land. It's a—a danger to the community, mosquitoes and malaria and all."

"It's plum full o' good fish," said Lew Hall. "Ain't anybody ever took a fish out o' there, not since I can remember. It must be just a-wrigglin' with fish."

"It wouldn't be so much of a job to drain off that pond," Zebina went on. "Cut a ditch across Henry's back lot here and across mine and Sam Harris's, you'd come to low land and be only a little ways from the river. You'd drain the pond off and get rid of the nuisance. I tell all and sundry, this town needs reform."

"Wal," said Lew Hall, "this town has stood up to reform before now and come through it."

The next morning Mr. Gregg had another consultation with Mr. Morse, and before they parted Mr. Morse was seen to slap his leg and laugh aloud. Time was short. Men may speak of mob psychology, but political exigency is as contagious. Before the week was out everyone was talking of Zebina Gregg's bright idea of draining the pond, to rid the town of mosquitoes, to clear away a nuisance from under the very windows of so public-spirited a lady as Mrs. Almira Wing, and to endow the town itself with four acres of good rich land—why, it would be the richest anywhere, men said, and right in the middle of the village, moreover. Within a few days more volunteers were joyously digging the drainage ditch.

"It can't be done," said Lew Hall. "I tell you, the land under that pond goes down into a peak upside down. No tellin' how deep it is. And what'll you do with all them fish?"

"I'm fish warden," said Mr. Gregg. "It'll be my job to take care o' the fish."

"Good food wasted, that's what," said Lew; and Zebina, thoughtfully rubbing his chin, looked towards Mrs. Wings windows.

Rumors are born in the dark and spread in the day. Before the next nightfall everyone in the village knew all about it and word was being carried into the hills.

"It just goes to show how sure of himself Zebina is," said some of the men. "When he starts out to do a thing he goes ahead and does it, and he does it right." And others said, "He thinks he'll please Mis' Wing so's she'll resign before the voting." And to that others replied, "'Tain't so. He says that rebuttin' on the pond like she does, and having stood the nuisance so long, it ain't any more'n right she should have all the fish."

For that was what the fish warden, the originator of reform, had decreed. He went so far as to write a letter to Mrs. Wing to that effect, adding that he hoped she would receive the fish as a testimonial to her high character as well as a mark of appreciation of the way she had uncomplainingly endured the nuisance so long.

All in all, Zebina's stock was rising. Even some of the women were heard to declare that he was a mighty good citizen, and anyway a man could get around to the district schools, come winter, a lot better'n a woman could.

That remark duly reached Mrs. Wing; whereupon the Saturday Gazette published the news that Mrs. Wing, while gratified at the gift of fish the town was about to bestow upon her, felt that she should share her good fortune with her neighbors. The pond was to be drained the Saturday before the special town meeting.

She cordially invited all and sundry of her fellow townspeople to assemble on her lawn that Saturday evening. She would make of the event a gala occasion. There should be, not a salad-and-cold-meat supper, not a baked-bean supper, not a sugaring-off supper, but—a rarity indeed in inland Wisdom—a fresh fish supper.

The well-advertised day came, bright and clear. The night before, the earth left between pond and ditch was little more than a dike. On Saturday morning Mr. Gregg himself, with a shovel and pick, freed the waters of the pond. But the drop to the river was not great. The waters receded slowly. Very slowly. So slowly that practically everyone in the village, and a score or more from the hills had assembled before the last water drained off; what little remained was held in a depression at a far corner, and dusk came while men were still working there. By that time people were lining the road and the drier ground bordering the place where the pond had been. They could not see what was going on across the still soggy expanse, except that a group of men, marshaled by Mr. Gregg, were gathered there beyond, occasionally busy with shovels.

"That's where the hole is," said Lew Hall. "No tellin how deep it is."

"Seems like the fish are mighty quiet," said someone.

"They know their day has come," said Lew. "Folks could 'a' been eating out o' that pond for years, if everybody wasn't so dumb lazy around here."

Small tables were laid and waiting on Mrs. Wing's lawn. In the kitchen coffee was steaming, its aroma wafting towards the waiting crowds. People were getting hungry. Even Mrs. Wing's calm was becoming a fluttering anxiety.

"I sent out some tubs," she said. "The pans are all hot, but maybe somebody better take down a pail or two, so's to get the first catch up to the house as soon as they can."

So pails were sent to the men at the far end of the pond. Hunger increased, and impatience. At last the small group were seen to be moving. Through the dusk men were coming around the edge of the place where the pond had been, some carrying pails, some tubs. A faint cheer went up and women hastened back to Mrs. Wing's kitchen, that all might be ready for hastily cooking the fish.

Two men carried the largest tub between them, bore it up to the kitchen door, set it down and melted away into the shadows. The people who had come from afar in anticipation of the fresh fish supper, the people who had waited and hungered, at last even the women who had been pouring fat into Mrs. Wing's frying pans crowded around the tub, even unto Mrs. Wing herself.

In the tub reposed an eel. A large eel. A great-grandfatherly, eel, fat and sleek and slumbrous. But one eel, only one.

The men who counted the votes on Monday said that as far as they could make out not a woman voted for Mr. Gregg; in fact, that gentleman got seven votes; and there are just seven bachelors in Wisdom.

(The End.)

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Personality in Music.

The personality of the interpreter of music is the most important element in the interpretation.

There are artists whom the public consider second or third-rate musicians whose technical ability perhaps even surpasses that of the outstanding favorites, and yet there is lacking the real message that differentiates the greater and lesser artists. It is an old topic, indeed, but it has to be discussed repeatedly, if for no other reason at least because little children will grow up and become new generations of music lovers. These dear young ones have to learn that the interpretative artist is no artist at all if he gives na expression to himself.

A parrot can talk quite wisely at times, but it does not know what it is saying. The confident young pianist who marches out on the stage and recites a Beethoven sonata according to the rules and regulations laid down by his teacher is no artist. He is usually not even a good parrot. But the player whose personality can not be smothered will either interest or enrage the hearer. He has something to say.

The rules of music have their place, but it is the real genuine spirit of music that it is more important to get into one's nature. It is the getting of music into ourselves in order to put ourselves into the music.

A Lesson in Manners.

We find in an English newspaper a story that is attributed to Mr. Lloyd George, who is reported to have told it on his return from his recent trip to the United States. We suspect that the story is not his, but that of an ingenious British jokesmith; however, it hits amusingly one of the Republic's national failings.

In going from New York to Chicago, the ex-premier is represented as saying, I observed a pretty little girl chewing gum. Not only did she chew it, but she insisted on pulling it out in long strings and then letting it fall back into her mouth again. Finally when the thing was beginning to get on my nerves the child's mother leaned over and in an audible whisper said: "Marcella, don't do that! Sit up and chew your gum like a little lady."

Lucy—"Yes. George and I have agreed that he go his way and I'll go mine."

Lulu—"I notice a good many girls seem to be going his way now he has that new racer."

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

Sentence Sermons.

It's No Small Thing—To aspire to be a great mother.

—To deserve the confidence of your 12-year-old son.

—To occupy one hour of the time of any audience.

—When a young woman trusts herself in the company of a young man for an evening.

—When a child perpetrates his first deception.

—To be allowed to share the troubles of a friend.

—When modesty is sacrificed for popular applause.

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Right, But Wrong.

I suppose that most people are now eating more fruit at their meals, that many of us have resumed the cold-bath-in-the-morning habit, and that, when it is hot, practically everybody flings windows open to cool "stifling" rooms. Three cases of excellent intentions—and bad results. For our methods are wrong!

Take, first, the "open-window" question. During the night hours the temperature always falls, and there is coolness out of doors and within. Then the sun rises, the outside air is rapidly heated, and "to keep the house cool," we fling our windows open and admit the heated air.

Windows should be wide open during the night, so that the cold air may enter and take possession, and closed during the day. The heated outside air should be refused admission. The cool, night-gathered air will then hold its own, especially if all inside doors are left wide open, so that it can circulate.

Blinds, too, should be drawn in all rooms not in use. Try this method once, and you'll adopt it permanently.

Fruit cools the blood. Its juices and acids hold other virtues. But practically all its merits are cancelled if, as is usual, it is eaten at the end of a meal. Eat more fruit, but always at the beginning of a meal.

That cold morning "tub" is quite excellent for the winter, if you can stand it, but quite wrong for the summer. It should be obvious that the braced up, stimulated, all-aglow feeling that follows a cold bath in winter is not what you want in summer.

Try a tepid bath. That reduces the blood pressure (of great importance to many), and is far more effective as a body cleanser. Perspiration, a summer product, is a poison, and cold water, of the "hard" sort especially, does not remove it from the skin.

One of Britain's Pioneers.

The Faraday Society, which recently decided to limit its activities owing to the increased cost of printing, is one of the many associations which have grown out of our national habit of hero-worship, says an English writer.

Michael Faraday won fame as one of the pioneers of electrical experiment, and his work in this direction shows how much can be accomplished with primitive equipment. The materials from which he made his first galvanic battery were seven halfpennies, seven pieces of zinc of the same size, and seven pieces of paper soaked in muriate of soda. Equally simplel was his first frictional electric machine, preserved at the Royal Institution. It was made from a ginger-beer bottle.

Minard's Liniment for Burns.

Pat's Good Point.

Pat was a good husband, but occasionally he would go on a spree while his family got along as best they could.

When he died suddenly the neighbors were shocked, and a kindly woman, chatting over the fence with Pat's wife, tried to comfort her by telling of Pat's good points.

"He was such a man of principle," she said.

"And am I not the one to know it?" replied the wife. "Sure and every Saturday night from the first day we were married didn't he come home and place his pay envelope in front of me as regular as a clock? Not once did he miss all the time we were married. Of course, the pay envelope was always empty, but look at the principle of the thing."

An Ancient Superstition.

In ancient times the turquoice was credited with power to read the human mind.

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