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Dan McCarthy's Glorious Lie

By DAVID H. TALMADGE.

PART II.
The night telegraph operator at the station, the train having been duly reported out, began to sing to the accompaniment of a guitar. He was a stranger to the operator, and he was lonely. They could hear him quite plainly, despite the heavy drip of the rain from the station eaves.

"What are ye aimin' to do, Lily May?"

"Go home, I suppose. I must go somewhere. My father will be an afraid."

She broke into sudden tears, sobbing with her whole frail body.

"Wait, Lily May—don't—I can't think with this rain gamin' down me back, and I must think a bit."

Dan shook his head, looking here and there in the darkness.

"We must get out of the storm," Dan said, and he took the bundle from her arms, and he went across the tracks to the house, which was dimly illuminated from the station lights. There was a clean straw mat on the floor at the further end of the room, and he laid down on it, and he covered himself with a blanket, and he closed his eyes, and he fell asleep.

"I—I can stand it now—whatever happens," she sobbed. "God must have kept you there in the rain to-night—till I came."

She gently loosened her hands from the bundle, and she looked at Lily May, who said in a voice that shook queerly: "We'll go on our way, you and me, down the bist we can."

They passed out into the storm, the girl holding the bundle tightly to her breast. As the house of her father Dan left her, waiting to see the door opened and closed again, and then went to his own home where his daughter Mary, nodding before an open fire, awaited him.

"You are late, father."

"Yes, darlin'; I had to cut a tunnel in the rain." Dan tossed the day's paper to the laughing girl and removed his coat. Then, sitting before the fire, he took off his shoes and stretched out his feet to the warmth of the hearth.

A silence followed, broken only by the rustle of the paper in the girl's hands, the snapping of a match as Dan lit his pipe, the muffled beat of the storm upon the windows and the roof.

Presently the girl sighed. "Here's another name we know in the casual list, father: Ronald Dean—died from disease."

"Was he a good man?" Dan asked, looking hard at the fire.

"(The End.)"

The Value of a Smile.

When it is not a plausible insincerity to create a pleasing expression of a geniality that is not there, a smile is an asset of business, a lubricant in social life, the outward index of a welcome mood and a happy mind. It clears the air, relieves a tension, proclaims a cheerful and serene philosophy. Those who smile most work best.

The man whose brow is cloud-hung, whose mind is fog-bound, whose pessimism sees no rainbow and lives beyond the pale of hope and buoyant expectation, is a poor workman and an unpropitious employer. In the strife for higher wages, he has been known to work for more than material rewards. They toil faster and harder for one thing; and the employer who holds his men as a lover of clean fun, and wears in his face the sign of high good humor.

"The man who keeps on smiling— not with the insane and constant grin that never wears off, but with the habitual expression of good nature which knows no trials and temptations. Life has not been a lighter hand on him than on his neighbor. He enjoys no special privilege and he did not accord him preferential treatment. But the expression of his face shows that he has come through tribulation and not yielded to bitterness. A light that shines there is the reflection of the refined and cheerful heart. The meaning of it is that he who wears the look has foiled and suffered, known the anxieties, been foiled and frustrated, drunk the cup and cast his head on his pillow, and still he casts his head on his pillow, and still he smiles. His smile is unquenchable. This attitude of cheerfulness is a great asset in an essential greatness. The man who smiles has not lost hope and he still keeps faith with his ideals. You cannot take from him the fortune that he carries in that brave, bright aspect which invigorates as seen as it is seen."

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The teacher showed Maria a picture of a zebra and asked if she could tell what kind of animal it was. In an awed voice the little girl replied: "It is a horse that has been in prison."

Mirard's Lintment used by Physicists



Some Nuggets From My "Household Mine."

I never buy new window shades so long as the rollers are in good working order. Instead, when my shades become worn and soiled, I make new ones. I take two yards of white Indian head cloth (this is for the ordinary-sized window) for each shade. The cloth I use is 36 inches wide, very durable, and lasts for years. I hem the bottom, starch stiff, and iron. Then I tack to roller, and I have a new shade better than the commercial variety. When soiled, I wash, starch, and iron again. Of course, they may be dyed any shade.

Wherever there are children or careless servants, there will be broken dishes. I have my share of them. I have had many souvenirs and keepsakes, glass, delicate china, and so on, broken—things that I could not afford to, or would not, throw away. I tried all sorts of bottled and caked cements, etc., but not one of them gave satisfaction, especially if the dish or other article was afterward placed in hot water. I experimented until finally I found a mixture that gave absolute satisfaction. So now when a dish is broken I mix one-half ounce gum arabic with a teaspoonful of boiling water, adding enough plaster of Paris to make a paste. I have the broken pieces that are to be mended warm, then apply the paste with a soft brush. When set aside three or four days, either hot or cold water can be used on the dish with impunity.

Whenever I pack away woollen blankets and winter clothing, I keep them away from musty odors by sprinkling them with this sweet-smelling mixture. One ounce each of powdered cinnamon, cloves, nutmeg, tonca beans, caraway, and mace. Add to this six ounces of powderedorris root. Then make little cheesecloth sachets, fill them with the mixture, and place in the folds of the blankets or clothing.

When doing dirty work I find that an oilcloth apron saves much washing. They can be bought made up, but are easily made of white or small checked oilcloth, and bound around with tape.

If you have the misfortune to spill ink on the floor or on cloth dry up all the ink you can with waste cloth or blotting paper, then dampen the place with water and cover well with common baking soda. After letting it stand for two or three hours, you will find that all traces of ink are gone.

Deaf Prince Cured by English Doctor.

The sense of hearing has been brought back to Prince Jaime, the second son of the King and Queen of Spain, who has been stone deaf since birth, by Dr. Johnston May, an Englishman who calls himself an anatomist and a specialist in the treatment of deafness of the world have called.

Dr. May has hands abnormally long and acutely sensitive. Watch his fingers, says the Daily Express representative, and they are never still. They quiver constantly. It is these hands he uses for his diagnosis. They tell what is wrong with the patient. They are more to him than the stethoscope and instruments to the doctor.

Dr. May says himself that he can almost smell with them. He told me he put the boy's prince on the highway to normal health.

The real trouble with the prince was the displacement of the atlas and axis bones of the neck before birth. His hip, too, slightly tilted, through the spine affected the neck. These displacements caused pressure on the nerves connected with the ear, making the boy completely and absolutely deaf.

Dr. May first reset the displaced bones. He is now treating the muscles of the neck to bring them back to normal.

The boy was not dumb. He had been taught lip reading, but the tones of his voice were without inflection. Two days after the bones were reset he heard the music of an opera. He can now distinguish voices. The doctor declares that the functions of his ear develop his hearing will be come more and more acute. He sees no reason why he should not be absolutely sound in a year or so.

The World Aloft.

Aerial mail service has been successfully inaugurated in India between Karachi and Rajkot. The actual time of transit is six hours as against thirty-six by steamer. If seaplanes used by the transit can be done in less than five hours.

The Japs continue to come to the forefront in the flying game. It is now announced that the aerial arm of the Japanese army is to be composed of three aviation battalions, each of three squadrons. It is reported that the Japanese Government has appropriated \$350,000,000 for the purchase of aviation material in 1920. General Nagapka is in Europe buying planes and accessories.

Recently a young French aviator and his sweetheart eloped into Switzerland and were married. The irate father of the girl tried to head them off in his automobile, but of course he might just as well have tried to head off an eagle. In the matter of elope-ments parents will have no chance whatever unless they learn to fly.

Worker and Money.

"We try consistently and persistently to think straight about money matters ourselves and to show our employees the value of their having a right attitude toward finances as well." The employer of a large industrial concern was telling me why he had met with no labor troubles over a long period of years, says E. A. Hungerford in the Thrift Magazine.

"This concern," he continued, "is built on the basis of coming out ahead, not just breaking even, or operating at a loss. Therefore we expect our employees to make good with us only if they are able to conduct their own money matters on the coming-out-ahead basis. They must do more than live within their means. They must save something. It is a fundamental basis of their own success in life as well as their being a satisfactory worker in our business."

"How did you come to adopt such a policy?" I asked.

"We got the idea from Paul the Apostle. He was among other things a man of learning, an organizer, a manufacturer, teacher, orator and writer. After several years of knocking around most of the then known world, being all things to all men, he got a pretty fair idea of human nature. He came to the conclusion that the love of money, in other words, a wrong attitude towards it, was the root of all evil. This being the case, we took it for granted that a right attitude toward money on the part of the members of a business organization ought to be the root of a whole lot of good."

"So we began to emphasize straight thinking about money matters as a primary qualification of those who applied for work with us. Our theory is that if a man is thinking straight and acting wisely about his finances in the realms of earning, spending, saving, investing and giving, he is almost sure to make an honest, industrious, loyal member of our organization—one that we can be proud of and advance consistently toward the top."

"Does the theory work out fully in practice?" was my next question.

"Absolutely!" he exclaimed. "Very soon after we started on this basis, there was a noticeable improvement in the spirit among our employees from the water hole to the general manager, and I have tried to practice straight thinking on money matters myself. Nearly every one in the entire organization has gained a greater appreciation of the point of view of the employer and applying simple, sound and practical economic doctrines. Our former differences between so-called capital and labor have disappeared."

Adverse Exchange and Production.

The fluctuating rate of exchange, inconvenient as it may be, is on the whole an accurate barometer of the international trade situation. A dollar bill is only a promise to pay and is valueless unless redeemable, gold, however, is not the only commodity with which it can be honored. It can be redeemed with wheat, pulp, paper, lumber, fish, coal, anything at all of which the country issuing the note produces a surplus for export. The way to right adverse exchange is to speed up production, so that we can pay for all the goods imported with other goods exported. Retrenchment, that is, cutting down expenditure on unnecessary articles of luxury, will help.

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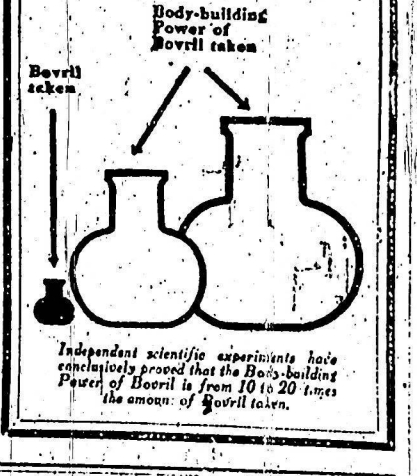
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A PROBLEM WHICH IS STILL UNSOLVED.

Tramendous Energy of the Sea to be Harnessed For Use of Mankind.

The wind-blown waves of the ocean, on a recent voyage to Europe, the inventor of the great wave power machine, as she tossed up and down on the billows, made her mind go to the sea. "Some day," she said, "I will harness this tremendous energy of the sea."

When that problem millennium of the future has been solved, the inventor of the great wave power machine, as she tossed up and down on the billows, made her mind go to the sea. "Some day," she said, "I will harness this tremendous energy of the sea."

Wave power, which has been harnessed by the inventor of the great wave power machine, as she tossed up and down on the billows, made her mind go to the sea. "Some day," she said, "I will harness this tremendous energy of the sea."

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