

Love Gives Itself

THE STORY OF A BLOOD FEUD
BY ANNIE S. SWAN

"Love gives itself and is not bought."—Longfellow.

CHAPTER XXV—(Contd.)

There was a supper after the play that night, and Judy watching Garotta's quiet, rather abstracted manner while the congratulatory remarks were showered upon her, loved her more and more. She believed that nothing could spoil her or cause her to swerve from her allegiance to Alan.

The thing amazed her beyond all power of speech or thought. For Garotta had great gifts. She was richly endowed both in body and mind, and Judy's discernment that Alan was a very ordinary man. But happily for the world, which is largely peopled with ordinary folk, ordinary men and women are not cheated of love's gifts, which have naught to do with the head, but all with the heart.

Judy was glad at last when they were asked to get to bed, in the small hours of the morning at the Holland House.

"What a night it has been," she said, as she lingered a moment in Garotta's room, and what a queer place it is, New York!

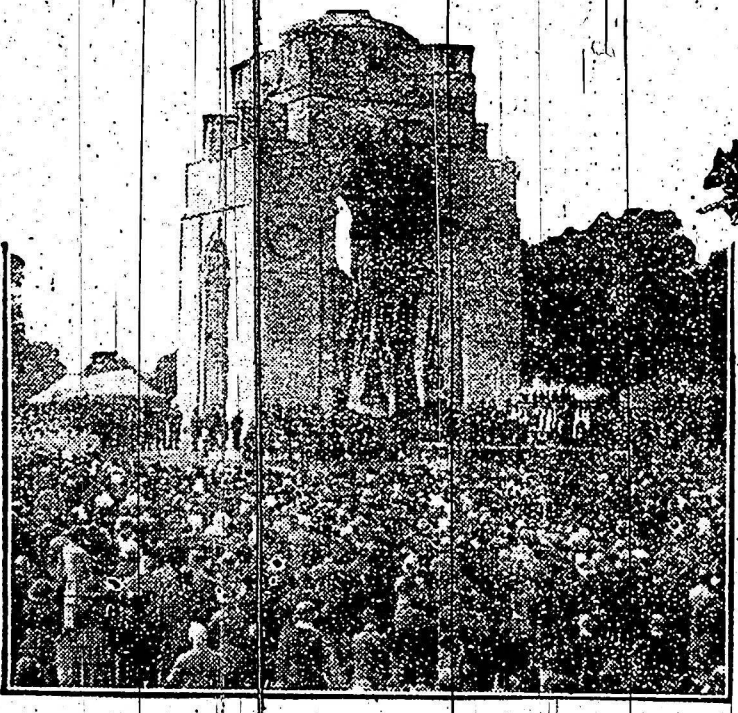
Garotta, a little way now about the eyes and mouth, smiled a little unsteadily.

"I never saw anything like your version of the 'inter-view' to Judy. It is positively great! So calm, so dignified! Just starting them through and through as if they did not exist, and had no consciousness of you. You disconcerted them completely."

Judy laughed.

"You see, they got it into their heads that I was a sort of questioner, and they were all so busy with their own thoughts that they did not know that they were being interviewed. Oh, I am so glad to see that you are so sure of your own power. I am so glad to see that you are so sure of your own power. I am so glad to see that you are so sure of your own power."

... (The text continues with a detailed narrative of Judy's interactions with Garotta and other characters, including a scene at the Holland House and a visit to the theatre.)



... (Caption text describing the photograph, mentioning a ceremony and a monument.)

CLIPSE FASHIONS

Exclusive Patterns

1139—Men's and Youth's Shirt; attached or separate collar, and turn-back cuffs. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches breast. Size 36 breast requires 3 1/2 yards of 32-inch or 36-inch material. Price 20 cents.

1137—Men's and Youth's Union Suit; high or low neck, with or without set-in sleeve. Sizes 34, 38, 42 and 46 inches breast. Size 34 is for 32 or 34, size 38 for 36 or 38, size 42 for 40 or 42, and size 46 for 44 or 46. Size 40 breast requires 4 1/2 yards of 36-inch or 4 1/4 yards of 40-inch material. Price 20 cents.

1157—Men's and Youth's Night-shirt, with or without yoke and full-back. Sizes 36, 40, 44 and 48 inches breast. Size 36 is for 34 or 36, size 40 for 38 or 40, size 44 for 42 or 44, and size 48 for 46 or 48. Size 40 breast requires 4 1/2 yards of 36-inch or 4 1/4 yards of 40-inch material. Price 20 cents.

1157—Men's and Youth's Night-shirt, with or without yoke and full-back. Sizes 36, 40, 44 and 48 inches breast. Size 36 is for 34 or 36, size 40 for 38 or 40, size 44 for 42 or 44, and size 48 for 46 or 48. Size 40 breast requires 4 1/2 yards of 36-inch or 4 1/4 yards of 40-inch material. Price 20 cents.

Time-Piece

Caught, caught is the wild cuckoo— That sang among the oaks; They have imprisoned him in a dark prison— To count the hours.

Between the dawn and the dim evening— Twelve songs must he sing; That men may reckon the day's passing— And the passing of spring.

O they have shattered the sweet April— And what the heart of May— Because they have stolen the wild cuckoo— To tell the time of day.

And wearily sings the wild cuckoo, Wearily sings he now, Because his heart would cease from singing— And his throat knows not how.

—Jan Struther.

Diogenes, Junior

On the glorious fifteenth, Junior came into his fifth year, and the day was planned to be a notable event in his life. One of the signs of his approaching manhood was that his mother was to go to the drug store to buy himself and order his first cream soda.

Of course, during his previous years, Mrs. Johnston had purchased ice cream cones for him, but with the advent of his fifth year he entered the realm of sodas. Satisfyingly he trudged to the corner and entered the store.

He seated himself at a table and meekly asked for a chocolate ice cream soda. Quickly his order was filled, and the tempting, foaming glass was placed before him.

"After he had finished, he looked around quickly before dashing a tear from his eye. Then he picked up the straw and approached the cashier.

"Lady," he choked, "but the little sucker; what is it worth?"

Hands— nice and smooth

A spoonful of Lux tossed into the dishpan softens the water and makes dishwashing easy. Lux is kind to the hands—keeps them nice and smooth.

Lever Brothers Limited, Toronto.

They Won't Last

"Barkers say the new dollar bill won't last."

"I found that was 'a' trouble."

Every one had their eyes fixed on the dollar bill.

Precautions to Take During Thunderstorms.

About this season, as the old adage used to say, expect thunder storms. Inevitably they bring danger to human life, but the hazard can be diminished considerably if the advice of men who have made a thorough study of the electrical discharges of the atmosphere is followed.

One of these experts is Alexander G. MacAfee, director of the Blue Hill Observatory and professor of meteorology at Harvard University, who has made a special study of thunder storms, and some time ago he formulated a set of suggestions to help people avoid themselves during such disturbances.

Get under cover, is his first rule. If you can't do that, lie down. About ten lightning flashes in a hundred come down to earth in a straight line and the person who stands out in the open when such flashes are seen invites trouble. But getting under cover does not mean seeking shelter beneath a tree because that will bring you in the direct line of discharge, and Professor MacAfee says that people are killed by lightning in this way more probably any other.

The doorway of a barn or a window near a chimney also are dangerous places to stand, because lightning flows to some extent any draft of air, especially a warm air.

You are safer indoors than out. The probability of a person in an ordinary residence being struck by lightning, Professor MacAfee is very slight and in dwelling houses in city blocks are virtually safe. He defends the lightning rod, once so popular but now largely fallen into disuse, asserting that if a house is provided with good lightning rods there is little to fear.

Going to bed doesn't do any particular good but standing on grass, rubber, a woolen blanket or any other good insulator will give a person a way that more security. The observatory director advises passengers in a trolley car to sit still if lightning comes in and burns the faces, because with the roar and blinding flash the danger is over.

He urges that every effort be made to resuscitate a person struck by lightning. It seldom kills outright, usually stunning the victim in such a way that artificial respiration will restore him to consciousness.

For the protection of livestock, which often is killed by lightning while at pasture, he warns against tying them near a wire fence.

The Falkland Islands.

The Falkland Islands, which gained fame during the early days of the World War, are the subject of a long-standing and little known controversy between Great Britain and Argentina, the only dispute existing between these two nations.

The Falkland Islands are the Gibraltar of Argentina. They lie in the southern Atlantic, about 300 miles east of the Argentine Strait. They are an important maritime station for the command navigation of the waters around good harbors of refuge and form an invaluable lookout in that region, as was proved during the initial stages of the World War, when the naval forces of Admiral Sturdee, in December, 1914, engaged and destroyed off Port Stanley the German division under Von Spee.

In the year 1833, while the United provinces of the Plata River were in possession of the Falkland Islands in succession to Spain, Great Britain sent naval forces there and, claiming a prior right to the dependencies, took them from the Argentines.

Thus England incorporated into her empire these islands that, with over the southernmost end of the continent, Argentine sovereignty in this respect, the British tenure and it is said that the Argentine representative at the Court of St. James's every year, at a fixed date, presents a protest to that effect. But whether or not the matter ever will be a subject of negotiations for a settlement, the controversy has never in the slightest degree affected the relations between the two countries.

Quite Sure of It.

"Are you sure he's a thorough criminal lawyer?"

"Yes, I'm sure of it. I think he ought to be in jail."

A Shortened Life.

A man traveling in Mammo met a 300-year-old farmer who said his father-in-law was 500 years old, was still on the farm where he was born.

"Ninety years old, eh?"

"Yes, pop is close to ninety."

"Is his health good?"

"Taint much new. He's been complainin' for a few months back."

"What's the matter with him?" asked the traveler.

"'Taint much; sometimes I think farmin' don't agree with him."

Not Quite Far Enough.

Pat had injured himself at his work. He was a bricklayer's laborer, and while heading up a load of bricks he had the misfortune to fall from the scaffolding.

Happily, however, he was not much hurt for his fall, and a few days later recounted the affair to some of his friends.

"Yes, and did all you, eh?"

"Begorra," answered Pat, "I said thirty feet, not thirty miles."

Solving the House Problem.

"How did you make out in your search for a flat?"

"All right. I found one with thirty-two rooms and eight baths, had the compartment walls removed and we now have an apartment of four rooms that you can live in. Only trouble is, there's two bath tubs in every room, and you'd see a moving picture that would last you."

You Cannot Surpass

"SALADA" GREEN TEA

Its luscious freshness and strength make it finer than any other tea. Sold everywhere. Ask for SALADA to-day.

Surnames and Their Origin

MACKIN. Variations—MacMackin, Meekins, Mackin, Meakin. Racial Origin—English, also Scottish. Source—A given name.

PARKE. Variations—Parker, Parkman, Parkin, Parkins. Racial Origin—English. Source—A given name.

There is a peculiar paralleling of the forms of the English and Scottish family names in this group, which have come from the same given name, but through a different form of development.

The given name, though you might not suspect it, is Matthew, the same that has given us the family names in the Mathewson and Matheson classification.

The change from the "ch" in Matthew to a "ck" or "k" in English was brought about as the result of the use of one of the Anglo-Saxon diminutives of the name. "Mat" was a short form of Matthew, "Mathin" through the addition of the diminutive ending "in," meant "Little Mat." Hence the meaning of "Mathin" is clear. But that combination of "ck" in the middle of the name was as hard for the English tongue of the middle ages as for us, and the "k" being the more dominant sound, the "c" just naturally dropped out.

The development of the Scottish name is somewhat different. One of the older forms of the Gaelic "Mac-Mathathain (Mathewson), was "Mac-Mathain," met with about 1263, and "Mac-Mathain" is developed from this form that MacMackin is developed.

WHY FLOWERS COLOR THEMSELVES

All living creatures color themselves to attract or to hide their trunks by generally assuming tints. Weeds and grasses which man does not like to have on his well-kept lawn disguise themselves as green and creep stylishly underneath the real grasses.

Everything tries to hide, and so comes the question: Why the very gaudy colors of tropical birds? Because they array themselves so as to escape dangers. Their brilliant colors are made to attract the attention of insects. They actually try to make their plumage look like the finest of blossoms.

Flowers array themselves in beautiful tints to lure insects. Not only that, but they make the sweetest kind of honey for the same purpose—all this because life devotes itself to increasing its own family. The beautiful flower makes the honey, not to please himself, but to please the bees and turn them into slaves to do that part of the work which he cannot do because he stands rooted to the ground.

The flower must depend upon the wings and insects to carry his eggs to some other plant so that the two eggs can increase and multiply. Pollen, these eggs are called, not real eggs, but just exactly the same as eggs, male and female. Some few plants bear both sexes.

Man, great as he thinks himself, could not devise a better scheme than the flowers have invented through millions of generations.

The flower has made itself beautiful to attract and hold the eye of the bee, who has learned that these pretty things have the sweets which are the chief things in his life. These sweets are furnished by the flower which is clever enough to grow the nectar deep inside where the blossom narrows down from the absurdly wide entrance. This is not accidental, it is cleverly thought out.

To get the nectar the insect must shove and push himself, and even squoze his own head and body into a space that is so small as to be uncomfortable. This is the big idea of the flower, which has scattered its eggs all around the entrance so that the insect cannot steal the nectar without getting eggs all over himself. These eggs he carries to the next blossom, where some are sure to be scrapped off and left as he gets a new load from the second blossom, and so on from flower to flower, leaving the male eggs here and female eggs there.

One of the most interesting things in bee life is to watch bees work their way into the narrow treasury where the nectar is kept. It is not an easy labor for the bee. Stand near flowers, there bees are busy and watch the operation closely.

You can see the bee alight on the blossom and take a look inside to see whether he is too late or just on time. If no other insect has been there first, he pokes his head out of right while he slips the nectar. You can see him struggle as he pinches his body into the narrow part. When he backs out he sometimes crops for a few seconds to get on his hips the waxy raft the nectar has provided for just such a purpose.

Frequently, and especially while the first combs are being made in the hives, the bees gather large quantities of this waxy material. They put it on their hips and the hips are so large as to be very much out of proportion.

Watch the bees working among the flowers; use a large magnifying glass, and you will see a moving picture that will surprise you.

He Couldn't Smile.

... (A short anecdote or story.)

Wrigley's

After every meal

Wrigley's

Wrigley's

Wrigley's

Wrigley's

Wrigley's

Wrigley's

Wrigley's

KEEPING HOUSE

... (A column of text on the far right side of the page, containing various small articles and notices.)