"For What We Are About To Receive"

BY MILDRED HOUGHTON COMFORT.

PART II.

"But every day at dinner," Sarah went on, "no matter how trying the day had been, you'd say that dignified, calm old grace and the trivial, commonplace things would disappear. Something would happen inside of me. I'd feel calmer. I'd feel rested. I—I began to realize that I was part of that age-long procession of housewives whose work was to keep homes together—good, old-fashioned homes, Sam, like ours. I seemed to be getting steeped with the idea. When Junior went to the window to see the first snow, it brought back my people and the pioneers. And it seemed good just to be comfortable and full of hope."

"Say, Cd girl! When you're like this, life's worth living? Thought I'd queered everything hauling old Barnes in."

"But you didn't, dear. That's part of my happiness now—that I can be really hospitable. I hate verbal hospitality. I like it from the heart."

"I told old man Barnes so—that you really wanted him."

Something in Sam's hesitant tones impelled his wife to ask. "Have you seen him since you invited him?"

"Sure I did. He doubtless read me the time I asked him, and he wandered into the office yesterday and quizzed me a bit politely of course but he might as well have asked me outright how you took the bad news."

"What did you say, dear?"

"I can tell you I was glad that I could be enthusiastic. What you said was right. It wasn't verbal hospitality but a real from-the-heart invitation. I offered him. Even told him about the grace."

Sarah smiled tremulously as Sam's quizzed her.

"For what we are about to receive us duly thankful," she said from an uplifted heart, while Sam heartily pronounced, "Amen."

Next day dawned bright and cold, with little flurries of snow coming through the sunnily-streaked air. The church service had been set an hour to enable the household to attend to the season's feast. Sarah and Sam with the children went to an old-fashioned sermon and joined in the old hymns sung as they were sung by generations gone.

Sarah turned to leave her pew when Sam, who was holding little Margot with protective arms, exclaimed with a shout of laughter, "Look who's here!" as she was touched. From behind them, whom they had regarded as an ungrateful and serious to the feelings of [illegible] he suddenly became a [illegible] stood before her only a [illegible] small, mild old gentleman [illegible] ing manners and a de[illegible] quaint courtesy.

"It's very kind of you to want [illegible] on a day like this," he said, [illegible] in his voice, his keen eyes shin[illegible] "I've been looking forward to it [illegible] the last here," indicating Junior. [illegible] he would be out at one sharp. No, [illegible] w better than to go back with [illegible] because he'd probably be in [illegible] way, he said, though his manner [illegible] his words.

He seemed almost excited," whispered Sarah to Sam when they were out of earshot. "Just like a happy [illegible]

The children reluctantly went out to play. It was such fun to stand around in the kitchen and watch Mother prepare "a party." As Sarah, hurrying from dining room to kitchen and back again, opened preserves, basted the turkey and cleaned celery, she cobbled gayly with Sam.

"I declare, Sam," she laughed, "you're as much bother as the children. Go get the morning paper and sit down in the rocker where you'll be out of the way."

In studied seriousness, Sam did as he was ordered, opened the newspaper with much rustling and settling himself comfortably in the squeaky rocker with the limp in it.

Then, quite suddenly, the uneven squeaking ceased and Sarah, in the act of filling the sugar bowl, turned to Sam petrified into immobility, his eyes startling at the newspaper.

"What's the matter?" she cried, setting the bowl down and crossing the room to look over his shoulder. "What is it, Sam?"

"Read that!" he directed hoarsely, pointing.

Sarah read over his shoulder and crumpled weakly beside her husband.

"Dead?" she queried uncomprehending, and again, "Dead! It can't be!"

"It can't be," Sam repeated mechanically, as in a doze. "It's appalling! Why, it was only two hours ago . . ."

". . . two hours ago," Sarah reiterated, "two hours . . . how did it happen?"

Together they read the news item that meant so much to them, Sam's husky voice breaking and Sarah's happy plans for the day forgotten in a common sorrow.

ECCENTRIC LANDLORD LEAVES PROPERTY TO TENANTS.

Mr. Stephen Barnes has proved himself an eccentric landlord, for in his will, executed to-day, he left his Bayport property to its present tenants. He maintains that the property is not in the nature of a gift, but that the renters have, in the course of their tenancy, actually paid for their homes.

Mr. Barnes' belief in the permanency of the old-fashioned Canadian home has not been shattered by his experiences as a landlord. He cites as proof of his allegations the fact that tenants will often put both labor and money into a home that is not owned by them. They will make repairs even when the rent is fully sufficient to cover these expenses and still give the owner more than adequate returns for the money invested.

Mr. Barnes explains, in a written statement accompanying his unusual will, that it is only good business to give the tenant his just deserts. Where the rent over a certain period is ample enough to cover upkeep, interest and the original principal invested, it has paid for the home. That home, he asserts, belongs, in such a case, not to the landlord but to the tenant.

Mr. Barnes has the courage of his own convictions. His theory is being carried out in practice in so far as it affects his Bayport property.

Sam rose shakily. "I can't understand!" He turned the pages of the news sheet back and forth. "It doesn't say . . ." Then he gave a queer gasp, dropped weakly into the rocking chair only to leap again to his feet, electrified, Sarah watching him in a choked silence.

"Sarah Barron, we're crazy . . . Somebody's crazy. We saw him two hours ago . . . This paper was delivered before we were up this morning. He isn't any more dead than I am . . . Must be a joke . . . Bayport property . . . that's this . . . What in time! . . ."

There was a commotion at the door, the shrill laughter of Junior and Margot and the squealing of the two-year-old Bob. The door-bell jangled, as it always did when the children rang it, and through the hall came Stephen Barnes with Bob on his shoulder and the two other children running eagerly beside him, their arms full of packages.

Sarah sat down quickly on a dining-room chair while Sam grasped the back of it firmly. They had no words. Their visitor was necessarily the first to speak.

"You both look as though you were seeing ghosts," he laughed. "Ah, I see. You've been reading . . ."

Then they told him how the unusual item had tripped them up and so dismayed them until they realized it's true purport.

"But what does this mean?" demanded Sam, thrusting the newspaper towards his friend. "You're alive—we thought . . ."

"It's true," answered the unbowed, their guest simply.

"Trust Sarah. "But [illegible] will what you've done? But I'll explain [illegible] if you'll let me."

Sarah [illegible] the children in the living room with their gifts and escorted the two men to the kitchen.

"We can [illegible] now," she said calmly. "This time I'm not going to be sighted if we inherit a kingdom. And I'm so relieved to have Mr. Barnes alive that nothing else matters."

"That's [illegible]" cried the little man jubilantly. "That's what made me do it. You husband told me. It was your wonderful spirit, adapting yourself to conditions like the good old pioneers. If they couldn't have turkey, they ate chicken. They could have been grateful on baked beans."

Sarah laughed merrily.

"I'd like to see you and Sam if I offered you baked beans to-day!"

Stephen Barnes, with an old-time courtesy, seated Sarah in the kitchen rocker while he and Sam straddled chairs in the commonplace manner of men when alone at home.

"You see, Mrs. Burton, it was like this," began the amiable guest. "I've always liked Sam, but I realized that he had the faults of all rolling stones. He was always looking for something new and it seemed to me that I never ran into him that he wasn't asking if I couldn't find a decent place for him to live. Being in the real-estate business myself and owning a bit of property, I usually succeeded in finding something. I finally decided to let Sam . . . without his knowledge, of course, of this little business deal. Who says there's no sentiment in business?"

"It happened when Sam got to talking one day about your home ideals and saving rents and all that sort of thing. I've had much sympathy for the average tenant but that time I had Thanksgiving dinner with you, I got a new slant on the saying is. It was merely a matter of experiment with me. I haven't lost anything in the transaction. I decided to let you buy your home by charging a good, stiff rent. I am guilty only of fair play."

"And the children?"

"Yes. The house is paid for, too. Only you will [illegible] and they lose on the same proposition."

"Just the same," Sarah said tremulously, "I'm grateful to you, Mr. Barnes—even though you insist that I'm just part of an experiment. If this had happened a few months ago, I'd have had hysterics because of my great joy. But now I'm just—just calmly thankful. I feel as though I had everything—everything."

"Contentment should come before prosperity or success," said the old man sagely, "for it isn't lasting."

"Philosophy doesn't fill my stomach," burst forth Sam, "and the rearguard in the living room isn't going to remain peaceable very many minutes longer."

It was less than half an hour later when the family was seated about the festive board, the big brown, fragrant turkey before Sam. Sarah patted the noisy Junior admonished Junior to keep his feet still and watch Margot settle primly to her chair. Mr. Barnes' beaming face and Sam's contented one were brief flashes. Simple household tasks—the care of her children, her husband and her guests—were sacred things. It was given to her to guard such a holy trust, a home.

While her heart brimmed over with gratitude, her eyes grew misty.

She quickly bent her head in grateful Thanksgiving as Sam once again spoke the simple words of the family grace:

"For what we are about to receive, O Lord, make us duly thankful. Amen!"

A Child's Delight.

Traps for mice and snares for birds—
But who can take in a net of words
Fancies in the aery flight
To the crystal height
Of a child's delight?

Now a golden fount of light
Spraying to a rainbow bright,
Then again
Tinkling drops of sunny rain
That turn to flaming butterflies
Ere they reach the earth and rise
In a cloud of changing dyes,
In a cloud that spans the skies
With a fiery flickering bow
Melting into flakes of snow
That falling change to starry flowers,
Flowers that from the earth take flight
Again on wings of singing light—
O and on through endless hours. . . .

Traps for mice and snares for birds—
But empty is my net of words.

—Wilfrid Gibson.

Eggs We Don't Eat.

The ostrich lays the biggest thing in the egg line at the present age in the world's history. Hard boiled, it weighs three pounds, and would make a good breakfast for a large family.

The kiwi, a New Zealand bird, which itself weighs only about four pounds, alys an egg weighing fourteen ounces. But the egg of the extinct aepyornis, which may be found in museums, is as large as 150 average hens' eggs. It was a Maragascan bird that disappeared entirely, some centuries ago.

Among volcanic sand in New Zealand an explorer discovered a partially-burnt egg that was even bigger. A bowler hat would hardly serve as an egg-cup for it. The bird that laid it was called the dinornis and is height is imagined to have been something like fourteen feet.

Home-Coming.

When I stepped homeward to my hill
Dust went before with quiet tread;
The bare laced branches on the trees
Were as a mist about its head.

Cloud its leaf-brown breast, the rocks
Like great gray sheep lay silentwise;
Between the birch trees' gleaming arms
The faint stars trembled in the skies.

The white brook met me half-way up
And laughed as one that knew me well,
To whose more clear than crystal voice
The frost had joined a crystal spell.

The skies lay like pale-watered deep,
Dusk ran before me to its strand,
And cloudily leaned forth to touch
The moon's slow wonder with her hand.

—Leonie Adams.

A Clasp for the Hair.

Janet—"I'm going to the ball as a nymph of the mountains. Where can I get a costume?"

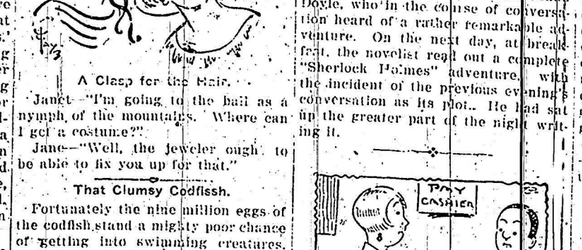
Jane—"Well, the jeweler ought to be able to fix you up for that."

That Clumsy Codfish.

Fortunately the nine million eggs of the codfish stand a mighty poor chance of getting into swimming creatures. The cod is so slow and clumsy and likewise so clumsy and careless with her eggs that whereas one in a thousand herring eggs come to actual swimmers only one egg in a million codfish eggs ever reached the adult stage.

Wedded by a Woman.

The first wedding ceremony officially performed in England or Wales by a woman recently took place at a London register office.



Peter Freuchen, noted Danish explorer, who was recently found in Baffin's Land after being missing for four years. He will make another polar trip, but this time by airplane.

NURSES

The Toronto Hospital for Incurables, in affiliation with Bellevue and Allied Hospitals, New York City, offers a three years' Course of Training to young women, having the required education, and desirous of becoming nurses. This Hospital has adopted the eight-hour system. The pupils receive uniforms of the School, a monthly allowance and traveling expenses to and from New York. For further information apply to the Superintendent.

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Writers at Full Speed.

Famous novelists vary very much in their output during the course of a year, and what one writer would consider to be a reasonable day's work would be looked upon as evidence of a regular slack time by another.

Sir James Barrie considers that an average of five or six hundred words a day is a good day's work, whilst H. G. Wells has often written 10,000 words in a day.

It may be imagined that speed is destructive of good quality work, but a sufficiently powerful retort is made to this, in the fact that Robert Louis Stevenson wrote his famous work, "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," in the short space of seven days.

W. W. Jacobs, famed for his humorous short stories, has confessed that he sat at his desk, pen in hand, for one whole morning without writing a word.

A story is told of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, who in the course of conversation heard of a rather remarkable adventure. On the next day, at breakfast, the novelist read out a complete "Sherlock Holmes" adventure, with the incident of the previous evening's conversation as its plot. He had sat up the greater part of the night writing it.

Combination Unknown.

Waitress—"We got fine pork to-day an'——"

Youthful Diner—"Applesauce? Waitress—"Don't get gay, young man! Don't yer want nothin' to eat?"

ON MAKING GOOD

Years ago it was said, "There is none that doeth good; no, not one." Since that day the same thing holds true in estimating human character. Not that there is no goodness in the world, for there is quite a lot when one begins to look around. But there is none of us free from mistake.

Perhaps, seeing that things are as they are, that is not a bad thing, for it suggests that we come from a common stock and in the end of things we are all pretty much alike.

There are several sorts of failure amongst us, but the worst is not to try to do better. To fail is never a sin, for it does show that we have made a try; and the man who will keep on trying will ultimately gain his goal. Everything that is good is on the side of the trier. Mistakes can readily be forgiven if a man has endeavored to do his best.

The "also rans" in life are those who have done splendidly in making effort and have not really been beaten, but have just missed the mark by a chance.

Never believe that only those who get there first have really won. There is sometimes more valor in running than in winning. The laurel may be on another's brow, but there is sometimes splendor in losing.

The Bible speaks of one who was told by God, "It was good that it was in thine heart."

Quite a number of us start life with little chance. Our home is cramped, outlook limited, opportunities few, and temptations all along the way to slack our efforts. Things appear to limit us, and our education does not get much beyond the three "r's." It is so easy to set out and say, "Oh, well, I've no chance; fortune doesn't favor me. I will live straight and be content, for life is not long at the most."

That is a suicidal policy and leads to sorrows multiplied.

Another says: "I have done my best, but things were against me and I have never been able to get beyond where I am. I take a step forward and seem to slip back a couple. I do not feel disposed to move on again in my time of life."

The Cowardly Outlook.

But these outlooks are those of the unheroic. A strong man never argues like that. He rather says: "It's better to fall than not to climb; it's better to fall than not to try."

Why, just call to mind the innumerable people who have started life worse than ourselves and have made good. If you complain of poverty, take a trip to the workhouse. It will be a splendid cure. You will feel so wealthy as you leave!

Do you complain about your health? Then go to the nearest hospital. You will come away feeling healthier than for many weeks; and the very best way of overcoming the spirit which lets the hands hang down and won't try is to refresh the memory with instances such as those of Robert Burns, Lord Leverhulme, and many other famous men. They won through because they made good.

To no one is life absolutely favorable. Faults are everywhere and errors are always taking place. The perfect man has not yet been born. It is folly, therefore, to expect that we are to get through without effort. It would be unwise were it possible, for the very struggle to win will make us better winners, and if we are not successful—well, we have our ambition still.

There are always some people who could if they would."

The power to do better is within us, and there is nothing we cannot have as our own if we just determine to live for it; and the worthier the life the more honorable will be our achievement.

Little, if anything, is gained in these days by resting on our oars. There is danger of drifting then. If we miss one shot we must try again. If circumstances have been stronger than ourselves, the very fight has availed us much. Every man is bolder for the desire and effort to succeed. The greatest sin Heaven condemns is to give up.

Where you have faltered, make good and when you make good, keep it up.

How Bach Got a Breakfast.

An anecdote of Bach, hitherto unknown, recently appeared in a Vienna paper. The period to which the incident belongs is that of young manhood, between 1700-1703, when he was at Lunenburg, and made journeys to various places to hear celebrated organists. It was on one of his homeward trips from Hamburg that the following is said to have occurred:

He had stayed so much longer in Hamburg than he had expected that his funds ran very low, and he found himself, before he was half-way back to Lunenburg, with his pockets empty. As he tramped along the highway he found his hunger growing apace, and his discomfort was by no means lessened when he neared an inn, from the kitchen of which most appetizing odors were wafted forth.

While he stood still for a moment contemplating the rich store of viands in various stages of preparation, he heard a window open and two herrings were thrown out. Like a true thrifty Thuringian, he could not stand such waste, and picked up the herrings and began to tear them apart. What was his surprise to find in each of them a ducat! With this new fund he was able to finish in comfort his trip home and also save something for a later trip to Hamburg. The charitable traveler who put the money in Bach's way would have been delighted could he have known, in later years, who was the object of his kindness of heart.

Long Journey for Remedy.

Facilities for the effective treatment of rabies are so rare that two British officers serving in West Africa, who had been bitten by a mad dog, had to make a 4,500-mile journey from Nigeria to London to receive hospital treatment.

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Surnames and Their Origin

STERLING.

Variations—Eastman.
Racial Origin—English.
Source—Geographical.

The origin of the family name of Sterling is bound up with that of our word sterling, as applied to silver, and in its various acquired meanings.

In the early middle ages, before England had become much of a seafaring nation, the most intrepid traders were those who hailed from the various "free cities" along what is now the German seacoast. These cities, owing fealty to no king, or at most but nominal fealty for temporary periods, were leagued together in the establishment of trading colonies, and for mutual military defence. They had their agencies which were virtually forts, in all the principal countries of Europe. One of their stations with great walled-in warehouses, was in London. These traders were known to the English as "Easterlings"; that is, men of the East, or Easterners. They settled their transactions in pure silver, and as the English coin of the day was much adulterated the "pound Easterling" came to be the standard of absolute value. In common usage the initial vowels soon were dropped, leaving the word "sterling."

The family names Sterling and Eastman originally were preceded by "le"; thus, "Sigmund le Easterling"; and later more simply, as Sigmund Sterling" or "Geoffray Eastman."

MacDOWELL.

Variations—MacDowell, Dowall, Dowell, MacDhoill, MacCoul, MacCeol.
Racial Origin—Scottish
Source—given name.

A group of names, constituting variations of the clan name of MacDougall, borne by one of the clans of Scotland and also as family names by [illegible] or septs of that clan, [illegible] are to be found [illegible] same names should [illegible] frequently in Scotland and [illegible] in some cases from [illegible] Scots is not strange, [illegible] Scottish Highland [illegible] to various portions of [illegible] colonization of Scotland [illegible] Scots from the [illegible] usually all of which [illegible] to the fifth century. [illegible] nce in the Gaelic of [illegible] and that of Ireland [illegible] of dialect than [illegible] ally came in the [illegible] MacDougal [illegible] name of Dugal, [illegible] meaning "[illegible]" In this way the Highland [illegible] man of the law could [illegible] kly became a family [illegible] ntly spelled [illegible]

Jerusalem is a Cosmopolitan City.

One morning, with much the same feeling as when I stepped from the Pullman to the edge of the Grand Canyon or entered Charley Brown's barber shop to get my first adolescent shave, I passed through the Jaffo Gate, writes H. Ben-Shahar in "The Menorah Journal." Ahead of me strode a lemonade vendor clinking his brass cups to call the thirsty to the pinkish mess that filled his enormous glass jar. From a distance rose the cry of an Oriental market in the full swing of advertisement and vituperation. As I stumbled over the rough paving I was vaguely aware of the stone mass of the Tower of David. Once it was behind me I considered that after all my trepidation and dallying I was at length in Jerusalem. I raised my head and looked about. I saw the offices of Thomas Cook & Sons.

I entered a long stone passage, lined with shops, more a flight of steps than a street. It was bound together with stone arches. It was hung with drapers' goods, dead sheep, shoes and kerchiefs. It was thronged with an unwashed multitude, their heads bobbing up from the lower depths as they climbed the grade, turbaned heads, skull-caped heads, fuzzy-haired heads, streimeled heads, veiled heads, wimpled heads (women of Bethlehem are [illegible] housed biers, calpacked heads, derby crowned heads, nose-and-ear-ringed heads. It choked with noise. It brayed with asses and tinkled with camels. It danced with gesticulation.

Vegetable, fruit and meat shops grew thicker, the odor of garlic began to mount, the carlocks fell longer, strings of sausage swung into view, and I saw a sign, "Nathan Straus Milk Station." I was in the Jewish quarter. There is pathos in the phrase, "Jewish quarter," and more in the reality it describes. One does not and can not speak of a French quarter in Paris or an American quarter in Washington. But the Jew, traditional, orthodox, Yiddish-speaking or Sephardic Jew, native to the city for generations, is as much a stranger in Jerusalem as he is in London.

Protect Beautiful Birds.

Birds of paradise are found in New Guinea, Moluccs islands and a few other neighboring islands; also in northeastern Australia. Egrets range from the United States south to southern South America; from central Europe south to northern Africa; and from north central Asia south to Australia.

Egrets are afforded protection under the treaty between the United States and Great Britain for the protection of birds migrating between the United States and Canada and may not be killed, sold or possessed except for scientific purposes.

The importation of both birds of paradise and egrets for their plumage is prohibited by the tariff act of 1922.

Glaciers.

You liked the music instruments that glaciers made, but no songs were ever so grand as those of the glaciers themselves, no falls so lofty as those which poured from brow and chasm! mountains of pure dark ice. Glaciers made the mountains and ground corn for all the flowers and the forests of silver fir; made smooth paths for human feet until the sacred Sierras have become the most approachable of mountains.

The primary mountain waves, unvital granite, were soon carved to beauty. They bared the lordly domes and fashioned the clustering spires, smoothed godlike mountain brows and shaped lake cups for crystal waters; wove myriads of mazy canyons and spread them out like lace.—John Muir.

The company you keep away from—eals what you are.

Light for Eyes.

[illegible] use of el[illegible] [illegible] ence to the qu[illegible] [illegible] various [illegible] one best suited [illegible] This is an [illegible] a Presse Medical [illegible] three principles [illegible] the eye's [illegible] urben, Florence, [illegible] ng some of the [illegible] [illegible] ns of Scotland and [illegible] as family names [illegible] by [illegible] ach [illegible] or sept of that [illegible] n, too, are not [illegible] [illegible] are to be found [illegible]

Sunny Is Right.

[illegible] teacher was telling [illegible] Glass stands stone in [illegible] "Can [illegible] tell me what a [illegible] asked [illegible] Sunny's hand. [illegible] "Well, [illegible] you may tell us [illegible] ground hog is," [illegible] "It's [illegible]" replied Benny.

[illegible] necessary to a [illegible] [illegible] pleasures of life, [illegible] quarreling is, [illegible] [illegible] Dr. Johnson.

WRIGLEY'S

AFTER EVERY MEAL

THE FLAVOR LASTS

Probably one reason for the popularity of WRIGLEY'S is that it lasts so long and returns such great dividends for so small an outlay. It keeps teeth clean, breath sweet, appetite keen, digestion good.

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