The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1924

HIS NEW BROTHER

Hay, I've got a little brother,
Never teased to have him, nuther,
But he's here:
They just went ahead and bought him
And last week the doctor brought him,
Wa'nt that queer?

When I heard the news from Molly,
Why, I thought at first 'twas jolly,
'Cause, you see,
I s'posed I could go and get him
And then Mama, course, would let him
Play with me.

But when I had first looked at him,
"Why!" I says, "My sakes, is that him?
Just that mite!"
They said, "Yes," and "Ain't he cunnin'?"
And I thought they must be funnin'.—
He's a sight!!

He's so small, it's just amazin',
And you'd think that he was blazin',
He's so red;
And his nose is like a berry,
And he's bald as Uncle Jerry
On his head.

Why, he isn't worth a dollar!
All he does is cry and holler
More and more;
Won't sit up—you can't arrange him—
I don't see why Pa don't change him
At the store.

Now we've got to dress and feed him,
And we really didn't need him
More'n a frog;
Why'd they buy a baby brother,
When they knew I'd good deal rather
Have a dog?

HOW THEY JUDGED THE CANADIANS

The Overseas Visit of Value to Both the Visitors and Their Hosts

In last issue of the Collingwood Bulletin, the editor, who is still writing details of the overseas visit of the Canadian weekly editors, quotes the following from the Harrogate Herald: It is difficult to over-estimate the value of our Canadian cousins' visit to the town, though we have outgrown the dismal state of which Kipling wrote so bitterly—thinking our Empire still "is the Strand and Holborn Hill." We have yet much to learn of those dominions beyond the seas, which the feet of our young men have traversed, sometimes in travail, but always with courage and hope.

There is an unfortunate tendency to reflect too much on the effect of England on our overseas visitors. This is wrong. One of the things that matters is the effect of our visitors on us.

England is the mansion in which as it were, the head of the family resides, surrounded with the pomp and pageantry of yesterday. Here the young visitors (no Colonial ever grows old) repair to look upon the stately avenues and tranquil lawns, which long ago they left. It behooves us to be careful gardeners! To keep our hedges trim, our roadways spotless. To let them know that our house is swept and garnished for their arrival, remembering that they come for more than amusement—they come for instruction and inspiration.

The unaffected pleasure of our visitors last week-end, the joy and pride with which they surveyed our town and countryside, must be a tremendous delight to the citizens of Harrogate. It was the privilege of the present writer to accompany a detachment of the journalists for the whole of their pilgrimage in the district. Our chief impression is the fact that one is heartily ashamed of oneself. The only soothing reflection is that there are, doubtless many others who feel the same. We are prepared for questions, but not for the nature of the inquiries which we endeavored to answer. In the main they were entirely agricultural. Journeying by motor coach along the highways to Knaresborough, and later to Ripon and Fountains, the visitors looked at the land with the eyes of lovers—and experts. An untidy, badly formed field, (fortunately these were rare) provoked much irritation. The price of cattle, methods of hedging and ditching, the state of the road, agricultural finances—these and a thousand more inquiries were directed at the present scribe, whose answers, owing to the lamentable ignorance, which prevails among so many on these points, must have been singularly unsatisfactory.

The glories of our antiques, the magnificence of our town, the hospitality with which they were met—all these impressed our visitors, but the ruling passion was the land. The knowledge that such a large number of our people have left it saddens them. The Canadians are pre-eminently an agricultural people. They have their own superb cities, but they never, as we do, over-estimate their importance.

The average Englishman is too often inclined to leave farming to farmers, devoting his energy and time entirely to civic affairs. The Canadian outlook is very different. To them the land comes first. Circumstances and the march of progress have changed the Englishman's environment, altering at the same time his mental perspective. One does not expect the community to be experts on farming matters, but we do feel ashamed of our comparative indifference. To dream entirely of commercial enterprises, to concentrate solely on municipal life is an attitude of mind which must inevitably breed disaster. For these and many other reasons visitors from overseas act as a tonic, and also as discipline.

Once upon a time England was an agricultural country. Conditions of life drove many of our young men to bring their knowledge and traditions to virgin soil and unhewed forests. We have seen the splendid results of their adventure. Some of them return. They are filled with admiration at our commercial achievements, the splendor of our docks and factories, the excellence of our trim and well planned towns. In spite of these things they think agriculturally.

Like Falstaff, they "babble o' green fields."

AN UNEXPECTED CUSTOMER

Mrs. Lane, having discovered that there was a ready sale for the products of her clever fingers, spent all her time making small articles of fancy-work for a store in a neighboring city. Naturally, with so much business on hand, the minor details of housekeeping were sometimes neglected, particularly just before the holidays, when orders came thick and fast.

One morning long-suffering Mr. Lane, clad only in his nightclothes, appeared at his wife's bedside. He held in his outstretched hand a small, decorated object which Mrs. Lane recognized vaguely as some of her own work.

"Bess," demanded the intruder, "what does this contraptus sell for? I want to buy it."

"What is it?" asked Mrs. Lane, feeling pleased that her husband was at last showing interest in her work.

"It's a kite-shaped thing with a ribbon tail, all feathered out with safety-pins," replied the would-be purchaser. "What's the price?"

"Fifty cents. But why in the world do you want it?"

"I want it," replied Mr. Lane, "because every solitary button has been washed off all my white shirts."

The Free Press' Short Story

"Clover Leaf" Johnson's Grizzily

BY HERBERT COOLIDGE

ONE of the minor "cattle kings" of the foothills bears the title of "Clover Leaf" Johnson. The neat mark of his brand, the conventionalized clover leaf, is indelibly scarred on the flanks of two thousand cattle that range over the mountains and deserts of three large counties.

It is my good fortune to have met Johnson, and to have heard from him the following story of the days when the clover-leaf brand was young:

"The proudest hour of my life was when I sat on a horseshoe keg and watched a blacksmith as, with deft manipulation of fire and hammer and anvil, he fashioned the original clover-leaf brand. I told the smith to spare neither time nor expense in its making, and, the figure came out with thin, even edges, and as true as a die in outline. Then, by indiscernible welding, it was made the end of a three foot rod, the other extremity of which was bent to form a handhold. The finished product was suited for long, hard service, and, what is also of importance, was one that would brand cattle without mutilation and with a minimum of burning.

"The next day I started for the high mountains with five hundred cattle, which I was running on shares. Each fourth calf was to be my own, and before the season was over a number of the small fry were wearing the clover-leaf.

"Duplicating the graceful imprint of my iron gave me much pleasurable thrills that in the long waits between calves, I sometimes fell to decorating the lightning-scarred trees and fallen logs about my camp.

"The other cow-men called my attention to this weakness by roughshod and well-taken jests, and have ever since called me Clover Leaf Johnson. As this name was also given to distinguish me from my nearest neighbor, whom they called Cattle Thief Johnson, I did not in the least object to the title.

"Some of my jocular friends declared I put several brands on each calf, although this I denied emphatically. Before returning to the foothills that fall, however, I did go to just such an extreme of art for art's sake, under conditions that were somewhat unusual.

"The cattle I was running were allowed to roam at will over the mountains, and my principal business, after getting them 'haunted,' was to keep the salticks filled, and look out for animals that were sick or crippled. Late one evening I found a cow and a steer that seem to have been born by some wild animal, and with the intention of treating their wounds the next day, I ran them into a coral that had been built near a huge oak tree under which I camped.

"Before dawn the next morning I was busy cooking breakfast when a pitiful bawling arose from the coral. Thinking that one of the cow brutes was goring the other, I seized my branding-iron, which happened to be the only weapon near at hand, and rushed to the rescue.

"I could not see what was happening inside the enclosure, as the stockade was of logs piled five feet high; but without hesitation I vaulted, clearing the top log neatly—under circumstances far too neatly, for as my legs swung downward I caught sight of the unoffending steer cowering in the farthest corner, and not fifteen feet from the place where I must light the cow lay prostrate and bleeding, while a big grizzly was walking round her.

"Ordinarily I am not a scare-wit, but on this occasion I certainly attempted a backward leap from a foundation of light mountain air, and in consequence, landed flat on my back, with arms and legs sprawling.

"My plight demanded action swift and strong, for the moment I hit the ground the grizzly made for me with just as much up-and-over flop as a spider executes when jumping a fly. Just how I evaded his charge I could never say. I know only that I got out of the coral quickly, and with the bear close behind, raced for my lone oak.

"The lower limbs of this old giant branched some five or six feet above my head, and the great girth of the trunk offered little hope of ascent by the 'shinny' process. I should have certainly have become meat for the grizzly had it not been for the branding iron, which I had forgotten to drop, and the thought that I might hook the handle end over a stub which projected at the base of the lowest branch.

"The claws and teeth in the immediate rear heartened me for the leap of my life. I was fortunate to hook the stub with a single, carefully timed sweep of the iron, and with no noticable pause in my upward flight, I ascended to a foothold in the crown of the tree.

"The grizzly, although falling back into an awkward heap from his first spring at my receding legs, seemed unwilling to admit that he was not a tree-climber; and spreading himself out like a flying squirrel against the broad trunk he dug his huge claws into the rough bark and began inching his way upward.

"The tree leaned from the direction of the prevailing winds, and this, with the bear's great zeal and strenuous application, gave some promise of his attaining his ambition in spite of natural disadvantages. He became quite encouraged over his prospects; but when he had climbed a couple of feet, I reached down and hit him a clout over the head with the handhold of my iron. The stout rod rebounded from the blow as if the old fellow's hide were made of india-rubber, but it affected his temper violently, and with a guttural snarl, he dropped all holds, and promptly slid to the ground.

"We played this game until high noon. The grizzly could not resist the impulse of returning buffet for clout; and upon every withdrawal of his fore hooks he dropped back to mother earth, always landing in a sitting posture, with a bump so harsh that his teeth would rattle.

"Finally he took a recess, and after stirring about my camp for a while, ate dinnar for us both. Everything he did not eat he tore to pieces or overturned. Flour, bacon, bedding, beans, stock salt, dried fruit and sugar he 'pied' with great satisfaction, ignoring completely the wild whoops and the lively war-dance with which I strove to divert him.

"Then, as if with the thought of settling his dinner, he reclined on his bulging side, and watched me with languid interest while I took up my belt a couple of holes and wondered how long it would be before I got a square meal myself.

"For me nothing clears the brain like fasting, and after an hour or so of silent contemplation, I began to work out a scheme which promised a neat combination of business and pleasure. First I procured some dry branches and built a lively fire in the saddle-shaped crotch of two sightly limbs. Then I climbed out to where a storm-twisted branch threw out a luxuriant growth of new shoots, and cutting a couple of score staves six feet long, I sharpened one end of each to a sharp point at the tapering end; the other I lashed to the handle of the branding-iron by means of my leather belt and some buckskin strings which I found in my pocket.

"By this time the fire had a good combination of coals, in which I bedded the clover leaf. While I waited for the iron to heat, I offended the reclining grizzly by pelting him with chunks of oak bark, and when he came protesting to the base of the oak, by some vigorous digs with the pointed staff. Upon this he took up the cares of the world again, aspiring, as before dinner, to become a tree-climber.

"But I caused him to defer the preliminary trunk-grappling effort by vigorous prods with the sharp stick. Then, as he reared in a great rage to threaten and parry, I let him chew and claw the staff for a moment, while I thrust the branding iron under his guard, slapped the glowing clover iron on his breast, and held it firmly an instant, while the overheated metal settled through his shaggy coat.

"It was a very discomfited and outraged grizzly that withdrew from the dense little cloud of singed hair-smoke. As he backed about, angrily spitting out bits of the splintered staff and examined his fore quarters in grave amazement, I observed with keen delight that the clover leaf had taken splendidly. The imprint centred his broad, tawny breast and was as true and trim as a die. Never to my eyes had it looked half so imposing.

"'One more before you leave me! Once more to match it from below!' I shouted, and proceeded to rekindle my fire and the grizzly's tree-climbing ardor.

"In this last I found considerable difficulty, as the branding incident seemed to have imbued the old fellow with deep-rooted diffidence. A full half-hour of pelting with sticks and bark was required to draw him within my reach of prod, though once this accomplished, he speedily became lost in a ferocious craving for revenge. So overwrought was he with this base passion that he shortly found himself backing out from the fumes of burnt hair again.

"Now he bore on his breast two of my symbols of ownership, placed perpendicularly and stem to stem. So high did my enthusiasm run that I determined to add another to each side, thinking thus to complete a design in which four clover leaves radiated from the common centre. The grizzly, however, would have none of it. A long season of futile effort, attended by a painful gnawing in the region where my breakfast and dinner should have been, made me decide to send him back to his haunts without further decoration.

"When I descended to put this plan into execution, the big brute scared me nearly to death by throwing himself into a tremendous bristle and making a furious charge. He did not really mean it, however, for he wavered as he neared me, and upon my leaping forward and extending the glowing clover leaf, reversed ends with astonishing alacrity, and wonderfully tore up the earth between me and the nearest clump of timber.

"That was the last I ever saw of my grizzly in the flesh, but ten years later, when looking for cattle that had drifted a hundred miles of their range, I had an opportunity of closely examining my handiwork on his hide. It came along through a settler's noticing the brand on my horse.

"'Is that your iron?' he inquired.

"On my answering affirmatively, he invited me into his cabin, saying that he had something to show me. There, covering half the floor, spread the pelt of a grizzly bear which bore the double sign of the clover leaf. Thinking, to have some fun at my host's expense, I shook him warmly by the hand, saying:

"'That's my iron, all right. You're an honest man, and I'm right glad to know you. I will take the hide, of course, and in the circumstances will agree to say nothing at all about the meat.'

"The settler scratched his head for some time before answering.

"'That was a good word you said about my being an honest man. I suppose I can say the same of you?'

"'Yes, sir!' I replied.

"'All right, then. Here's your hide. You will owe me something for damages, though. Your beef pulled down six of my cow brutes, killed fifteen hogs, and busted open thirteen beehives.'

"'Prove your losses and I'll stand them,' said I, somewhat faintly.

"'That's a go,' agreed the settler, promptly, and then proceeded with great gravity to enumerate the losses of his neighbors. Finally, noting the length my face was assuming, he burst out laughing.

"'How about it? Hadn't we better say that the side is mine and that the bear was wild?'

"'Yes,' I replied. 'You keep the hide.'"

FOR VALUE RECEIVED

When Mr. Amasa Howe decided to turn the old Howe mansion on Todd's Hill into a summer hotel, there were persons who prophesied that he would make a success of it, and others who were sure he would not; but at the end of two years it was evident to all that Mr. Howe's enterprise was a financial triumph. "And no wonder, when he charges for everything except air," said one of the dwellers in the village at the foot of the hill.

"What do you mean by that?" asked a visitor at one of the village homes. "He doesn't charge for water, I hope."

"Some of it he does," said the resident, nodding. "All that comes from the north pasture spring he does—a cent a glass. I understand the folks can have the arty-arshaiyan well water free, but they all take the other and pay the cent. Charges 'em for riding, boating—half a mile walk included—tenpins, and the swimming-tank.

"But the cap-sheaf was the charge he made on the bill of a New Yorker. I heard tell that the man looked at it, and looked at it, and finally he called Amasy, and says he, 'Look here, isn't there some mistake about this?'

"'I guess not,' Amasy told him, dry as chips. 'Your wife is so short-sighted she can't see up into the air, she tells me, and it's took my clerk or one o' the boys right away from their work night and morning to keep her posted on the wind.'

"'You've been here a full month. I call one-fifty for the use o' weather-value pretty reasonable myself.'"

THE PLACE FOR HIM

Two sweethearts from Aberdeen were rambling round, when they came to a movie.

The young man ran his eye over the front of the building. It rested on a sign in large letters—"The Woman Pays."

"Jean," he said. "I think we'll gang in here."—Croydon Advertiser.

WHO WAS THE ROBBER?

Jumping at conclusions, especially in regard to another person's character, is rarely to be commended, though sometimes it becomes almost a necessity; and it is always liable to lead to embarrassing results, as in a case related by one of our exchanges. In a Western city, it appears, there lives a man who prides himself on his ability to read human nature, and likewise on his boldness in action. This gentleman, whom we will call Mr. S., is withal rather near-sighted.

During the past few months several burglaries have been committed in his neighborhood, and two of his friends have been stopped in the highway and made to yield up their valuables. Mr. S. has been greatly incensed over these occurrences, and has not been backward in declaring what he would do if anything of the sort were tried upon him. Recently he had a chance, as he thought, to live up to his reputation.

Having business which frequently detained him from home late into the evening, Mr. S. provided himself with a revolver and carried it at night in going to and from his house in the suburbs.

One evening he was wending his solitary way homeward, his mind still engaged with business concerns, when, suddenly, he saw a man just in front of him behaving, as he thought, in a very peculiar manner. The man was fumbling in an inner pocket, and the next moment jostled against Mr. S., saying, "I beg pardon. Can you give me a match?"

"No, you don't," cried Mr. S., who had made up his mind that here was a highwayman, and an opportunity for him to be prompt and bold.

At that moment also he made the startling discovery that his watch was gone. He held his revolver before the man's face, and said with great determination:

"Now you can give me back my watch."

The stranger, thus confronted, handed over a watch and chain, which Mr. S. put into his pocket.

"Now make yourself scarce about here," commanded Mr. S., "if you don't want a bullet through your body."

The stranger waited for no second invitation, but walked hastily away.

Arrived at home, Mr. S. began to tell his wife of his adventure, and how he got his watch back.

"Why, you left your watch at home!" exclaimed his wife. "It is upstairs on the bureau!"

And so it proved, though he had entirely forgotten the circumstance; and it followed, of course, that he had the watch of some other person in his pocket.

"It looks as if I had turned highwayman myself," he confessed, laying the watch, which, at the point of a revolver, he had forced the stranger to surrender.

Mr. S. spent a good part of the next day in hunting for the man he had robbed. He found him, and with profuse apologies surrendered the watch. He hoped to keep the matter secret, but for a month his friends have taken much interest in asking him if he has seen any highwaymen recently.

TOO INGENIOUS

It is possible to find such an ingenious method of escape from a dilemma that its very ingenuity shall react on the head of the too clever originator.

On the occasion of the wedding of the late King Edward when he was Prince of Wales, a brilliant company assembled at the publishing office of Punch to see the cortege pass. Sothern, one of the invited guests, arrived on the other side of the way, but was unable to cross on account of the dense crowd. His friends caught sight of him and pointed to a policeman. Sothern took the hint.

"Get me through," he whispered, "and I'll give you a sovereign."

"Afraid I can't," said the man, regretfully, "but I'll try."

He did try, but unsuccessfully, for the closely packed crowd indignantly protested against being disturbed. Sothern was at his wits' end. He could not bear the thought of losing such a dinner, and in such company. Then an ingenious idea came to him.

"Put your handcuffs on me, and drag me across, and I'll give you two sovereigns," he said to the policeman.

The man seized the idea and Sothern at the same time. He slipped on the handcuffs, and with a loud, "Make way there!" dragged his prize through the mass of humanity which before had refused to stir, but which now parted and squeezed and gave all its energies to the task of assisting the custodian of the law and order in his task to arrest a law-breaker. After much pushing, and some rough handling, the dishevelled comedian was landed at Punch's publishing door.

"You'll find the money in my waistcoat pocket," said Sothern.

But he did not observe that after the policeman had secured the money a stealthy addition was made to it by one of his Punch friends, who found Sothern's device so original that it suggested to him a further development.

The policeman suddenly disappeared in the crowd, and not till then did the comedian realize that a timely bribe had left him to mix with his friends for the rest of the day, and to eat his dinner with his hands firmly secured in the manacles.

SPOILING THE KING'S ENGLISH

The King James version of the Bible is a classic of classics, but there have not been wanting men who fancied that it needed retouching and refining. Doctor Harwood, an English divine of some two hundred years ago, went as far as to make a new and "elegant" translation. His purpose, as he modestly expressed it, was to "clothe the genuine ideas and doctrines of the apostles with that propriety and perspicuity in which they themselves, I apprehend, would have exhibited them, had they lived and written in our language." Some of his attempts to avoid "the bald and barbarous language of the old vulgar version" are worth quoting as terrible examples of what elegant writing is not.

The plain-spoken warning to the Laodicean Church is improved thus:

"Since, therefore, you are now in a state of lukewarmness, a disagreeable medium between the two extremes, I will, in no long time, eject you from my heart with fastidious contempt."

The translator is especially happy in what may be called his personal euphemisms. Nicodemus is "this gentleman," one of the apostles Athenian convents is "a lady of distinction," and the daughter of Herodias is "a young lady who danced with inimitable grace and elegance." The father of the Prodigal is "a gentleman of a splendid family," and St. Paul no longer leaves a "cloak" at Troas, but a "portmanteau," as was certainly more becoming to a dignified ecclesiastic.

On the Mount of Transfiguration, St. Peter no longer says in vulgar, everyday language, "Lord, it is good for us to be here," but "Sir, what a delectable residence we might fix here."

The apostle's saying, "We shall not sleep, but we shall all be changed," becomes "We shall not all pay the common debt of nature, but we shall, by a soft transition, be changed from morality to immorality."

The Magnificat is thus rendered: "My soul with reverence adores my Creator, and all my faculties with transport join in celebrating the goodness of God, my Saviour, who hath in so signal a manner, condescended to regard my poor and humble station. Transcendent goodness! Every future age will now conjoin in celebrating my happiness."

HIS BATTLE

The soldier's greatest victory is not always on the field. Nor are the enemies in his most terrible contests always his fellow man. One such contest is described in L. E. Chittenden's "An Unknown Heroine." During the Civil War Lieutenant Bedell was shot in the thigh. The bright red gush of arterial blood told him where the immediate danger lay. In vain he tried to check the stream. Then he called for aid.

"Cord it, boys," he said. "Take a handkerchief or anything, only be quick! Try a sash and bayonet." He added, seeing their futile endeavors.

At last the flow was stopped. The officer was carried in a stretcher to the temporary field-hospital. The doctors examined the wound; amputation of the leg must take place at once, and the patient might die under the knife. Bedell heard the diagnosis.

"Is not this wound certain to be fatal if you do not operate?"

"Yes."

"Then do not lose a moment's time." They laid him on the table. His native vigor was in his favor, but his great size was against him. Sixty-four square inches of flesh were laid bare before the operation was over. The right hand was crushed, but the surgeons dared not touch it until it was seen whether the patient would rally from the amputation.

That evening the camp had to move, and the jolting journey was an awful ordeal for the wounded man. At last, expecting his death at any moment, the doctors had him carried to a farmhouse by the way. In the morning he had gained a little strength.

"You doctors think I have my fatal wound," he said. "I know perfectly well the chances are against me. But I have a wife and children who want me. I am going to make the hardest fight of which I am capable. Will you help me?"

A consultation was held. Only one young surgeon thought there was the slightest hope of life. In his care Lieutenant Bedell put himself.

"My life is not my own property," said he. "For a year more it belongs to the United States; after that to my family. I shall not throw away one chance to save it. Doctor, I am ready."

Again he was laid on the operating table. He did not wish to take an anesthetic, but he submitted when the doctor said:

"The operation on the hand and the dressing of the wound will be very painful, and therefore exhausting. You must husband every particle of your strength."

On a hard bed of straw, his only covering an old army blanket, the wounded man with his young doctor fought the fight for life. And they won.

THE HABIT OF HOME

If we lived the life we should live, it would be a well-balanced intermixture of all things that are desirable: pleasure and duty, gravity and laughter, society and solitude. Unfortunately, no one of us lives the life he should. Instead, we are creatures of habit, some habit usually pushed to excess even in the best of us. If read, we read when we should be working as sleeping. If we play games it is the same. And the automobile habit, in its extreme form, threatens to become with many people a mania sorely detrimental to housekeeping and to children, to the purse and to the brain.

Of all habits, there is none sweeter for a woman than the habit of home—and none that seems at present less likely to encroach unduly on her time. Going is so easy. A thousand vehicles convey you. Bargain sales tempt you. This woman must be seen; that woman must be coaxed; another has a pattern that you must copy now. You can stay at home at any time.

Yet if you sit down for a moment and think, you will see how much of it is only habit. When you are going, going, going, you want to go, and an accident of illness or weather that thwarts you seems like a great misfortune. You turn to home pursuits with a feeling of rebellion, or at least, of dull disappointment. But when you have stayed at home a week, you taste the charm of it, the daily employments come to have their interest, and even their freshness, and you are really reluctant to turn away from them.

If you stay at home, you love home; but gadding makes even home unlovely.

THE NECESSARY SHOCK

A college professor had been seriously ill of a fever for several weeks, but the fever had left him at last, and he lay in a stupor, utterly exhausted.

"This is the really critical period," the attending physician said to the watchers, in an undertone. "If he has sufficient vitality to carry him through this—and I am strongly disposed to hope he has—he will recover. At present there is nothing we can do but be patient and give nature a chance, watching in the meantime for an opportunity to awaken his interest in what is going on about him."

One of the attendants, who happened to be standing near the window looking at the rosy sunset, remarked to the doctor:

"See what a lurid sky there is."

The sick man opened his eyes and turned his head in the direction indicated.

"Lurid" he exclaimed, in a tone of disgust. "If you will consult your dictionary, madam, you will find that lurid means gloomy, ghastly, dismal!"

"He will recover!" announced the doctor, triumphantly.

TENNYSON'S TERROR

There are many stories of Tennyson in the Duke of Argyll's book. "Passages from the past," and one of the characteristic relates to the time when the marriage of his grace—then Marquis of Lorne—and Princess Louise was in the air.

One day Tennyson had a number of guests at luncheon, among whom was the Marquis of Lorne. In the course of talk, the marquis told Tennyson, then poet laureate, that the queen liked his new volume.

"I am glad to hear it," Tennyson said, in his sonorous, slow, musical bass voice. "I have given a good account of her in that volume, but the newspapers don't like my rimes—say they are bad."

"I live in terror," he continued, "of any of the queen's family marrying, and of hearing from her that she hopes that I will write something. I have no news of that kind yet, but I live in terror of it."

This with a solemnly sly wink.

BLIND STUDENT IS HONORED

In a graduating class of more than 1,100 at Northwestern University, George Henry Weinmann, twenty-four years old, and blind since birth, was named as the honor student. The audience of 4,000 people gave him a thunderous applause as he was led forward to receive his diploma. Weinmann, who recently passed the Illinois State Bar examination with a high mark, won two scholarships in his four years at Northwestern, first taking the Russell Sage honors for diligence and promptness, and later the Koepke award for general legal ability.

"My mother is my eyes," the young man said in telling of his mastery of the intricacies of a legal training. "She read to me evening after evening for four years, and before that she read my high school lessons. The grade school books. I had only to do the typewriting for the examinations."—Leslie E. Dunkin.

MAKE TO-DAY SUCCESSFUL

When you use the word success, you think of something like the Woolworth building, towering up into the sky, massive and magnificent. A bungalow, however, covered with climbing roses, is as much a success in its way as the Woolworth building. A daisy may be as truly a success as an oak tree.

Do not think of success as the crown of life, but rather as something woven into its texture day by day. We say that the young business man who is taken into partnership has made success. His success dates far back when he started doing his work a little better than the other fellow.

Do not worry as to whether or not you will be regarded as successful when you are sixty. Leave that question to take care of itself. Were you successful yesterday? Are you laying your plans to be successful tomorrow?

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