The Triumph of Youth

"Marry my daughter? Certainly not, sir! Why, you seem to forget you're only my clerk!" And Sir Stephen Windermere frowned blackly at the young man who had dared to suggest such a thing.

Norman Granville bowed his head slightly. He had his own ideas of right and wrong, and he had considered it right to make a formal application for the hand of Ann Windermere.

He was a clean-shaven, good-tempered-looking young Britisher, just such a one as is shaped by a public school into a good citizen. His somewhat snub features looked grave enough, but his grey eyes twinkled humorously as Sir Stephen acted the stage "heavy father" to the life.

"If my daughter was a poor girl you'd never have thought of her," continued Sir Stephen, his wrath growing hotter, "but you considered it was a very good way by which to get hold of my money, if the silly little fool could be persuaded to marry you."

"I wish your daughter was as poor as myself, Sir Stephen, then you wouldn't refuse me. Can't you give your money away?"

"What!" Sir Stephen's bushy white eyebrows stood out stiff with indignation as he frowned again. "You suggest that I should disinherit my daughter to oblige you! Your impudence, sir, is colossal!"

"So is my love, Sir Stephen. I mean to marry Ann whether you like it or not."

"Stop!" Sir Stephen rose and leaned over his desk. "Go to the cashier. I will tell him to pay you a month's money, and after that never let me see you again."

"You'll be sorry if you do that, Sir Stephen. You give Ann to me, and I'll improve your Ibex explosive for gas engines."

"You!" Sir Stephen was so astonished at the audacity of his clerk that he almost spluttered as he went on: "You're a gas bag, sir—the very last person I'd entrust Ann to. And what's more, you're a fool!"

"Look here, Sir Stephen," the young man said earnestly, "I shouldn't have come here if I hadn't a reasonable chance of improving my position. I've been studying chemistry hard. I've fitted up a little laboratory of my own, and I've found out how to improve on the Ibex. I can show you—"

"You dare! You dare interfere with my patent, and I'll ruin you! It took me twenty years to discover the Ibex, and here you've not known it for two, and yet— Oh, get out of my sight, and I'll have a talk to Ann. And don't you dare to speak to her again. Now go!"

Norman Granville bowed and left. It was only as he had expected, and so he was not altogether disheartened. The Ibex explosive had revolutionized explosive engines, and had brought Sir Stephen a fortune and a knighthood. He was a widower with one daughter, and he had dreamed dreams of Ann marrying a title.

Outside the office a pretty girl was waiting, walking up and down restlessly. Rather short, with black hair and eyes, a straight little nose, curving red lips, and a neat figure, she attracted a good deal of unwanted attention. But no man met her eyes, no smile from her answered a smile; there was only one man in the world for Ann Windermere, and he was just coming out of her father's office.

She hurried to meet him, her pretty mouth drooping as she saw no smile on his bushed face.

"No luck, dearest?" she asked.

"Not yet," he answered. "Instead of you, I've got the sack."

"Did you tell him you could improve on his silly old mixture?"

"He didn't believe me, and he dared me to interfere with his patent. You see, his patent covers my process, and I can't sell it to anyone but him, and he won't buy it!"

"Oh, Norman! What shall we do?"

"Get married!" was his surprising suggestion. "I've got a thousand, and that will keep us going for a while. Then I'll discover an explosive better than his, and one that his patent doesn't cover. I've the idea of it already; I tried a mixture the other day, and though it was no good it was on the right lines; and when I perfect it we'll make terms with him. I know I'm asking a big thing; it's a question of love against money, but I've an idea that my Ann is all for love."

She smiled up at him. "If you hadn't a penny I'd marry you, dearest!"

"I wish a fog would come on, so that I could hug you for that," Norman whispered, his face beaming again, but as the sun was shining, he had to content himself with squeezing her arm.

"I'm going to give notice at the registry office at once," the masterful young man announced, and although Ann made a pretence of being a little shocked by his impetuosity, in her heart she rejoiced that he had such a way with him.

"Of course, he'll lecture you a lot. The best thing is to make no reply. He may send you right away. If so, forward your address, and I'll arrange to fetch you. But nothing that Sir Stephen can do shall stay us from getting married within a month. And now, dear heart, good-bye till then. Write as often as you can!"

* * * * *

Eighteen months later Mr. and Mrs. Norman Granville were in Norman's laboratory, where he was spending fourteen hours a day making his experiments. Master Norman, aged six months, cooing and dancing, was in his mother's arms, as she was looking on anxiously.

Norman looked thin and haggard. The secret he had tried so hard to solve had so far eluded him. It seemed that dozens of times he was on the brink of success, and yet success did not come, and Norman's thousand pounds had gone.

Right up to now he had been hopeful, but at last it seemed that he had been beaten. It was not so much for himself that he minded as for Ann. Her father had never forgiven her; he had married again and had refused to have anything to do with her, and Ann, who had never known the want of money, had to screw and scrape and do without even what had been the necessities of life for her.

Yet she did not regret her runaway marriage. Norman was always so good and kind, so cheery and full of hope, so persevering, and so brave, that she had learnt to love him better than ever.

Then little Norman was a continual joy. He had his father's sunny temper, and he laughed to her and cheered up in the darkest days. She would not have exchanged him for all her father's wealth.

But this week was the last one that Norman could afford to give to his experiments. If no good came by Saturday night, on the Monday morning he was going as clerk to a friend who would give him four pounds a week—just enough to keep them going, but not enough to pay for future experiments. Therefore, it meant that if by Saturday he could not solve the problem before him, his chances of making a fortune were gone, and Ann must continue to know poverty; and little Norman would have to be brought up without any of the pleasures that just a little more money can give.

"Look out, Ann!" Norman cried, for baby's grasping little fingers had seized a tiny phial that was among the several bottles and boxes of chemicals on the shelf behind him.

Ann turned swiftly, swinging round with baby in her arms. His slight grasp relaxed, and the bottle fell into a mortar in which Norman senior had pounded a combination of chemicals.

Instantly there was an explosion. A flame shot up and Norman hurled himself on the mortar, shutting out the feeding air from it with his broad chest.

The air was charged with an acrid smoke, and baby set up a howl. Ann, a bit scared, ran out of the room, put baby on a sofa, and ran back to rescue Norman.

But Norman was safe. His face was blackened, his shirt was still smouldering, and he was pinching out the fire in it. In spite of her pluck, Ann was shaking.

"Oh, Norman!" she cried. "What an escape! Are you sure you're all right?"

"Fine!" he said. And, taking her in his arms, he kissed her, smudging her pretty cheeks with his sooty face as he hugged her to him.

"Shout—sing—pinch me—do something!" he cried boisterously. "Babs has solved the problem!"

And then, with his arm round his wife's waist, he ran her into the next room and hugged and kissed baby, who was so astonished to see the black man that he was awed into silence.

"Babs, old man!" Norman cried, picking him up, "you nearly blew us up, but you've made our fortunes; and you shall be the junior partner in the new firm of Granville and Son."

"Ann, go and play, 'See the Conquering Hero Comes,' and I'll march the conqueror of the secret round the room on my shoulder!"

(The End.)

Some incubators for chickens used now are the same in principle as those of the Egyptians of 4,000 years ago.

Fifty machines, 100 people and 200 processes are employed in the making of a pair of shoes.

Reading Under Difficulties at Sea

If books are treasures anywhere it would seem that they would be especially valuable at sea. But, speaking of the average seaman, an old time mariner says that the rarest sight to be seen in a ship's forecastle is a man with a good stock of books. Occasionally, it seems, a sailor does get hold of a good book or two, and it is quite pathetic to see how he will treasure them.

The mariner adds that he was never in but one forecastle that had not a Bible and a copy of Shakespeare, the property of some man who held on to them voyage after voyage. And such books get read at sea with a closeness and persistency one may look for in vain ashore except among students.

It is interesting to note the difficulty of reading in the forecastles of ships, especially foreign ones. In the ship's forecastle it is seldom possible to read at all owing to the absence of light, either by day or by night. Men have been known to expose a ship to terrible risks by fire by sticking odd lengths of purloined candle on the edges of their bunks so that they might have light to read when lying down on the only spot on board rightly their own. One man, an American of great mental qualities, had such a passion for reading that he would sit up the whole night with a favorite author. Dickens for preference, and bribe his watch mates heavily to take his duties for him, such as wheel or lookout, so that he might remain undisturbed. Bent nearly double in his bunk, the miserable lamp hung upon a surreptitiously shifted hook so as to bring it nearer to him while still affording some light for his shipmates to rise or retire by, he made a pathetic picture of the pursuit of literature under difficulties, yet one familiar to many deep water sailors.

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A Propaganda Ghost.

The only direct propaganda raid for which the American army had opportunity before the armistice was planned and carried out on the Metz front by Capt. H. E. Osann, an officer of Belgian descent who was familiar with the German army, says a magazine writer.

"This is my funeral," Capt. Osann said when he explained his scheme. "All I want is forty thousand leaflets. That division is full of Alsace-Lorrainers, and I know the names of scores of men in it. We'll drop special leaflets on them for a few days, and after they have soaked in I'll take a patrol some night and go up to their wire and call, 'Don't shoot! I'm not going to shoot. Is Fritz Schneider there? I want to talk to him. Where is Willy Liebmann?'

"You'll get a prompt answer from machine guns," I observed.

"Oh, yes, but only a burst or two," Osann said. "They'll miss, and there'll be a pause, and I'll call more names. If I get somebody out there to argue with, I'll send him back to bring his whole battalion over."

We showered them with Osann's leaflets in French and German, addressed to Alsace-Lorrainers—simple statements of what the victory of one side or the other would mean to them. Then on a quiet night Osann and a patrol of twelve stole along the railway that ran into the enemy's lines before Dampvitoux. Alone, he made his way within thirty yards of an observation post on the edge of a wired woods and boldly set up his call. There was not even a shot. After ten minutes he began again, "Men of the 61st Regiment, listen!" Then the patrol behind him began to hear voices; in the Boche trench a guttural but earnest discussion was going on.

Again Osann shouted names he knew; in the silence the whole patrol could hear the footsteps of a man walking along the railway track toward Osann, but he ran back and Osann had to come away.

A few days later we took prisoners on that front, and every man had copies of the Alsace-Lorraine leaflet in his pockets. When we asked if they had noticed anything recently in No Man's Land at night, they answered, "You mean the ghost?" A ghost, they said, had been heard calling soldiers by name. Their officers had made a report of the ghost to the Kommando.

For all I know the command may have issued orders about it: "In future ghosts will be met with five rounds of M. G. fire; angels with ten."

Fashions in Faces.

There are fashions in faces just as there are fashions in the manner of wearing the hair. Face fashions, however, cannot be altered when it suits the will, but remain for at least a season, and sometimes for years.

Sometimes the popularity of a certain sport or hobby is responsible for the prevailing fashion; at other times a certain type becomes popular, and, through imitating this type, the face assumes a permanent expression of a particular description.

The fact that fashions in facos have existed, and that they have varied very considerably in shape and style, may be proved by a study of the best pictures of people of different periods.

Some of the variations in the painted pictures may be due to differences in the ideals of the artists, but, again, much must also have been due to differences in the face itself.

There is another type of face fashion which prevails in this country, or, indeed, in any country where the people have descended from mixed tribes. In one district we find that a certain coloring and type of face predominates, while in another district a type of quite a different nature will prevail.

Fashions of this description do not alter, however, or if so, but very slightly and very slowly, as people from neighboring towns and districts migrate, and so the fashion gradually loses a certain amount of its individuality.

Not the George Who Does It.

One of the amusing stories in Capt. Evans's book, Keeping the Seas, is of an incident that occurred when twenty-five million dollars in gold was shipped across the English Channel. The ship carried as passengers Mr. Lloyd George, Gen. Robertson and Sir Maurice Hankey, who occupied the cabin in which the gold was stored.

When the gold was landed, a Bank of England clerk complained that one bag was missing and asked anxiously if anyone had been in the cabin.

"Oh, yes," said the captain. "Three men were there."

"Who are they?"

"Well," replied the captain thoughtfully, "I know that one was called George."

Later it was discovered that the bags had been miscounted.

Minard's Liniment used by Physicians

How Are Your Pots and Pans.

Fortunate indeed is the housewife who works in a kitchen which has been carefully planned, not in one which has happened. In a carefully planned kitchen, the size of the room has been decided by the needs of the household and its equipment furnished and so arranged as to accomplish maximum work with minimum time and effort. The mother needs all the time she can secure for the training of her children and the social needs of her family as well as herself.

The arrangement of this desirable kitchen is also a well-planned scheme, not at all dependent upon chance or the convenience of the carpenter.

After the kitchen has been planned and the equipment selected and arranged, there remains for the housewife the selection of her cooking utensils. For convenient, easy work she must have enough utensils for the preparation, in the most attractive way, of any dishes she may wish to cook. There is such a thing, however, as acquiring too many utensils, or an overabundance of the wrong kind or a duplication of saucepans and kettles.

When choosing her utensils or when making additions, the housewife keeps in mind what use she is to make of them and the size of her family. The rural housewife buys very little food already prepared. On the farm she will probably carry on at some time or other every type of food preparation, butchering and curing of meat; canning and drying; baking and roasting; boiling and broiling; soap making.

There are on the market utensils made of iron, aluminum, enamel ware, glass, pottery and wood. The woman who gives thought to her buying will choose from all of these, since no one material will give the best result for all kinds of cooking and food preparation.

If she wishes to have things heat through and cook quickly, she will choose aluminum or enamel ware. For boiling potatoes, cooking eggs, heating water, for any process in which quick returns are required and when we do not wish to retain the heat, these two materials are very satisfactory.

Besides being a fine conductor of heat, aluminum appeals very strongly to the housewife because it is so light and easy to handle. It is made up in very attractive shapes, and is very good to look at. What woman is there who does not enjoy buying kitchen ware which is comely? The many styles and makes of utensils on the market maintain a fine average for neat and attractive appearance.

Iron is the best material for fat-frying and for preparing pot-roasts because iron holds heat well, and an even, slow heat can easily be maintained.

For good, brown crusts and surfaces, the best materials are Russia iron, aluminum, enamel ware or glass. The glassware appeals strongly because it easily can be kept clean and the exact stage of brownness can be seen so slearly.

Both the glassware and pottery are very valuable for casserole cookery, custards and molds. A genuinely good and enthusiastic cook will insist on a careful selection of casseroles, for she is going to cook many one-dish meals and thus save much work for herself, besides feeding the family adequately. Since the casserole can be placed on the table, extra dishes are likewise eliminated. Rice dishes that require long baking, custards, stews of all kinds and baked hash are casserole dishes.

In the selection of cutting tools, the quality of the steel is the most important. Cheap steel knives and scissors can neither take a good edge nor "hold" an edge.

The chopping bowl and some of the mixing spoons will necessarily be of wood.

After all these utensils have been selected, their care is the next important consideration. Over the sink or very near it, should be a shelf or cupboard in which are stored soap, scouring soap and powder, steel wool and a couple of large corks.

Steel wool is indispensable for aluminum. A good non-alkali soap should be used with it. Wet the wool, use plenty of soap and scour the aluminum, using a motion which follows the shape of the utensils. On the bottom of a round utensil, the motion should be round and round, not across; around the sides, not up and down. In this way a very good polish can be put on. Many women complain that the steel wool hurts their fingers. Use the cork to push it with or wear a thick glove.

Steel wool will be found just as valuable for glassware, pottery and iron ware as it is for aluminum; for removing burnt material or material which may stick, steel wool made wet and rubbed on soap cleans and at the same time polishes cooking utensils.

If iron ware is to give the best satisfaction, it should be tempered before using. First wash and scrub well, using a good scouring powder and steel wool. Wash again and fill as full as possible of cold water. Add two tablespoons of washing soda. Place the kettle on the stove and let the water simmer slowly, for three hours. Again scrub the kettle with scouring powder and steel wool. Then put into the clean kettle about two pounds of fat or suet cut into bits. You can use it, afterwards, for soap fat. Try out the fat slowly, being careful that it does not burn. When the fat is tried out, pour it out of the kettle. Wipe the utensil clean and smooth with some soft crumpled paper.

Keeping Them at Home.

"Make the home attractive, so that the boys and girls will prefer it to the street, the corner drug store, the cheap dance or theatre," is a bit of advice often heard, but the question is, How can you do it?

The answer, as many fathers and mothers have proved, is comfortable surroundings, freedom and companionship.

Women too often make the mistake of beautifying their homes beyond practical usefulness. Fragile furniture and embroidered cushions are well enough as ornaments; but if the younger members of the family must be continually warned against injuring the one or "mussing" the other, they will prefer going where there is less to mar and "muss." Let the furniture be solid, durable and as beautiful as may be, but not too beautiful to be used.

If you have an only child, find some boy or girl who is away from home, living perhaps in an unattractive place from which he will be glad to escape, and take him as a boarder. Never mind if you do not make money from the venture or if it causes you extra work. It is an investment that will bring valuable returns.

The plan has been followed by women who are far more confined to definite tasks than most housemothers are. Two women who carry on a business, both mothers of only sons, each extended the hospitality of her home last winter to a young man who paid nominal board, but the real purpose of each was to provide companionship for her son. The young men read together, played musical instruments together and found satisfaction and pleasure in each other's company. Youth must and will have companionship of both sexes, and if the home does not provide it, will go out after it.

Youth also needs entertainment; wise parents provide music, games, lights and good food. Youth is always hungry; make boys and girls free of dining room and kitchen and do not be afraid to let them use the best dishes. Electric-light bills, fuel and china are cheaper than anxiety and trouble. Above all, let a cheerful, hospitable and happy spirit prevail.

Two Handy Shelves.

Two shelves thirty inches long by ten inches wide, with a double row of hooks in the bottom make one housewife's kitchen neat and convenient. One shelf—white enameled—is over the sink. On it stands the double boiler, coffee percolator, coffee in an air-tight can—the coffee mill is attached to the wall just over the drainboard—cold scouring powder, bath brick, steel wool and a bottle of javelle water. On the hook beneath hang the cooking utensils in constant daily use, long-handled spoons, meat knife and cleaver, bread knife, dish mop, soap shaker, bottle cleaner, cork screw, steel frying pans of small size, stew pans, etc.

The other shelf is on an enclosed porch, and is just outside the kitchen door. On the hooks hang broom, floor mop, dustless mop, oiled mop, lamb's wool brush for wiping down walls, window brush pole, long-handled dustpan, and cleaning brushes of various sizes. These all have screws put in the top of the handle so that they may be hung up easily. On the shelf is furniture polish, floor wax, a shoe box containing clean old cloths and squares of cheesecloth for cleaning and dusting, and empty syrup pails, in which oiled dust cloths are stored. The carpet sweeper and scrubbing pail stand below the shelf.

An Evening Prayer.

Father, with all my heart I thank Thee
for to-day,
For all its sunshine—all its rain;
For strength to toil—for a heart to
play.
Help me to forget its pain
As, with my hand in Thine,
I go to rest.
But, when the day shall come again,
I ask
That I, still close to Thee
May meet my task
With love, that maketh all things plain
And makes me trust in Thee
And never ask
But that Thou work continually—
That, which for me is best.

Those Awful Partings.

The Bride: "Oh, how I hate to let you go, darling! I sha'n't see you again until lunch time!"

The Groom: "You must be brave, little woman. No matter what happens, I swear to telephone at eleven."

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The Worth of the Wilderness.

It was the fifth reunion of the college class, and two of the men were calling on their old professor of philosophy. The conversation drifted to the different men in the class and their success since graduation.

"And did you notice in the papers this morning, professor, about Kelton's appointment to the presidency of the Brown & Brown Co? Pretty fine honor for so young a man, don't you think?"

"Yes," replied the professor, "but I'm afraid a little too easy an honor for him."

"Don't you think he can hold down the job?" said the other in anxious haste.

"I have no doubt about that. "I'm afraid that he will hold it down, and be content to do so. I don't like to see things come so easily to so young a man. I'd rather have seen him weather for ten years or more. He's capable of bigger things than this. You remember how the Bible puts it about the Jews: 'God led them not through the way of the land of the Philistines, though that was near.' He made them take forty years for a trip that was no more than four hundred miles in a bee line. He wanted to toughen them by hardships before He brought them into the land of luxury. Once in the wilderness He let them feed on quails, and many of them gorged themselves to death. They weren't ready for a quail diet. There are more men buried in the graves of soft indulgence than in any other kind.

"How many valedictorians do you hear from afterwards? Many a man is so elated by an early half success that he relies on that to carry him through. No. You fellows are not long enough out of college to begin to measure the success or failure of your classmates. Wait for ten years more. Life is like the four years in college: the showy fellow who wears a red necktie and is elected to the presidency of the freshman class is seldom heard from afterwards. Along toward the end of the course some quiet fellow whom you didn't notice much in your freshman year forges to the front and walks off with the prize.

"The man who gets easy success usually weakens at some point. Don't be in a hurry. Don't ever be afraid to weather and season a little. Then when the strain comes you won't warp or break. Take your wilderness journey. It will toughen you for the luxuries of Canaan when you arrive. I have seen too many characters rotting in the sunshine to want you to arrive before you are hardened for the goal."

Some Facts.

The cherry, the peach, and the plum were all first grown in Persia.

The hippopotamus is nearly blind, but can scent a white man two miles to windward.

Britain bought the year's sugar crop in Mauritius, comprising over 200,000 tons at a cost of $90,000,000.

Although salmon have not frequented the Thames for a century, they are found in the Tyne, near Newcastle.

Remodelling the liner Aquitania, after her war service, employed 136 joiners, 30 painters, and 30 polishers.

When Caruso, the famous tenor, is on the stage, his medical attendant is always on duty behind the scenes.

During a thunderstorm the least dangerous trees are birch, alder and cherry. But all trees should be avoided.

Fair-haired people require more oxygen and nourishment than do those with dark hair, and therefore are to be found more in the country.

London's oldest markets are said to be Smithfield, where cattle were sold in 1150, and Billingsgate, which is reputed to have been founded in 400 B.C.

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BRITAIN'S KING IS A GOOD SPORTSMAN

ONE OF THE BEST SHOTS IN THE OLD LAND.

Love of Sports and a Keen Sense of Fair Play is Characteristic of Britons.

If you ask a Britisher to tell you how he differs from every other national in the world he will instinctively say, in his attitude toward sports, "We are the best sportsmen in the world. We know how to play."

And he will probably go on to say something like this:

"When you understand that we take our sports and recreations just as seriously as our work, you can read our history and not laugh over such an incident as the dancing of the people when London was burning in 1666. You can also understand how our soldiers gambled all night until zero hour when they were to go over the top in the morning. And our King, because his chief job is to encourage national life, must be a good sportsman. It is his business to be interested in all sports, and fortunate and happy for him if he loves some one sport. And by this standard George V. does not fail. He is a sportsman, and has two sports that he personally loves and excels in."

Held Court at Ascot.

The King shows his interest in horseracing by holding court at a horse race—at Ascot. Queen Anne had the course on Ascot Heath constructed in 1711, with an eye for scenery as well as for a testing place for thoroughbreds. For two centuries the English public has shown its approval of the Queen's choice.

On the opening day at Ascot the King and Queen drove down the course in state. They motored through the great park of Windsor to the approach of the course and there took the royal carriages. Eight carriages made up the procession, the first being drawn by four grays and the remainder by four bright bays, for which the royal stud is so famous. In the first carriage rode the King and Queen with Prince Albert, now Duke of York, and Princess Mary, while Prince Henry was among those in the second carriage.

Each day at Ascot the King gave a luncheon in the royal dining room immediately to the rear of the royal box. The Queen attended only on two of the four days, which means to those who would garb properly that they must wear the tall black silk hat when she attends and the tall white "topper" when she does not.

Ascot is horse racing glorified. It is a pageant, a festival. It has as much ceremony as any function on the royal calendar. The gypsies of the Derby race are not there. The bookmakers take a position retired from the rest and dress in the conventional silk hat. Society's toilettes are more elaborate than at any other function in England. The dressmakers of London make more fuss about Ascot than they do for the Easter promenade, and Ascot is a name, when applied to dress, which means chiffon, georgette, charmeuse, organdie and lace. At Ascot George V. gives his perogatives to the national institution of horseracing. He gives it his royal encouragement. He is a royal sportsman there, King of Horseracing.

Interested in Many Sports.

George V. is not as fond of racing as was his father, King Edward. He seldom bets, not because he thinks it is morally wrong, but because he believes it injures the sport. His Majesty believes in sport for sport's sake. He has brought up his children on that theory. In horseracing he believes the great sport is in breeding horses that will be fast. It is more of an interest, so far as he is personally concerned, to improve the breed of horses for which England is famous. To that end he takes a practical interest. He owns a fair stable himself, and has a few horses of tolerable hoof, among which is Viceroy.

In this connection the King must be mentioned as probably the biggest farmer in England. His shorthorn cattle are famous, and he loves to spend hours looking about his farms at Windsor and Sandringham.

The King's devotion to things he undertakes personally is a strong characteristic. For instance, as a salmon fisher he is excelled by few. He goes salmon fishing in Scotland every year and is rated with Lord Grey as an angler. The King as a pistol shot has only three peers in England. Englishmen say he is probably one of the best pistol shots in the world. Grouse and pheasant shooting is his favorite sport. He goes to Sandringham soon after the season opens in August and spends many days on his ranges there. He takes great care of the birds on his estate there.

Lens Produces Coal Again.

For the first time since the occupation of Lens by the Germans coal has been brought up to the surface from one of the mines, says a recent despatch. Many of the mines are still flooded, but the pumping out continues. Engineers in charge of the work express the opinion that the exploitation of the upper workings of the mines will be resumed about the middle of 1921.

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