

Rippling Rhymes

KULTUR.

You ask me what this "kultur" means, that's bodied by Prussian kings and queens? Well, slaying babes with submarines, that's kultur. I make a solemn pledge today, and later think it may not pay, whereas I throw the pledge away—that's kultur. I see the Red Cross banner fly above a shed where sick men lie; I bomb the shed, and they all die; that's kultur. I line myself with brutes and beasts, I give the vultures daily feasts, I burn down churches, hang the priests—that's kultur. At every hour to God I cry, I'm always pointing to the sky; in every act God I defy—that's kultur. I send my neighbors' sons to fight against the sacred cause of right; but mine are safe at home each night—that's kultur. I claim that butchery is wise, that tears are good for human eyes; I swear to all ungodly lies—that's kultur. Oh, think of all that's wrong and foul, of sins that travel cheek by jowl, of kings who strut while subjects howl—that's kultur. And think of all the homes destroyed, the fair fields now the achingly void of those by treachery destroyed—that's kultur. There is an evil fiend abroad that knows no conscience, truth or God; we go to strike it to the apd: it's kultur.

Music in England

War Responsible for Fewer Expensive Concerts, But Even More Music.

When the war broke out in England three years ago a wave of pessimism engulfed the musicians of that country. Famous and obscure alike looked forward to lean days and a dearth of music.

And the lean days came; but not the dearth of music. Fashionable musicals employing high priced artists were dropped from society's program it is true, but on the other hand Red Cross concerts and relief benefits of all kinds crowded one another for public attention and support. The artists, of course, neither expected nor received much for their services at these events.

The Birmingham and the Sheffield Festivals, which would have required the services of hundreds of musicians were also cancelled, but neither these cities nor any of the other large towns of England have suffered from a famine in music. On the contrary, marching tunes and recruiting ballads of all degrees of merit began to be published faster than they can be kept track of. Indeed there is good reason to believe that there is now more music in England and more general participation in it on the part of the people than there was in peace times.

Old Classics Preferred to Modern Music During War.

The new type of music may not be of the finest quality. Much of it, in fact, is simply trash that cannot survive long among a people known for their appreciation of music if not for their creativeness in that art. On the other hand, the new stimulus to music has led to the "discovery" of a fairly large number of young English composers and the rediscovery of some earlier and forgotten ones.

Their works, together with those of some new French and Russian composers, the classics, and of course patriotic music makes up the musical fare of the English people today. British conservatism has not permitted the sacrifice of the long-honored Beethoven, Liszt and Schubert, possibly because, being dead, these masters are no longer "enemy aliens."

But the controversy over the music of living enemy aliens is still unsettled. The tendency, however, is to relegate to the background all modern music, whatever its nationality. Programmes planned to include the modern symphonies are changed or postponed and in the opera houses only the old favorites are given. When the desire for great types of modern music returns, as it no doubt will after the war, it is almost certain that the British public will assiduously cultivate the new French, Russian and Italian schools and with equal firmness resist the charms of music "made in Germany."

Social Intercourse

What a poor customer a man would be for a merchant in the country, and particularly for a merchant in the city, if social intercourse with other people were to be restricted. It would only take a short time to grow to the primitive "cave-dwelling" conditions. This prospect was brought to our attention last week by a Halifax retail merchant who said that because no one nowadays went to church, or to the theatre, a very large number of the people had lost an interest in dress. The mechanic who once or twice a week went to a movie show and consequently needed a clean collar, now goes home and sits about, possibly without a collar at all; and where he used to drop in at the shoe shine parlor and get his shoes blackened, he has also lost his interest in that; he has reduced to the minimum. As a consequence the store keeper is feeling the loss keenly.

In ordinary times one does not realize what a close relationship there is between intellectual and recreational activities on the one side and business on the other. The man who works in the shoe factory, the collar factory, or any other kind of a factory making things which people wear, is dependent for his employment on the ability of people to mix with one another, for the person who cannot mix with others begins to lose interest in his personal appearance. Under such conditions of life one would have a tendency

to become like a man who goes into the woods fishing or hunting; who, the first day slaves by force of habit, the second day misses it, thereafter does not look at his razor again until the trip is over.

We are being counselled in these days that we must save; that we must not buy this or that. No doubt there is a great deal of saving that could be done without affecting the necessities of life. But if we were to carry on saving so far that we should not have any churches or theatres, any public meetings, or social gatherings, it would only be a question of time until a lot of people would be out of a job. They would not have anything to do, because nobody would want to buy the things they produce. The fact is that an ideal industrial world is one wherein everybody is able to sell the products of his own hands in sufficient quantities to buy all he needs of the products of other hands, which means that the more each class can buy from the other classes, the better off in turn must both be. We shall probably have to face a good many of these questions in the future more closely than we have done yet. And we shall be called upon to save and lend to the Government. We must not, however, forget that in an ideal world labor must be kept employed at a fair return and that if we all go so far in our savings as to cut out everything but what are called essentials of living, very shortly our earnings will be cut down to a corresponding degree.

Our Short Story

SOLITARY FIGURES.

The sky was cloudy, overcast, lowering. It was sunrise, so there must have been a sun, but darn if it was anywhere in sight.

Two solitary figures loomed vaguely against the leaden sky. As they approached they drew nearer, and the discriminating reader discerns in them the solitary figure of Remond Hook and the solitary figure of Carhandle Tordle. The expression of each is stern, well nigh forbidding, and they nod curtly and haughtily.

"A fine morning for a murder!" said Hook with a sardonic laugh. The other's lip curled slightly, although he could have curled it more. "Forty paces," he asked shortly. "Suits me," replied Hook even shorter.

They turned abruptly, back to back, and each took twenty deliberate paces. A slight but expert drizzle began to fall. The two men counted, pace for pace, counted about as they strode. Suddenly, at twenty, both wheeled, and "Hold!" cried the solitary figure of a horseman. He dashed out, out of breath, although it was the horse that had been doing all the running.

"You're surveyin' the wrong field, consarn it!" he cried. "This is St. Twattle's property, not mine." And he indicated his own field and the other two solitary figures shuddered their instruments and strode out of our readers' lives.

"CAP" STUBBS.

Annual Meeting of the Prince Consorts, Limited, will be held at the office of the company, No. 39 Princess Street, on the 11th day of November, at 11 o'clock in the afternoon.

L. P. D. TILLEY, Managing Director.

5th, 1918.

PERSONAL.

Married widow worth \$10,000 if you need a helping hand, Box 584, Los Angeles, Cal.

Worth \$27,000, income \$1,000, many other, many other, many other, Mrs. Warr, 2216 1/2 St. Los Angeles, Cal.

F. Blanchet, Certified Accountant, Phone Connection, John and Rotheay.

Dad Arrived Just in Time To See the Powerful Katrinka Put the Last Ball in the Side Pocket.



THE EVENING STORY

A Lunatic At Large.

Aurelia Judd was making currant jelly that morning and singing in a contented monotone when the screen door flapped and Mrs. Culver entered the kitchen. Her apron was unbuttoned and her hair strings with heat, hurry, and portentous news.

"Tom Turk's out again!" she exclaimed. Aurelia, consulting her jelly bag, which she had dumped upon the broomstick between two chairs, looked up bewildered. "Out?" she exclaimed.

"Yes, out of the asylum. And he's on the rampage worse than ever." Mrs. Culver sat down, picked up a paper, and began to fan herself.

"My land!" Aurelia looked about at her screen windows and doors. "I bet my front door is unlocked this minute," she said.

"You better lock it and keep it locked, that's all I can tell you," returned Mrs. Culver grimly. "He wouldn't think anything of coming right in if he saw it. You know, he used to live in this neighborhood, and I suppose it seems kinda natural for him to come back to it."

"I never happened to see him," Aurelia said. "What does he look like?" "He's tall and straight as an infun," Mrs. Culver had not a gift for description. "He's got black hair. He ain't what you'd call bald looking, and I don't know as you'd notice any thing queer about him just seeing him for the first time. But they say he's dangerous when he's aroused."

"How in the world does he get out?" asked Aurelia.

"It's his mother. She goes and pleads with the authorities, and they let him go till they can't stand it any longer; then they put him in again. I thought you knew all about it."

"No," Aurelia shook her head. "It all happened before I came here from Hartwick. I've never seen him. I hope I never shall. I'm awful afraid of crazy folks."

"I am too," sighed Mrs. Culver, rising. "Well, I'll go back now I've warned you about Tom Turk." Aurelia's mind was full of apprehension. She went into the front part of the house and locked the door. Then she took all the screens out of the windows and fastened them down. By this time the temperature of the small house was torrid. Added to this discomfort was the smell and steam of the boiling jelly. "But I'd rather cook than be scared to death by a lunatic," she said to herself.

The postman came and she did not dare go out to look into the box. At any moment Tom Turk might appear. She recalled Mrs. Culver's description of him. "Tall and straight as an infun,"

she thought. "I guess I'll know him in time to run if I saw him," she thought.

Aurelia was small and fair and frail with light blue eyes, wispy light hair and a vanishing chin. She was as helpless and gentle and appealing as a month old kitten. She had lived on a farm all her life until she moved into the town after the death of her father, and she had a nice bit of property which produced an income sufficient for all her simple needs. With her lived her niece, Nina Everett. Nina taught the primary grade in the village school. She was a gay, young house who made life interesting for her sedate little aunt. At present she was

reached the door at the end of the hall which led into the kitchen. She smelt her jelly burning. And then with the first whiff of it in her nostrils, she heard a step on the porch. With fear flying to her heart, she looked round and saw—the lunatic!

He was leaning at her and fumbling the catch at the screen door. It came to Aurelia with a sickening pang that up to that instant she had forgotten that the catch was untrustworthy and sometimes failed to secure. She stood innately staring at him. She heard his voice, but she did not comprehend a word he was saying. Then she saw the screen door open and him enter.

Up to that instant Aurelia had been the most timid woman that ever lived. But when she saw that strange man boldly entering, with dreadful intent, perhaps, her courage rose. She felt her cheeks burning where they had chilled before. She did not scream; she merely reached out and grasped the first weapon her hand touched.

It was the shillalah that her grandfather had brought with him from Ireland—the one heirloom that Aurelia had received from him. It was massive, nobly, and built of redoubtable blackthorn. Once upon a time Aurelia remembered dimly, it had been an aggressive landlord to a peasant. If it could subdue a landlord in the days when landlords were kings, it ought to be able to at least intimidate a lunatic who seemed capable of little more than mumbling and grinning.

As her hand tightened on the blackthorn Aurelia felt an accession of strength that startled her. She took one step forward, the shillalah upraised. It felt half a dozen times as light; it ought to be able to at least intimidate a lunatic who seemed capable of little more than mumbling and grinning.

"Get out of here," she cried, and slammed him again with the shillalah, this time across the knuckles. Even a lunatic could not withstand a blow like that. He howled an awful oath and fled. Aurelia walked up and shut and locked the door after him. She set the shillalah in its accustomed corner. Then she sat down upon the lowest step of the stair and leaned against the newel post. All of a sudden she felt deadly sick and faint; she shut her eyes as things began to grow black and reel about her. She was aroused by Mrs. Culver, who had run across with a fresh bit of news, and, reeling in, had seen a condition that alarmed her. "Therefore, being a big woman, with lots of muscle, she had jerked the back screen door from its frail fastening and walked in."

"My goodness sakes alive, Aurelia Judd, what's the matter with you?" she exploded. "Here's your jelly

away visiting. If she had been at home Aurelia would not have minded about crazy Tom Turk for Nina had lots of cool courage. It was every bit as good as having a man in the house to have Nina," Aurelia always said.

Between the thought of Tom Turk and trouble she was having with her jelly Aurelia grew dithered and nervous. Besides, she was sweltering with heat. At last she began to grow faint. "My land, Tom Turk or no Tom Turk, I've got to open that front door."

She opened the door. It was reasonably safe, for there was a screen outside. A little puff of cool breeze came in. She drew a long breath and pushed back her damp hair. Then she turned to re-enter the kitchen.

As long as she lives Aurelia will never forget the sensations of the succeeding few moments. She had

She did not comprehend a word.

She says old Mrs. Turk is carrying on awful.

Aurelia was ghastly to behold.

"Then who—who did I lick?" she moaned. And she covered her face with her hands.

"Aurelia Judd!" Mrs. Culver was shaking her. "Look up here at me! What in time are you?"

Aurelia told her how a man she had taken for the lunatic had forced his way in and she had beaten him with the shillalah until he fled. Mrs. Culver did not often laugh, but now

she had hysterics. She shrieked and wept and mopped herself with her broom. And then she threatened, "Oh, Mrs. Culver," she began. "Never mind the jelly."

"Well, I did mind," Mrs. Culver wheezed. She flung open the front door. "My land, it's like an oven in here! And all that jelly burned to a crisp!"

"You mean Tom Turk? No, I didn't see him," cause he had left there all day. They took him back to the asylum on the 1 o'clock train this morning. Mary Sears just phoned over to tell me.

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Handicaps

We do things because we are spurred to them. The late Senator Tillman had but one eye. Few knew how he lost it. It is interesting to know, however, that he lost it by reading and studying Greek and Latin by the light of a pine knot in his early youth. The smoke injured his eye and he lost its entire use.

But that was only a prod to such a man. And he rose from the poorest circumstances to the office of Governor of his state and finally to the honor of United States Senator, which office he filled with great credit and ability, respected at the last by friends and foes.

Prescott, the great historian, was totally blind. So was Milton. The great preacher, Dr. Henson, had but one eye. And the late Joseph Pulitzer, the founder of the New York World was totally blind raked with bodily pain for his last twenty years. Theodore Roosevelt had the use of but one eye, the few knew it until years after he lost its use.

I recently read of a man named Downing, a Minnesota banker, who has made a wonderful success of life, though he is almost all cripple. This is what he says: "A man is worth about a dollar and a half a day; from his neck up, he may be worth a hundred thousand dollars a year."

So long as you have your head, and your brains are healthy, you may treat with the immortal gods, and worry not.

Rann-Dom Reels

THE TAIL LIGHT.

The Tail Light is something which is attached to an automobile so that the village constable may not run out of work.

When the automobile was invented it did not have any kind of a light except the light of hope. But after a while some bright, tireless legislator decided that every automobile should have a light in the rear, so that the high-spirited plow horse might not run into it and have his features permanently spoiled. As a result of this wise action we have yet to read of the first instance in which a six-wheeled touring car has been run down by a fleet grade Percheron and had its spinal column caved in.

The Tail Light is intended to be used after dark, but the only good use which has ever been found for it is to drain the storage battery to its last, flickering dregs. It is connected with the battery by a long wire with light-hearted speed demon.

hold just before the car enters some village with a lynx-eyed constable who knows that the lower treasury is gasping for breath. When the constable observes the cold, vacant stars of a detestable Tail Light, he leads the tourist up to the nearest justice of the peace and collects enough currency to heat the town hall for six months. As if this were not enough, the tourist is obliged to have the Tail Light torn down from the place of beginning by a crude but well-meaning mechanic who was taught not to move off a walk.

The Tail Light law may be all right, but it should be amended so as to include the top buggy, the lumber wagon and the pedestrian who crosses the street with both eyes shut. If every top buggy were required to carry a sparkling Tail Light, fewer people would be disturbed while spooning in a friendly and amicable manner by having a rear wheel torn off by the loose teeth, which always let go their light-hearted speed demon.

Flying in 1918-1919

Marvelous Development of the Airplane in Ten Years.

London, Oct. 30.—No other development in human history has shown so remarkable results as has flying in the last ten years, says Lord Montagu of Salisbury, British scientist and aviation expert.

"When the Wright brothers visited Europe ten years ago," he said, "the airplane engines were of 24 horse power in some cases, and the airplane's carrying capacity has increased from about 126 pounds to 3-1/2 tons.

all burned up and your kitchen reeking with smoke! Are you sick or what?" Aurelia staggered up. "Oh, Mrs. Culver," she began. "Never mind the jelly."

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"Ten thousand feet was then the highest flight. Today we are doing 26,000. And while forty miles an hour was then the highest speed, today we are approaching 160.

"The British army in France began with only 36 planes. I may not give the number today, but it is huge." Long flights—to and from America. For instance—would be possible after the war, Lord Montagu said, adding that he himself hoped some day to fly to India. For long-distance flying, however, he continued to be skeptical. "The British army was required to evolve a silent engine, for the public would not be willing to take lengthy trips in noisy airplanes.

After Mrs. Culver went out Aurelia set about repairing the damage of the burned jelly and getting a grip upon her singing nerves.

The postman was making his second visit. Then the man said he was coming to our place next stop. I asked him to call and see you, for you'd be sure to take one of the kettles. He ought to arrive some time Thursday. I hope it won't be too late for the jelly."

The hand that held the letter shook Aurelia understood. She had shuddered at the kettle agent!

An hour later Aurelia, dressed for the street, and carrying a well-filled purse went in search of the kettle agent. She found him just coming out of a house on Rose street. He looked tired and he had court plaster across his knuckles.

Aurelia bought four kettles of him. She would have bought every one he had, but he refused to allow her the monopoly. It was all she could do in the way of penance.

Advice From Dad.

New York is no place to be broke in, admitted a young man from Cincinnati. Another friend met him on Broadway and he looked so perturbed that his friend asked him to unbuckle himself.

"I sent a telegram to my father," said the youth, "asking what he would do if he were here and out of money? Here's the reply: 'Id wait a while and shovel snow!'"

By EDWINA.

