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Three Minute Journeys A City Hewn Out of Rock

By Jonathan MacFarland

YES, I admit it; this is a wonderful age of engineering. Our tall buildings are remarkable achievements, and they have a certain artistic value that is supplied by nothing else in the world. But the most wonderful buildings I ever saw were in Asia Minor, in the ancient city of Petra.



Now Petra is not what you would call a tourist town, for although it is hardly more than 100 miles in a straight line south of Jerusalem, the trip from the Holy city, there and back, takes at least 12 days. The railroad doesn't go all the way, by any means, and a good part of the journey has to be made on horse-back.

If you had to go to Petra on foot it would be worth while, for you find there a collection of great temples, palaces and theatres, as well as houses that were used as dwellings, carved out of solid rock. Two thousand years ago, when this city began, the builders used chisels instead of bricks and mortar, and what remains of their work shows how skilled they were in the use of their tools. The very magnitude of the work strikes awe into the beholder, but it is very beautiful as well, which the pyramids and some others of the seven wonders of the world are not.

Think of a facade like that of an old Roman temple, 102 feet high, carved in perfect proportion in the face of a rock cliff. And to add to the amazement that is caused by this building, known as Pharaoh's treasury, it is in an almost perfect state of preservation. There is one room, in the treasury that is 40 feet square. Not far from this great building is the amphitheatre, carved in a semi-circle out of solid rock. I simply can't give you any idea of the place, except to say that there are 33 tiers

of seats, and that more than 1000 people could see the performances that were given there so many centuries ago. It is very quiet there now, though, and it needs a vivid imagination to people the place with an applauding audience.

I don't know what the performances were, but I suppose that when the Romans ruled there they were entertainments made up of combats and pageants such as the Caesars gave their seal of approval.

There are excavations, houses and tombs without number, and some of the sepulchres are splendid examples of architecture. The city must have been the most wonderful place in the world when it was in its heyday. Even now, depopulated, and overgrown with weeds, it still fascinates as nothing else I have ever seen. And I don't know if we'll ever carve a 30-story building out of a piece

Character More Vital Than Eugenic Tests

By WINIFRED BLACK



Winifred Black

AND the first eugenic bride turns out to be a bigamist.

I wonder whether they found out about that—eugenically.

I don't know how the eugenic brides and eugenic husbands feel about it, but I'd rather be married to someone with four generations of consumption, for a family history than to be married to a bigamist.

That's the trouble with all this eugenic theory. How in the world is it going to do anything important for the race when the only thing that is of much real importance—character—is left completely out of the reckoning?

The healthiest and most physically perfect man I ever knew has about as much will power as an angle worm.

He doesn't like to drink, he hates the taste of whiskey, and he says champagne makes his head ache—but he drinks, just the same, to please people who ask him to drink.

She is in love with his wife, or would like to be, and he has a little boy he's fond of, and a baby daughter that he adores. But any woman who will make eyes at him owns him completely for the time being.

This man is naturally clean, naturally decent, naturally wholesome—the very sort of person you'd pick out, eugenically, to marry your dearest daughter. And he's the worst husband I know, for reasons which have absolutely nothing to do with eugenics whatsoever.

I know a girl who was the leader of the basket ball team at college. She can swim and row and ride and run.

She can dance 30 miles a night and be up at 8 o'clock in the morning looking as if she hadn't done a thing but sleep all night long on a perfectly good sleeping porch with a sweet breeze from the ocean whispering pretty dreams every minute of every hour.

Two Striking Examples

This woman is pretty and fresh colored, and she has good manners and is very intelligent, and she's driving her husband to drink and making her children wish they lived in a nice, cosy, quiet orphan asylum.

Eugenically, she's perfect.

Really, she's a born nagger, a shrew, a scold, a woman with a genius for seeing every little fault her husband has through a double-lensed telescope, and telling him about it with a megaphone.

I'd rather have a boy of mine marry a girl with a hereditary tendency to inflammatory rheumatism, or anything else on the doctor's calendar, than to be married to that girl.

The inherited disease sometimes slips a link in the chain; the bad disposition never misses a trick.

And there is such a thing as sufficient strength of character to throw off the mere tendency to almost any disease in the world.

I know two sisters born of a consumptive mother. One of them is going into a decline this very day and hour, and the other is the picture of health.

The one who's going into the decline is a die-away-sentimental-rhapsodiser sort of person, who thinks it is interesting to be "delicate."

She won't exercise; she won't eat anything that she ought to eat, and she will eat all the things she ought not to eat; she hates fresh air, and says that a sleeping porch gives her the shivers; she reads novels and curls up over silly books of silly poetry when she ought to be out in the garden planting petunias.

Her sister is a bright, good-humored, sensible girl. She started in with a cough a couple of years ago, and she saved every dollar she could get hold of and had a sleeping porch built out of her room.

She called in a good doctor and obeyed his orders to the letter. She ate what she ought to eat, and she let what she ought not to eat alone.

She liked to read, too, but she threw her books away and cultivated a bed of violets.

Real Eugenic Elements

Today that sister is perfectly well, and the other sister is anything but well.

It doesn't take much of a prophet or much of a student of eugenics to tell which of those girls is going to marry and be the mother of healthy, wholesome children.

Good health, a fine constitution, a liver that knows its business and does it, a heart that keeps in motion and a stomach that attends strictly to its own affairs—these are all magnificent assets in the business of life.

Splendid tools to help build what we call success out of even the sorriest material.

But I'd rather have an ounce of courage than a pound of health, and, if I had to choose between a good constitution and what the old-fashioned people called "sand," I'd choose the "sand" every day in the week.

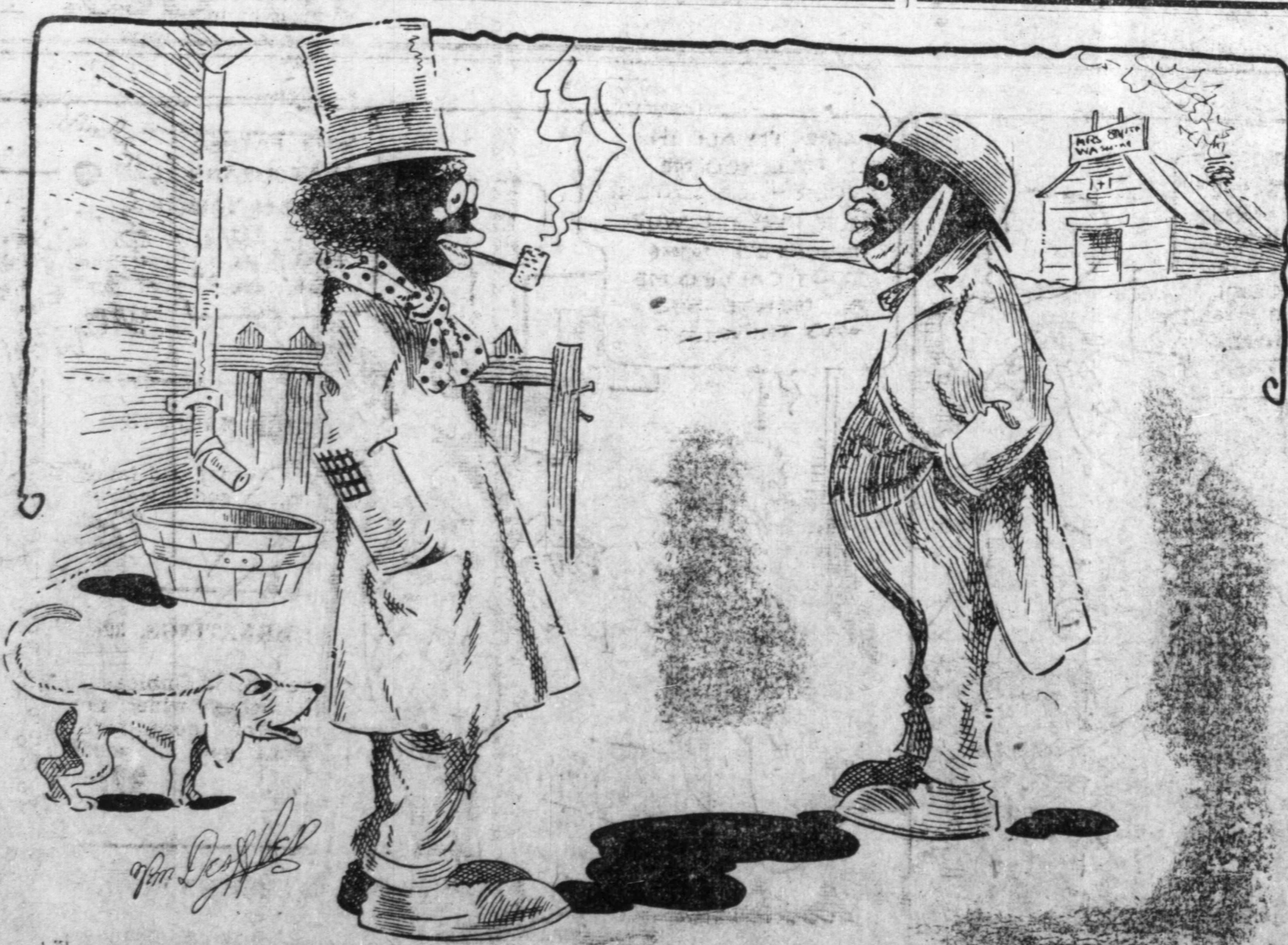
Pluck, courage, strength of mind, determination, the will to do and not to be done—these are the sort of eugenics that count.

Now, when the examining board of physicians can tell by looking at you whether you are a man or just a mealy-mouthed mush of concessions, it will be of a good deal more practical use than it is today.

The first eugenic bride a bigamist.

What a way nature has of evening things up when we get to thinking that we know so much that it's really terrifying.

The Daily Mail \$2.00 a Year.



THE OUTCOME.

"So you ast mah 'laughter for her hand, hey? And she gave yo' it, I presume?"
 "Yessir, and de doctah charged me only \$1 for setting mah jaw."



HOW HE GOT A SQUARE MEAL.

You seem to be an able-bodied man. You ought to be strong enough to work.

I know mum. And you seem to be beautiful enough to go on the stage, but evidently you prefer the simple life.

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The Coupon attached must be sent or mailed to our store and 10 cents enclosed for purchase of an article to this value. City and Outports are alike entitled to enter for this Free Gift Prize and competition will close on 30th of this month. Every Coupon reaching us by this date will be accepted and competition will apply only to steamers reaching destination after midnight of 30th, in the event of a steamer arriving previously with or without seals before this date.

Here is the Coupon, cut it out, send 10c. and receive an article to this value.

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Jan 21, 1914, m.w.f.

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