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### Lottery Luck

(By G. WARD PRICE)

Madrid.—Truth is sometimes stranger even than fairy tales. The Spanish National Lottery has lately been trying to prove this by giving its biggest prizes to people who really need the money.

Even while I have been in Madrid the servants at my hotel have come to or a substantial windfall. Thirty-five of the staff clubbed together to subscribe £6 for a lottery ticket, which three Saturdays ago, rewarded them with a dividend of no less than £17,000.

Directly this happened most of them made up their minds to leave hotel service for ever. By now the greater number have decided to stay as after all, for as soon as a man becomes independent of his job he begins to like it.

The evening drawing of that ticket was announced there was a wrinkled old baggage porter, to be seen sitting apart in a corner with his hands running down his face. It was not that he was out of it; he had won £200. But after all the trouble he had known in life such good luck just scared him.

A bagatelle of £17,000, however, is but a small-scale demonstration of the luck-bringing fairy of Madrid. Her supreme achievement was six weeks ago, and it must be a world's record. I was taken to see the place—a dingy, narrow street that was full of people peering into the tiny coffee shop where the winning ticket had been sold. They were on pilgrimage to the scene of a miracle—one of the kind these gamble-loving Spaniards long for most.

This coffee shop stands in the "Rastro," an open-air Caledonian Market of Madrid. Last autumn the man who kept it bought a National Lottery ticket for £60 and began to peddle off shares to his customers at seven-pence each, one pence.

£450,000.

Nothing unusual in this—you can't stop to light a cigarette in Madrid

without some street urchin trying to sell you a fractional lottery ticket.

What is unusual, though, was the fact that the coffee-keeper's ticket drew the big annual prize of £450,000.

Every sevenpence invested by those down-at-heel, unwashed, barbed-wire-chinned customers of his brought its owner a return of £225. So just now the Rastro is full of capitalists who go on lounging among the heaps of old iron and piles of cast-off boots only because they know of no other place in the world to which to go.

Nevertheless this open-handed goddess of the lottery has a nasty strain of malice in her. Hear what happened to the coffee-house keeper on whom she lavished the biggest prize in Spain. He had always longed for a big motor-car. It was just one of those vain dreams we all cherish in the dim and dusty corners of our hearts until the lottery wheel spun it suddenly into his grasp. And on his first drive he had a collision and was killed.

There is yet another story of luck in the Rastro—though the case was rather one of enterprise than good fortune.

Twenty years ago a British art dealer appeared at the rubbing-stalls there offering small lump sums for the whole stock of pictures they had on sale among the rusty bedsteads, fly-blown vases, and faded curtains.

Loaded with daubs of the most dreadful kind, he returned to England and had the canvases carefully examined for pictures by famous artists painted over in ignorance of their merit. A Velasquez and several Murillos, worth many thousands, rewarded his outlay of a few hundred pounds.

### An Amazing Story.

But the very oddest luck I have heard of happened to the sub-manager of a bank in Madrid.

"Look at that man over there, and I will tell you the strangest true tale about him you ever heard," said a friend of mine as we lunched in a

Madrid club. I glanced across, and saw a youngish, dark, reserved-looking Spaniard, whose story, as I discovered later, is one of the most popular conversational topics in the country.

Till just over two years ago that young man was a bank clerk, married, and living on a small salary, out of which, however he used to give with unusual generosity to charities. One of his favorite ideas, about which he often talked with his wife, was to take a big house and open it as a home for orphans.

Such a plan was utterly beyond his means, of course, but one day, by a sudden inspiration, he said to his wife: "I am going to play the lottery to get the money."

She, sensible woman, discouraged him, but he persisted, and bought a ticket for thirty pounds. A few weeks later—the precise date was December 22, 1921—in the morning, his manager called him in and told him that his salary was to be considerably increased the following week. That same day he bought the evening paper and found that he had won £225,000.

Directly he received the money he gave £50,000 for the building of the orphanage he had in mind when he bought the ticket.

So much is unimpeachable fact. Two separate informants, however, told me something even stranger, though they were not absolutely sure of their version. They assert that to get the thirty pounds to buy the ticket in the big lottery, the lucky man first tried his luck in a smaller draw and won. Upon this, they relate, he proceeded to spend his winnings in buying the very same number in the big National Lottery, and with that number again won, this time taking the prize of £225,000.

A Chicago astronomer expects to gain valuable astronomical data by shooting a super-rocket to the moon. It might work out all right if we can arrange with somebody on the moon to shoot it back to him.—Nashville Southern Lumberman.

## SIDE TALKS.

By Ruth Cameron.

### SIGNING A BLANK CHECK.



Wouldn't you hate to sign a blank cheque? You would, wouldn't you? And yet how often we sign a blank check on the obligation bank without realizing that that is what we are doing.

A friend offers to perform some service for you. You offer pay. She is "satisfied." But I can't let you do this for me without making some return.

"Oh well," she says, "I may want you to do something for me sometime."

### No Sum Or Date Specified.

But what is that but a blank check on the obligation bank. She may want you to do something for her sometime. No sum mentioned in the check and no date. Just something sometime. Who knows what it will be.

Perhaps it will be something that you will be delighted to do. Or perhaps it will be something that you don't especially like to do, but will be willing to do because you are really anxious to return her kindness. But, on the other hand, it may be something that you just feel you can't do. Write a letter to some wealthy friend asking her to contribute to the college endowment fund. Make a speech at the entertainment your creditor is managing. Or again it may be something you have

no objection to doing; but it may come at a time when it is almost impossible for you to do it.

### You Appear Ungrateful.

Your husband's mother is visiting you. She is a very punctilious person and does not like to be left out of anything. Your creditor calls you up and asks you to fill in for her at a charity bridge. Your mother-in-law doesn't play bridge, and yet she would not like to be left behind, you explain. "Can't you leave her just this once?" No, you know how she would feel, she is only here for three days. "But I do need you dreadfully," she insists. "I should think you might." She doesn't actually refer in words to what she did for you but her tone refers to it. You know she is thinking of it, and she knows you know she is thinking of it. And there you are, made to seem ungrateful and unwilling to meet the obligations you have incurred.

I hate that sort of thing. I hate not to be mistress of my own acts but to have unknown obligations standing out against me.

### But Don't Be Selfish About Giving.

And yet I try to remember that of course this would be a selfish world if we did not permit people to do things for us sometimes without pay. We like to do things for others and we ought to permit them to do things for us. There is a selfishness that wants to do all the giving as well as that which wants to do all the receiving. But when we ourselves take blank checks from other people on the obligation bank, let's use our imagination and be careful not to ask payment in ways or at times that will be embarrassing to our debtors.

### Sleep And be Fit

#### IMPORTANT AIDS TO HEALTH.

From seven to nine hours' sleep in the twenty-four are supposed to be necessary to keep one in good health, and, generally speaking, a woman requires somewhat more than a man. Bedrooms should be as large and airy as possible. Air- plenty of fresh air—is the most important part of a bedroom's equipment. Windows should be open day and night, if the weather is cold, extra bedclothes will provide sufficient warmth.

Natural sleep may be divided into four grades. The first is that sound, dreamless sleep from the moment our head touches the pillow, wherein the whole night seems to pass in a flash, yet we awake full of vigor, completely refreshed in body and mind.

The second is an easy dreamless sleep which comes upon us more gradually, and though awakening refreshed we are fully conscious of having slept for a considerable time.

#### The Ideal Sleep.

In the third dreams keep our brain in such a state of activity that we awake so tired and weary as to wonder if we have slept at all. Whilst the fourth is an uneasy and fitful dozing, often the result of ill health wherein we are almost conscious of our surroundings yet too drowsy to rouse ourselves completely.

Needless to say, the sound, dreamless sleep is the ideal at which we should aim, and to court it we must be in good health and honestly tired after our day's work, for such sleep comes only to the genuinely weary. It is not a good thing to take a heavy meal, neither is it good to do any fatiguing brain work immediately before retiring, because this often means worrying thoughts are carried to bed and completely banish the desire to sleep.

#### Make The Mind A Blank.

As far as possible the mind should be made a blank, the limbs stretched and every muscle relaxed. The pillows should be low and not too soft. The ideal position is to sleep on one's back or so slightly turned to the other side that both shoulders still rest against the pillow.

There are various passive forms of exercise which are good, and of these, deep and regular breathing is one of the most important. Of active exercises walking is undoubtedly one of the best forms, especially for women. The main point is that everyone should spend as much time in the open air as possible. Two hours a day is the minimum, and to obtain this, workers whose occupation keeps them indoors, should make a point of walking part of the journey to and fro.

#### Food Wisdom.

If care is taken over sleep and exercise much more may be given over diet. Also, the individual constitution plays a large part, but a very safe rule is that food should be plain, wholesome and nutritious, well cooked, and neither highly seasoned nor accompanied by rich sauces and condiments.

Another important point is the punctuality of meals, food hurried over or taken at irregular hours is a frequent cause of dyspepsia. It is

also a great mistake to drink fluid, especially tea, at meal times. Draughts of hot or cold water, however, taken between meals, are very beneficial. Many people do not realize the value of fruit as an article of diet, in some form or other it should always be on the breakfast table.

## Just Folks.

By EDGAR A GUEST

### A BABE IN THE LIBRARY.

What cares she for Stevenson Or Lafcadio Hearn or Poe. Or my old friends one by one. Which I love and cherish so? Who is Riley that he may Come between her and her whim? She will break his nose in play. That's how much she cares for him.

Goats the peace I pledged to them. Good old friends who share my room. Here's a tide I cannot stem. Breaks them into their doom. Yes I think they smile themselves. As at babes they smiled before. When she tugs them from their shelves.

And they topple to the floor. When on tip-toe there she stands. Tugging at their coats and vests. And with quick and chubby hands Startles Riley as he rests. Pulls Longfellow's beard, or rolls All wise men on the floor. I believe those gentle souls Chuckle at her cry for more.

There's a scratch on Bryan's face. Whittier's clothes are sadly messed. Stevenson's show a place Where the sticky hands were pressed. But I swear the other night "All these great men hauled about Thus to share a babe's delight. And were really very proud."

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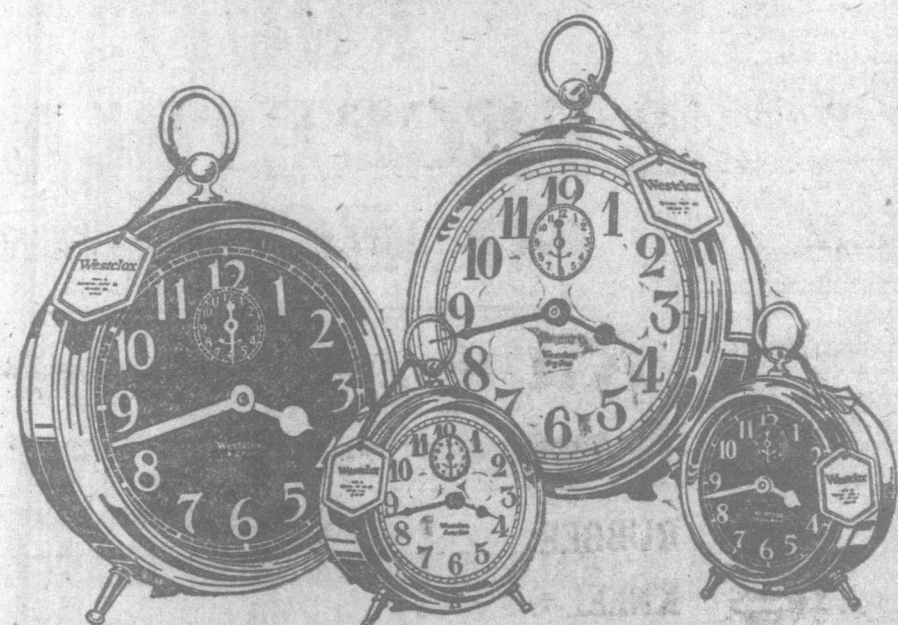
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