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of those who have won \$45,000 in Cash
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on contests are carried out with the in-
tegrity and integrity. Your opportunity
with a good result. It is equally as
as that of anyone else, at all previous
contests.

URING COMPANY
MONTREAL, CAN.

Just Folks

THE NEW BATTLE.
There are other battles to win.
There are other fights to be fought.
We must struggle, as ever, with sin.
We must war with tyrannical thought.
Oh, there's much in our lives to improve.
There are goals that in peace we must reach.
We've been jarred from the old, narrow groove,
And now we should live as we preach.

The day of the small mind has fled.
There is work here for big souls to do.
The domestic nation is dead,
But man was tyrannical, too.
We have lived for ourselves overlong,
We have worshipped at self's petty throne
And chosen the right as we face,
From the interests of none but our own.

If it pleased us, the motive was good,
If it cost us, we did it was bad.
In separate lines we have stood,
Each seeking to hold what he had.
And now, as grave problems we face,
Self seeks to ensnare us again,
But each one should stand in his place
And do what is best for all men.

As we take, we must learn how to give.
The thing that's important is right.
The crowds that we speak, we must live.
For the truth with ourselves we must fight.
We must turn from our old, narrow ways
Where selfishness layed its along,
And must grow in these glorious days
Too many to profit by wrong.

RIPPLING RHYMES

By WALT MASON
KULTUR AND CULTURE.

There is an end to Kultur, the kind that's spelled with "K," with all the other rubbish they've carted it away; it lies with broken scepters and that year's cut of crowns, with worn-out robes of ermine and princely handkerchiefs.

We've seen what it did in bringing up the Teut; it took a kindly peasant and made of him a brute. It gave us Wilhelm's bombast in place of Schiller's sacred, displaced the true religion and gave a scolded creed. It brought a mighty empire to ruin and decay, and so the dump got Kultur, the kind that's spelled with "K." And now the Teut will sample, from countries of the free, the soul uplifting Kultur, the kind that's spelled with "C," and when they have absorbed it, and got it in their souls, they wouldn't touch the "K" kind with tongs or ten-foot poles.

Our culture will convince them, convince them soon or late, that love of man is greater than frightfulness or hate; that justice takes us further than panoply of might, that wrong can never conquer for long the truth and right. The culture of our churches, the culture of our schools, will bring the light of reason to blood-besotted fools, will bring to slavish peoples the truth that makes them free—the culture that enlightens, the kind that's spelled with "C."

JAPANESE COMMON SENSE

By Dr. Frank Crane.

(Copyright, 1918, by Frank Crane.)
Josh Billings once said something to the effect that Experience was a good thing but that the smart man would let the other fellow get bit by the rattlesnake while he took the experience.

Wisdom doubtless is excellent. But the trouble with it is that usually it is accumulated only after a long life, and by that time it's of not much use. The time for wisdom is when you're young. Then you can utilize it to promote your success and insure your happiness.

The first thing the Young Person wants to do is to decide that he wants Wisdom, that he prefers being Wise to being a Fool.

This is difficult, for youth's passions are so strong, its delusions are so intense and its impatience so great that it is an easy prey to the flatters that abound. He is persuaded by his own folly or by the talk of fools that whereas in reality there is no great advantage, no abiding pleasure and no real getting on without Wisdom.

There are two sources whence he can get Wisdom; from books, and from those who are old and Wise.

To these he must add a strong and ardent Common Sense, within himself, so that he may be able to judge, to discriminate between the true and the false, the seeming and the actual.

Yoritomo was one of Japan's most illustrious thinkers. He was founder of the first dynasty of Shoguns and ranked as one of the three greatest statesmen his country ever produced. He lived 700 years ago, but his teachings are evergreen.

He said that Common Sense is made up of various ingredients—of which five are Reason, Moderation, Penetration, Consistency, and Wisdom.

Speaking of Wisdom, he writes: "It is from the never-ending lesson which life teaches us that wisdom of old age is learned."

"But it is really necessary to reach the point of decrepitude in order to profit by an experience? Why give to old age alone the privilege of wisdom? Why should its beauty be unveiled only to those who can no longer profit by it?"

"What would be thought of one who prided himself on possessing bracelets when he had lost his two arms in war?"

"It is, therefore, necessary not only to encourage young people to profit by lessons of wisdom and experience but, still further, to indicate to them how they may in order to prevent or cure it."

"The majority of physicians have never been killed by the disease they treat."

"Then why could we not do for the mind that which can be done for the body?"

"We may all possess wisdom if we are willing to be persuaded that the experience of others is as useful as our own."

MAKING YOUR JOB PAY

There's No Time Like the Present for Doing Things.

(By Beatrice Fairfax.)

Time is the most valuable thing in the world. But it is as free to the dollar and a half a day ditch digger as it is to the million-dollar and a half a year payer of income tax.

Have you ever stopped to face this interesting fact? What you do with one hour of your business day is fairly indicative of what you are going to do with the whole day—all your days—your life!

Howard came to the President of offices with everything in the world in his favor. He had been highly recommended. No one liked his predecessor. Howard was neat, pleasant looking, a boy with quiet, good manners and with agreeable voice. There never was an office boy who started off under kinder auspices.

And Howard seemed to justify the hopes of the office. He was neat, efficient, willing and agreeable. He did what he was told—that could be counted on. What could not be counted on was when he would do it. His attitude might have been translated from an old world proverb: "If you don't come today, expect me tomorrow."

"There's all the time in the world," haven't you said that on a great many occasions? And don't you find yourself doing your work on a basis of that idea? Well, there is all the time in the world—but not all at the same time. The time of the ages past can be studied in that time, and growth toward a worthwhile future can also be managed.

"I'll come in a minute," says Emily when mother calls. Suppose Emily grows up, goes into an office and takes the "I'll come in a minute" attitude when the chief's bell rings and she is summoned to take dictation? She frazzles the temper of her superior officer by making him wait, proves herself an inefficient young woman, and in wasting a mere minute or two she may actually throw away her chances for promotion.

Who hasn't walked out of a shop because a slow moving clerk suggested indifference to her wants? Who does not know of the great fortunes which contracting companies pay when buildings are not finished on the day and date promised? Who hasn't had a cake burned or a crisp waffle finishing a telephone conversation and thinking to herself: "I must go in a minute and watch the oven."

The easiest thing in the world to do is to explain to yourself that a minute doesn't matter but half a minute gone wrong would dash a trapeze performer to death at the feet of the audience—half a minute?—half a second. It takes the most perfect calculation for the ewing from one man or of saving ropes to another; properly calculated, the daring, breath-taking performance is simple and safe—half a second gone wrong and it means death.

Life is full of calculations as nice, as exact, as the swing of the trapeze performer. Remember that.

The successful man or business woman arranges his or her day so that it won't be full of wasted minutes, half hours gone wrong, broken appointments, delayed efforts.

There is no more important rule for success than this simple one: Do it now.

Any big official in a big company who discovers an underlying postponing the very slightest bit of business routine with a lazy attitude that can be done just as well later on, is going to lose faith in that individual. Giving orders and having them carried out are part of the routine of any efficiently managed organization.

The Fellers Have Changed Their Minds About Jimmy Being Crazy When He Traded His Soldier's Outfit for a Policeman's Uniform.



THE EVENING STORY

(By Olive Roberts Barton.)

Tommy did not know what the word tragedy meant, but he felt vaguely that something was wrong over at the Westworths'. It had all happened since morning, when Mr. Ted left the house at 8 o'clock. Tommy had seen him wave happily to Mrs. Ted, who stood smiling in the parlor window.

Tommy himself inside the high window railing had received a cordial salute. "Hello, old chap," Mr. Ted had called. "I know somebody that's going to get a baseball tonight. Better pick your team today."

And Tommy called back: "I've got 'em all picked and I'm going to pitch." "Bully," called his friend, hurrying away for his car, while Tommy, with dirty overalls, his head buried in his hands, never even noticed the little boy across the street.

But he didn't get the ball for, as I said, something happened that day. Mr. Westworth came home at noon and after a while hurried away, angrily banging the door with a terrific force that almost shattered the glass, never even noticing the little boy across the street.

After a while Mrs. Ted started down the street with a determined look, wearing the same clothes two seasons and doing without a maid and theatre tickets. She had never said a word to Tommy, but he was certain by the minute that she was unhappy. Lady she had reminded him that he needed a new suit himself.

"Get five," he had protested. "They'll do till fall if they're clean and pressed, can't they better get a new one now?"

He really meant to get things in the fall, and for her, too. He had been given a new little house and with wise investing felt that his worst days were over. But he had been afraid to say so—things might not turn out right.

That was the morning he had promised Tommy a ball, and the morning Mike had gotten into the car, and Marjorie, Mrs. Ted, thinking things over, decided that if her husband did not have old things to put on, he would have to buy new ones. She had many things to learn. So Mike got three suits of her husband's for a dollar apiece.

And then? Ted came home and the first thing he did was to go to his wardrobe to get his wallet out of the blue suit with the pin stripes. But not only was the suit gone, pin stripes and all, but the wallet with the bonus and all hope for future prosperity.

Then trouble came in and took possession of the house. We know the rest.

Tommy arrived at the alley about noon. It was much farther than he thought and he had lost his way twice. He limped wearily over the rough stones to the small, dirty shop at the corner only to find the door locked and no one at home. He knocked again and again, but no one came. He was very tired and hungry. Every one around was strange, too. His old friends had moved away.

Out of the alley to a cross-street, then down to a big thoroughfare he wandered. He must go back to the Home, he knew, but he was too tired to inquire the way.

"Hello, there, Tommy," called some one.

"Uncle Ted," cried the little boy, joyfully.

"What in the world are you doing here, old chap? Aren't you lost?"

"I guess I am. I'm awfully tired. I was hunting Mike, but he's not home. He got into the car and where he lives? Well, we were going to get another man and a cab right this minute and let you show us."

Ted caught him by the shoulder and almost shook him. "We've been hunting that old robber for two days, Tommy. So you had forgotten that he lives! Well, we were going to get another man and a cab right this minute and let you show us."

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VISITING SICK DANGEROUS

By Brice Belden, M. D.

Visiting the sick is all very well from the standpoint of friendliness and our common humanity, but in the case of infectious disease much misery and loss of life result from practice. In this way people just as lovable as those to whom as visitors we try to show regard are struck down all too often, and this is a consequence that none of us would wish to be responsible for.

Young children are the most frequent victims of the visitors to the sick, something to be especially deplored.

Demonstrations of affection, be they in the form of a visit to the sick or the case of infectious diseases, are to be greatly deprecated, not only in behalf of the emotionally distressed themselves, but in behalf of those whom their ill-advised conduct menaces afterward.

We know as a matter of fact that visitors to the sick do not closely observe the precautions which are necessary if infection is not to be communicated to others. At least such precautions are not a general rule with them. Most of them would not know how to take proper precaution.

Proper precautions consist in wearing a cap, mask, gown and gloves in the sick room. Doctors, nurses and visitors who are not taking these precautions do not transmit infection to others and have nothing with which to reproach their consciences.

When a visitor is in the sick room, there is no doubt that many visitors of the sick are impelled to betrow their presence through motives having more to do with curiosity and morbidity than with gracious reasons.

MAKING OF DIAMONDS

Scientists Get Remarkable Results. — Heavens Flung Down Hint in Meteorites and Dead Volcanoes Helped to Show the Way.

By Garrett P. Servis.

"Can diamonds be manufactured? If so, what is the process, and can such diamonds be detected by an expert?"

Yes, diamonds can be and have been manufactured, i.e., made through the intervention of the human hand. There is no occasion to "detect" them, since they are of only microscopic size as yet, and it is to be hoped that large ones, suitable to be used in jewelry, will never be made, for that would be the end of the reign of the most beautiful of gems. As soon as a thing becomes common and cheap it must be content with a utilitarian value, like glass, for instance.

From the point of view of science, however, the artificial production of diamonds possesses a very great interest. It was not an eagerness to make millions but a desire to understand nature's ways that led to the discovery of a method of turning amorphous carbon into the crystallized form of carbon called diamond. If the ideal of men of science were so low that they would pursue such a research for the sake of fooling the public and taking its money, there could be no true science.

Meteorites Gave Hint.

One of the first straight hints given to the searchers after the birth secret of the matchless carbon gem was furnished by a diamond-studded meteorite that shot out of the sky. It was an iron meteorite and it contained diamonds very minute, like all that have been produced in the laboratory. How had nature made these carbon crystals in the heart of a mass of iron, whose only history, as far as known, was comprised in an indefinite flight through open space, ended by an encounter with the earth? In the search for an answer to that question two facts stood out: (1) The substance of the meteorite had once been melted by intense heat (2) It had been quickly cooled from of solent. It was also clear that carbon must have been included in the iron at the start.

From these facts it was concluded that when the mass rapidly cooled on being projected from some unknown place of origin, where it had been intensely heated, into the extreme cold of space its surface had quickly hardened, forming a rigid shell which contained the interior mass, and as this in turn solidified and thereby expanded slightly a great internal pressure was produced, the result of which was to cause the included carbon to crystallize into minute diamonds distributed through the interior mass.

Exactly why the pressure should act in that way is perhaps not very clear, but anyhow, when the conditions above described were artificially produced by Henri Moissan in his electric furnace the result was the formation of minute diamonds like those of the meteorite. Moissan was said to have turned sugar into diamonds, for the material that he used to saturate his mass of molten iron with carbon was calcium sugar. He found that while carbon dissolved in molten iron or other metal separates out in the amorphous form of graphite or blacklead, if the cooling takes place at ordinary pressures, yet when the pressure is extremely high, many tons to the square inch, the carbon separates in the form of diamonds, which probably at first are liquid carbon drops.

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Tremendous Pressure.

To get the necessary pressure Moissan imitated the conditions of the meteorite. He heated the iron mass in his furnace to a temperature of more than 7,000 degrees, at which the iron began to volatilize, and then he dropped it into cold water, somewhat like the meteorite, shooting from its parent sun, plunged its blazing surface into the zero bath of hydrogen space. The manner in which the pressure was produced has been described above.

Inasmuch as carbon is introduced into molten iron in order to harden it into steel, it was naturally asked, after Moissan's experiments, whether minute diamonds might not already have been produced, unknowingly, in metallurgical operations, and it has been found that such was indeed the case though only in certain cases have the crystals been found large enough to be recognized. When steel is made for special purposes by cooling under great pressure produced by hydraulic apparatus microscopic diamonds are sometimes found imbedded in the mass. It has even been suggested that the great mystery of carbon in hardening steel may arise from its taking the quality of diamond, although not assuming a visible crystalline form.

The great diamond mines of South Africa lie in the choked throats of ancient, extinct volcanoes, which evidently served as giant laboratories, where Nature had at her elbow the forces and the substances needed to make diamonds on a large scale. Fortunately she knew when she had made enough—which man seldom does.

RANN-DOM REELS

By HOWARD L. RANN

THE STEERING GEAR.

The Steering Gear is a piece of mechanism which prevents an automobile or a man from going into the ditch with all sails set.

A good Steering Gear is more important to an automobile than a gold-

off at both wrists and piled his entire family on the back of his neck in a confused state.

Every man who starts out to be somebody manufactures his own Steering Gear as he goes along, and if he keeps a tight grip on the wheel he will find that the Steering Gear will not upset him. One reason why so many men go wrong is because they look off the road and drift into some blunder with the fire-escape pointer due south. There would be fewer business failures if every man who had a car had Bradstreet's cheery style if more retail merchants would sit bolt upright and keep one eye peeled on the effusive dead-end and the sharp-proof charge account instead of sliding down in the seat and steering with one hand.

The young man whose father and mother try to show him how to hold the center of the road without taking the corners on two wheels has a better start than the one who is allowed to grow up like a wild rutabaga. It is not essential that a boy should have twenty-five coats of paint and a cross-hatched walnut frontage, but it is extremely important that he should bear to the right and learn how to handle himself in traffic. The boy who has courtesy, judgment and self-control will never have to be hauled out of the ditch of ill-manners and dissipation, for his Steering Gear simply won't travel that way.

Sliding down in the seat and steering with one hand.

leaf monogram or a clear lighter, and yet the monogram with a coat-of-arms which looks like a Chinese laundry sign has probably sold more automobiles than the non-chocking carburetor.

Many a man has bought a car with a tomesque light and a chair register and rejoiced in the possession of the same until the Steering Gear broke.

"I was an awful fool, Marjorie," repeated Ted. "And I don't deserve to have you back."

"And I was a great goose, Teddie, dear, to get you into such a mess. Father said it would serve me right if you never spoke to me."

"Then she spoke and I forgot that I would never do to tell everything she knew now, for halfway between them a small person complemented my clothes. Tommy had come to stay."

"Five men fight for one seat." Is the news from one of the constituencies. Nearly as bad as in the street cars.

"Justice must be executed," says Mr. Lloyd-George. In this instance, the Kaiser and Justice stand together.

After effectively "singing the Kaiser's beard," a British Squadron has now appropriately occupied Wilhelmshaven—The Passing Show.

LINKING BILL—The Huns will never entirely appreciate Kaiser Bill until they begin to foot his war-bill—Columbia Record.

Such parties should be given short shrift if their characters are known. On the other hand, a certain kind of visitor is very welcome where the conditions are such that intelligent aid is needed. We have in mind the kind of helpful person who renders some essential service, and whose aid in visiting is to do some such thing.

Then there are the cheery persons who are especially welcome during the dark and gloomy periods. If our regard for the sick and the convalescent is to be friendly impulses in this direction more than we do.

The parrot-like visitor, highly endowed intellectually, should always be firmly gauged. Even less humane treatment is permissible in such a case.

EN PASSANT—The statement that telephone operators sleep or play cards during night shifts has been officially denied. So far, so good—but now we want to know how some of them employ themselves during the day.

A cinema announcement reads: "To Hell with the Kaiser!" Also Charlie Chaplin. Yet this house continues to show the Chaplin films.

Now that we have been told some, thing about London's net defenses against air-raids, we begin to understand the magnitude of the Hans' net losses in machines.

OUR SHORT STORY

THE ARTIST.

He was a good sort, with really handsome eyes full of expression, but being an artist, he was always brooding without so much as a hole in his pocket, and Sardina Window-maker, although as poet as she was beautiful, by and by began to tire of merely listening to his melodious voice all evening, so many evenings.

So one evening she spoke.

"Dill Pickles called to see me last night," she spoke, "and we took a walk and he bought me the scrumptious plate of ice cream. And Tuesday Carlos Stomper was here, and he brought a three pound box of all kinds of candy, and last Saturday Diamond Points called, and we went and had three sodas apiece, as he drank three and I drank three."

For a moment he felt very much embarrassed. But only for a moment. Leaping to his feet, he unbuttoned his trusty pencil and, rapidly sketching a quart of ice cream on the wall paper, he followed it with a bouquet of fancy cakes, a planked steak, three club sandwiches and a whole cheese.

"Stop, stop!" she begged. "Do you want me to burst? You must think I have a terrible capacity. I couldn't eat another bite! I think you're perfectly wonderful!"

And she invited him to call again, the very next evening, but in the morning her father saw the wall paper, he followed it with a bouquet of fancy cakes, a planked steak, three club sandwiches and a whole cheese.

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ONCE OVER.

Jolly the Wife Once in a While.

Mr. Married Man, why don't you give your wife a compliment once in a while?

When she is dressed particularly neatly and attractively why not speak of it?

When she prepares a meal unusually good and appetizing, why not say how much you enjoy it?

Don't wait till she has to ask you if you don't like that certain dish she made to tickle your palate.

Unsolicted praise from you is worth many times what she has prompted you to say.

But you think you have been married so long she should not expect such nonsense, and she should be satisfied that she is all right if you make no complaints.

But, old man, this is not enough.

To take everything done for you, comfort as a matter of course is not giving her a square deal.

To be sure it is to her interest to have things right, as well as yours, but a little "soft soap," as you call it, into the machinery and makes hard work easier.

You like a little credit yourself, don't you? Well, give it where it is due then.

IF SHE HAD BEEN BLACK—"A lovely black lady's ponyskin fur coat" is advertised for sale in the Lincolnshire Echo. Of course, black ladies can be lovely. In fact, when Mrs. Langtry was at the summit of her beauty and fame, she met at a dinner an African King who was visiting London. She did her best to please the dusky monarch and evidently succeeded, for he said to her as they parted: "Ah, madam, if heaven had only made you black and fat you would be irresistible."—London Opinion.