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Kit Kennedy

BY S. R. CROCKETT.

CHAPTER VIII.—(Con't'd.)

It was furthermore curious that, though according to the revenue reports smuggling had long been as extinct in Galloway as the cave bear or the wolf, yet nevertheless Heather Jock could produce upon occasion a thickish beverage, oily and yellow as a liqueur, and as fragrant of peat reek as his own homespun clothing. Of course Heather Jock did not retail this article, which was understood to have grand stomachic qualities. But when a farmer or well-to-do cottier asked if it would be possible to get a dose or two of his famous "yerb" cordial, Heather Jock would say that fennel and henbane were scarce this year, but, seeing it was himsel'—why, he thought the thing could be managed.

Heather Jock had lived long all alone by himself in a low-thatched but-and-ben cot-house, lying so close to the brown moorland that its wheeral-about could only be made out by the "pew" of blue reek which rose from the rough chimney in the gable, to be promptly blown down again over the heath, and green "quakkin' quaas."* (*Shaking bogs dangerous to cattle and wandering men.)

At this time Heather Jock was a hearty, good-looking, loquacious man of forty, sound as a hazel-nut out of the Glen Wood, and keen-bitten as a dust-scattering wind of March. He was naturally not averse from the society of women-kind, but he had hitherto fought shy of offering any of them the use of his name. He had never made up to any of the country lasses, and it was one of the recognized, and indeed expected jests of the glen and strath to rally Jock on his prolonged bachelordom, and to ask him when he thought of taking a mistress up to the Back o' Beyond.

"Deed," he would answer, "there's fools enough up on the muir wi' me, an' the cuddy, and Davit Caruthers the herd o' Yont. What need o' a woman to make's a fourth? Aye an' she michtna stop there. She micht mayhes bread mair. I hae kenned as muckle. Na, na; I ken what I hae, but I dinna ken what I micht get if I began thae capers."

There was no better known or gladsomer sight than Heather Jock and his donkey on all the drove-roads and farm-roadings of the Stewartry, nor one more welcome to gentle and simple alike. He had a heartsome word for everybody, and even the revenue officers was suspected him, and the tinkers whom he alternately fought and shared his bite of bread and dish of tea with, liked him and would wave their hands as soon as Heather Jock and his companion hove in sight.

Specially all children loved him. Heather Jock could clear a school green at any time.

"Wha has coupit the boy-hoose?" he would ask, as a whole village green came tagging after him and his donkey. Duncan Duncanson, deposed minister and schoolmaster in the village of Whinnyliggate, was the only man who hated the sight of Heather Jock. He knew that there would be a thin school that day and many court-martials on the morrow for the high misdemeanor of truancy.

But in every relation of life Heather Jock was eminently a man who could be trusted. Many errands he performed that could not be given to any other. His wandering habits and uncertain purpose kept him unsuspected, and Jock, though himself not only celibate, but on the subject of his own feelings almost cynical, had carried and delivered safely more love-letters than any other dozen men in the parish.

He called regularly at the house of Kirkoswald to buy the mistress's butter and eggs, and to ask if any besoms were needed for the stable yard, any scrubbers for the kitchen, or any pee-sweep's eggs, cranberries, blueberries, raspberries, blackberries—all of which he was prepared to supply according to the season and the abundance or scarcity of these moorland delicacies.

On such occasions he often came across the master of the house, and Walter Mac Walter had tried his wit and bluster against Jock's triple armor of shrewd secrecy and unfailing good humor. He had, in fact, on more than one occasion ordered Jock off the premises as a wandering gypsy fellow who could be after no good. But Jock, while never refusing to obey, had so punctuated his retreat with caustic sayings, and so revenged himself the next time he chanced to encounter his enemy at market, kirk door, or public house, that Mac Walter, a man to whom popularity was as the breath of life, had long fallen back upon valor's better part, and now permitted Heather Jock to come and go about Kirkoswald without notice or protest.

Lilias on every occasion interviewed Jock herself. She neither trusted her indoor handmaid Kate nor any of the outdoor servants to arrange matters with the "general dealer," as Heather Jock described himself in the census paper.

"Aye, mistress," he would say, "and that's the last fardin' that I can allow yc for eggs. There's a sair glut o' them in the Dumfries market. I declare I think that the fowk maun be eatin' puddocks and asks. They winna buy good honest meat, or if they buy it, they winna pay a price for it, but expect ye to cairry it to their doors and then pay them to tak' it aff your hand!"

At that moment Walter Mac Walter was passing along the path which led from the back door at which this colloquy took place. He happened to be going in the direction of the stable, and so long as he was in earshot so long Heather Jock continued to denounce the short-sighted folly and stupidity of "town-buryed."

But when there was no longer any danger of a listening ear, Heather Jock spoke in a lower tone of quite other matters.

"I am gaun ower by to the Black Nornal," he said. "Ye'll maybe hae nae word to gang there, hae ye, mistress?"

From a small wall-cupboard Lilias produced a bundle apparently tied up in a linen handkerchief. At least, there was a flash of something wrapped in white, which passed so quickly into the great inner pocket of Heather Jock's coat that no clear account of it can be given.

"And as I was sayin' to you, mistress, about thae eggs, it's juist no possible——"

The voice of Heather Jock took up the former topic with zest and in a high key as Mac Walter's head appeared at the stable door. Then, with a sudden confidential drop, he ran over his instructions as soon as it had again disappeared within.

"Aye, hinnie, rest ye easy in your mind. I'll see till the boy, and tell ye what like he is, a fine callant as ever ran on legs. I'll let your mither ken that ye canna come to the Dornal this week. And she shall hae the package safe frae my ain hand. Then this is Tuesday, and I'll be back on Friday on my rounds. And gin ye be at the white sands by the lochside at ten o' the clock, the bairn shall be there withouten ony fail. He will come wi' me for a word. The boy is no born that winna rin till he draps after Heather Jock and his bit cuddy."

A heavy step was heard on the gravel of the path, and with it came an alteration in Jock's tones and subject-matter.

"An' I'll be this gate on Friday, mistress, an' bring ye the siller change faithfully. And the two crocks and the white sugar as weel—or else puir Jock wil be faired in a moss-hole. it is a fine day, Maister Mac Walter, and a bonny bit ye hae here. And my service to you, mistress, and thank ye for your kindly custom."

Heather Jock took the village of Whinnyliggate on his way to the Dornal. He did not wish to be seen going straight from Kirkoswald to the farm of the Elder. For it was one of Walter Mac Walter's most distasteful and unpopular peculiarities that he was wont to keep track of his workers, and others in whose movements he was interested, with the assistance of a pocket pair of field glasses.

Jock's cuddy was generally addressed familiarly as "Billy-O," and one of Billy-O's duties was to carry salt to the good wives of Whinnyliggate.

At the lower end of the village the street fell away sharply towards the smithy and the school gate, and here the houses were built high on the bank, with a kind of terrace of stone slabs in front. Along this Heather Jock took his way, rapping with his knuckles loudly on every shut door, and then with the free habit of the countryside opening without waiting for any answer and crying in his wares to the busy goodwives within.

Meanwhile Billy-O stood below patiently waiting his master's orders, and as Heather Jock passed from house to house on the terrace above, Billy-O kept exact pace with him on the roadway beneath.

The progression of events was something as follows:

"Rat-tat-tat! Ony saut—grand saut—clean saut! A new crap juist in, fresh as this mornings milk, and fresher than last Sabbath's sermon—for that was nae chicken. What's that ye say, Mistress Mac Nab? Faith I said to the minister that he should hae gotten it doon at the mange door, and it wad hae kenned the way to the pulpit itsel'. It had been there aae aften!"

"What, nae saut the day! What's wrang, Mistress Landsborough? Saut's no that dear that ye should spare it out o' the porridge. D'ye tell me sae—ye havena finished the last ye got? What, nae saut?"

At this point Mistress Landsborough's door was closed with a sharp clack, and in a long voice apparently continuous with the previous colloquy Heather Jock went on.

"What, nae saut! Then go-o on, thou braist, Billy-O!"

And at the word Billy-O obediently moved on to the next house while his master attacked the door on the terrace.

"Ony saut—what? No? Then go-o on, thou braist, Billy-O!"

(To be continued.)

Foxes from Canada to France.

Forty-five silver foxes have been brought into France from Canada by M. Bernay, a breeder from Alsace, who intends to develop a farm along the lines of those so successfully conducted in more northerly climes. The precious animals, valued at some 20,000 francs apiece, have been transported with great care and very special attention to their diet. M. Bernay intends to use these forty-five entirely for breeding, and in this way build up a silver fox industry which can supply the market with skins at a greatly lower price than that at which they can be obtained when imported.

A Foreign Entanglement.

Mr. Pester—What Are you passing over so intently?

His Wife—I'm trying to fit this Irish lace in a Dutch yoke.

Mr. Pester—Better give it up. That's a job for the League of Nations."

Uninjurious Fasting.

An eagle can live twenty days without food, while a condor can similarly exist for forty days.

Song of the Fairies.

While the blue is richest
In the starry sky,
While the softest shadows
On the greensward lie,
While the moonlight slumbers
In the lily's urn,
Bright elves of the wild-wood,
Oh, return, return!

Round the forest fountain,
On the river shore,
Let your silvery laughter
Echo yet once more;
While the joyous bounding
Of your dewy feet,
Rings to that old chorus—
In flower and leaf.

Oberon-Titania!
Did your starlight mirth
With the song of Avon,
Quit this workday earth?
Yet, while green leaves glisten,
And while bright stars burn,
By that magic memory
Oh, return, return!

—Felicia Hemans.

Arabs Love Horses.

The early history of the Arabian horse is shrouded in that impenetrable veil beyond which investigators have been unable to discover a satisfactory path to knowledge.

Recognizing the thoroughbred as a fixed type of highest quality, resulting from painstaking and careful mating to obtain particular results, many students are agreed that the Arabian might have been originated and perpetuated in the same way, says the National Geographical Magazine. On the other hand, the Arabian and the Barb of Northern Africa are so alike, and yet so distinct in every possible way from the ancient horses of the steppes and of the European areas, that admirers of the Arabian and Barb are unwilling to assign them to any but a distinct classification of their own.

There have been many hundreds of books written on the horse. A lifetime devoted to the study has brought the conviction that a large majority of these writings, so far as examined by me, contained little original matter, and that those which may be regarded as authoritative must be considered in the broad light of recorded history and of scientific discoveries in order to assign a correct value to their conclusions.

The preponderance of evidence favors the belief that the Arabian horses were obtained through Egypt, from the Libyan tribes of Northern Africa, and that by long and careful mating the superior type of Arabian horse has been maintained through many centuries.

This conclusion may be justly reached by considering only the caravan movements and war invasions. When to these are added the water-borne commerce of the Mediterranean and the probabilities of the transfer of the Barb to the east, and the course of centuries back to the west and north of that great inland waterway, the matter resolves itself into an entirely possible solution, comformable to the history and development of European civilization.

It would be difficult for any horseman to adopt the suggestion of some scientists that the Arabian might have been descended from the tarpan, the onager or the zebra.

Certainly the onager and zebra have been known for more than a thousand years, and no one has been able to transmute them, by interbreeding, into any kind of a horse. Had they any legitimate claim to such noble ancestry, the Arabians would have shown dun colorings, stripes and bars, all of which are conspicuously absent.

Unhesitatingly, the Arabian and Barb are assigned to their own species unfouled by such ignoble forebears.

The Arabian, and his undoubted kinsman, the Barb, are desert horses, accustomed to subsist upon scanty food and little water.

The Poet and the Owl.

It is said that when Tennyson, one of the world's greatest poets, was a boy living at his parents' home, he had a pet owl.

Tennyson's owl never lost its liberty, yet it was so tame that the boy could stroke it and caress it as freely as if it had been a pigeon or a canary.

This is how he came to be on such good terms with the bird. The owl lived in a hollow tree in Tennyson's father's grounds, and every night, when he went to bed, the boy would open the window and call gently:—

"Tu-whit, tu-whit, tu-whit, tu-whit"

"Tu-whoo, tu-whoo, tu-whoo!" the owl would answer, and it came nearer, thinking, no doubt, that another owl was calling it.

Every night this interesting performance took place, and, little by little, the owl learned that the boy at the window did not call it to do it harm. I learned to trust him.

And at last it knew him so well that he could take it in his hand and stroke its beautifully soft plumage, and even take it into the room with him, though, of course, he always left the window open so that his feathered friend could go just when it liked.

He Was Used to Jolts.

There was a head-on collision on a certain railway, and many people were injured. When the wrecker arrived the crew began to search for bodies before attempting to move any of the cars and found an old negro Pullman porter fast asleep in the wreck. The rescuers roused him and asked:

"Didn't you know that you were in a serious wreck?"

"No, sah, boss," he replied. "I did feel sumpin' kind of jolty, but I thought dey was a-puttin' on de dinah."

Using His Coat Hanger.

Bill had not had his new suit long before the coat began to show creases. "You ought to have a coat-hanger, Bill," said his lady friend. A few days later she asked if the coat-hanger was satisfactory. "It's all right," grumbled Bill, "but the wood hurts my shoulder blades and the hook shoves my hat over my eyes."

—AND THE WORST IS YET TO COME

Old Gaelic Cradle Song.

Hush! the waves are rolling in,
White with foam, white with foam;
Father toils amid the din,
But baby sleeps at home.

Hush! the winds roar hoarse and deep,
On they come, on they come!
Brother seeks the lazy sheep,
But baby sleeps at home.

Hush! the rain sweeps o'er the knoles,
Where they roam, where they roam;
Sister goes to seek the cows,
But baby sleeps at home.

—Anon.

Doctor Says Food May Impair Eyes.

Myopia—near-sightedness—may be due to some deficiency in the modern diet, just as rickets result from lack of minerals and vitamins. That is the suggestion of England's most distinguished anatomist, Sir Arthur Keith.

"We spend our life in 'near' work," he explained, lecturing on "Near Sight and Civilization." "We spend it in reading, writing, typing, printing, weavng, tool-making, and the hundred and one offices required by modern industry, all of them requiring the use of eyes at close range.

"Our hunting forefathers had also their close-range work. To chip a flint implement needs not only a deft hand, but also close and accurate vision. They made bone needles and had to thread them. They engraved on stone and bone. But for the once they had to apply their eyes to tasks of close vision they had to apply them a hundred times to distant objects.

"Modern civilization has placed our bodies under conditions altogether new to them. Our digestive systems are breaking down under our dietary. Our teeth are swept with disease. Our nervous systems, in many cases, are breaking down. Contracted palates are common. In a considerable portion of the population changes in the bony framework of the face are taking place.

"With these bony changes, the size and shape of the cavities in which the eyes are lodged are involved. All children are born with eyes fashioned for 'distant' sight. But of British children, ten of a thousand will have lost the power of seeing clearly at a distance by the age of 4, and at 20 the near-sighted will number 150. The reason is the elongation of the eyeball, unknown in the newly born."

Maxims From Maxim.

Every man must live with the man he makes of himself! an dthe better job he does in moulding his character, the better company he will have.

The world owes nobody anything except what he earns.

No man can serve himself except indirectly through the service of others.

He gets more for his bread who casts it on the water than he who devours it himself.

The warmth of the fire is better enjoyed when shared than when monopolized at the cost of crowding others into the cold.

A man ought not to be so reticent as to sit like the owl and think and blink his wisdom away in silence.

It is well to be in touch with many people. The man who keeps other people from looking in on him shuts the window and draws the curtains so that he can't look out.

Heavy burdens carried make ordinary burdens light.

We are built by our reactions to our environment.

Genius needs obstruction.

He who would live long should work long.

What a man knows that he can't use is a handicap—From "Hudson Maxim: Reminiscences and Comments," by Clifton Johnson.

A Mystery of the Sahara.

Specimens pf fish that swim beneath the sands of the Sahara Desert are being exhibited at the American Museum of Natural History.

They were taken from subterranean desert water-pools, and are not of rare species, as might have been expected. One kind is a member of the minnow family. Others resemble perch.

The presence of these fish in the desert remains a mystery. One theory in that the eggs are transported there in particles of mud, or weeds carried in the claws of birds that visit the desert waterholes.

Every right action, every true thought sets the seal of its beauty on person and face.—Ruskin.

Guest Slippers and a Queer Bed.

The fascination of old English inns is a familiar subject in literature. Many of the quaint old buildings have come down, and more of the quaint old inn customs have disappeared, but there are still retired corners of the kingdom where both are to be found. A correspondent of the Boston Herald writes entertainingly on the subject:

You asked if there are any English inns to-day where the public slippers that once waited for a guest are preserved as curiosities? It may be that in large cities where great hotels have superseded the old-fashioned inn, and the American shoe-black stand is in evidence, guest slippers are out of date, but on my last visit to England a few years back I stopped at inns without number where I had put up twenty five or more years before and found that "Boots" still came into the commercial room—sacred to drummers—with his basket of slippers and his piece of chalk. He used the old formula: "Does any gentleman wish for a pair of slippers?"

Almost every one did want a pair, whereupon the room number and the hour to be called in the morning were duly chalked up on the soles of the boots. In one instance I found that "Boots" himself was the same man who had asked the same question a quarter of a century before. My journeying, I ought to say, took in the west of England and all of Wales.

Some thirty years ago I was the victim along with thirty or more other travelers of a practical joke with this slipper, or rather boot-shining business. I was at a large inn in Wales, where Mr. Funny Man got up in the night and went round from door to door, and changed all cleaned boots, so that, for example, the occupant of room number forty-five found at his door an "eight congress" instead of a ten-lace shoe, and in many cases a traveler found no pair at all. The uproar in the morning was terrific. I had to go without breakfast to catch an early train. The landlord, a quick-tempered Welshman, was early on the scene. He offered a reward of a guinea for discovery of the offender, who, having had the sense to change his own boots also, was never found out. If he had been, two glorious black eyes would have been his portion. To look back, it seems funny, but the humor was not apparent at the time.

I wonder whether Mr. Firebaugh in his history of inns ever ran across a Saracen's Head Inn other than Pickwick's. There is one at Ware, Hertfordshire, where at any time during the past three hundred years he would have seen an extraordiarny bed made of heavy oak, about twelve feet both in length and in breadth, and about eight feet high. The date it was made is carved at the top; I think it was early in the sisteenth century. It is said that twelve persons can lie in it. Shakespeare alludes to the "bed of Ware" in Twelfth Night (Act 3, scene 2).

Within the past few years the bed has been removed a few miles away to the famous Rye House, the scene of the historic Rye House plot, where somewhere about 1683 Lord Russell and other Whigs planed to blow up Charles II.

Feeding the Sparrows in Winter.

From my kitchen window each day I noticed a flock of sparrows would light on the sill. I could not imagine why the birds flew to this one window always, unless there was a nest under the eaves of the roof above.

After watching them day in and day out, I remarked to my boy when he came home from school one day about the birds. His face beamed as he told me how he was helping the sparrows through the cold spell by feeding them. Snow thick on the ground had made it almost impossible for the birds to find food.

"Why waste crumbs when there are hungry creatures so near?" he said. "Even a sparrow likes kind treatment."

I felt he was right and so each day the birds received the food until they were able to provide for themselves.—E.H.R.

Electricity Keeps Fish from Death.

To prevent fish from entering irrigation canals of the west, a method has been devised by which electrodes are immersed in the water at the mouths of the ditches and an electric current sent through them. When fish swim in the vicinity of these devices they are subjected to slight shocks which cause them to instantly dart away in other directions.

To the Evening Star.

O soft star of the west!
Gleaming far,
Thou'rt guiding all things home,
Gentle star!
Thou bring'st all things home,
Gentle star!
Thou bring'st from rock and wave
The seabird to her nest,
The hunter from the hills,
The fisher back to rest,
Light of a thousand streams,
Gleaming far!
O soft star of the west,
Blessed Star!

O soft star of the west!
Gleaming far,
Thou'rt guiding all things home,
Gentle star!
Shine from thy rosy heaven,
Pour joy on earth and sea!
Shine on, though no sweet eyes
Look forth to watch for me,
Light of a thousand streams,
Gleaming far!
O soft star of the west,
Blessed Star!

—F. Hemans.

I Am . . . ?

A life and happiness builder.

I put you in tune with the Infinite, and bring out the best that is in you.

I restore lost courage and stamina, and help you to live up to your ideals.

I am that which keeps you fit, always at the top of your condition. And to keep fit, physically and mentally, is the secret of successand happiness.

I am one of the prime necessities of a ormal life, that which helps to lay the foundations of your career, your health and well-being.

I iron out your wrinkles, rid you of care and worries, take years off your age, make you feel like a boy, like a girl, again.

I clarify your ideas, strengthen your purpose, renew your ideals and raise your standards all along the line of your physical and mental being.

I have helped millions to find that "other self," the bigger ma or woman that was buried under the accumulated cares and anxieties of business and family life.

I bring you that which does more than anything else to make you popular and magnetic. I do more to add to your attractiveness than all the cosmetics and beauty parlors in the world.

I make you a healthier, saner, sounder, more vigorous, more efficient man or woman, one who works on the lever of his strength instead of his weakness, who uses the bigger self instead of th little inefficient fellow who spoils so many lives.

You can't afford to neglect me, for I play a most important part in the work of brain and body building. Without me life becomes a dull mechanical grind. You become a machine. You don't live; you only exist. I enlarge your horizon, give you a new outlook.

I am an insurance against pessimism, the "blues" and physical bankruptcy. I enable you to store up reserve power which carries you safely through tremedous emergencies, great crisis in the battle of life. Without the reserve that I give you would go down to defeat.

I am the great antidote for depleted vitality, the thing which breeds nervousness, doubt, hesitation, timidity, uncertainty, vacillation—all the foes of success. I build assurance self-confidence, boldness, decision, promptness, courage—all the virile, positive, success qualities.

I am that which gives you a new birth, awakens you tothe joy of living, which renews your consciousness of oneness with the One, and puts you in vital connection with Omnipotence. I emphasize your consciousness of this connection, and thus send the thrill of creative force through every cell in your body.

I make you fit for the battle of life. Every now and then nations talk a great deal about "preparedness." I am one of the surest means for building up your life defences, making you ready for enterprises that demand the qualities of the good soldier—courage, endurance, patience, energy, resourcefulness, persistence, the will to win.

I am that which nables you to get the most out of life because I help you to put the most into it. I multiply your achievement and your happiness by multiplying your ability, jacking up your manhood, your womanhood, your physical and spiritual being by right living, right eating, right thinking, right recreation, right exercise.

I AM HEALTH.—O. S. M. in "Success."

The Hissing Iguana.

In the Pacific Ocean, about 500 miles off the coast of Ecuador, lies a tiny group of desert volcanic islands, known as the Galapagos Archipelago. Here among many creatures that have never heard the voice of man, the dominant sound of life is the hiss of the sea iguana, a giant marine lizard that exists nowhere else in the world.

Darwin visited four of the islands in 1835 and found wonderful material for his "Origin of Species." The great marine iguana grows to a length of four feet and looks like its prehistoric ancestors, some of which were eighty feet long.

It lives about the seashore and feeds on seaweeds. At night it sleeps in a burrow of the earth, or in a lava crevice, while in the daytime it comes out and at low tide makes its way to the edge of the surf to feed. It will not live in captivity.

Dreaded the Peace.

"Naturally you object to war between yourself and your wife?"

"No—that's normal enough—it's the peace that follows that gets my goat."

The Delicious Flavor

drawn from the leaves of

"SALADA"

GREEN TEA

has won it millions of users. Finer than any Japan, Gunpowder or Young Hyson. Ask for SALADA.

Stories About Well-Known People

Strategy Wins Kipling's Autograph.

Knowing his beloved Sussex and the queer localisms of the downsman's speech is one way to win the regard of Rudyard Kipling, as an enterprising young woman who had failed to get an audience with him, discovered recently. Burwash, the village near which lies Mr. Kipling's old English manor, "Bateman's," is pronounced not at all as it is spelled. The "w" is lost, leaving "Bur'ash."

Writing a parody on one of his poems in which she rhymed Burwash with words that indicated its right pronunciation, the woman mailed it to Mr. Kipling and the poet was so surprised that he wrote her a letter of thanks.

High Speed Pedestrian.

Not many men after their day's work is done would care to undertake a fifty-mile walk for pleasure. Such was the habit of Lord Haldane, ex-lord chancellor in the British cabinet, when he was at the Bar. After reading his briefs he would open his front door and set off by road for the seaside. Even in more recent years he thought nothing of going for twenty-five and thirty-mile tramps.

It was to Lord Haldane that a British judge was referring the other day when he said, in a case in which walking speed was mentioned, that it would depend upon whether the person was walking at the pace of the lord chancellor or that or an ordinary mortal.

Safety Comes First.

Dr. Charles H. Mayo, the noted surgeon, makes clear, in his habitually kindly way, that medical science has done about all that it can do to end the danger of mass diseases, and that the problem of living to a ripe old age is now up to the individual. A man must be persuaded, he says, that it is worth while, when he reaches the age of 40, to be looked over and helped to keep his machinery going. The difficulty is, as the famous surgeon seems to know, that a man who has survived his fortieth year in this vale of tears has by that time accumulated too many other troubles to worry about so trivial a thing as his health.

The Ghost of Bedlam.

A building that gave a new word to the English language is about to leave London. When we speak of madness or disorder as "Bedlam" we are using the corrupted form of Bethlehem, the "Hospital of the Star of Bethlehem" having been London's first asylum for the insane. Now it has been decided to move this institution from its present site, at the junction of Lambeth and Kennington roads, into the country.

As long ago as 1246 Simon Fitz-Mary, Sheriff of London, founded a "Priory of the Star of Bethlehem" on the spot where Liverpool street station now stands. It was soon turned into a hospital for lunatics, and after many changes of site it was moved to the present building, erected in 1812.

In 1850 a young native of India lodged with a merchant on Fish street hill, hard by London Bridge. Rebecca, the servant of the house, a willowy of plain features and retiring manners, fell in love with the stranger, unknown to himself.

It is, among other things, the home of one of London's old ghost stories.

When he left he paced a guinea in her hand, thanked her for the services she had rendered, and departed on his way. To every one's surprise Rebecca shrieked, and began to run after the chaise. She had gone suddenly mad, and was removed to Bedlam.

There she remained till her death many years later, and, according to the story, she clutched the guinea in her hand for the rest of her days, and was to have been buried with it still in her clasp.

But it is said that a keeper took it from her dead hand before she was actually buried; and according to a legend that persisted for many years, her ghost haunted the rooms and corridors of Bedlam, searching for the guinea of the man she had loved, and asking the inmates whether they had seen it.

Canadian's Great Discovery.

Man's best friend is the ultra microbe, the enemy of all bacteria. It lives in every normal form of animal life, and on the bacteria which prey on humans. If it were not for ultra-microbes, which are so small they have never been seen, any one malady would succeed in depopulating the earth.

The man who first proved their existence by segregation is Dr. F. D'Herelle of the Pasteur Institute, Paris, a Canadian who studied medicine in Montreal. He is one of dozens of investigators who have given up their lives to the intensive study of bacteriology on very small salaries at the Pasteur Institute, and he has not come in for his share of fame because he made his first discoveries not long before the war, and only proved them during the war.

Also, being a scientist without any interest in publicity, he has buried himself for several years in Indo-China and in the Dutch East Indies studying and effecting a cure for the disease which threatened to wipe out all the domestic animals in Southern Asia.

It was not until the discoveries of Dr. Green of the University of Minnesota called attention to his earlier works that D'Herelle became in the least known. Even in Paris he is not well known. Fortunately for his fame, the University of Minnesota understands the value of publicity. The Pasteur Institute does not.

One Sided Honors.

"Well," said a farmer to an Irish lad who was employed on his farm, "I heard you had a little encounter with my bull yesterday. Who came off best?"

"Sure, you're honor," said Patsy, scratching his head, "it was a toss up!"

One Stove Sufficient.

Old Mrs. Green was down at the wharf at midday seeing her niece off on a trip. Glancing aloft, she remarked: "Well, they'll soon be starting, my dear. Both funnels are smoking and they wouldn't want both funnels just to get lunch."

Women Invade Every Field of Labor.

Of the vast army of working people, numbering in 1921 17,177,050 persons, no fewer than 5,065,322 were women, says a London despatch. Several startling revelations of the state of British industry are made in this census, which has just been made public, but most unusual among them is the extent to which women workers are creeping into every conceivable occupation.

Women own factories, manage them and supervise them. They are plumbers, riveters, safe makers, sand blasters, gunsmiths, farmers, electricians, electrical apparatus makers undertakers, chimney sweeps, lighthouse and lightship hands, bookmakers, race-horse trainers and jockeys, aviators, brewers, cellar "men," railway station masters and yardmasters, railway workers, farm managers, railway porters, [illegible] stevedores, street singers, miners, men, coal and shale mine workers, builders, bricklayers, glazlers, tile makers, brick and pottery makers, metal workers, dynamo motor attendants, locomotive engineers and textile workers. But of the 156,283 persons employed as dynamo motor attendants and stationary engine drivers only two are women.

There are more women than men in professional occupations, excluding clerical staffs but including religious organizations, law, medicine, etc. The men number 306,830 and the women 359,983.

Another interesting fact is that the greatest industry in the country is that of "personal service." The gigantic army of people catering to the personal comfort of their fellow creatures, which includes servants and people employed by institutions, clubs and hotels, number 1,676,425, of which 339,944 are women. Of indoor domestic servants 1,148,698 are women and 61,006 men.

Despite England's great industrial life there are still more people employed on the land than in the mines and quarries, the ratio being 1,161,298 men and 83,062 women in agricultural pursuits to 1,061,749 men and 3,364 women in the mines and quarries.

Man-Made Earthquakes.

It seems quite likely that some of the small earthquakes recently reported in England were man-made.

In excavating for coal and iron man cuts away millions of tons of rock and coal and piles it on the surface, thus setting up all sorts of stresses. In July, 1913, dwelers near the coast in Carnarvonshire were startled out of their sleep by loud subterranean humblings, while the earth quivered over an area of many square miles. It was found that a considerable area of land lying between the Rivals granite quarries and the shore had started to slide seawards.

The fact was that the waste of the quarries which for years had been dumped on this lower ground, had proved too much for it, and had set the whole ledge sliding, producing a very good imitation of a real earthquake.

A year later inhabitants of Cradley Heath were startled by a tremor and a dull roaring sound. Part of one street began to sink. Windows of shops bulged and fell out, gas mains cracked, the cartracks twisted. The ground over a considerable area sank as much as five feet, and enormous damage was done. The cause was the falling in of old mine galleries.

Shildon, in Durham, and Abertillery, in Wales, have both had similar unpleasant experiences. At Shildon a new $16,000 school was completely wrecked about a year ago.

At Prescall, near Preston, salt is mined. Early last year rumblings were heard. The earth shook and a big hole opened in an orchard. Week by week the subterranean humblings went on, and by degrees the hole enlarged until half the orchard had disappeared into the earth. There is now a great crater of enormous depth and the farmhouse itself seems doomed to be swallowed up.

Europe now has 10 Presidents and 13 Sovereigns.