

low, shedding themselves of selfishness—a new recognition that the honor of a country does not depend merely upon the maintenance of its glory in the stricken field, but in protecting its homes from distress as well. It is a new patriotism which is bringing a new outlook over all classes. The great flood of luxury and of sloth which has submerged the land is receding, and a new Britain is appearing. We can see, for the first time the fundamental things that matter in life, and that had been obscured from our vision by the tropical growth of prosperity.

May I tell you in a simple parable what I think this war is doing for us? I know a valley in the north of Wales between the mountains and the sea—a beautiful valley, snug, comfortable, sheltered by the mountains from all the bitter blast. It was very enervating, and I remember how the boys were in the habit of climbing the hill above the village to have a glimpse of the great mountains in the distance, and to be stimulated and freshened by the breezes which came from the hill tops, and by the great spectacle of that valley. We have been living in a sheltered valley for generations. We have been too comfortable, too indulgent, many, perhaps, too selfish, and the stern hand of fate has scourged us to an elevation where we can see the great everlasting things that matter for a nation—the great peaks of honor we had forgotten—Duty, Patriotism, and—clad in glittering white—the great pinnacle of Sacrifice, pointing like a rugged finger to Heaven. We shall descend into the valley again, but as long as the men and women of this generation last they will carry in their hearts the image of these great mountain peaks, whose foundations are not shaken though Europe rock and sway in the convulsions of a great war. (Prolonged cheers.)

Distance No Drawback.—Harry Lauder tells a story about Rab McBeth, a friend of his, who went up to Glasgow once to see a brother off to America. They said good-bye on board, and then Rab went ashore, and as the great ship slowly drifted away from the quay Rab continued to shout parting words of advice and encouragement to his brother standing on the deck.

"Good-bye, Wull! Buck up, Wull! See an' behave yersel!"

Every time he shouted the ship was a little farther away, and Rab accordingly kept raising his voice more and more. The other people who were shouting good-byes were dumbfounded, and their good-byes were hopelessly drowned in the roar of Rab's voice. When the ship was about half a mile away Rab let himself go with a final tremendous shout:

"Mind and write hame, Wull!"

A man standing near went up and touched Rab's arm.

"If Wull doesn't write when he gets to America," he suggested, "you should just shout across to remind him."—The Argonaut.



The Law of Opposites.

"I'd never marry you!" she said, and positively shook her head;
 "Your hair is dark, and so is mine, Our eyes with rival azures shine;
 Our skins both hold the selfsame hue, And I am thin, and so are you;
 We're far too much alike," said she—"You'll have to go away from me!"

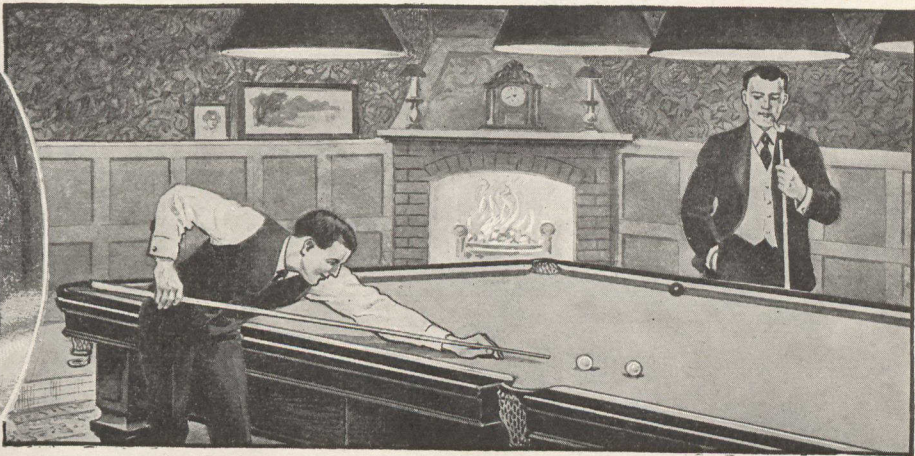
"I know a girl across the street," I answered, "who is very sweet;
 Her hair is gold, her eyes are brown, Her cheek is soft as thistle-down.
 She is my opposite in all— I guess you're right—I'll go and call."
 "You'll go and call on Her?" said she—"What? And you'd go away from Me?"
 —Cleveland Plain Dealer.



Too Bad.—The New Maid—"In my last place I always took things fairly easy."
 Cook—"Well, it's different here. They keep everything locked up."—Tit-Bits.



Disappointed.—An old Scotch couple from the hills decided to visit a moving-picture show on their visit to Glasgow, due largely to the flaming posters which announced "The Battle of Waterloo." As they came out Donald's dissatisfied expression caused his wife to ask: "Whit's wrang noo? Did ye no like 'The Battle o' Waterloo'?" "Waterloo!" the husband grumbled. "D'ye no' ken my grandfeyther fought at Waterloo, an' I didna see him at a' in any o' they pictures."



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