

Keep Scrapin'—By Esty Quinn

When you're sick as the deuce, and you think, "What's the use?"
And you're tired out, discouraged, afraid;
And you keep asking why they don't let you die
And forget the mistakes you have made;
When you're chuck full of pain and you're tired of the game,
And you want to get out of it all—
That's the time to begin to stick out your chin
And fight with your back to the wall!

When you've done all you can to scrap like a man,
But you can't keep your head up much more;
And the end of the bout leaves you all down and out,
Bleeding, and reeling, and sore;
When you've prayed all along for the sound of the gong
To ring for the fight to stop—
Just keep on your feet and smile at defeat:
That's the real way to come out on top!

When you're tired of hard knocks and you're right on the rocks,
And nobody lends you a hand;
When none of your schemes, the best of your dreams
Turn out in the way you'd planned;
And you've lost all your grit and you're ready to quit,
For Life's just a failure for you,
Why, start in again and see if all men
Don't call you a MAN through and through!

HER LETTERS

By Paul Ginity

Pierre Virieu, the historian, had shut himself up for the day in his library. He had given orders to admit nobody. Nevertheless, his valet entered the room with a knowing smile and announced one of those unexpected callers whom it is simply impossible to turn away.

"It's Mme. Charlotte!"
"Bah!"
"Monsieur understands that I could not refuse."
"All right," said Pierre Virieu, a little annoyed by the liberty which the valet, long intimate with his master's affairs, had taken.

He got up out of his chair and prepared to greet the visitor.
Charlotte Lantier! The memories she recalled were charming, undoubtedly. She had been distinctly high bred, original and truly feminine. His friendship for her had not been without clashes, though it had lacked any real passion. To him it was now only an agreeable recollection.

The break between them had come almost of itself. He hadn't seen Charlotte for more than a year. He had heard of her only indirectly, in chance conversations in which people spoke of her talent as a painter and of her curious sincerity of vision. He had practically forgotten her, although at first such forgetfulness would have seemed to him unnatural and impossible.

Charlotte Lantier, was visibly affected. There was a slight tinge of color in her pale face.

"You are surprised to see me," she said.

"Be seated, please. Charmed would be a better word."

"Ah! Pierre, you say that without conviction."

She smiled, but with a faint suggestion of melancholy.

"How feelings change! It is less our fault than that of our poor natures that we don't want things to last. But we loved each other, all the same."

"It is a sacred memory, Charlotte."

There was a silence. Both were embarrassed. She pulled herself together and began:

"It is curious that I should come here to say the word which puts a definite end to our little romance. I know well that you will offer no protest. And as for me, my mind is made up. Possibly you have already heard that I am going to be married."

"You are?"

"Yes. Is it love or only friendship which I feel for the man who is to be my husband? In either case I put my life confidently in his hands. You don't know him. He is not of our world. His name would mean nothing to you. I came to say goodbye."

"You know, Charlotte, that I wish you happiness with all my heart. May you be loved and appreciated as you deserve to be!"

She looked him straight in the eyes. "You think, perhaps, that I could have been that man, loving you and understanding you better?"

"No, no reproaches, my friend. Don't let's talk about what's past. And don't let's try to deceive ourselves with phrases. Let us end the matter smilingly."

She looked about the room, at the table covered with books and the pictures on the walls.

"Nothing is different here. Only you and I are different."

Her eyes rested on a little secretary, tightly closed.

"By the way," she said. "I don't doubt you, you know, but it's better to be on the safe side. Have you kept the letters I wrote you?"

"Yes," answered Pierre Virieu, after a moment's hesitation, for, as a matter of fact, his mind was far away.

"Well, then, give them back to me."

Pierre took a little key out of his pocket and opened the secretary. He jammed it in a drawer, full of papers; then in another and then in a third. Turning suddenly to Charlotte, he said in an appealing tone:

"You're not in earnest, are you, about my giving them back? That is a little cruel. They are all of you I have left."

"But they belong to a burnt past!"

"You are asking me to make a great sacrifice."

"I thank you, Pierre, for your gallantry. But I think you exaggerate."

She stretched out her hand.

"Come, give them back to me—those poor letters which have no meaning now—which are only dead things."

Pierre searched through the drawers again, taking precautions that she shouldn't see exactly what he was doing. He was annoyed and his face showed it.

"Well!" she asked.

He shut the secretary and took a seat near her.

"No, my friend, let me keep what you have written me. Spare me the pang which I hardly thought a few moments ago I was capable of feeling. It is at the moment of separation (even putting aside the thought of an impossible rapprochement) that one realizes how strong certain liens of affection have been. Let me keep the letters for a few days, at least. Tomorrow—I promise I will send them to you to-morrow."

"But that is childish."

"Maybe it is. I shouldn't like to offend you, but—"

Charlotte was nonplussed. After the placid tone which the first part of the interview had taken she was amazed at this energetic opposition.

"My dear Pierre," she said, "I have told you what my plans are. I shall never see you again. I can't, and I oughtn't to. So I depend on your loyalty to give me what shouldn't any longer belong to you."

"Those are plain words, my dear Charlotte. I am afraid that they show some feeling of animosity."

"Good! He is getting angry," thought Charlotte.

There was a moment of uneasiness—of the sort which precedes a conflict. Charlotte fidgeted and a wrinkle showed in her forehead. She looked so aggressive that Pierre decided to open the secretary again and hunt through the drawers.

"Will you give them to me?" demanded Charlotte, imperiously.

"No!" answered Pierre, with every appearance of resolution.

"It is unheard of."

"Suppose it is."

"And I came to see you in such a friendly spirit!"

Pierre made no response. He was nervous and dissatisfied with himself in spite of his obstinacy.

"For the last time—will you give me the letters?"

"For the last time—No!"

"Well, monsieur, since you are not the gallant gentleman whom I expected to find, I shall take other measures."

"As you please."

"I shall tell everything to the man whom I expect to marry. He will know how to compel you to return my letters."

"So be it."

Charlotte, trembling with anger, got up and walked to and fro. There was a gleam of vengeance in her eyes. She started for the door.

"Oh! Pierre, Pierre!" she exclaimed, reproachfully, as she disappeared.

Pierre Virieu watched her go in a sort of stupor.

"What a mess I made!" he said. "Her letters—her letters! I couldn't tell her the truth. The devil take me if I know what I did with them, or where they are!"

Japanese English.

Of the eagerness of the Japanese to learn English Mrs. DeBurgh Daly in An Irishwoman in China, gives an amusing account. She declares that they will pounce on you at railway stations and on steamers and insist on talking with you in order to practice the new tongue.

Sometimes, she says, the questions they ask are odd enough. A Japanese clerk accosted a tall, dark missionary in these words: "Sir, or madam, as the case may be, what is your name?"

And I have been told that a placard was exhibited on a little Japanese house, setting forth that "English is taught here up to G."

The house cooled at the hotel said to me, with a polite bow, "Will you have some hot?"

I discovered that he meant to ask whether I wished the steam heat to be turned on!

A man looking for trouble can generally find it.

—and the worst is yet to come



"ACTIVE SERVICE" IN EMERALD ISLE

DESCRIBED BY MEMBER OF THE R. I. C.

Depicts the Excitements and Perils of Life To-day in Faction-torn Island.

It was getting dark as we were returning from a patrol. The three cars were filled with men, each carrying a loaded rifle and revolver, while bombs and machine-guns were also to hand.

We had still five miles to go, when, as we travelled along a lonely road, we heard three sharp reports from some where near at hand. Some said it was the back-firing of one of the cars, others leaned over the side, thinking one of the tyres had burst.

Little did we guess that the reports we had heard were a pre-arranged signal between a man lurking near and the main body of ambushers who were waiting for us about a mile farther along the road. The three shots told them that there were three cars, one shot having been fired as each car passed the spot.

The Road Was Blocked.

We had just settled down again, when suddenly, without an instant's warning, terrific fire was opened upon us from both sides of the road, which at this point had stone walls on each side—excellent cover for the attackers.

The drivers put on speed, and we took pot-shots at the places where we saw a flash as the attackers discharged their guns. This was all we could aim at, it then being too dark to see any figures.

The noise was deafening. Bombs were used by both sides, and exploded with a terrific roar. About fifty yards farther along we came to a corner, and here it was necessary to slow down considerably. Here, hidden behind the walls, must have been between fifteen and twenty men, who met us at about seven yards' range with a tremendous fire from rifles, revolvers, and shot-guns.

We replied with our revolvers, and a bomb was lobbed over the wall right amongst them, the wall from behind which they were firing protecting us and confining the full force of the explosion to them.

This had the desired effect of making them move, and by the time they had again got into position the other two cars were safely round the corner.

But this was not the widest part. Once safely round the corner we thought we should be through, but here an awful sight met our gaze. About a hundred yards ahead the trees on the roadside had been felled right across the road, completely blocking the way. It was absolutely impossible for the cars to pass.

This was the ambushers' strongest point, and here they had expected to finish us off. To go back was impossible, and to have attempted to move

the trees while they were waiting there would have meant certain death.

A Hero at the Wheel.

So immediately the obstruction was seen the cars were stopped, and a regular fight began. Slowly we worked our way along the wall sides until we got to the trees. We knew that here we should find quite a strong party, but here again they were quickly moved by bombs.

Once we had got them away from the roadside it was not many minutes' work to move the trees sufficiently to allow the cars to pass, although at the time it seemed an endless task.

From somewhere in the fields on our right could be heard the yells of someone in pain as he was being taken away by some of his comrades.

When we had passed the blockade, the roadsides were still lined with the ambushers, who, when we passed them, took pot-shots at us.

A few of ours then began to fall down, either dead or wounded. It was about at this point that our driver gave a yell, and his body swayed forward. The car swerved from side to side. It seemed that nothing could save us from crashing into one of the walls.

Then he regained control, and we found, later on, that a bullet had passed through his neck. He bravely stuck to his task, knowing that to stop might mean death to us all, and that while we kept moving there was still a chance of escape from the bullets, which continued to whistle around us.

At last we got through, and when we thought that we were a safe distance from the firing the cars were stopped, and the wounded men attended to. Completely exhausted from the loss of blood, our driver fainted.

Chased to the Hills.

Some of our men were dead, and we carefully laid them in the bottom of the cars. Away at the barracks, they were wondering why we did not return. They tried to ring up some of the villages through which they knew we must pass on our return journey, but they could not get any replies.

A little later they received a message from the exchange, telling them that all telegraph wires in the district had been cut. This immediately told them that somewhere in that district an ambush was to take place, or had taken place, and they knew that we were somewhere in that district.

Reinforcements were immediately sent out, and they came upon us as we were caring for the wounded. The sight of their chums lying there, some dead and others wounded, made them pine for revenge.

A small party were left with the cars, and the rest went back into the ambush. A few kept to the road, and the rest spread themselves out into the fields on either side. Shots were again exchanged; but now we were in greater numbers, and we soon drove them well away, up into the hills.

We knew nothing could be gained by following them, so a search was then made of the houses in the vicinity, and then we finished the journey home.

The wounded were taken to hospital, and reports handed in. The day's work was ended.

Puzzled the Maid.

Among the instructions which a mistress had given her new maid from the country was one to bring in a glass of milk each evening at seven o'clock. The first evening Jane brought in the glass clasped tightly in her hand.

"Don't do that again; it's bad etiquette, Jane," ordered the mistress. "Always bring it in on a tray."

Next evening Jane appeared with a tray full of milk in her hand.

"Excuse me, ma'am," said the maid. "Do you want a spoon, or will you lap it up?"

Hold the Ideal of the Thing You Long to Attain

A wise physician puts into operation the law of expectancy of health. He knows that if he can cheer up a patient by holding out hope to him, the assurance that the patient will be well in a short time, it will have a powerful influence in ameliorating the diseased condition.

Mental healers hold the thought, and endeavor to develop in the mind of the patient, the conviction of health as a reality, an ever-active principle, thus avoiding the undermining of the normal resisting power due to fear and foreboding.

When the mind is full of fear the deteriorating disease-producing tendencies are very active, because mental depression creates the abnormal condition upon which disease thrives. To make the mind perfectly normal, we must hold the ideal that we are normal in all things.

Most of us have thought infinitely

more of the abnormal conditions of the body, of our unfortunate, distressed sensations, than we have of holding the health idea, the conviction that we were made in the image of Perfection, and that our inheritance must be perfect. If we would only hold fast to the idea that there cannot be anything the matter with that which we have inherited from our Creator; that the reality of us is perfect, exempt from discord, from disease, from all physical troubles, we would conquer all distressing conditions.

We are beginning to learn something of the tremendous possibilities of holding the ideal of the thing we are seeking, the thing we long to attain; we are finding that the holding in mind the model of the person we wish to become, the ideal of the body we would like to have, the health we long for, the prosperity we desire, tends to make these things realities.

Tea, Please.

Tea has been called "drugged water," and as brewed and drunk by many the description is quite correct.

The drug is caffeine, which makes a cup of tea so stimulating and refreshing, and—this for the comfort of tea drinkers—it is quite harmless, and very useful if not taken to excess.

People, on the other hand, who are continually drinking tea, and therefore absorbing too much caffeine, get into the same physical state as immoderate consumers of alcohol. They "crave" for their tea, exactly as others crave for alcohol.

Deprived of it, they get an unbearable headache, which vanishes at once when they "caffeine" their system again. The penalty of their immoderation is palpitation, breathlessness, nervousness, headache, indigestion, neuralgia, and physical and mental depression.

Tea has no food value in itself, but the added milk and sugar puts value—and good value—into the "cup that cheers." The "Red Cross Nursing Manual" says that milk, being unhygienic, should not be used. To the sugar should be added a little cream or a squeeze of lemon-juice.

Tannin is largely present in low-grade teas, but in good quality teas the tannates are perfectly balanced and harmless.

Properly infused tea is made by pouring fresh-boiled water on the leaves slowly, and pouring the tea out, with no shake to the pot, after a two to three minutes' "stand." Tea thus made is highly restorative to mind and muscle, tones up the nervous system, increases the circulation, excites the action of the kidneys, will banish a headache, and dispel low spirits. The water, too, is of great value to the body, which requires, in some form, three quarts daily. Finally the sugar banishes fatigue, and is a "food" for the heart.

So—buy a good tea, infuse it properly, drink it moderately, and not only will you be none the worse for it, but infinitely better.

Historic "Bull."

Recently there passed away A. S. Goodeve, who since 1912 had been a member of the Dominion railway commission. He was a man of charming personality and numbered his friends by the hundreds. He sat for Kootenay and no sooner had the session opened than a question arose which brought Goodeve to his feet with his maiden speech. To the amazement of the Liberals, Goodeve literally took off his coat and started to lambaste Sir Wilfrid Laurier. The latter enjoyed it hugely. It was something new for the old chief to have a member of the opposition go for him tooth and nail. It used to be all shadow boxing.

Goodeve was what is known as a "born public speaker." He had a fine flow of old-fashioned oratory. He was also the perpetrator of one of the historic bulls of Parliament. During the stormy debates of 1911 on the reciprocity agreement, Goodeve, in a burst of impassioned oratory, referring to Fielding, said: "Mr. Speaker, the minister brought that agreement to this house in his little black bag. He opened Pandora's box and out jumped the Trojan horse."

Learned His Lesson.

Mabel was telling Isabel of the shy young man that had been for some months "gone" on her, but whose suit had languished because he simply hadn't the courage to speak out. Finally, Mabel said, she decided that it was "up to her" to take decisive measures. Accordingly the next time he called she pointed to the carnation in his buttonhole and said: "I'll give you a kiss for that carnation." Whereupon the bashful suitor's color outdid the carnation in brilliancy, but the exchange was effected. Then the young man grabbed his hat and started to leave the room. "Where are you going?" demanded Mabel, surprised. "To the florist's for more carnations," he called out as he shot through the doorway.

Dismisses Women Teachers.

Women teachers are no longer employed in French schools for boys. The authorization to employ them, granted during the war, has been withdrawn, because the return to normal life has rendered men teachers available.

Snakes as Cellar Pets.

Brazilians keep pet anacondas, 10 to 20 feet long, in their cellars, to destroy the rats and mice.

Too Fat to Retreat.

Excessive corpulence, which generally handicaps its victims, played a good turn in the case reported of a laborer who tried to drown himself at Swanage, but is still alive because he was too fat to sink.

Lord Esker records another instance where a punch proved beneficial. "In the throes of the battle of Ypres," he writes, "the French troops, under a punishing fire, began to retire. They were met by General Grossetti, whose proportions were Falstaffian, and who also had something of Sir John's wit when referring to his physical disabilities.

"What do you propose to do with me?" he called out to them. "I am too fat to run away. I am tired to death and must sit down. Get me a chair." A solid camp stool was brought by a soldier, and down he sat, quietly resting in the middle of the shell-torn street, awaiting the advent of the enemy. He continued to fling humorous jokes at the men as they passed. "I am an unlucky fellow; I cannot retire. You see I am good for nothing but to sit where I am."

"A company in Indian file began to creep past, hugging the walls of the rocky houses. 'Where are you off to, my children? Is this really a retreat? Are you thinking of leaving your old general in a lurch?' The men stopped, petrified at seeing Grossetti sitting placidly on his camp stool with shells bursting round him and amid showers of sharpnel. They cheered him lustily, turned, and began to advance."

A Nameless Irish Hero.

A British regiment had been ordered to advance and capture a little town on the Henders front. With magnificent zest the Tommies advanced along the main road leading into the town. A few scattered groups of Germans opposed them, but they steadily gave way before the British and led them on to the immediate vicinity of the town. The British commander was on the point of ordering his men to make the final charge that would carry them into the main street of the village when they heard some one shouting, "Back, back, sir! There's a trap set for you!"

Looking in the direction of the cry, the officer saw a man standing on the window sill of a house on the edge of the town. Even as the man shouted he leaped down from the window and started running toward the British troops.

Spit! spit! went the hidden machine guns, and the poor fellow pitched forward headlong, riddled with bullets. By a flank movement the British troops skirted the ambush and took the town from another point. When the fighting was over, the officer and his men looked for the man who had so pluckily saved them.

Lying in the middle of the road was his body; he was a young, handsome Irishman. His identification disk was missing, however, and his papers had been taken from him. Plainly he had recently been a prisoner and confined in the room from which he had seen the preparations for ambushing the British troops. Reverently they buried the young hero, feeling that but for him scarcely a man of them would have survived. Though his name is not yet known, his deed will never be forgotten by those whom he saved.

Growing Trees on the Prairies.

Undoubtedly there are more difficulties met with in raising trees on the prairies than are to be found in the eastern provinces. In the first place, the rainfall is very limited. Second, the trees have to withstand a great deal of exposure to storms and extremes of temperature. Third, the prairie soil as we now find it, after years of exposure to the elements, is so compact and hard that it needs to be specially prepared before it is fit for tree-growth. None of these conditions is, however, of such a nature as to make the raising of trees an impossibility, but by following out certain methods which are indicated by results already obtained, tree growing on the prairies can be made just as successful and, perhaps, even more certain than wheat raising.—Bulletin No. 1, Dominion Forestry Branch, Ottawa.

It requires effort to bridle the mare; also to bridle the tongue.

Fifty-seven vessels of 227,010 gross tons, driven by motor-engines, are now being constructed in the United Kingdom.

Things and Doing Things

Life is so full of a number of things

I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

Not the number of things, But the things we can do, Makes the joy of living For me and for you.

So let us rejoice In the number of things; But the man who works Is the man who sings.

—Maria Upham Drake.