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PROMPT ATTENTION IS OUR MOTTO

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Rural Phone

SCOUTS KEPT BUSY

British Boys Realize They Live in Stirring Times.

Patrol Leader Griggs and Pirate Have Adventures Which Would Seem to Furnish Quite a Number of Thrills.

"Me and Pirate saw her first," said Patrol Leader Griggs, when asked to recall the most recent maritime mishap of which, as a boy scout, he had official cognizance. "It was only the other day, and we'd been sent on special patrol along the cliff, two one way and two t'other, the sea fog being so thick. She was quite close in, but you could only just see her in the mist—a fair-sized steamer, and not moving, so I knew she was on the sand."

Griggs sent the Pirate back post haste, says "A. E. C." in London Daily Chronicle, that a rocket apparatus might be sent and the nearest lifeboat warned.

"The strange part was she didn't hoot or nothing," said Griggs—"not a sound. I hollered, but they wouldn't be likely to hear. Also I took off my jersey and waved it, just to let 'em know help 'ud be coming, but I don't think they saw."

Within 45 minutes Pirate returned in company with the rocket apparatus and its crew.

"And what do you think?" exclaimed Griggs indignantly, "at first they wouldn't take his word for it up at the station. Was he quite sure he hadn't made a mistake, if you please? Just as if I don't know a stranded steamer when I see one!"

The rocket was successfully fired and the tackle made fast on the steamer. But crew and vessel owed their rescue to the alternative aid brought by the boys' summons.

"When the lifeboat came up," explained Griggs, "they passed her a warp, and she put an anchor out, and the steamer hauled herself back into deep water."

I asked about the scar on Griggs' knee.

"It was a heastly dark night," he replied, "when that happened. There was a parcel for the next station and I was taking it half-way, to meet one of their boys coming up—both on our bikes. I was going at a fair lick, and ran into a big biscuit tin that some silly ass had left in the middle of the road. At least it sounded like a biscuit tin, but I didn't go hunting round to find out what it was. The blood wasn't half running down my leg, so I got back as quick as I could."

"Do you find bicycles useful in coast watching?"

"They're all right to anyone used to them. I lent my bike to Pirate once—but never again! A mine was reported ashore a mile and a half along the coast. Pirate was told to hurry there and stand watch over it till the motorboat came to make it harmless. There's some sand holes and deep cuttings along the cliff, and being in too much of a hurry to see where he was going Pirate fell into pretty near all of them. Then he stuck the bike into a hedge and ran the rest."

"Have you ever had a mine come ashore and explode?"

"One did. It made a most tremendous loud noise, only I didn't hear it myself, being asleep at the time."

"Did it do much damage?"

"Depends on what you call much," replied Griggs judiciously. "A man's shoulder put out of joint and about a thousand quids' worth of broken windows."

Little Romance of Today.

There is a flavor of sheer romance about that Partizanski flag with its Scottish thistle, English rose, and Russian bear embroidered by the English ladies of Kermanshah, which figures in a striking little dispatch from a correspondent of the Times of London. Partizanski is a Cossack under the command of Bicharakoff, "the man with the face of an iron dreamer" met, with his troop, by the way, at Kasri Shrin. There was a Colonel Leslie among that Cossack troop who spoke no word of English and only a word or two of French, having been an "edile," as he put it, "for over three hundred years," an ancestor of his having come to Russia in the reign of Ivan. He had read of pipes, in his family records, but it was at Mendali, on the inhospitable borders of Laristan, that he heard the music of them for the first time, and it was a Punjab paper who played the Cossacks in.

German Chemists at Work.

The activity of German chemists is shown in technical journals received through neutral countries. One of the new products is a safety defonator, which is stated to be a cheap and effect, a substitute for fulminate of mercury. The latter, besides being costly, is very dangerous to handle and in the caps is unstable, a little dampness causing it to attack the copper or brass, forming a copper salt far more explosive than the fulminate itself. The new filling is a mixture of potassium chlorate and antimony sulphide—neither explosive. Held against this by a thin strip of tin is a varnish of gum lacquer containing ground red phosphorus and a little disphenylamine, and as the hammer strikes the cap, ignition is produced by friction of the phosphorous against the charge.

Safe and Sane.

"You bought a lot of Liberty bonds?" "Yes. A Liberty bond was about the only thing I found that could be bought at its regular value during war times."

MARJORIE'S ONE HUNDRED.

Marjorie, aged 9, had not been having very satisfactory reports from school. Her father finally said: "Marjorie, for the first 100 you get I'll give you a quarter." Time went on, and the reward could not be claimed. One day the child was taken violently ill. Her mother sent for the doctor. When he had gone Marjorie said: "Mamma, am I very ill?"

"No, dear; your temperature is a little over 100, but the doctor thinks you will be better in a day or so."

Smiles broke through Marjorie's tears.

"Now, mamma, I can have my quarter. Papa said he would give it to me if I could get 100 on anything."—Christian Advocate.

More What?

Mrs. Junebride—"The larder is about empty. We'll have to make our luncheon on bread and cheese and kisses."

Her Hubby—"All right! If there isn't enough I'll run out to the Widow Sweetleigh's delicatessen and get some more."

But He Knew Most of 'Em.

Mr. Upp-Towne—I saw you coming out of the employment agency.

Mr. Downe-Towne—Yep, been hiring a new cook.

Mr. Upp-Towne—Finally decided to recognize the Cooks' Union, eh?

Mr. Downe-Towne—Not entirely, old chap. There are still a few strange faces.

POOR CAT



Mrs. Newwed—While I was out this afternoon a cat got in and ate everything in the pantry but that cake I baked yesterday.

Mr. Newwed—I always claimed that the cat was one of the wisest of animals.

Away With Him!

I do not care for Ezra Grimm. I much dislike his knocking ways. No man, it seems, is known to him for whom he has a word of praise.

Identified.

"Did you meet that fellow I mentioned to you while you were in North Dakota?"

"What kind of looking fellow was he?"

"He was a Swedish-looking chap, and had light hair."

Not Cure of His Spelling.

"There is no doubt that you are entitled to call yourself a connoisseur in art."

"I might call myself one," rejoined Mr. Currox. "But I wouldn't like to take a chance on putting it in writing."

Start of a "Reel" Scrap.

First Director—"How did you get those actors to put up such a realistic fight?"

Second Director—"I told each one to be quiet that the other considered him a punk scrapper."



RULING PASSION.

Floor Walker—"Hurry out, Madam. The store's afire."

Mrs. Bargain—"Oh, is it? Then I'll just wait for the fire sale."

A Fear.

If earth were peaceful and polite. And all merely pay. Some puglist would start a fight To pass the time away.

His Status.

"What do you think they did to my Willie at the hospital, ma'am? They cut out all his asteroids."

"Then I suppose he is now their star patient."

Explained.

The man you see going yonder is a man of low life and dark deeds."

"Is he a crook?"

"No; he cleans cellars and shovels coal for a living."

His Job.

"What position do you occupy in the matrimonial firm? Manager?"

"No; she's that. I was the cash boy, but since the baby came I am only the floorwalker."

Appropriate Attack.

"Sure, your honor, and if I did go for the Chinese laundryman, it was all in the way of his own business."

"How was that?"

"I soaked him."

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