



THE PRAYER OF A MAN

Teach me that sixty minutes make one hour, sixteen ounces one pound, and one hundred cents one dollar. Help me to live so that I can lie down at night with a clear conscience, without a gun under my pillow and unhaunted by the faces of those to whom I have brought pain.

Grant, I beseech Thee, that I may earn my meal ticket on the square, and in doing thereof, that I may not stick the gaff where it does not belong. Deafen me to the jingle of tainted money and the rustle of unholy skirts.

Blind me to the faults of the other fellow, but reveal to me mine own.

Guide me so that each night when I look across the dinner table at my wife, who has been a blessing to me, I will have nothing to conceal.

Keep me young enough to laugh with my children and to lose myself in their play.

And when comes the smell of flowers and the tread of soft steps, and the crushing of the hearse's wheels in the gravel in front of my place, make the ceremony short and the epitaph simple: "Here Lies a Man."—Exchange.

WHERE THEY HAVEN'T YET HEARD OF THE WAR

Incredible though it may sound, there are still places which have not heard a syllable about the war," says a writer in *London Tit Bits*.

"Tristan d'Achuna, the lonely South

Atlantic island, has not received a mail since the outbreak of war. Tristan d'Achuna is entirely dependent on chance communications from the Cape 1500 miles away. Sometimes it is as long as two years before its people hear from the outside world.

"It is a British possession, and its people, numbering about 80, are mainly descendants of shipwrecked sailors. They are of mixed origin—English, Scotch, Irish, American, Dutch, Italian, Asiatic and Negro. There is not one "enemy alien."

"Another place that has probably not yet heard of the war is Yquitos, in eastern Peru. Yquitos has perhaps the most romantic mail service in the world.

"Its letters are taken up the Amazon to Manaos, and thence right across South America up the mighty river in a river steamer. It is only a few hundred miles from Lima, the Pacific capital of Peru, but the wall of the Andes is an almost impassable barrier.

"The 'quick' route, therefore, from Yquitos to Lima is all the thousands of miles down the Amazon and across the Atlantic, and then "via Liverpool."

Ghost (addressing Roy Davis:— Upon your upper lip, young man, the alfalfa hath certainly begun to sprout! It hath attained physical density— though not the color by any means of the Egyptian darkness. It can be felt, and it is felt,—ah, yes, very soft felt.