

## Just Folks

by Edgar A. Guest

### LETTERS.

If you were three thousand miles from home, you'd look for a letter, too. You'd like to see the mail come in to see what had come from you. Through the lonely days and the lonely nights you'd wait for the moment they'd call your name in a cheery way and you'd hear from the folks again. You'd think queer thoughts if they failed to write, you'd fancy they'd ceased to care. And your mind would conjure up evil dreams to worry and haunt you there. There'd be no joy in the morning sun, no rest on your lonely cot. If once you felt that you were one of the home folks had forgot. Vain will be bullets and guns we make, and vain will be all we do. If ever that line in France should lose its faith in the ones it know. For cannon and shells are but tools so use whenever our soldiers roam. And their cause is lost if they are not backed by the love of the folks at home.

Letters from home are their hope by day, their dream through the hours of night. And the blame is ours if they fail to win, if we shall have failed to write. So guard their courage and guard their faith and keep up their spirits there. By letting them know when the mail comes in that you haven't ceased to care.

## RANN-DOM REELS

By HOWARD L. RANN  
ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

Alexander the Great was a prominent and successful conqueror who remained in the business for thirty-two years and then expired as a result of attempting to absorb too much alcohol. His death was wholly unnecessary, and could have been avoided if he had done a little conferring in the direction of his haughty and high-stepping thirst.

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## MODERN VIEWS ON HEALTH

By BRUCE BELDEN, M. D.

Whatever nature does regularly is usually done for a constructive purpose, so that we must not regard fever as necessarily a bad thing, to be reduced at all hazards and quickly, nor must a diarrhoea be checked at once, nor high blood pressure lowered, nor even pain dulled—necessarily. Nature is conservative in her processes, and we must be careful about butting in just because she is doing something unusual—especially if she has been observed to do the same thing regularly in similar conditions. It is usually safe to presume that she is acting constructively and not destructively.

Take the matter of high blood pressure. This may generally be regarded as in the nature of compensation, actually meeting some circulatory requirement. In other words, the pressure rises in the interest of an adequate circulation. It may serve a very useful purpose, such as the overcoming of some obstruction, or the improvement of elimination, or the better nourishment of some vital organ which is in poor condition. The skill-

## FORD'S ADVICE TO BOYS

Doesn't Believe in Bank Accounts—Tells How to Spend Change.

Here is some advice from Henry Ford to the youth of this country, in the February number of The American Boy.

"Frankly, I do not believe in bank accounts for boys because they so often give boys a wrong idea as to how to get ahead. It is all very nice to save up for a rainy day when you grow up, but there is no reason why boys should wrap their foundation around their bank accounts. The point I want to make is here:

"Invest your spare change in bits of mechanism—if you are a boy who has an inclination for mechanical things.

"Invest your spare change in good reading matter—if you are inclined to be studious.

"I do not mean, by this, to buy old bits of junk, take them apart, and then throw them aside. I do not mean for you to buy books, read them, and put them on the shelf without a thought of future reference.

"I mean to invest money wisely, and to get the maximum amount of good out of it.

"If you buy an old engine, study it. Get down to the base of things. Teach yourself the things that will come in handy later on. Learn why certain wheels that are put together in a certain way co-ordinate and work. Learn the principle of the thing—learn everything there is to learn about it. In other words, get more than your money's worth in knowledge—in practical knowledge—and you will gain a foundation in mechanics. You will have something to stand beside you when you see, for the first time, the things you learn well. They are the things that stay with you.

"If you read, read what is good and get all the good there is in it. Read

## THE BOARDING HOUSE BATH.

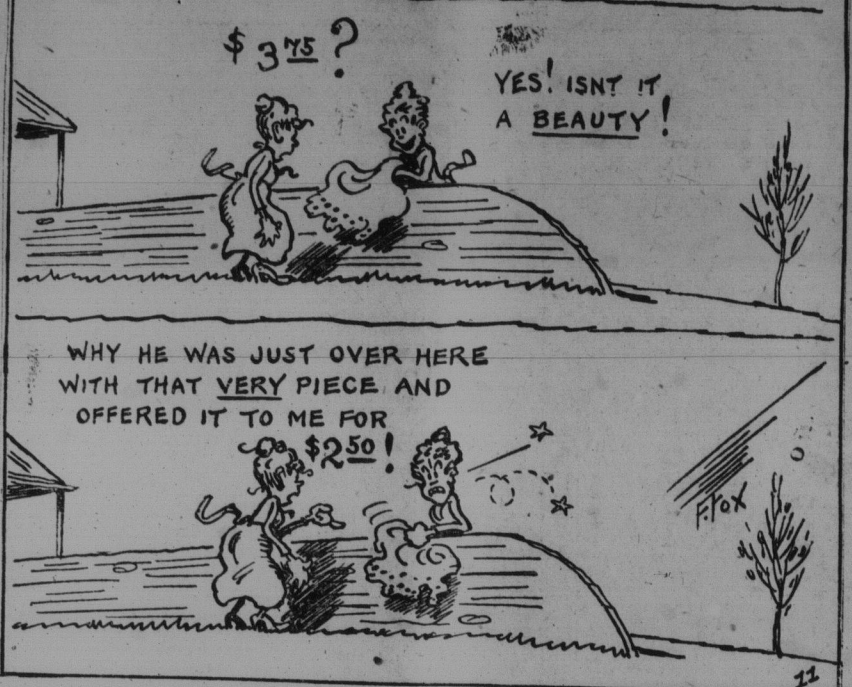
You decide to bathe all the other boarders to it Sunday morning. The alarm clock rattles off at 6:30 a. m. Sorry to the bath room. Sounds of splashing from within. Voice says: "I'll be out in a minute." Voice lies. Three minutes. Five minutes. Ten minutes. Retreat to your room in disgust. Re-arrival at the bath room five minutes later. Further sounds of splashing from within. A newcomer has wedged in at the psychological moment. New voice from within says: "I won't be long." New voice lies. Another boarder arrives. Line forms at the left. Sound of singing comes from within. Newest arrival says: "That means he's started shaving. He'll be only half an hour longer now." Twenty-five minutes. You find you have forgotten your towel. You go for it. You come back. You have lost your place in the line. You go to a Turkish Bath.

to get your own conception of the author's meaning, and do some thinking on your own account; often you will find thoughts back of certain press, which he couldn't express, because you will reason from facts you know and fit things into your own knowledge and ambitions. The art of digesting facts, and retaining them in youth, will remain.

"Get ideas.

"The men who command the largest salaries in the industrial life of the world today are the men who have ideas, and who work them out to success."

## It's a Shame the Way the Women Handle Each Other.



## THE EVENING STORY

### CINDERELLA UP-TO-DATE

(By Edmund Moberly.)

Mr. Albert Sydney Jones strolled moodily along a woodland path on the mountain estate. Somehow the possession of this splendid forest retreat did not give him the pleasure he had anticipated before its purchase. Back in the days when he was a struggling young manufacturer he had looked forward to the ownership of a spot like this—a place to which he could retire and loaf in delicious contentment and unlimited time in which to loaf; but the delicious contentment was missing. Some essential was lacking. What it was Albert Sydney did not know. He wished he did.

An object in his path stopped him. It was a slipper—a dainty pump of dark black leather. Jones picked it up and looked about him in wonder. There was no sign, no sound, to indicate the presence of a possible owner. He resumed his walk with the pump in his hand, speculating meanwhile on the phenomenon which would leave a lady's slipper in the heart of a forest and leave no trace of the lady herself.

His path led him to a lake. Moored there was his motor boat. He stepped into the craft and cast himself upon the cushioned seat and allowed his thoughts to follow the trend of his fancy. He recalled the time when he had been a struggling young manufacturer. He looked up sharply. Coming toward him was a winsome young woman, whose hair was fastened up on the cushioned seat and allowed his thoughts to follow the trend of his fancy. He recalled the time when he had been a struggling young manufacturer.

more unconventional than climbing a tree," she said finally, with a roguish light in her eyes. "Yes, Prince, I'll come."

Jones set the engine spinning, and the little craft swept out into the lake in a graceful curve. The girl gave herself up to a dreamy contemplation of the wooded hills that hemmed in the placid body of water.

"Fine, isn't it?" said the man after a time.

"Beautiful," she replied. "Beautiful to me—after so many weeks in the city."

From this point the conversation slipped easily into personal channels. The girl was a teacher from the city, Jones learned, and was spending the final fortnight of her vacation at the hotel at the head of the lake. He was surprised to find himself telling her of his early trials and later successes, and of the place he owned on the shore. Before he realized it the morning had slipped away.

"There was silence on me again tomorrow," Cinderella," he asked, as they drifted to the boat landing at the hotel.

He felt himself being swept by her appraising glance.

"Yes, Prince," she replied at last; "if you wish it."

Still she said nothing.

She came to know what missing element it was that had interfered with his enjoyment of his mountain retreat. He realized that the lacking essential over which he had so often pondered now sat in his motorboat daily—and nightly as well, after the moon came out to full.

The moon and the girl's vacation waned together.

"At the end of this ride," she said one evening, "Cinderella will hear the stroke of twelve, and then she must fly back to her draguery."

Jones gazed at the water, frowning darkly.

"You're getting the story all wrong, girl," he said at the end of a long pause. "After it was found that the slipper fitted Cinderella, she didn't go back to her draguery."

"There was silence on the boat."

"She married the Prince, and they lived happily ever after," he continued a little later.

Still she said nothing.

"You're not going to depart from the original text, are you, Cinderella?" he demanded.

"There's no parallel between this and the original, Prince," she said, with a tremulous little smile. "In the very beginning of this one Cinderella was obliged to seek the slipper instead of vice versa."

"That was only a minor variation, and right at the beginning," he declared. "From there on the parallel exists. Will you marry me?"

"This is mid-summer madness, Prince."

"I was never more sane nor serious in my life. Come, Cinderella. Won't you consent to become Princess Jones?"

"Yes, Albert," was the murmured reply.

"Albert Sydney," he prompted, taking her in his arms.

"Yes, Albert Sydney," she repeated to the lape of his coat.

### AND HE DID!



### OUR SHORT STORY

MADE TO MEASURE.

Supply Sergeant MacMisty was issuing khaki uniforms to the new arrivals at Camp Wexham.

"None for me, thank you just the same," said Vincent Swellgrove, whose grandfather, in years gone by, had made a song and selling them for a cantata. "Not that I mean to disparage your uniforms at all. Mr. Sergeant, but the ones that have come to my attention are a trifle—large in fit, if I may so express it, and, inasmuch as I have always been accustomed to having my clothes made to order, I see no reason to do otherwise now, merely because I have been inducted into military life."

Sergeant MacMisty weakly heaved against the wall in a sitting posture, and Vincent sallied forth till he found a tailor and ordered a khaki uniform built on his favorite glove-fitting lines. The tailor made it without a murmur, charging only \$70 dollars for it instead of the usual \$35, and on the afternoon that Vincent wore it back to his barracks he got caught in a short but significant shower. The shower slackened, which was the main difference between what the shower did and what Vincent's new khaki uniform did.

"Hay, pardner, your bracelet's too big for you!" yelled a soldier with square jaw and a forgotten forehead. "Wait a minute, Rookie—your coat comes with an introduction to the bottom of your pants!" yelled a soldier with a flat nose and a corrugated neck.

"Want to borrow some wire to keep your buttons apart?" yelled a bandy-legged soldier whose four front teeth had stepped out and left spaces.

By that time Vincent was so mortified that he couldn't hold back the tears, and they dropped down and made his uniform shrink even more, and he was arrested and put in the guard house for conduct unbecoming a private, and when he got out he was issued a uniform five sizes too large, and he wore it and became a good soldier.

## RIPPLING RHYMES

By WALT MASON.

### HYMN OF HATE.

Last night I sat up pretty late indulging in a lot of hate. I hated all our Tooton foes, their hearts, their whiskers and their toes; I hated Hindenburg and Bill, and Ludendorff, with right good will. From 10 o'clock till half past one I hated every beastly Hun, and hoped his name might yet be mud; I ground my teeth and sweated blood. And so today I'm feeling punk; there's lassitude throughout my trunk; my head aches in a horrid way, I have no appetite for hay; a shooting pain is in my lung, and I have moss upon my tongue, the gripes disturb my mind, and my mouth is full of dark green sludge. I don't suppose I maimed a foe by hating half the night or so; I don't suppose a Tooton knew that I was hating, long hours through. And so I realize today that all my hate was thrown away; alas, to waste a hundred-weight of all-wool-cord-yard-wide hate! The Tootons have for many years been soaked in hatred to their ears; they lapped up hatred from their birth; it fastened them, increased their girth; their kultur has it for a base, it thrives in every Prussian place. So they can hate the hours away, and not be crumpled up next day. But hatred here seems coarse and rude, for kindness was our infant food; it makes us bilious, sick and sore, and life becomes a dreary bore.

## LEFT-OVER SAVAGES—MUSEUM REVEALS REMARKABLE STORY

(By Garrett P. Serviss.)

There seems always to have been, in the human heart, a great kindness toward savages, and the more remote, inaccessible and shut in they are the better they are liked, provided only that they have fertile bottoms, abundant water and picturesque, but easily defended, approaches.

One has only to recall the places of this kind that have become proverbial in history, tradition and romance, as the Vale of Cashmere, the Valley of Paradise, the Valley of Mexico, the Valley of Andorra, the Valley of Types, the Happy Valley of Bassel, as and many more.

A most interesting example of this instinctive preference is presented by a hitherto almost unknown tribe of American aborigines, the Havasupai Indians, living at the bottom of a great chasm called Cataract Creek, which forms a branch of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, in the western part of Arizona. These people, who have seldom seen a white man, have recently been visited by Leslie Spier, of the American Museum of Natural History, who has brought to the museum a collection illustrating their primitive ways of life.

The hollow in the earth which they inhabit is surrounded by precipitous walls 3,000 ft. in height, and is separated from the nearest white man's settlement, "a trader's store," by an almost waterless desert. Eight miles across. When the verge of the chasm is reached a horse-trail is found, clinging to the sheer cliffs," says Mr. Spier, "until it plunges in zig-zag down a corner of the wall." The total length of this descending trail, from the great upper world to the little one, sunk like a basin deep below, is twelve miles.

Basin a Perfect Oasis.

But when it is reached that basin-world is found to be completely self-sufficient—a perfect oasis—filled with "great fields of corn, beans, and cactus are gathered on the surrounding mountains, in which deer, antelope, mountain sheep and wild turkeys abound."

During the distribution of the rocks and tribes of mankind over the face of the earth, a proceeding which some ascribe to Providence and others to nature, but whose underlying cause is a subject for speculation, scientists and theologians alike attend the ancestors of the Havasupai were somehow dropped into their happy canyon-oasis, and there they have remained undisturbed for nobody knows how many generations. Civilization has rolled by them and their cosy barrow has been almost as safe as the sands.

agium invasion as was Sindbad's valley of diamonds.

According to the classification of archaeology, they are savages, but they are not savage in the sense understood by our European ancestors when battling against the Iroquois and other fierce tribes of the eastern seaboard, for they appear never to have cultivated war, but to have confined themselves to hunting and killing the ground in a primitive manner and being as happy as possible in their Summer dwellings of leaves, branches and earth, and their Winter caves in the towering walls that protect them, where the flames of their simple hearths may flicker a little brighter on the cavern ceilings as they feel this action of some mighty storm-wind of the upper world that goes howling across from rim to rim of the valley, hurling whirls of snow into the depths.

"The men," says Mr. Spier, "are expert hunters, and the women adept in the manufacture of baskets, which, when lined with pitch, also serve as cooking utensils. They depend chiefly on deerkin for clothing.

Escape Woes of Civilization.

But if they can get a plenty of that, as it appears they do, who should pity them? The same authority declares that they are skilled in the use and manufacture of implements, and in the preparation of raw material, such as buckskin. They are of a friendly disposition, and "saxious to learn of the ways of the white man." Personally I am sorry to hear that last statement. "Civilized ways" will never be theirs as well as their own ways. The best advice I could give to a gentle, peace-loving and sufficiently ingenuous savage who had been taken from his home and have his lot cast in such a place as the Havasupai Valley and to have been misled by the promoters of civilization, would be never to chase after the woe that had passed him by. Natural evolution, having ages to work in, can change the savage into the citizen, but artificial evolution, trying to crowd centuries into days, simply wastes him out of existence.

But it is said that the Havasupai have developed their canyon to the limit, and have nowhere to turn for new land. Ah! the old cry for "expansion." Yes, no doubt it is the doom of the earth sometime to become over-inhabited. It is also suggested that the Havasupai will become cattle ranchers and breeders. Perhaps that is economically sound, but think of the destruction of this lingering remnant of the American red man; think of that green bowl in the desert overflowed at last and left to the sands.

## SPORTSMEN'S PART PLAYED IN THE WAR

What sport has played in the development of the British leaders in the war is the subject of an article in an English sporting periodical, and it makes interesting reading, though it has the tendency to prove rather too much, says the Toronto Mail and Empire.

The English-speaking people are undoubtedly the greatest sporting races on the earth, the greatest devotees of outdoor sports and games. What they have done in the war need not be dwelt on, but it might be going too far to explain their wonderful achievements on the ground that they were sportsmen. Otherwise, how should we explain the grandeur of the pollus, the genius of their leaders. The French are not a sporting nation, and what development they have made in the cultivation of athletic sports is a matter of only a few years. Similarly the Italians are not great devotees of athletic games; yet their feats of endurance and enterprise have not been surpassed. The national sport of the Belgians is pigeon racing, a vicious sort of athletic training.

However, sensible people will not deride the benefits that have accrued to our race through physical exercise, and nobody with experience will deny that there is no sort of exercise that does so much good as that which is unconsciously acquired through the playing of games. Sir Douglas Haig, the greatest of British soldiers, was a devotee of sport. He was not only a highly gifted exponent in more branches than one, but a profound believer in its use for military purposes. On one occasion he said that he "attributed great importance to young officers being encouraged to hunt and play polo, and would urge that they be helped to do so in every way possible."

These pursuits have a very real value as training for war, and it is particularly desirable that officers with private means should be encouraged to spend their money in this way rather than in buying expensive motor cars and similar luxuries which have a precisely opposite tendency. For many years Sir Douglas Haig was one of the best polo players in England, and built up a team that won the championship of India, where the game was developed. He was also in his schooldays a fine cricketer. There is probably no better horseman in the British Army today than its commander in Chief.

General Allenby is also a fine polo player and horseman. He had always been a keen supporter of outdoor

sports, used to be a steeplechase rider of note, and in the nineties owned a small but select stable of cross-country performers. General the Earl of Cavan, commander of the British Army in Italy, is a noted sportsman. He was master of the Hampshire foxhounds when war broke out, and is a fisherman, a shot, and a golfer of parts. When a member of the Grenadier Guards he rode in point-to-point races seven times, and was placed eleven times. General Sir H. S. Home was also a brilliant performer in the saddle. He was a hunting man, a steeplechase rider, General Birdwood, who won fame as the commander of the army at Gallipoli, played on the regimental polo team, and never missed a meet of officers when he could help it. He was also a big game hunter, and is known as an all-round sportsman.

General Sir H. S. Rawlinson was for years an active member of the Household Brigade Racing Club, and played polo for his regiment. He was a skillful racket player, and as a cricketer was first class, having made centuries on several occasions. Lieut. Gen. Sir W. P. Pulteney is a typical all-round army sportsman. He was a cricketer, too, but shone particularly in soccer. For several years he was the Secretary and Treasurer of the Army Football Association, and under him the game showed a remarkable growth. He has also had considerable experience as a big game hunter in Africa, and is an ardent fisherman. The late General Sir F. N. Maude was a first-class athlete at Eton, and later at Sandhurst. He played cricket and soccer and was a noted half-mile and runner at two noted half-mile and mile runner at college.

There are only a few of the outstanding British army leaders who have been strong believers in the value of outdoor sports for military training. It is only to be expected that cavalrymen should be keen on horses, riding and racing and other games in which horses figure. No doubt, in a sense, we would find the officers devotees of other sports. There the officers and men do not get the opportunity of much cricket, soccer and hunting and sailing, and are more athletically minded. But, as the sportsman would naturally attract to himself those who are not so, there are only a few of the officers who are fond of sports, and it is a part of our national character, and one that is never likely to decay.

