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Chicago Express, 13.....1 16 p.m.
Accommodation,6 44 p.m.

GOING EAST
Accommodation, 80.....7 32 a.m.
New York Express, 6.....11 16 a.m.
New York Express, 18.....2 47 p.m.
Accommodation, 112.....5 16 p.m.

C. Vail, Agent, Watford

A Study in Monogamy

By JANE OSBORNE

(Copyright, 1918, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

It was just before Phillip Lewis' last college vacation that his celebrated old uncle, James Devridge, told him in his blunt, quaint way that he was strongly of the opinion that he—Phillip—was a lazy, loafing, worthless specimen of humanity, and utterly unworthy of being James Devridge's sole heir, as had been that distinguished man's original intentions.

On the charge of never having done anything in life that he had not been made to do, Phillip mentioned the fact, not at all boastfully but only in self-defense, that he had brought down various prizes for his amateur photography.

"Yes, but what value has it been—pictures of pretty girls and horses or something of that sort," muttered the old scientist. "If you could get photographs of birds that would do to illustrate this book I've been working over, they might count for something."

"Give me a chance," challenged the nephew. "What sort of pictures do you want?"

"Read the manuscript and find out," was the uncle's answer. "The book is a study of monogamous habits among the birds of eastern North America. It is not a popular work at all. I doubt if you can make head or tail of it. It requires a scientific point of view, and that you don't possess."

"I'll try it," said the nephew, and the day after work at college was over he started off to a little cabin in the northern mountain country of New England, where his uncle had in years past done considerable observation of bird life, there to get the photographs the uncle had assured him he couldn't get. Phillip was perfectly confident of his lenses and his cameras and his photography. The thing that troubled him was knowing what sort of pictures to take. For the first three days of his stay in the woods country he read the duplicate manuscript his uncle had given him. Frankly he was not very much encouraged.

Then he yearned for a letup of his solitude, and with characteristic bluntness asked the old countryman who drove the stage that passed his door twice a day whether there were any nice girls in the neighborhood. "There is only one good-looking," said the old man, who seemed to have made careful observations, "and she's queer. You wouldn't like her and she wouldn't have anything to do with you, neither. She lives alone in the summer in a shack in the woods next to yours. She's awful queer. But she do be good looking."

"How's she queer?" queried Phillip. "Powerful queer—that's how queer. She sometimes sets a whole day at a time under a bush in the gully, and one day I seen her setting way up in the tip-top of a tree. Well, she was there when I went down in the morning and still there when I come home in the afternoon. Don't know how she got there, but there she was. And she goes around with opera glasses, just as if she thought there was a show going on, and she whistles and chirrups to herself, and—well, there's no doubt but she's queer," concluded the old man with a significant tapping of the side of his own head, as if to indicate where the weakness lay.

Phillip needed no further proof. He believed the old man had exaggerated the matter, but he had no doubt of the young woman's dementia. One day—while still reading his uncle's manuscript, hoping to find a clue as to what his photographs should be—he saw the strange young lady, sitting not in the top of one of her own trees, but in the top of one of the trees very near to his own shack. He looked at her from the safety of his shack and then assuming a perfectly confident air and a cheerful whistle, ventured out and began to walk noisily about the tree.

"Oh, please tread softly," said the strange young lady. "I think they are settling here in this tree. If you disturb them they may go off again. Please go away, won't you?" Phillip withdrew and did not return till later in the day, when the young lady descended very quietly.

"I think they are located," she told him. "They are in the next tree—two thrushes. I watched them in my own trees and then they came over here. I can watch them beautifully from this

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other tree than I was sitting in. I hope you don't mind."

"Why, please, were you watching just those thrushes?" he asked her, and she told him that if he would let her stay and eat lunch with him in his shack instead of having to tramp back the half mile to her own, she would take time to tell him. It was in his little cabin dining room over a rustic sort of luncheon that Phillip prepared for them—coffee, smoky aroma, but delicious to the appetite, sharpened by woods air, sliced ham, dry biscuits and cheese—that the girl explained.

"Well, you see, I am making a study of monogamy among birds—that is, I want to get a little data that will be of some value in establishing the fact that thrushes either are or are not monogamous—that is, that they do or don't mate for life. Last year I worked hard all summer. I studied the birds from the tree tops and from under the hedges. No one knows how long I sat silently so as not to disturb them, and I trapped some of them long enough to fasten little bracelets on

their ankles. I knew that if the same birds came back to these trees this year and mated with the same mates, then I would have some small fact to contribute to this great study. And now two of the birds with my bracelets have come back and I think they are the mates of last year. Once they get settled for nesting I can get closer to them and find out. You know, James Devridge, the greatest of all bird students and one of the greatest scientists of the day, has made a special study of this. I read everything he writes, and I heard him lecture once. He said that he didn't have anywhere near enough data on the subject of monogamy and that anyone who would seriously go about it to collect it might feel that she was making a real contribution to science. So I made up my mind to do it. That is much better than frittering one's time away dancing or loafing at a summer resort. I've got quite a lot of data, and some day I'm going to take it to Mr. Devridge and tell him it is my contribution to science."

"Then—you understand what the old fellow is getting at in those books of his?"

"Oh, yes, indeed. He's just finished a new book on bird monogamy. I am so impatient to read it. It must be wonderful."

"Here is a bargain," said Phillip, draining the coffee pot for a last cup of coffee to offer to his companion. "I'll let you read that wonderful book if you'll tell me what it is about." And that led very easily to telling the girl the predicament he was in.

It was in mid-summer that James Devridge came up to the mountain camp to visit his nephew.

"At least you have stayed here," he said. "I don't know what you have been doing, but I thought you would have given up long before this." Phillip lost no time in showing his uncle what he had been doing. There were hundreds of photographs that no eyes save those of Phillip and Alice Gerry had ever fallen upon before. The negatives had been developed and the pictures had been printed in the shack. Of this detail of the process Phillip was a past master. What amazed the uncle was that the pictures were so entirely what he wanted.

"They are the most wonderful pictures I have ever seen," said the old man, tears coming into his usually hard old eyes. "It is as if I had suddenly found you, my nephew. It has always been my grief that no one of my own has been interested in the work I do. But you must be interested or you could not have done these pictures. They are as good in their way as anything I ever did."

A little later Alice Gerry, dressed in her usual tree-climbing attire, slipped into the shack and came straight over to the old man's side.

"I've always longed to meet you," she said with a timidity that indicated her admiration better than any elaborate compliments she might have expressed would have done. "I've been getting together a few notes to give you on my own observations. I have always wondered if you would accept them."

There was just a little disappointment in the old man's face as he took the girl's hands into his. "Then the pictures were not my nephew's work—and you, like the others who understand my work, will go away from me and leave me alone. I had hoped my nephew took the pictures."

"He did take them," the girl assured him. "He took every one and took most of them alone. I just showed him at first and then he became as enthusiastic as I—"

"And, anyway," interrupted the nephew, who perhaps had never appreciated his eccentric old uncle as much before as he should have, "Alice is going to be your niece. We were just waiting to ask your blessing."

And in truly patriarchal fashion the white-haired old man stood and raised his hands in benediction.

There may be other corn cures, but Holloway's Corn Cure stands at the head of the list so far as results are concerned.

A SUCCESSFUL AVIATOR.

Something About the Temperament of a Flier.

What type of men does "the air" produce? The London Lancet has made some inquiries in this direction, and published a paper by "a pilot of 600 hours' experience" and a medical officer at a flying field. Their conclusions are as follows:

"The mark of the successful aviator is the possession of a suitable temperament. He has, as a rule, 'a fund of animal spirits' and is athletic. He possesses resolution, initiative, presence of mind, sense of humor, judgment; is alert, cheerful, optimistic, happy-go-lucky, generally a good fellow, and frequently lacking in imagination. His amusements when off duty are 'theatres, music (chiefly ragtime), cards and dancing, and it appears necessary for the well-being of the average pilot that he should indulge in a really riotous evening at least once or twice a month.' As for the 'fighting scout' as distinct from the ordinary aviator, he may be described as the same, only more so. He is full of the joy of life, has 'little or no imagination, no sense of responsibility,' and 'very seldom takes his work seriously, but looks upon 'Hun-staaf' as a great game.' Oddly enough, it is—so these critics affirm—better than he should 'know little or nothing of the details of his machine or engine.' No exhaustive knowledge of mechanics seems to be desirable. Is this perhaps because it is necessary that his flying apparatus should become part of himself? He is constantly obliged to give his attention to something other than the conduct of his airplane, which becomes subconscious. A fit man upon a fit machine should apparently not be preoccupied with the state of his body or its mechanical adjuncts.

"Being absorbed in the interest of their subject, and anxious to compare their observation with that of others in a good position to judge, the airman and the doctor issued a questionnaire to fully qualified pilots and found their own conclusions marvellously confirmed, many of their points being very strongly emphasized. For instance, a very large number of those who replied to their questions as to the mental make-up of the successful airman declare lack of imagination to be essential. In slightly different words, one airman after another enumerates this negative requirement. 'Very little imagination'—again and again we read the same thing all down the list. One witness is very concise, and declares the two essential characteristics to be simply (1) lack of imagination, and (2) endurance. It is not easy to be quite sure what they all mean by lack of imagination, but other phrases of a similar kind may throw light upon the matter. An airman should show, we read, 'abandonment of care' and the words 'happy-go-lucky' and suggestions of irresponsibility are constantly repeated. Does 'imagination' militate against a light heart? We suppose that it does.

"The aviators who fail—i.e. who begin well and do not finally make good—are those who cannot stand loneliness. They have pluck enough, they can stand any danger in company with an instructor, but 'solo' flying is too much for them. As soon as they begin to fly alone they are constantly faced with a terrible choice. They must fly too low for safety or go up and chance getting 'lost' behind a cloud. This getting 'lost' seems to be of frequent occurrence and no especially grave danger, but one can well understand that a man of 'imagination' could hardly bear it in solitude."

A Great Cataract.

What is set down as the greatest cataract in the world is on the Iguazu river, which partly separates Brazil and Argentina. The precipice over which the river plunges is 210 feet high, that of Niagara being 167 feet. The cataract is 13,123 feet wide, or about two and a half times as wide as Niagara. It is estimated that 100,000,000 tons of water passes over Niagara in an hour. A like estimate gives the falls of Iguazu 140,000,000 tons.

Slavery.

There is no legal and formal slavery now in any Christian country. It survives in a mild form in most Mohammedan countries. The peonage system of Latin American countries is not much different from slavery, but rests upon a different theory. The peon is not supposed to be owned as property; he is supposed to be working to pay a debt which he owes the master.

Maxim for Kings.

Fewer crowns would be tumbling if more monarchs had known and followed the maxims of Marie Leszcynska, daughter of the King of Poland and wife of Louis XV of France. "Good kings," said she, "are slaves, and their people are free." Or again, "If there were no little people in the world we should not be great, and we ought not to be great except for their sakes."

Miller's Worm Powders, being in demand everywhere, can be got at any chemist's or drug shop, at very small cost. They are a standard remedy for worm troubles, and can be fully relied upon to expel worms from the system and abate the sufferings that worms cause. There are many mothers that rejoice that they found available so effective a remedy for the relief of their children.

SPANISH INFLUENZA

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By DR. M. COOK.

The cool fighter always wins and there is no need to become panic-stricken. Avoid fear and crowds. Exercise in the fresh air and practice the three C's: A Clean Mouth, a Clean Skin and Clean Bowels. To carry off the poisons that accumulate within the body and to ward off an attack of the influenza bacillus, take a good liver regulator to move the bowels. Such a one is made up of May-apple, leaves of aloe, root of jalap, and is to be had at any drug store, and called "Pleasant Purgative Pellets."

If a bad cold develops, go to bed, wrap up well, drink freely of hot lemonade and take a hot mustard foot-bath. Have the bedroom warm but well ventilated. Obtain at the nearest drug store "Anuric Tablets" to flush the kidneys and control the pains and aches. Take an "Anuric" tablet every two hours, together with copious drinks of lemonade. If a true case of influenza, the food should be simple, such as broths, milk, buttermilk and ice-cream; but it is important that food be given regularly in order to keep up patient's strength and vitality. After the acute attack has passed, which is generally from three to seven days, the system should be built up by the use of a good iron tonic, such as "Ironic" tablets, to be obtained at some drug stores, or that well known blood-maker and herbal tonic made from roots and bark of forest trees—sold everywhere as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

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