

JIM'S SURPRISE

By ETHEL L. STANTON

Little Mrs. Carey frowned at her monthly budget.

"Three dollars and nineteen cents for this month. Last month it was two dollars, and the month before it was one-thirty-seven. That is a lot of money for a college graduate to squander, isn't it? I know Jim can't give me any more, besides I suspect he is worried over his magazine. It would be too bad for him to have to suspend publication just as he has worked up a good circulation."

"Wish I could help him," she mused. "What good is my college-trained mind if I can't think up a scheme to earn money at home? It certainly was not much use when I began to care for a baby and a house all at once. Poor Jim, what chaos he lived in for two years, until I tried to make a household efficiency expert of myself."

An idea like a flash sprang into her mind.

"Why can't I at home train a few college girls so their husbands won't have to suffer as Jim did while I was earning my job? They could come here from 9 till 5, one girl in the morning and one in the afternoon, or two all day. I'll charge two dollars for a three-hour lesson, three months' course. Maybe the dean will let it count one-half point toward a degree. I'll go right over to the college this afternoon."

The dean of the nearby college allowed Mrs. Carey to present her plan to a gathering of the girls.

Humorously she described her own helpless floundering when she was trying to begin housekeeping. Then she explained her idea of allowing girls to come to her own home, where by actual experience they could learn the routine work of a house.

"Baking and dressmaking will also be included," she added. "Now don't think that your trained minds can easily master the intricacies of housekeeping. That idea, I believe, is wrong. A girl without college training will take more kindly to housework because her mind has never had the advantage of advanced study, which has the tendency to make the routine work of a house seem petty."

"That does not mean that I object to college training in the home. On the contrary, the college bred women will attack the confusion caused by her ignorance of housework with a keenness that will make her more efficient than her sister with the untrained mind. She will give to the home and will surround her children with an atmosphere which only education can give."

Eight girls responded to this appeal. Six of these could start the next week and take three lessons a week. The other two, who were to be married soon, wanted to come together every morning for three months. Mrs. Carey went home jubilant. She even decided to teach her pupils to bathe her baby.

The success of the plan was far beyond her expectations. For two years she had pupils every day, and at the end of that time had \$2,800 in the bank. The best of it was that Jim never suspected what was going on.

He was working night and day himself, yet did not act like a prosperous man. Several times she tried to urge him to tell her his troubles, but he evidently decided to spare her as long as possible. Perhaps she did not press the matter sufficiently, knowing that the day for her surprise would surely come.

It was two and one-half years after the teaching had been inaugurated that he came and slumped wearily into a chair.

"The bad news to tell you," he said. "I shall have to go into bankruptcy this week, and for only \$600, too. I've tried everywhere to raise the money, but I can't do it. I am ashamed to bring this on you. The little home will have to go," he added, brokenly. "I'm sorry for you. I have tried—I guess I'm a failure. You ought not to have married me."

"Not another word," whispered his wife, kissing him. "Just shut your eyes and I'll get a surprise for you." In a minute she had put in his hands her savings bank book.

Jim looked at the cover and then at his wife. "I don't understand," he said slowly.

"Open it," said Mrs. Carey, eagerly. "It's all yours. I did it for you."

After her explanation he looked up from the total figure to the face of his wife, saying in a low, reverent voice:

"You can't realize what this means to me." He took her face between his palms and drew it to him. "It is your hand, dear, that make men worship women. Thank God that he let me marry you."

CAVE-MEN IN MANY LANDS

Some of Their Dwellings Are Not Without a Fair Standard of Modern Comfort.

Troglodytes, cave men, living in their cave dwellings, are to be found in Mexico, the Canary Islands, in the Crimea, as well as in Spain, France, Italy and England, according to Harold J. Shepherson, in the Wide World Magazine. The Italian troglodyte dwellings at Bari are little more than houses which it has been found simpler to cut out of the soft rock rather than to go to the trouble of collecting building materials.

The chief headquarters of the Spanish troglodytes is the village of Burgasot, near Valencia. Their dwellings are practically entirely beneath the ground. Many of these dwellings have been recently excavated and offer a fair standard of comfort, often having a handsome palm tree in front of the entrance.

Throughout the whole of Crimea there are endless successions of cave dwellings, but the only ones still inhabited are in Inkermann, a name which itself means "cave castle." There are vast holes and cozy rooms, with ledges of stones which were doubtless bedsteads in prehistoric times. There is also a wonderful cave church, fitted with columns, a choir loft and elaborate sarcophagi. The altar and the cross are of so unique a form that antiquarians are unable to connect them with any known sect.

WEAR DEAD HUSBAND'S SKULL

Andaman Widows Carry Grewsome Relic for Full Year, and Then Take Another Mate.

Widows in the Andaman Islands mourn on the death of their husbands by detaching the jaws of the dead, placing the heads on a platform in a tree for the birds to pick, then cleaning and ornamenting them with shells and wearing them on their backs for a year, even while working. At the end of the year they are free to marry again.

The widow has a warrior picked out for her by the chief, and he is usually accepted by her at sight. Then she goes to some lone spot, buries her beloved skull and returns to the camp to feast and dance. She soon, however, returns to the skull and spends a week in praying and fasting in its company, after which the skull is unearthed and brought to the village, where it is stuck on a pole and made to look on at a scene of feasting and dancing. When the marriage ceremony is over the skull is buried somewhere and forgotten.

The dead man is of no importance to the tribe. At the banquet the people gorge themselves and whirl and dance like mad things to the sound of the yemanga, a native instrument, until they drop one by one from sheer exhaustion.

Alexandria Modern City.

Alexandria, founded by the world conqueror, Alexander the Great, is an Egyptian city that is eager to lose its connection with the far away past and become completely modernized. Fate favors this ambition, for the wonders that Cleopatra knew have been eaten by fire or swept away by the sea. Alexandria is a city of trade and fashion, dominated by prosperous Europeans too deeply absorbed in the stock exchange to be even vaguely interested in the romantic side of their city.

Except for a few visitors who have read a little history and are wildly inquisitive regarding Cleopatra's palace and Pompey's pillar, the ruins of Alexandria rest peacefully, unphotographed and unchipped by souvenir hunters. One thing against the popularity of Alexandria's ruins is their scantiness. For the most part, they consist of a few carved stones and some "sites."

Because of You.

Because of you, is the world any better off? Because—never forget—it is because of you that a great many things in this world are as they are.

Because of you are there more smiles than tears?

Because of you, how many people are going to be glad that this day came around?

Because of you, is the contribution to human character enlarged? Are there people of bigger vision, finer ideals, broader sympathies and more tolerant opinions—because of you?

Would things slack up a little if you were to go away—but then grow in power and widened usefulness through the influence you left behind?

Because of you, is there more beauty in human association and more zest for enduring things? Is the day better off and are you glad that it came?—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Achievement Follows Work.

A reasoning age demands respect for the person of others no matter what the sex or social station. It's folly for a man to imagine that he is strangely destined to rank above his fellows. You may be on the road to power, but that will result from fitness rather than from any endowment of divinity. The old idea that nature bestows exceptional gifts upon certain individuals is pretty much fiction. It's nice for the gifted but rather hard on the common, ordinary chap. But experience shows that achievement is a matter of work and not of gift. The world is daily awarding prizes to those who dare to toll to the limit for the sake of winning place. Men who rise to remain leaders are those who fit themselves to hold high station.

BEAUTIFUL ISLE IS TOBAGO

Crusoe's Famous Abode, in the Caribbean, Described as a Place of Many Attractions.

Tobago, the scene of Robinson Crusoe's story, and the one-time residence of John Paul Jones, is an island of supreme beauty nestled in the Caribbean, whose stormy history is without parallel in the bloodstained annals of the West Indies. History says it was fought over for centuries by French, Spanish, British, Dutch and savage Caribs and often deserted for scores of years at a time. The Detroit News recalls. The justice of Tobago's claim to be called Crusoe's island is unquestionable. Defoe's hero was one Alexander Selkirk in real life. That he was marooned as related is an historical fact. The natives can even show one the caves in which he dwelt, and from no other isle could the castaway have peered forth across the waters of the "Gulf of Orinoco," to which he refers, and see the faint outlines of the "Island of Trinidad," as stated in his story.

Wonderfully varied and beautiful is Tobago and the visitor is inclined to wonder why Crusoe ever deserted it. Its coast line has crescent sand beaches bordering sheltered coves; outlying verdure-draped rocky islets and wooded bays; surf-washed reefs protecting secluded lagoons. Everywhere wonderfully luxuriant vegetation covers the land. It has a delightful climate, there are no snakes, and it would be an ideal winter resort if its attractiveness were known. There is one village of 3,000 people on the island.

APPLY NAMED "MOLTEN SEA"

High Priests' Swimming Pool in Solomon's Temple Most Wonderful "Tub" Ever Constructed.

How many persons ponder, while "tubbing" in the midst of modern conveniences, on how the rest of the world performs this same act of personal cleanliness? The stolen pleasures of the "old swimmin' hole," the wooden tub in the kitchen surrounded by that questionable curtain of privacy—a sheet over the clothes horse—a real sea bath or swim in a "gym" pool have been the stepping stones of progression for most of us to the modern conveniences.

This bathing idea started with Bible folk, who built the most wonderful swimming pool the world has ever seen in Solomon's temple. This "molten sea" measured ten cubits from brim to brim, five cubits in height and was round in compass; the thickness was a hand's breadth, and the brim, shaped like that of a teacup, was carved with lilies and leaves. The immense basin was borne aloft by 12 curved oxen, three each facing north, south, east and west. The pool received and held 3,000 bathers at one time and was designed for and used by high priests, there being 20,000 baths of wine and the same number of oil provided for the laymen.—Indianapolis Star.

Beautiful St. Sophia.

St. Sophia's church at Constantinople is one of the most remarkable buildings in the world. In architectural features the structure has a 107-foot dome carried on four pillars, one at each corner, and composed of light pumice stone, with the apex 175 feet above the floor.

So extraordinary is the appearance of the church that the awe-stricken Sultan Mohammed is reported as having stopped at the door when the building was taken over by the Moslems and, seeing a soldier bowing at the floor "For the faith," exclaimed, "ye have the whole city to pillage and enslave; leave ye me the buildings!"

The Mohammedans have never destroyed the treasures of art they found upon taking Constantinople, but have covered them up. They have preserved whole cisterns or cellars full of priceless manuscripts of Greek and Byzantine literature, and writings belonging to the early part of the Gospel age.

To Drill Holes in Glass.

By using a combination of turpentine and camphor, glass may be drilled with a common drill, says Everyday Engineering. When the point of the drill comes through the hole should be worked with the end of a three-cornered file, having edges ground sharp. Use the corners of the file to scrape rather than as a reamer. Great care must be taken not to crack the glass or flake off pieces of it while finishing. The mixture should be used freely, both while drilling and scraping. It may be used as well to drill hard cast iron and tempered steel.

Effective Remedy.

"Glipping is beginning to talk bolshvist."

"Is there any cure for that sort of thing?"

"Certainly. Give Glipping a tip that will enable him to pick up a few thousands in the stock market and the alleged woes of the proletariat will no longer mean anything to him."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Reflected Glory.

"How would you like to see your wife making a speech from the rear end of a train?" asked the old-fashioned man.

"I wouldn't object," replied the new type of citizen. "I might wear a silk hat and be permitted to introduce her to the assembled multitude."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

AN ANNIVERSARY

By MABEL E. BLIGH.

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Mrs. Crawford picked up her sewing and threw it down again in disgust. Her wrath was not unjustified. She surveyed her surroundings with profound indignation. The furniture seemed a kind of symbol of the dreary monotony of life. It expressed so clearly the relentless decay of youth and hope.

The rocker in which she sat, with all the defects of antiquity save its charm, was a summary of her married life. It had been intended for mere temporary use; it had been their pleasant conviction that in a year or two they would replace it with something better—something that one could live with always. But Alfred's affluence had proved always just over the ridge of attainment.

She then went over again the bills in her desk. Once a month for 20 years she had struggled over these bills, buoyed up with a placid faith, that "next month" there would be something left over. But that next month never came.

It was not the everlasting proximity to poverty which made Mrs. Crawford's eyes grow dim as she sat in the fast darkening room reviewing her life. She had not married Alfred for money. She had loved him. He was a sober, steady, quiet, generous little man, with an unflinching good disposition, whom anyone must love.

Nevertheless, she could not quell an unrelenting sense of resentment. If only Alfred would be different occasionally. She shook her head helplessly. There was no use. The glowing fabric of hope had faded, as doubtless it must for everyone.

Her mind flashed back over the years to the perfumed summer evenings when she waited at the gate in the twilight, eagerly awaiting Alfred in his neat, dark suit and prodigiously high collar, swinging his stick smartly. It was usually dark when he arrived—with no regrets for that. They had not been married then, of course.

She thought of her wedding. She had made her bridal gown herself. Their honeymoon had been spent at a little summer resort only a few miles from her home by trolley. She smiled to think of those few days and how quickly they had slipped away.

Reluctantly, her thoughts came back to the bleak present. Alfred would be coming in presently. Then he would say: "Hello, dear," make some formal inquiry as to her occupation during the day and sometimes about the children. After supper he would submerge himself in the rocker and go to sleep. Sometimes he would kiss her or permit himself to be kissed.

Thus the days had ended for more years than she could remember.

Just at this stage of thinking she heard voices on the porch outside where she was sitting. Evelyn, the oldest of her girls and most like herself, was there with her young man. Her eyes clouded wistfully. Evelyn was adorable and so young!

Hearing Alfred coming up the front steps, she went to greet him.

"Supper is ready," she said, for want of something else to say.

"Let the children eat it," he replied briefly; "we are going out tonight."

"Out?" she repeated, amazed.

"Yep," he smiled mysteriously. "Hurry up, dear; get dressed."

She turned and faced him.

"Alfred Crawford! Whatever are you up to?" she demanded.

He looked comically sheepish and said:

"Why—er—I thought we'd have a little dinner in town and then go to the theater. Remember how we used to go, dear?"

"Of course I remember!" she cried. "But Alfred, we can't afford it."

"Oh, hang the expense!" he said cheerfully. "Guess you don't remember what day this is, dear."

Well, she remembered that, too.

Thoroughly mystified, she went up and dressed. She could hear her husband softly singing one of her favorite songs—"Silver Threads Among the Gold."

"By gracious, you're a better looking girl than any of our daughters!" he declared with conviction as he looked at her.

Then, trying to change the subject, she said:

"What in the world has got into you?"

He hung his head quite boyishly, she thought.

"Well," he replied, "I just happened to be thinking that—well—that we are getting into sort of a rut, you know."

As they were about to leave she noticed a long, white-papered box on the hall table and asked:

"What have you there, Alfred?"

His absent-mindedness still clung to him.

"Oh, that? You got me so excited I forgot it." With a quick gesture he tore off the paper. "They're just some flowers I bought for you at the florist's—some pinks. You used to be so fond of them, you know."

As they sat in the darkness of the theater, and the orchestra was playing "Hearts and Flowers," her husband became aware of suspicious sounds emanating from his wife.

"What are you crying about, dear?" Her hand stole out until it found his.

"Oh, Alfred," she sniffed; "I—I'm so happy to know you are still the same old sweetheart. You did not forget, after all."

EUROPE TAKES TO 'TYPISTS'

Business Men There Are Gradually Laying Aside Steel Pen and Using Modern Methods.

Without a typewriter an American office would not be an office, but a relic of a past age. But Europe has been writing with pen and ink, and is just waking up to the typewriter, remarks the Golden Age. In France the courts are working on the problem whether a document such as a deed or a mortgage is legal if written on a typewriter.

The world war taught Europe many things, among others to value the typewriter. Prior to the conflict the proportion of the American writing machine output that was exported was 35 per cent to 40 per cent; now it is 50 per cent. The machines would be going over the water much faster if Europe could get the credits necessary to correct the unfavorable conditions of exchange. When the great loans that are expected have been made, the situation will be improved and a much greater volume of typewriter exports is looked for as a result of the credits.

Europe needs among other things modern office methods. She will be helped in effecting this improvement, because the prices of writing machines have not increased nearly as much as those of other products, partly perhaps because the prices were unduly high before the war. Improvement is the order of the day, and the tendency will become ever more marked as the golden age comes on.

NEED OF SPECIAL TRAINING

Youth Starting in Life Must Remember That This Is an Age of Specialists.

We are living today in the age of specialists in almost all lines and unless the young man who goes out to earn his own living is definitely trained in some one line, his chances of advancement are negligible. It is true that he can earn good wages at the outset and can hope for a few advancements, but unless he fits himself by training, experience and study for something bigger he will soon find he is in a blind alley job.

A boy does not always realize this; school life becomes humdrum to the lad bubbling over with fun and energy, and for him to sit on a bench with a book in his hands, studying what seems to be uninteresting facts, impresses him as a real hardship when he longs to be out in the world taking a place among comrades who have proved themselves independent.

This is the place where the guiding hand of the parent is necessary. The boy must be made to understand that the training he is receiving now is sharpening him for future opportunities. He is likely to be reasonable if his parents have retained his confidence, and if they can show him that in dollars and cents he will be the gainer by continuing in school.—Emma Gary Wallace, in Christian Herald.

Coastal Defense of China.

The government of Peking, it is said, has a complete coastal defense plan for China, according to which the whole Chinese coast will be divided into four sections, i. e., the Gulf of Chihli, the coast of Kiang-su and Chekiang, the coast of Fukien and the coast of Kwantung. A coast defense commissioner will be appointed for each section, and he will be held responsible for the maintenance of peace and order in his own section. He will also control all ships entering his section.

The first, the second and the training squadrons will retain their present status, under the direct control of the navy department. The navy ministry contemplates appointing Admiral Li Ting-hsing as commissioner for the Gulf of Chihli, Admiral Lan Chien-shu for the Kiang-su and Chekiang section and Admiral Liu Kuan-hsing for Fukien. As to Kwantung, the commissioner will be appointed after the north and south have been reunified.—East and West News.

One Day Late.

The women's club of the little town where I worked in a grocery store near the depot had arranged for a well-known speaker to give an address in our theater one evening. The evening arrived, the hall was crowded, but no speaker appeared, and everyone was disappointed. The following evening just after the train came in a stranger appeared in the store and asked where Mr. ——— was to speak that night. I replied that he was to have spoken the night before, but added, "The big boob didn't come." Just then one of the leading women of the town came in and recognized the man as the speaker who had been expected the night before. Needless to say, I soon found work in the back of the store which needed immediate attention.

Terrible Effect of Prohibition.

The wives of two Muncie factory workmen were discussing the effect of prohibition on their husbands.

"When John comes home on Saturday nights nowadays with his pay envelope and turns it over to me," said one, "I always deals him out fifty cents for spendin' money and he spends it for himself."

"And what did he do in the old saloon days?" asked the other.

"In them terrible days," said the first, "when John turned over to me his pay envelope on Saturday noons, I used to give him fifty cents for a little spendin' money for himself, and soon he'd be back with a growler of beer for the two of us, bless his heart."—Indianapolis News.

THEIR DAY OFF

By LYDIA L. ROBERTS.

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"Goodby, dears; be good children for grandma. Yes, I'll bring some candy; yes, baby, you may stay up and wait for us. Don't forget to practice. Bob; and please return the library books. Dick, Goodby, everybody," and Barbara Allen ran down the steps and hurried for the train.

"Now for a real rest and some fun," she thought in relief as the train neared the city.

"You are right on time, Harvey," she smiled as a tall, gray-eyed man eagerly met her in the station. "Today I can have you for a whole afternoon all to myself. I don't know how I should stand life otherwise, for business claims most of your time usually, and the furnace and the children demand the rest of it."

"It is very flattering to think you prize my society so highly," replied her husband, looking with fond pride at the dainty, fair-haired little woman at his side.

"Here we are in the palace of thrills, and we are lucky today, for these are good seats," said Barbara as they settled themselves in the theater.

"Sweetest to the sweetest," murmured Harvey, handing her a ribboned box and squeezing her hand in the darkness.

"I told you to buy only half a pound," scolded Barbara, "for you know the other half would buy a pair of stockings for baby; but they do look delicious."

After the picture the lights went on and the orchestra began to play.

"It was a good show," said Barbara as they left the theater. "I laughed till I cried, and then I laughed at myself for laughing."

"Yes, I enjoyed it," agreed Harvey.

A large, perfumed, fur-coated lady came toward them and stopped to chat.

"We are dining in town tonight," said Mrs. Graham, "and we take in the opera afterward. Have you been lately?"

"Oh, dear, no!" laughed Barbara. "We are having our regular day off. Every Saturday afternoon we meet in town and enjoy the movies, and end up with coffee and crackers at a dairy lunch and go home with a bagful of groceries and goodies for the children. We have heaps of fun and it brightens all the week."

"Oh, you children!" said Mrs. Graham indulgently. "Well, it's all right if you like it, I suppose. We really must be hurrying, so goodby."

"That couple has never grown up," pityingly said Mrs. Graham to her husband as they walked on.

"They seem very happy," he replied quietly.

"I wish you had a fur coat," sighed Harvey, as they came out of a store. "You would look mighty pretty in one."

"Yes, of course it would enhance my beauty," said Barbara demurely, "but the real question is, would you love me more in it?"

"Impossible," said Harvey sincerely.

"Well, then, would it make me any happier? No, because I'm as happy as anyone can be right now. Don't mind, Harvey, dear; we are young yet and there are years of furs and operas to anticipate, but meanwhile it's a very nice world today."

"Just think, hubby, we've got four pounds of sugar to take home. Listen till I tell you something:

We hold up our hands, For we're quite at our ease; In tones loud and fearless We say, "More sugar please!"

"Who is this young and frivolous girl I have with me?" mused her husband. "Come in this store at once while I buy flowers for my poetical wife."

"No, no, dear, you must not! Yes, of course I love Jonquills. Well, just three, then, for the little vase on my brown desk. Oh, dearies, these are lovely."

"Had a good time, wife?" asked Harvey as they finished their shopping and started for the train.

"Lovely time," said Barbara enthusiastically. "I feel very luxurious going home with candy and flowers and a new magazine, besides all our necessities."

"Well, I have to treat my young lady right," teased Harvey.

The train was crowded and the white-haired conductor good-naturedly struggled and pushed his way through the happy end-of-the-week throng.

"Don't squeeze me so hard, ladies, you make me blush," he joked as he nodded to Barbara and Harvey.

"Yes, I sold her the hat," said a girl's voice in front of them. "She's my brother's girl and thinks nothing of buying a fifty-dollar hat whenever she wants it."

"Commuters' special," whispered Barbara. "Isn't it funny that what buys only enough for one person's head will feed and house and take care of several other people from head to foot?"

"Here is our station," smiled Harvey. "We've bought happiness today, anyway, haven't we, dear?"

"Yes, the sugar is in the bag," regally teased Barbara.

A short walk brought them to their street.

"I see the boys watching for us and there's baby with her curly head bobbing in the window. Now they are! Oh, Harvey, how rich we are! We've got each other and home and love and little children!"