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HIS TELEPATHIC WOOING

By JAMES BUCKHAM

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DOCTOR AMSDEN was utterly and hopelessly in love with beautiful Miriam Foote. But, in spite of his six feet of splendid manhood—or, perhaps, because of them—the young doctor was so timid in the presence of the fair sex, and particularly in the presence of the fascinating Miriam, that he could no more bring himself to utter a syllable of sentiment to that young woman than he could walk up to the venerable and dignified president of the State Medical association and tweak his nose! The two things seemed equally preposterous and impossible.

At this juncture of affairs, curiously enough, there fell into the hands of Doctor Amsden a book that offered a magical solution of the problem that perplexed him—viz., how to make love to the woman who had ensnared his heart, without being conscious of doing it. This book was called "The Law of Psychic Phenomena," and its central theory was that the "subjective mind," or soul, of any person, by a process of autosuggestion, may enter into communication with the subjective mind of another person, at any distance whatsoever. A condition of sleep, either cataleptic or natural, is induced by the agent in himself; but previously to falling to sleep he must concentrate his whole mental energy and will power upon the determination to convey a certain image, or message, or both to the subjective mind of the person with whom he wishes to communicate. Then away goes his spirit—his phantasm—while he is buried in unconscious slumber, appears in his very image to the person designated, and delivers the message with his very voice and manner. Truly, a marvelous theory, and of untold significance to timid lovers and bashful solicitors of every kind.

According to this theory, Doctor Amsden, in order to make telepathic love to Miriam Foote, need simply drop to sleep, on a certain night, with a strong determination to send his phantasm to the young woman with an eloquent plea of affection. That was all. It was not even necessary for him to furnish the general substance, introduction, or any portion of this glowing address. He need simply specify that it should be passionate and rich in verbal color—ordering a proposal much as he would a dinner at a first-class hotel, with perfect confidence that at the proper time it would be served in proper form. To be sure, this method of wooing was not in strict accordance with the traditional etiquette of such affairs. It might even be considered that this proposal by a sort of phantasmal proxy was hardly fair to the object of the experiment. A ghost is, after all, but a ghost, whether it be attached to a bodily tenement or be simply a spirit at large, and even the most heavenly minded young woman might cherish a prejudice in favor of a fleshly lover. On the other hand, however, the choice lay not between two methods of wooing, but between this and none at all; and how easy, how delightful a method of making a proposal of marriage. It could all be performed, like a painful surgical operation, during merciful sleep. Then the lover when next he met the lady in his every-day person would know by her manner whether she had accepted or rejected him. The more Doctor Amsden considered this fascinating project the more trivial seemed his scruples against its fulfillment. Indeed, he asked himself judicially, was it not a fundamental doctrine of metaphysics that only the soul was real, and so-called matter was simply the shadow cast by the spirit? This being the case, his vulgarly named ghost was in reality no ghost at all, while his bodily presence was the real phantasm.

Having arrived at this comfortable, though to the lay mind slightly abstruse, conclusion, Amsden wavered no longer. "I will do it," he said, jumping to his feet. "I will do it tonight—no—no, a few days must be given to subduing the flesh and concentrating the energies of the subjective mind. On Saturday evening, at the time of my regular weekly call, I will make an end to this painful uncertainty. Though I cannot but hope that she looks upon my suit with favor, I shall never dare to broach the subject of love openly in the flesh. My ghost—or, at least, what is vulgarly known as a ghost—shall speak, and I will abide by the result."

On his return from dinner that evening Doctor Amsden locked all the doors and darkened all the windows of his apartments. Then, after smoking a meditative cigar, he went to bed. It was barely eight o'clock in the evening when his head touched the pillow, but as he had planned to send his image to Miss Foote at precisely nine o'clock, before that young lady should have retired to her chamber, he wished to have ample time to get himself to sleep. Besides, he was really tired and drowsy, which was certainly a favorable condition for his experiment. He had feared that he would be excited and nervous; but already the suggestion of sleep which he had been constantly reiterating for the past hour was beginning to tell upon his brain. The formula, "I am about to go to sleep, I am becoming sleepy, I sleep," was having a most magical effect.

Doctor Amsdem dropped into the misty chasm of slumber in less than fifteen minutes after getting to bed. But that fifteen minutes had been spent in strenuous command, on the part of the objective mind, that the subjective mind should go, at precisely nine o'clock, to the home of Miss Foote, present itself in the exact and correct image of the lover, and make an ardent appeal to the affections of the lady.

In about two hours Amsden awoke, bathed in perspiration, and feeling thoroughly exhausted. He was not conscious of having dreamed at all, and yet it seemed to him as if he had just shaken off a most horrible nightmare. He rose from his bed and consulted his watch. It was just ten o'clock. "Thank heaven," he cried. "I did not wake before the time!" He went back to bed, and fell instantly into the deep slumber of complete exhaustion, from which he did not wake until late the next morning.

For two days he did not see Miss Foote. Then he summoned up courage to call upon her. She came downstairs looking pale and anxious, and the moment that Amsden's eyes fell upon her his heart began to throb with suffocating violence. Undoubtedly his experiment had succeeded as far as the proposal was concerned—but should his attitude be that of the accepted or rejected lover?

Hardly noticing his stammering expressions of solicitude for her altered looks, Miriam led the way into the drawing room, and, motioning him to a chair, seated herself in a dim corner at the other side of the room. Then, with her blue eyes lowered and her fingers twisting nervously, she said:

"Doctor Amsden, I owe you an apology. When you called two nights ago and asked me to be your wife I was too much agitated to answer you. To tell the truth," she continued, reddening a little, "the eloquence of your words, their poetry and melody, so surprised and overcame me that I could not answer as you deserved. When I left you and walked to the other side of the room it was only that I might gain possession of myself, and when I looked up and found you gone—"

"Gone!" exclaimed Amsden, groaning audibly.

"Yes, gone like a spirit (here Miss Foote paused, while Amsden clutched at his chair, feeling as though his whole body were turning to sand and dribbling down upon the floor) without a word of good-by, I feared that I had mortally offended you and that you would never come back to—"

"Then you were not angry because my ghost—because I left like a ghost? You wanted me to come back? But why?"

"I—I think you ought to know," said the girl, blushing.

And the next moment Doctor Amsden was kneeling at her feet.

"I did it in a dream—no, I don't mean that—I mean this is a dream. I ought to explain."

"No, don't try. I understand," said Miriam softly.

The girl's head sank forward on his shoulder. She was crying a little, but she suffered her lover's arms to slip around her waist, and into his trembling hand she pressed her own.

It was done, the impossible, the inconceivable! And even Amsden felt in his heaving heart that he had never done anything so easy and so utterly delightful in his whole life.

It was true that Miriam did not understand, but Amsden felt that at such a juncture any explanations would be not merely out of place, but even indelicate.

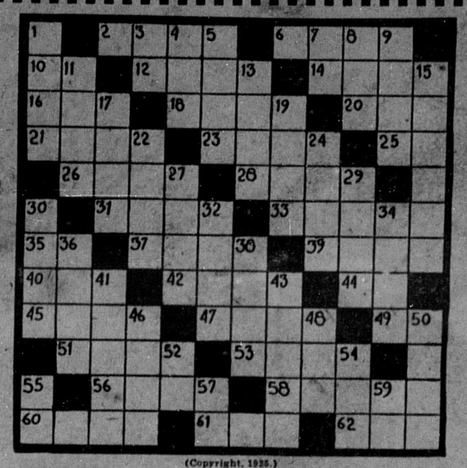
To his credit be it said, however, that on one occasion before his marriage he attempted to confess to Miriam all the circumstances of his proposal; but while he was still struggling with his introduction she stopped him with a pre-emptory gesture.

"I don't understand a word about subjective and objective minds," she said, in a wounded voice. "All I know is that you made me the most beautiful proposal I had ever heard—I mean imagined—but of course if you want to take it back by saying that you were not responsible at the time—"

Whereupon Amsden was obliged to consume two delightful hours in assuring his sweetheart that he was a blundering fool, and that his metaphysical nonsense, translated, meant that it was his best self that had made that eloquent proposal, and that he was only afraid his every-day self was not one-tenth good enough for her.

On December 13, 1866, was taken the first vote in United States congress on woman suffrage.

CROSS-WORD PUZZLE



(Copyright, 1925.)

Horizontal.

2—Gone by
6—Any long-pointed tooth
10—Above
12—Sailors (literary)
14—To make musical sounds
16—A policeman (slang)
18—A flexible appendage
20—Common level
21—To preserve
23—A stay
25—You and I
26—A woody perennial
28—Always
31—To converse
33—A man's name
35—Either
37—To shower
38—To carry
40—A hole in the ground
42—Close by
44—A preposition
45—Paradise
47—One who tells falsehoods
49—A pronoun
51—To go before the wind
53—A ferocious animal
56—A covering over a wound
58—To sow
60—To liberate
61—An organ of sight
62—A small child

Vertical.

1—Good fortune
3—By
4—Rested
5—To ensnare
7—While
8—To bite suddenly
9—To chew
11—A versifier
13—The male parent of a horse
15—A lubrication
17—Saucy
19—To regard affectionately
22—A fruit
24—To throw things at
27—Ardor inspired by passion or enthusiasm
29—An uprisal
30—Cord
32—A famous canal in Germany
34—An indivisible particle
36—Freed from
38—A fastening device
41—To annoy in fun
43—To elevate
46—Pleasant
48—Eggs of fish
50—The general direction of sunrise
52—A southern state (abbr.)
54—Meshed twine
55—Provided that
57—To exist
59—To perform

The solution will appear in next issue.

Solution of Last Week's Puzzle.

HOW TO SOLVE A CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

When the correct letters are placed in the white spaces this puzzle will spell words both vertically and horizontally. The first letter in each word is indicated by a number, which refers to the definition listed below the puzzle. Thus No. 1 under the column headed "horizontal" defines a word which will fill the white spaces up to the first black square to the right, and a number under "vertical" defines a word which will fill the white squares to the next black one below. No letters go in the black spaces. All words used are dictionary words, except proper names. Abbreviations, slang, initials, technical terms and obsolete forms are indicated in the definitions.

HARD TO RECOGNIZE NATIONAL PASTIME

Sports writers in Calcutta call the pitcher a bowler and the bat a truncheon. "The wicketkeeper is a cross between a fencing master and a deep sea diver." So appeared mask and helmet to India's argus-eyed reporter.

The bowler "literally threw the ball with all his force at his aggressor"—which seems to make Hornsby our foremost aggressive American citizen on the diamond.

"There appeared to be as much merit in missing the ball as hitting it, provided it was done a certain number of times."

It seemed, moreover, that those navy "batsmen waggled their truncheon in a most aggressive manner." Besides which, the "batsman was advised to keep an awful watch on the ball."

"It happened that the ball and truncheon met with resounding whacks. This electrified the elders, who had hitherto been shouting weird words to the bowler."

Notwithstanding which, Secretary Kellogg is expected to carry on international amenities as if nothing had happened.

Sincerity Keystone of Real Architecture

Architecture, like the other arts, can never flourish, much less produce works of permanence and beauty, unless there is genuine and widespread interest, first, in building as such, and, second, in the uses to which it is to be put, for without genuineness of emotion no talent, however winning and adaptable, can secure the enduring respect of men. A great architect, like any other great artist, speaks and acts for his fellow men. Sincerity is the cornerstone of all good architecture. The lastingly precious temples, churches and civic buildings of the world are those built by men who professed a faith in which they believed. The architect of this sort of building is a people's spokesman, even though, in name, he serves a despot. His real interests are their interests, but because of superior ability, genius and devotion . . . he manages to embody their interests in a way that rightly represents them, and their culture, at their best, and himself at his best.—Alfred Mansfield Brooks, in Architecture.

With Webster's Help

"I guess my daddy knows just everything," bragged little Walter to his playmate. Half an hour or so later he asked his father a question which the latter could not answer. Walter felt that he must fix it up somehow with his playmate, who was standing by, so he said, "Well, of course, my daddy doesn't know everything; but we got a dictionary that knows all the rest."

Cigar-Box Materials

The following woods are used for cigar boxes: Tupelo gum, redwood, basswood, yellow poplar, Spanish cedar, sap gum and red gum. These species are listed in the order of quantities used. For many years the best cigar boxes were made from Spanish cedar. However, within the past few years a number of these other woods have been substituted for Spanish cedar.

Dependent on One Another

Individual independence is a delusion and a snare. No one does or can live unto himself alone, but is dependent on others as they are on him. In all planes of life there is mutual dependence, and obligations cannot be ignored.—Grit.

Not to Be Hurried

It is by a constant series of new starts that the spiritual life is carried on within us. Sanctity is not the work of a day, but of life.—Goulburn.

Friend's Kindliness

When I choose my friend I will not stay till I have received a kindness; but I will choose such a one that can do me many if I need them. But I mean such kindnesses which make me wiser and which make me better.—Jeremy Taylor.

Odd Test of Character

Shoe soles are said to indicate character. If they are worn level all over they show an even temper. If worn on the inside it is a sign of listlessness.

Historic Trees Fall Under Axes of Indians

Oliver Wendell Holmes' "Woodman spare that tree" is a metaphor especially adaptable at the moment to the ax of the Mexican Indian, which is slowly but surely destroying one of the finest groves of great and historic trees on the North American continent, little known, but rivaling in beauty the big trees of Sequoia National park in California.

The grove is 30 miles from the City of Mexico and consists of about 1,000 cypress trees, the smallest of them 40 feet about the base. Nazahualcoyotl, the poet king and last ruler of the once flourishing kingdom of Texcoco, who was born in 1403, selected the spot as his favorite garden. There still remain the great majority of them, but with systematic regularity they are being leveled by neighboring Indians in want of firewood. Contrary to the Mexican government's usual promptness and policy of preserving all historic monuments the forestry department is allowing one of the botanical wonders of the country, perhaps in the world, to slowly deteriorate.

Restricted Space

Hubby (who has just bought one of those cute little "love-nest" cottages that the real estate boosters sell for $10,000 or so)—Now, Melaine, come into the house for a spell and let me go out in the yard and stretch out. It is my turn.—Paris Rire.

Had Luck of Family

Bartholomew Columbus seems to have been more fortunate in the matter of government recognition than his famous brother, Christopher. After the discoverer's death Bartholomew held important offices.

Splendidly Equipped

An East Indian in Paris has such control over his nerves that he allows scientists to jab needles and knives into his body and beat him with hammers. What a pedestrian he would make.—Detroit News.

Shakespeare's Lost Play

"Love's Labor Won," a play by Shakespeare, which was printed in 1600 and entered in the Stationers' Register August 23, 1600, has been lost. It may have been the original of "Much Ado About Nothing."

Uncle Eben

"De Man dat's lookin' feh trouble," said Uncle Eben, "generally brings a supply dat's mo' dan enough right along with him.—Washington Star.

Not for "Rainy Day"

"I know a young man," said Uncle Eben, "dat is wastin' his economy. All he is savin' up for is to buy a setter pup, a shotgun, a banjo and several bottles of hair polish."—Washington Star.

"Finger of God" Mountain

One of the peaks of the Organ mountains at the head of the Bay of Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, has been named the "Finger of God," an account of its likeness to a finger pointing upward.

The KITCHEN CABINET

(© 1925, Western Newspaper Union.)

The test of friendship is its fidelity when every charm of fortune and environment has been swept away, and the bare, undraped character alone remains; if love still holds steadfast, and the joy of companionship survives in such an hour, the fellowship becomes a beautiful prophecy of immortality.

DELECTABLE DISHES

For a cool night a hot sandwich like the following will be most acceptable:

Hot Ham Sandwiches. — Chop cold boiled or baked ham, mix with enough creamed butter to form a paste, and season with mustard and paprika. Spread on bread which has been buttered and press together. Beat an egg slightly, add one-half cupful of milk and a little salt. Dip the sandwiches and fry in butter until brown.

Fig and Cheese Salad.—Mix to a paste one cupful of cottage cheese, one cupful of dried figs, one-half cupful of roasted almonds chopped, and two tablespoonfuls of orange juice. Mold into balls and roll the balls in chopped toasted almonds. Place four or five of the balls on a bed of lettuce, garnish with bits of orange and serve with:

Honey Dressing.—To three well beaten eggs add one-half cupful of strained honey—added a little at a time, beating well. Place in a double boiler over the heat and cook until smooth, beating until it thickens. Remove from the heat and beat until cool. Add seasoning of salt, a tablespoonful of lemon juice, a dash of cayenne and paprika and just before serving fold in a cupful of whipped cream.

Spaghetti, Italian Style.—Cook one-half cupful of spaghetti until soft in salted water, then drain. Fry one-fourth of a cupful of mushrooms cut [illegible] in butter; [illegible] ham and the spaghetti with one cupful of white sauce seasoned highly with cayenne and a few chopped chives or a clove of garlic.

Honey Fruit Cake.—In a warm bowl beat to a cream one-half cupful of butter, three-fourths of a cupful of honey, add one-third of a cupful of boiled cider, two well beaten eggs, one teaspoonful each of cinnamon, cloves and mace and a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a little warm water; beat well and add flour to make a stiff batter; add two-thirds of a cupful of stoned, chopped prunes and dried figs and the same of seedless raisins. Pour into a buttered tin and bake in a slow oven. If kept in a tight container this cake will be better kept for several weeks.

Thousand Island Dressing.—Add one cupful of olive oil to one cupful of mayonnaise dressing; add one teaspoonful of vinegar, one-fourth teaspoonful of salt, a dash of cayenne, one teaspoonful each of chopped pimentoes and green pepper and olives. Mix well, beat in one-half cupful of chili sauce. Keep in the ice chest.

Tempting Foods.

Soups may be either nutritive or stimulating and both kinds are invaluable in the diet.

Beef Broth.—Cut two pounds of lean beef into small dice, break the bones and put them with the meat into a saucepan, cover with two quarts of water; when boiling add one carrot, one turnip, one onion—all diced—and one bunch of herbs. Simmer for three hours, add two tablespoonfuls of cooked rice and serve hot with croutons.

Uncooked Relish.—Chop one good-sized head of cabbage, three red peppers, one bunch of celery, one quart of onions through the meat grinder, add one pound of brown sugar, three-fourths of a cupful of salt, one-fourth cupful of white mustard seed and a tablespoonful of celery seed. Mix well and add as much vinegar as is needed to make of the right consistency. If green peppers are used, add cayenne pepper to taste. Seal airtight in cans.

White House Pound Cake.—Grate the peeling from one lemon and work it into one pound of butter; when very creamy add one pound of sugar and continue beating for ten minutes. Add the yolks of nine eggs and the juice of five lemons; beat for another ten minutes. Add to this mixture a quarter of a pound each of stoned raisins and currants, chopped candied cherries and seedless raisins, with orange and lemon peel cut into shreds. Fold in gradually a pound of flour, one-fourth pound of rice flour, and one ounce of baking powder. Bake in a well-greased paper-lined tin for nearly three hours. Pack in a tin box; this will keep for months.

Spanish Rice.—To one cupful of chopped round steak add a tablespoonful of suet and brown in a hot frying pan, stirring well; add a cupful of uncooked meat, a cupful of cooked rice, a cupful of tomato, salt, pepper and cayenne to taste, a tablespoonful each of chopped onion and green pepper which have been fried in suet. Pour into a baking dish and bake until well browned. Serve piping hot with lettuce salad.

Nellie Maxwell

Once Genteel Toothpick

When toothpicks were first introduced into England from France and Italy centuries ago their use was considered a mark of gentility. To show themselves possessed of such an instrument men of fashion wore them in their hatbands.

Asia Apple's Birthplace

The apple was a native of Central Asia. It was introduced into England in 1629 by the government of Massachusetts Bay colony.

A LINE O' CHEER

By John Kendrick Bangs.

THE KINDLY PHILOSOPHER

IF I CAN'T say some good about a feller
I'm goin' to keep my mouth shut good and tight,
And if I know for certain that he's yeller
I'm goin' to try with all my main and might
To dig down deep into the inner him
To see if there ain't somethin' to unfold
To show that all his yellerness so grim
Is but the sign of streaks of hidden gold.

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In the JUNGLE With Cheerups and the Quixies by Grace Bliss Stewart

MRS. TRAPDOOR SPIDER

CHEERUP'S gave a gasp of surprise when he discovered that the ground was rising under him. He was standing right in his own front yard, not a step from his little palm-leaf house; and where could any one be safer than in his own front yard? Yet there was no mistake about it, the ground under Cheerups was moving.

With a little spring he jumped to one side and then what do you suppose happened? A small piece of earth like a tiny lid popped right up just where he had been standing and out poked a little head.

"Good morning, Mr. Cheerups," said a small voice from under the lid. "I'm Mrs. Spider, Mrs. Trapdoor Spider, and your nearest neighbor, I guess, so I thought I would be friendly and make the first call." With that out climbed Mrs. Spider onto the ground and stood eying Cheerups, as if a little doubtful of her welcome.

"I Am Glad to Know You," Replied Cheerups.

"I am glad to know you," replied Cheerups, as cordially as he could for his surprise, "but I never dreamed—"

"No, of course you didn't," cried Mrs. Spider with a merry twinkle in at least six of her eight round eyes. "Nobody would be expected to dream of a neighbor's house right under his nose, or his toes rather. But that's the best part of it, you see, sir! My house is tucked away so snugly under your yard that you would hardly notice that I'm there. Do you think you'll mind?"

"Not at all, not at all," chuckled Cheerups, beginning to be amused. "But I would like to know something about this curious house of yours. How do you build it?"

"I don't; I just dig it," hummed Mrs. Spider. "I dig with my fangs way down deep into the earth—oh, about two feet—then I carry away all the dirt I've dug out and hide it, so no one will know I have been digging. Now I call that clever, don't you?"

"I should say so," gasped Cheerups, growing more and more astonished every minute.

"And now you are wondering why my house doesn't get wet in a heavy shower," continued Mrs. Spider. "But you see, I always choose a location where the water will run off—the side of a bank, for instance—and I make my tunnel turn a little to one side at the bottom."

"Then it's just [illegible] a stocking, isn't it?" cri[illegible] clapping his hands.

"Well, whatever [illegible] may be I don't know," sniff[illegible]er, "but [illegible] to build, [illegible] about stockings, Mrs. Spider?" said Cheerups. "They are such useful things! They are what boys and girls hang up on Christmas Eve and find full of sweetmeats and nuts and lovely presents in the morning."

"Bless me, but you do say funny things, Mr. Cheerups!" sputtered Mrs. Spider, growing a little cross. "These above-earth folks, with their queer ways and big words, are beyond my understanding. The sensible ones all live below ground, I guess."

"Oh, please do excuse me, Mrs. Spider," pleaded Cheerups. "I was only teasing a little, and honestly, I wouldn't miss the rest of your story for anything. I just can't wait to hear more about that wonderful house."

"Well, it isn't very polite to interrupt, I must say, Mr. Cheerups," said Mrs. Spider with a gentle little hum. "But if you be good, I'll go on, and maybe I will tell you how I furnish my house, too."

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"What's in a Name?"

By MILDRED MARSHALL

Facts about your name; its history; meaning; whence it was derived; significance; your lucky day, lucky jewel

SELMA

IF FAIR names should be given to fair women, Selma is a favorite in feminine nomenclature. It is an old Celtic name, meaning "fair," and named the beautiful daughters of Ireland and Scotland for generation after generation. Finally it spread over the border into England and was straightway adopted as a national favorite.

The Bible records a Selmai, which may be taken as identical with Selma, and the name is thus given a religious significance. The Dutch also have a Selmai which is generally regarded as the equivalent of Selma. Otherwise, there is little history connected with the name, which persisted because its sound, as well as its significance, was fair.

In this country, the South adopted Selma, probably because of its association with feminine beauty and equally because its vowels are well suited to the soft, slurring pronunciation of Dixie. Many lovely Southerners, toasts of Virginia and Carolina counties, have borne the name and more than one state has bestowed the name on one of its towns or smaller cities.

It is fitting that the pearl, symbol of beauty and charm, should be selma's talismanic gem. It promises her great fascination and the power of attracting admirers. Monday is her lucky day and 5 her lucky number.

(© by Wheeler Syndicate.)

Among the NOTABLES

NELSON MILES

NELSON A. MILES, one of our greatest soldiers, was born in Massachusetts August 8, 1839, and lived through some of the most wonderful events the country has ever seen.

When he was in his 'teens, he went to Boston and found employment in a crockery store—a tame enough occupation. But he had studied military science and, when the Civil war broke out, he raised a company of volunteers and enlisted with them as their commander. That ended his mercantile career and began an extremely illustrious military one. He fought through the war, though wounded a couple of times, and steadily rose in rank, being decorated for services at Chancellorsville and at Fair Oaks. By the end of the war, he was in command of an army corps.

But there was more work left for a man of his abilities. He was sent out to subdue the Indians—indeed, he got the nick name of "Indian Fighter Miles." He brought the Cheyenne and the Comanche Indians to terms, chased the famous Sitting Bull over the border into Canada, and conquered the terrible Apaches. He was sent abroad as the country's representative to attend Queen Victoria's diamond jubilee, and, a year later, was nominally in charge of the military operations in the Spanish-American war. Actually, though, he directed the almost unopposed Porto Rico expedition, doing some very wonderful sanitation work in the islands afterwards.

(© George Matthew Adams.)

Pauline Starke

This petite "movie" star was born in Joplin, Mo. She was educated in Kansas City, and lived there until several years ago when her family moved to Los Angeles. Miss Starke has been seen in many pictures that have met general approval. This is one of her latest pictures.

THE WHY of SUPERSTITIONS

By H. IRVING KING

THE MOON AND INSANITY

HOW universal was formerly the belief there was a direct connection between the moon and insanity is shown by the fact that our words, lunacy and lunatic, are derived directly from Luna, the Latin name of the Roman moon goddess corresponding with the Greek Selene. Luna was the moon and she was only one of the various personifications of the moon which existed in all mythologies and of which Isis of the Egyptians appears to have been the original. It used to be a common belief, among sailors especially, that if a person slept in the moonlight he was liable to go mad. That superstition is still in existence as is also the more common one that lunatics are more violent when the moon is at the full. Even Thackeray, in his story of "Catherine," appears to credit this mistaken belief; and it is not so very long ago that responsible physicians began to doubt the theory.

It is very common superstition today that to sleep in the moonlight is dangerous—that "something will happen" to one who does so, a belief surviving from the insanity superstition.

This idea of the connection between the moon and insanity is derived from the belief of the ancients that inspiration and madness were closely connected. The prophetess of the Delphian shrine worked herself into a frenzy before she uttered her oracles and the priests of the moon goddess bathed themselves in her refulgent beams to obtain inspiration and declaimed from her altars after the manner of madmen.

Modern medical science declares that there is not the slightest connection between the moon and insanity and modern research shows that the whole idea is a superstition surviving from the days when the priests of Isis by the banks of the Nile waved their wild arms toward their shining goddess and with "eyes in fine frenzy rolling" declaimed her oracles to an awe-struck people.

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Time's Heavy Hand Had Made Changes

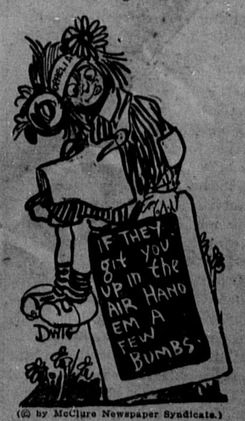
Two brothers, who thirty-nine years ago in their home in Germany looked so much alike that their friends sometimes confused them, met recently in Massillon and failed to recognize each other until they were introduced, says the Canton (Ohio) Repository.

They were Henry Laschinske, of Canton, and his brother Carl, who had just come to this country with his family. When the former came to America thirty-nine years ago he was twenty-two years old and left his nineteen-year-old brother, Carl, at home in Germany. The arrival of the latter and his family in this country was unannounced. When the two met at the home of Miss Mary Kutrib, of Massillon, neither knew that he was face to face with his brother.

They chatted for some time before Miss Kutrib introduced them to each other as brothers. Then they lost no time in calling up boyhood memories.

Wit Saved Situation

The wastrel son had come to the end of his resources, and sent a piteous appeal to his father for funds, saying that if they were not forthcoming he would starve to death. He received this crushing reply in the form of a telegram: "As you have made your bed, so must you lie on it." The quick-witted scape-grace was equal to the occasion, and wired back: "Haven't a bed. The sheriff took it yesterday." A substantial check was the reward for his wit.



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Your Plants in Winter

One of the main sources of difficulty in growing plants indoors in the winter is that, in the average home, the temperature, with regard to the welfare of the plants, is neglected, says Nature Magazine of Washington. During the day the temperature is kept higher than the optimum for most plants. This results, if other conditions are favorable, in a large amount of tender, unhealthy growth. At night the temperature is allowed to go down to a point most unfavorable to plant growth. The tender parts developed during the forcing conditions of the day are most severely set back by the cold of the night. Extreme conditions are not only disastrous to the plant strength but also are favorable to the development of diseases and some insects. Moreover, the plants are more seriously affected by diseases and insects because of their weakened vitality.

The battle of Waterloo was fought June 18, 1815.

Red Oak a Beauty

The red oak, found throughout the eastern half of our country, turns later than most of its hardwood neighbors, says the American Tree association. From a deep green the leaves become a rich red of striking beauty against a yellow background. Even more striking, however, are the autumn colors of the scarlet oak.

Four out of every ten Bibles sold by the British and foreign Bible societies in 1924 went to China.