WILL THE LONG LOST TRIBES RETURN?

TO THEIR ANCIENT HOME AT JERUSALEM

World War Has Opened Up Joyous Prospects to the "Chosen People" of Old.

Out of the "Grapes of Wrath," trodden in the wine vat of the World War, have flowed strange vintages, most of them bitter if not poisonous, writes Lewis R. Freeman. One of the few that sparkles with the bright, effervescence of promise is that which typifies the release from their centuries of Turkish bondage of the Jews, Armenians, and Arabs, to say nothing of various and sundry odds and ends of lesser people who had long suffered virtual strangulation in the grip of the tentacles of the dying Ottoman octopus. The difficulty of extending succor to the young Armenian republic may mean that it will yet have to face for many years the threat of Turk and Bolshevik; but for the Jews of Palestine—with a strong but liberal British protectorate established, and ultimate autonomy in sight—there is hardly a cloud on the horizon.

And for those who were once called "God's Chosen" the vintage of the war has brought more than freedom—it has brought fulfillment. To the ends of the world Jews are thumbing the pages of Isaiah, Jeremiah, and others once of scant honor in their own country, pointing out how prophecies already come true have opened the way for the fulfillment of others of even greater import, leading up to a virtual renaissance of the race and the establishment of their long-dreamed-of New Jerusalem. I shall discuss here only that covered by two verses from Isaiah. Because the war has made the "highways" referred to an accomplished fact, that prophecy has now been fulfilled. Visioning the return of the "Lost Tribes" of Israel, Isaiah wrote (xi:16):

"And there shall be an highway for the remnant of his people, which shall be left, from Assyria; like as it was to Israel in the day that he came up out of the land of Egypt."

And again (xix:23):

"In that day shall there be a highway out of Egypt to Assyria, and the Assyrian shall come into Egypt, and the Egyptian into Assyria, and the Egyptians shall serve with the Assyrians."

Just what a highway connoted to Isaiah, it would be interesting to know. Doubtless, however, clear-seeing as was the great prophet of the redemption, it is not probable that he visualized much more than a long series of wells and tanks, khans, and caravansaries, marking the windings of a dusty camel and ass-beaten path across the desert. Certainly, not in the farthest-flung vista of his vision could he have seen the glistening tracks, the thundering trains, the crowded station yards that differentiate the modern railway and railway travel from that by the ancient caravan. And yet it is in the railway that the prophecy comes to fulfillment. From thousands of miles beyond the outermost limits of the known world of Isaiah's time it is now possible to reach Jerusalem by rail. The highway from Egypt to Assyria, via Palestine, is an accomplished fact; but that (save as it fulfills the letter of the prophecy) seems hardly more than a negligible incidental when one learns that the whole of the European railway system, together with great and increasing lengths of those of Africa and Asia, have been brought—almost overnight as it were—in rail connection with Jerusalem. No matter whither, on any one of these three continents, the most restless remnant of any of the lost tribes has wandered, there are few who would have to march for more than a day or two to reach a highway that will lead them back to Israel. To what extent they will bring about the fulfillment of other prophecies by returning, still remains to be seen.

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So much for the prophecies that have already been fulfilled. Now what of those which it seems certain are about to come to pass? With Israel once more open to them, and with a highway stretching fair before them, will the Lost Tribes return to their New Jerusalem? Of many prophecies in point, one from Jeremiah (xxiii: 3) will suffice. In its explicitness of expression it is but typical of what Isaiah, Hosea, Joel, and several other of the prophets, have said on the same subject.

"And I will gather the remnant of my flock out of all countries whither I have driven them, and will bring them again to their folds; and they shall be fruitful and increase."

The Jews are found all over the world at the present day. Speaking very broadly, these may be divided into two classes; the descendants of the tribes which were carried into captivity, or who fled to avoid being carried into captivity; and the descendants of later and more voluntary emigrations. The former movement was in the main toward the east, and occurred previous to 586 B.C., the date of the final destruction of the kingdom of Judah by Nebuchadnezar; the latter movement has been westward, most of it in the Christian Era. The emigration of European Jews to America is the final wave of this westerly drift.

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To one who knows the Palestine of to-day, the first question that present itself in connection with the return of any considerable number of the Jewish race is: "Can that dry and barren country support a population greatly in excess of the comparatively sparse one which lives there now?" The answer would be a most emphatic "No," were it not for the fact that the way appears to be open for reclamation which bids fair to make of this desert country another land of Canaan—a land literally flowing with milk and honey.

In a Baghdad Bazaar.

The man who loves his Arabian Nights will find little to enjoy in modern Baghdad. It is no longer the splendid city of Haroun-al-Raschid where you could not polish a silver dish without the genie that you would thereby summon into your presence a hideous genie. Nevertheless, as we learn in an article by Mr. Roland Gorbold, bits of the old Baghdad remain. Among them are the bazaars.

I usually visited the bazaars, says Mr. Gorbold, at the beginning or at the end of the day. But the people of Baghdad spend long hours in them; they are a welcome refuge from the intolerably hot streets. All day men and women surge through the miles of narrow lanes and share with trains of pack animals the protection that the low-domed brick or wooden roofs afford. At the shrill cry of "Ba'black! (Mind your back!)" uttered by a man who sits on one of a long line of donkeys laden with building materials the crowd moves apart, and everyone flattens himself against the wall or retreats into a tiny shop. Then when the train has passed the scattered folk flock together again and jostle one another along the way until the clink! clink! of bells and the advance of a solemn caravan of camels tied together, nose to tail, and swinging along with disdainful heads lifted high, sends them scurrying once more.

The shops at the bazaar are mere shallow depressions in the walls, but they have wide doors, which are shut at night and fastened with formidable padlocks. Everywhere there is a blaze of color and of semibarbaric splendor. There are piles of bright silks in gorgeous patterns interwoven with threads of silver and of gold; there are gaudy prints from the West and delicate, hand-printed Shiraz cottons in quaint designs and subtle shades; there are bowls and pots and trays of burnished copper, shining tin vessels made of army petrol cans, and heavy finger rings, ear-rings, nose rings, bracelets and anklets.

Everywhere is noise—the whir of looms; the clang of hammers; the shouts of those who have goods to sell; the shouts of those who pretend that they do not wish to buy; the wail of the professional mourner; and the beggar's cry of, "Alms, for the love of Allah!" Everywhere there is odor—rank exhalations from the refuse underfoot; fetid air; hot, unwashed bodies; rich spices and heavy perfumes of the East. You are glad to enter a bazaar, and glad to leave it.

A Truthful Tablet.

A well-known writer received a call not long ago from a friend, who imparted the information that recently he had visited the birthplace of the author.

"Quaint little place, isn't it?" asked the great man.

"Yes. While I was there a friend of mine pointed out the little house in which you were born."

"Is it possible? I did not think the building was standing yet."

"Oh, yes. It is a little run down, but it is still a rather respectable-looking place. By the way, the city recently placed a handsome tablet on the side of the house."

"You don't say so! Put a tablet on the house in which I was born? Well, Well! Now, that is certainly handsome of the city. After all, it goes to show that the folk among whom one was reared, while they know all his faults, are still inclined to cherish his virtues, to see the good there is in him, and to rejoice in doing the kindly little things, in paying the friendly tribute that means so much, doesn't it?

"Of course, I've always had a warm, kindly feeling for the old town and the people, but I hardly supposed they had kept track of me, or followed my career. By the way—er—ah—er—do you happen to recollect the wording of the tablet?"

"Yes. It says, 'Main Street.'"

Gems in Desert Sands.

The territory known before the war as German Southwest Africa is of little value to the British, who have acquired it, inasmuch as it is mostly desert. It does, however, produce many diamonds, which are picked up in the sands along the coast.

The desert diamonds have evidently been distributed by water and wind, and doubtless were brought from a not-distant source by ancient and vanished rivers. Presumably they were originally derived from volcanic "pipes," like those which produce diamonds in the Kimberly field of South Africa. Experts are inclined to think that all of them came from a single pipe, because they are so much alike in quality, appearance and crystallization. In the Kimberly field the diamonds from no two pipes are alike. Accordingly, an anxious search is being made for the source of the stones. Pipes, a number of them, have been found, but, alas! none of them contains any diamonds.

Could Do Her Part.

"Alice," said the mistress, reproachingly, "this is absolutely the worst pie I ever tried to eat. You told me that you could make as good pies as any cook in the city."

The new kitchen girl placed her arms akimbo and faced her mistress with defiance.

"So I can, mum," she said. "So I can. But all the leddies I iver wurrked for mixed the pies thimsilves befure I baked 'em, mum."

There are seventeen tissue salts necessary to the operation and repair of the body. The miller and the refiner and the cook are throwing away some of these and we cannot spare one. As a result we are sometimes going physically bankrupt in several ways at the same time.

"Where Do We Go From Here, Boys?"

Tree-Line Advancing Westward.

What has happened in the United States middle west is also happening on the Canadian prairies, namely, the tree-line, which fifty years ago was located a comparatively short distance west of the Mississippi and Red rivers, has advanced several hundred miles into what was formerly the bald prairie. The line has not moved forward bodily but "islands" and groves of trees are to-day to be found like outposts in districts, where there were formerly no trees. This is believed to be due to the fact that the progress of settlement has stopped, more or less completely, prairie fires and given the trees a chance. Progress westward has been slow because the prevailing winds are from the west, and tree seeds are carried largely by wind. In the last fifteen years, however, the rate of advance has been more rapid largely because of the more determined fight against prairie fires. Trees are now spreading southward from the well established forest along the Saskatchewan. In addition to this natural process of forest growth individuals and communities have planted groves all over the west. The Dominion forest nursery station at Indian Head has sent out over sixty million trees to forty thousand farmers in the last twenty years, and this with civic and school planting is helping to change the appearance of the prairies.

Bird's Record Flight.

A black-headed albatross, starting from a small solitary island near Japan, followed the steamship Wenatchee across the North Pacific for six days and seven nights.

A too hearty breakfast tossed to it by a passenger caused the albatross to turn back on the seventh morning after it had escorted the vessel for three thousand miles.

The Wenatchee is a new boat, and in the open sea averaged seventeen knots per hour, but the storm bird did not tire. It flew in great circles round the steamer, and because of its peculiar black head in contrast to the natural silver-white plumage, it was easily distinguishable from the other albatrosses in the wake of the big ship.

The wind one stormy day roared in a gale, beating the ship with snow, hail, and rain, but despite the troubled elements the albatross continued to fly alongside, sometimes screaming shrilly. Many on board believed the bird alighted in the rigging at night, but the crew at the watches declared they observed the albatross flitting at intervals through the rays of the cabin's lights.

Meat and bread tossed to the bird during the day were picked up from the waves without the great wings being furled.

A Flag for the Free State.

What flag will Ireland adopt, now that it forms a free state? Here is a question worth studying. The golden harp on the green ground is a beautiful emblem, but not quite exact; it should have silver cords and stand out against a blue field. Numerous are the other symbols suggested—the St. Patrick cross, the sea horse of Mananam, the wolf, the round tower, the shamrock, the Celtic cross and many more.

A New Serial.

Authoress—"My new novel has its scenes laid in the wheat fields."

Editor—"Then I suppose you are going to run it in cereal form."

Spring and Summer Forest Fires.

There are usually two periods of fire-hazard in the Canadian forests, in early spring just after the snow disappears, and in late summer, when the vegetation has begun to get dry. Exceptional seasons vary these periods but the two classes of "spring fires" and "summer fires" remain. Many people understand why the dry, hot period of late summer is likely to be favorable to the starting of forest fires but they think that; after the heavy snowfall of winter, the woods ought to be safe till early summer at least. A little reflection, however, will show why the early spring period is particularly dangerous. In early spring there is often a short period of hot, bright days. The leaves have not yet come out and the sun shines down through the leafless branches directly on the forest floor. The snow disappears as if by magic and the dead twigs and last year's leaves become dry as tinder. If a glowing match or cigarette stub is dropped among this material the forest floor is ablaze over a space of many yards in a moment. A few days at this period are always most critical. After the first spring rain the ground vegetation becomes green and damp, and the leaves come out and shade the forest floor. The worst danger is then over, until the hot days of late summer cause the vegetation to dry out, when a danger period ensues which lasts till the first autumn rains. The moral of it all is that Canadians ought always to be careful with fire in the forest and doubly careful during these danger periods.

Get on Two Payrolls.

It is taken for granted that you are on one payroll, at least that you have some income and some money to spend. Then just a little time used each day in operating a budget will help you to secure an extra income.

You have a fairly accurate idea of what your earning capacity is, but if you are like ninety-nine out of every hundred Canadian citizens, you have no very definite idea of your spending capacity. In using a budget you will find your spending capacity first, by estimating what and how you ought to spend, and, second, by keeping track of where the money goes and how near you can come to your estimates.

By this simple method of accounting it has been demonstrated over and over again that a person or family can save a part of the income, whereas heretofore such an accomplishment has seemed positively impossible. The savings deposited in the savings bank or invested in reliable securities will work for you twenty-four hours of every day and seven days of every week, earning interest. The payments to you of this interest or dividend is your second payroll. This is not theory, but cold-blooded fact. On your determination to stick to this system and make yourself save may depend your success or failure in life.

Love of Home.

This fond attachment to the well-known place
Whence first we started into life's long race,
Maintains its hold with such unfailing sway,
We feel it e'en in age, and at our latest day.

—William Cowper.

Some complain because of poor health, but many more have poor health because they complain.

FOOLISH HURRY

It doesn't matter when I reach the town of Bungville-on-the-Beach. I've no important errand there; I merely go to hold a chair in Abner Johnson's Blue Front Store, and loaf and talk and be a bore. It's fifteen miles, the signboards teach, from here to Bungville-on-the-Beach, and I might take an hour, I ween, to hit those parasangs between. But I step down upon the gas, and men who see my lizzie pass throw up astounded hands and say, "That boob will break his neck some day." I'm always winging hens and cows; and faster than the law allows I speed my bus, and make her roar to chew the rag at Johnson's store. The speed fiends zip through dust and mire, as though proceeding to a fire; you'd think, when you behold them whiz, that "life or death" their errand is. But when they've made their breathless race and come to the appointed place, into the druggist's joint they drop, and fill themselves with ice cold pop. Just ask the speeder to explain why he propels his rattling wain, defying all the traffic laws, and he can only say, "Because!" There is no sense in all the haste that causes such a wanton waste of men and dogs and Berkshire sows, and geese and ducks and muley cows.

These Farmers Advocate the Repair Shop

I am convinced that money invested in a repair shop is well spent. I have a farm of 110 acres and would not be without my repair shop. The average farmer does not need a very expensive outfit. A building 12x16 makes a fair sized shop. I would suggest the following list of tools: Forge, anvil, vise, post drill and die plate. The average farmer can repair singletrees, doubletrees, neck yokes, wagon tongues, sharpen bean shears, cultivator shovels, harrow teeth, and do his own horseshoeing and other repairs after he has had some experience. Of course, we know that all farmers are not handy with tools, but the average farmer with a repair shop fitted out with a reasonable supply of tools could save for himself a lot of expense by doing the great majority of his repair work on rainy days when he would not be otherwise employed.—G.J.H.

Many men have very little mechanical ability. I would not advise such men to build and equip a complete work shop. I have such a shop and could hardly farm without it. A man who takes to mechanical tools, or who has a boy growing up with a leaning in this direction, by all means should secure all the tools that he can make good use of.

I have worked at the machinist trade about half of my life. My adopted boy and myself do about all of our own cement work, carpentering, blacksmithing, horse shoeing, soldering, roofing, etc. If a man can use carpenters' tools, he ought to buy some. They will save lots of time. But if he cannot saw a board square if properly marked, he had better save his money for some other purpose. It is folly to buy tools that you cannot use.

If you have a boy who likes to build things, by all means secure tools for him and teach him to keep them in order. A neighbor's boy comes over to my shop and does lots of work. He now has a forge, vice and hammer and tongs of his own. He can dress a cold chisel and do many things out of the ordinary. I delight to show him how to temper and do jobs he never undertook before. My own boy can design rafters for a gambrel roof and with a little advice can put up a very good looking building.

I would advise farmers to stock up with bolts of various lengths. They can buy job lots of mixed bolts at small cost. A box of mixed nails are also very handy for repair work, but no good for new work. Mixed washers also come handy.—D.C.W.

On my farm I have a repair shop 18x16 feet in size. This shop is equipped with a forge, a large vise, a carpenters' bench, tools, a horizontal bench drill and two screw plates, one for small bolts and the other for large ones. I also have equipment for shoeing horses, so that I can set a shoe at any time. This shop has been on my farm for about ten years and I would not be without it for the small amount that the tools cost. It has saved me a good many extra trips to town. My farm consists of eighty acres.—A.L.

Asparagus.

How about that asparagus bed? Are you still putting off planting it? Of course, that is an easy way out of the difficulty, but not a very productive way. Yes, certainly. If you do not like that delicious vegetable there is no use wasting good ground by planting it to such a weed. But are you perfectly square with yourself when you say that you don't like it?

If there was a patch of nice green succulent asparagus in our garden would we pass it by? Wouldn't we sneak out a few stalks and ask the "Queen of the Kitchen" to cream them for supper, or give us a few on toast to eke out that otherwise tasteless breakfast? You bet we would.

'Fess up, now, and then order at least two dozen roots. Better get a hundred, they come cheaper that way and you can always sell your surplus at a good profit. You'll want plenty for canning, too, it's fine in the winter.

Pick out a nice sheltered place where the plants will peep out at the first signs of spring, and after plowing in a heavy dressing of manure, open up a six-inch furrow and let the sun warm it up in readiness for those plants that will arrive in a few days. They can be planted any time after the ground thaws out.

Or, better still, if you wish to give them an extra kindly reception, you dig a trench about eighteen inches deep; fill it half full of manure; cover it to within six inches of the top of the trench and set the plants about two feet apart in the row. Cover with enough dirt to fill the trench rounding full.

Alsike for Sour Soils.

Alsike clover is most at home in northern latitudes or at high altitudes. It thrives best in a cool, moist climate.

Alsike will grow on "sour" land on which red clover will not thrive. Where it is not possible to apply lime and so insure a stand of red clover, alsike clover can be used. Mixed with red clover on uplands, alsike clover insures a stand on spots where red clover does not catch.

Alsike clover is used mostly in mixtures with timothy or other grasses. In such mixtures it improves the hay and increases the yield. The grasses serve to support the clover and make it easier to cut and cure.

Alsike clover will endure overflow that would kill most crops. It has been known to grow a year in water-soaked and water-covered soil and make a heavy growth. It is a good pasture plant, often remaining in a permanent pasture for many years. It is a good clover to seed in swales or on wet natural meadows. It volunteers readily and will spread in such places.

The Ivory Carvers of Bering Sea

Winter life in the frozen North is supposed by those unfamiliar with it to be as dull as a grounded ice floe. It is pretty generally believed that the long nights are spent around a smoky seal-oil lamp with the streams of conversation frozen solid like the tundra. But this is a mistaken notion and far from true.

The native villagers of the North have a peculiar philosophy, and volumes have been written about their manners and customs. I, however, shall endeavor to tell of a particular class of workers who ply their trade almost entirely in winter. These are the ivory carvers, of whom almost every village can boast one or more.

The natives have found that while the ivory is no longer a necessity to them, it can be made into trinkets and ornaments of various kinds that readily sell to summer visitors at good prices. At King Island, a short distance from Nome, almost the entire male population engages in the trade, and at almost every village up and down the coast the work is carried on to a greater or less extent.

The ivory used in this work comes almost exclusively from the walrus. These animals are still fairly common in many parts of the North, thanks to the protection the U.S. government has given them. Natives are permitted to kill them for their own use, but the skins cannot be shipped from Alaskan waters. In addition to the tusks of the slain animals, some use is made of those which have been buried in the soil for ages and have become semi-fossilized. These are black or brown with time, and the most highly prized of all ivory. Also, in some places the tusks of the prehistoric mammoth, that long-haired arctic elephant, are used. These tusks are usually called "mastodon ivory" in the North.

The ivory carver has four stock articles of trade for which he always finds a ready sale. These are beads, cribbage boards, napkin rings, and crochet needles. Besides these, a long list of sundry objects, suiting the fancy of the individual workman, could be made.

Of late years I have seen considerable modern equipment assembled by the ivory carvers. Chisels, bracket saws, hacksaws, breast drills, jewelers' files, etc., are quite common, and once in a while a real foot-power lathe is seen. But while the work turned out is eagerly bought by amateurs, it really does not possess the attractiveness of the pieces made with the crude implements of the past.—G. Dallas Hanna.

Measuring the Moon Mountains.

Further marvels of astronomy are fore-shadowed by the announcement that a professor has perfected an instrument for the measuring of stars and constellations.

Already, it is said, he has found, by means of his invention, that Alpha and Orion have a diameter of 260,000,000 miles, and a volume 37,000,000 times greater than that of our sun.

By other methods most bodies in the heavens have been measured, and even weighed, and the results obtained stagger imagination. One of such methods consists in watching an object through the spectroscope and making calculations from the shifting of the lines in the spectrum. In this way the mighty flames which leap from the surface of the sun have been measured.

Some years ago one flame was observed to shoot out with a velocity of at least fifty miles a second and to attain a height of 350,000 miles!

The moon has been made to disclose some of her secrets in a different way. The elevation of a church spire or any other lofty structure can be calculated accurately from the shadow it casts. This principle has been applied to the "darks" on the surface of the moon, and thus the heights of the mountains have been obtained. It is almost certain, for instance, that the highest summit of a prominent range, the Apennines, reaches 18,000 feet.

But the most important calculations concerning the mighty orbs above us are those of distance. These are made by parallax, with the most simple instance of which everybody is familiar; for who does not know that if we close the right eye and note with the other eye a near object in relation to a distant object, and then, keeping in the same place, close the left eye and again note the two objects with the right eye, the position of the nearer has apparently changed?

This seeming alteration of position is called parallax, and by measuring it the distance from the observer to the nearer object can be calculated. It is in this way—though, of course, on a vastly larger scale—that the distances of bodies in the solar system are determined.

In the case of the minor planets, the distant objects in relation to which they are measured are the stars. These are at so enormous a distance from the earth—roughly, about one million times farther than the planets, some of which come within 70,000,000 miles of us—that a change of position from Greenwich to the Cape of Good Hope displaces them to no appreciable extent. The displacement of the planets when viewed under such conditions is, however, a measurable quantity, and it is upon the result that calculations are based.

So astronomers have compiled most of our statistics relating to planets, as, for instance, that Neptune, the most remote, is at an average distance from the sun of 2,760,000,000 miles.

The stars in general cannot be measured; but the thing has been done in some cases, notably by Bessel, who, after three years' observation of 61 Cygni, announced its approximate distance from the earth as not more than sixty billion miles!

Yet this is one of our nearest neighbors among the distant suns. It is so close to us—comparatively—that we have learned a lot about it since Bessel made his calculation.

Scientists have shown that a difference of a mere twenty billion miles in its distance from the earth is negligible, and that, though it is tearing through space at thirty miles a second, it would require about 40,000 years to make a journey equal to its distance from the sun.

Canada's Medicinal Trees.

All Canadians have heard of the medicine, cascara, but all do not know that this is obtained from the bark of the cascara tree which is found growing on the Pacific Coast of this continent. Owing to the heavy drain on the stands of this tree in the Pacific States, British Columbia is now one of the sources of supply, and carloads of the bark are shipped out every season. In order that all citizens of the province who have to do with work in the woods may recognize this tree and know how best to conserve it, an illustrated pamphlet, written by Professor John Davidson of the University of British Columbia, has been issued by the Forestry Branch of the Department of the Interior. It is known as Circular No. 13, "The Cascara Tree in British Columbia." It has been widely circulated in British Columbia, but any persons desiring the phamplet, who have not yet received a copy, may obtain one free upon application to the Director of Forestry, Ottawa.

There is some one who is actually doing the thing that you are dreaming of doing—some one who is not better equipped than you are but who has the will to make dreams come true. There is some one not very far from you, who would make a big thing out of the chance you are throwing away because you see nothing in it. There are thousands of young men who would think they were "made" if they only had your chance for an education, your chance to make good, where you think there is no chance at all. Are you going to make use of your opportunities? What are you doing with your chance?

Courtesy.

The finest courtesy is that which comes from the spontaneous manifestation of good will. Yet often people who feel good will toward others are not notable for courtesy. When there is any failure in courtesy it can almost invariably be ascribed to fear. Perhaps the person is afraid of assuming too much importance and of appearing egotistical and therefore lurks in the background when he should come forward. Perhaps he fears that some one will think that he is trying to curry favor, and therefore he is so distantly polite as almost to be rude. Perhaps his good will is so mingled with admiration as to make him awkward and embarrassed; the fear of being regarded as commonplace and unimportant as he cannot help knowing himself to be prevents him from showing proper courtesy. Or, on the other hand, the fear that courtesy will be interpreted as weakness causes him to be assertive, overbearing or truculent.

Fear is the great enemy to happiness and accomplishment. One of the most effective ways in which fear works is through curbing or suppressing the courteous manners and actions that, if it were not established in a position of authority, would display themselves as the natural expression of the heart.—Youth's Companion.

She Knew.

A Philadelphia school teacher was quoting to her pupils the sayings of various wise men touching the value of silence on certain occasions, when she gave them the proverb to the effect that we have one mouth and two ears, in order that we may listen twice as much as we speak.

A day or so after the instruction, the teacher, to see how well the lesson had been learned, asked a girl pupil the question, as above.

Little Lulu had forgotten the philosopher's maxim; but the question did not seem a difficult one to answer.

"Because," she said, "we should not have room in our face for two mouths, and we should look too crooked if we had only one ear."

"No, Lulu," said the teacher, "that is not the reason. Perhaps Marie can tell us."

"Yessum," said Marie, "it's that way so we can let what we hear go in at one ear and out at the other!"

Automobile Seat for Child.

A small child in the front seat of an automobile is an embarrassment to the driver. He must watch the child, for the safety of the latter, and this distraction of his attention may bring about an accident. The child, too, is uncomfortable. If it sits on the edge of the seat, its feet do not reach the floor, and it has no support for its back. To get over this difficulty, a Tennessee man has devised what he calls an "auxiliary seat" which, of a size suitable for a child, may be suspended over the front seat of a car, two iron straps passing rearward over the back of the seat and engaging the robe rail (on the back of said seat) with their hook-shaped ends. It is thus the robe rail that supports the child's seat, which is fashioned like a chair, with arms, the height at which it is upheld being such as to enable the small occupant to rest his or her feet upon the cushioned seat of the car. The above-mentioned iron straps pass beneath the chair and up to the ends of the arms thereof, so that the contrivance is quite substantial. To prevent the child from falling out frontward, the supports for the chair arms are provided with slots through which a strap may be passed and buckled, making an accident of this kind impossible.