

# The Girl With the Lariat

By DWIGHT NORWOOD

When Loyd Brayton was graduated from college, having means, he thought he would like to go west and become a rancher. So he bought a sheep ranch with a good house on it and well stocked. Then he settled himself to wait for his sheep to grow and their wool to stand out thick on their sides.

For awhile riding over his broad acres and doing a little bossing morning kept him contented. But it wasn't long before he began to pine for something more exciting. An opportunity was afforded him by seeking one day a girl chasing a steer. There was something picturesque in her galloping over the ground, her alpine broad brim hanging to her neck by its ribbons and her hair streaming behind her. Brayton, who was on horse-back, put spurs to his animal to help her. But she didn't need him, for before he reached her she drew a lariat, caught the steer by the horns and held on to him till some punchers came up and relieved her.

The girl was the daughter of a neighboring rancher, Evan MacDougall, a Scotchman, who had recently come to America for the purpose of cattle raising.

Brayton complimented the girl on her exploit, and then there began an acquaintance that gave the young easterner something to occupy his mind. He went many of his mornings riding with her and most of his evenings at his father's ranch. Pingpong was in fashion at the time, and the MacDougalls having a good table for the purpose, Jennie and Loyd spent a lot of time battling the tiny ball between them. But the celluloid sphere was only typical of the love taps that were passing between them. When Jennie sent it it was to say, "I don't love you," and when it went back it seemed to carry the message, "Yes, you do, you know you do." And so the ball kept flying.

The affair went on till Brayton took it into his head that he would go east. His affair with the ranch girl he regarded as a pastime, and the idea of breaking with her didn't trouble him at all. If his going affected her she was too proud to show it. He tried hard to make her show her colors on the separation, but she resolutely kept them furled. It is singular how a man will consider a woman not for him and at the same time try to make her show that she wishes to be his.

The day before he was to take his departure he was out on his horse some distance from his ranch. It happened that Jennie MacDougall had lost a pot antelope, and she, too, had ridden a field looking for it. She knew every foot of the country, and Brayton knew very little about it. Reinsing up on a rise in the ground, Jennie saw Loyd half a mile away riding toward a dangerous quicksand.

"Great heavens!" she exclaimed. "Suppose he doesn't know it's there!"

The young man rode on as lightly as carelessly as if his horse were treading on flowers. Jennie's cheek blanched. He was within 100 feet of the quicksand, while she was half a mile away from him, with no other person in sight. Then suddenly his horse began to founder. His rider gave him the spur, but to no purpose.

Down came Jennie's quilt on her horse's tank, and like a flash he darted to the rescue. But his rider had no hope. She knew the sucking properties of the dreaded quicksand and that before she could reach the man it was dragging down to death he would be half buried in it. What would she do to save him? If she rode near enough to extend a hand she, too, would be drawn in. Though she drove her horse on a gallop, Brayton's horse had disappeared before she reached the quicksand and Brayton himself was engulfed to his waist. He believed himself lost.

"Goodby, dear heart!" he cried. Jennie seldom went out without firearms and never without her lariat. She rode up so near and so fast to the quicksand that she was obliged to pull her horse back on his haunches to save herself from going into it. Then instinctively her fingers clasped her lariat coiled to her saddle. Uncoiling it she began to swing it in the air, her eye fixed on her object; then it left her and fell around Brayton. Turning her horse's head, she urged him slowly away. The rope tightened without breaking and encircled the sinking body about the chest.

It was now a question whether the rope, the girl and the horse were strong enough to drag the man from the quicksand. Jennie fixed one end of the lariat firmly to the saddle and restraining her horse so far as possible from jerking, let him out by degrees. A lariat is not a weakly article, and Jennie's stood the test. Slowly Brayton was pulled from the quagmire from the back of the horse that went down to its death. Reeling hard ground, he sprang to the girl who was reeling in her saddle, and she fell into his arms.

When she came to herself again a great change had come over her relations with Brayton. He was holding her, muttering now his gratitude, now that she would awake and tell him that she loved him. It was all too incoherent for repetition, but it indicated that what had been intended for passing the time had become a grand passion.

Brayton didn't go east. He remained where he was and married Jennie MacDougall.

# Wheelbarrows of Shantung

By DWIGHT NORWOOD

The wheelbarrow is the most common medium of transportation in Shantung. The load is balanced about the wheel so that the workman does not have to carry a portion of the load as is the case with the American wheelbarrow. Some wheelbarrows have but one push arm, some have a pulling arm as well, some have one, two and three donkeys to aid in the pulling and some are equipped with a sail to obtain the help of favorable winds. The equipment depends upon the load carried—the maximum load being about a ton. Transportation by wheelbarrow is from five to eight times as expensive as transportation by rail in this province. Thus the native methods of land transportation, even with labor receiving a wage of less than 10 cents gold a day, are costlier, disproportionately so as compared with the prices of other commodities. Yet Shantung has tens of thousands of wheelbarrows engaged in traffic. It is easy to appreciate what railroads will mean to the development of this densely populated province.

**When Broadway Sleeps.**

From 9 to 10 o'clock each night is Broadway's quiet hour. That is when Broadway is most deserted. Theater goers are all in their seats, cafes are nearly or quite deserted and taxicabs are like chauffeurs spend the time dinkering with their machines or loitering on the front seats, cigarettes duly glowing between their lips. Barten-deers lily spend the sixty minutes polishing up the glasses, brushing off the top of the mahogany and swapping yarns. Theater ushers make the back row seats look as though the S. R. G. sign was out in front. Cabaret performers rest tired voices. Poken-men, ticket speculators, hotel page boys, switchboard girls, all rest. The night is half done, but the real work has not yet begun. From 10 o'clock on the scene rapidly shifts. First come the visitors who like to watch the crowds, then the theaters add their hundreds and thousands, and soon the greatest street in all the world shakes off its lethargy and jingles Broadway's awake.—New York World

**Burmans and Tigers.**

Sir H. Thirkell White in his book, "A Civil Servant in Burma," tells the following true tiger stories to illustrate the bravery of the Burman:

"One day a tiger came upon two little girls in the jungle, seized the younger and was trotting off with her. The elder sister, a girl of about twelve, took off her tamsin (skirt) and dapped the tiger about the face till the astonished beast dropped the child and fled. The truth of this story is proved by the fact that the government gave the girl a silk tamsin in recognition of her courage and presence of mind. Another time, quite recently, a woodman was seized by a tiger. He cut at him with his da (knife) till the tiger dropped him and retreated. The man, enraged at being attacked, followed and slashed him again, his only weapon being a long wood cutting knife."

**A Mistake.**

In England they call a "jerby" a "bowler," and they say sweet where we say dessert. There's a story about that last difference.

A young Englishman, Lord Laeland, supped at a dance in New York at a small table seating four. At the supper's end one of the two girls at this table rose and began to converse with a friend a few yards away. Just then a servant removed Lord Laeland's "bombe Richmond" before he had finished it, and the young man cried in a loud voice:

"I say, where's my sweet?"

The young lady who had risen from his table blushed, and frowning at him coldly, she said:

"I'm not your sweet, Lord Laeland."

—Exchange.

**Always.**

Somebody is always fooling the public and making money at it.

There is always something for Wall Street to worry about.

Somebody is always stirring up a row because she wants to be president of something.

Something is always about to be done to reduce the cost of living.

Somebody is always trying to get something for nothing and being disappointed.

Something is always interfering with our plans to save money.—Chicago Record-Herald

**Fido Was Undecided.**

"Oh, Mr. Smith," cried the young lady as she greeted her caller, "so you have been making friends with Fido? And do you think he likes you?"

"Well," said Mr. Smith grimly, "I don't believe he's quite decided yet. He's had only one bite of me, and he seems to want another."—Exchange.

**Mr. Stone's Luck.**

When the agent paid Mrs. Stone the amount of insurance her husband had carried, according to Everybody's Magazine, he asked the good lady to take out a policy on her own life.

"I believe I will," she said, "as my husband had such good luck."

**Three Things.**

Three things too much and three too little are pernicious to man: to speak much and know little, to spend much and have little, to presume much and be worth little.—Cervantes.

**Sermon on Marriages.**

Husband—Ah, me! Marriage is a lottery. She—And I heartily wish some one else had my ticket!—Illustrated Bits.

**The trouble with most of us is not so much that we have a hard row to hoe, but that we dislike hoeing.**

# A Marvelous Escape

By RYLAND BELL

During the French revolution at first the people thought only of getting a constitution from the king, and many of the best men and women of France were interested in the movement. But it is easier to start a rebellion among those who get the least of the good things of the world than to control it, after it is well under way. The movement soon fell under the control of the lowest, most oppressed classes, and their prime object was to eradicate by the guillotine the royal family, and the nobility, whom they considered their natural enemies. By this time, maddened by the taste of blood they were vent on executing those who would not follow them in their passion for murder and from that time till the end many a good man and woman fell under the ax.

Jean Oudinot was walking in the Champs Elysees in Paris, musing, weeping and wringing his hands. Through the trees he could see a crowd, above which towered the guillotine that was doing its work in exterminating the nobility of France. In the Place de la Revolution the crowd, curious to see the horrible work, encircled the instrument, the executioner, and the nobility, whom they considered their natural enemies. By this time, maddened by the taste of blood they were vent on executing those who would not follow them in their passion for murder and from that time till the end many a good man and woman fell under the ax.

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**Even if the moss is broken to pieces in its dry state no harm is done, because each separate piece will grow into a new plant.—Philadelphia Ledger.**

**Silkworm Fish Lines.**

China produces quantities of the glutinous thread generally known as silk fishing line or silk worm gut. The so-called silk fish line or silk worm gut is usually prepared from silkworms in the caterpillar state. When the worms are about to spin their cocoons they are killed by lightly pulling them so as to break their skins, after which they are immersed in vinegar for a considerable period. Then they are pulled apart in a way to draw out a long, glutinous thread formed by the silky secretion of the worm. This thread is then stretched on a board or otherwise and dried in the sun. In the West river district about Wuchow, whence most of the Hongkong exports come, the silkworm is usually a special wild green variety about three inches long and is fed on leaves of the ramphor tree. The threads vary in length from three to six feet.

**Staking the Meat.**

In "Our Southern Highlanders" Horace Kephart says:

"The mountaineers have an odd way of staking the spoils of the chase. They call it staking the meat—a use of the word 'stake' that I have never heard elsewhere. The hide is sold and the proceeds divided equally among hunters, but the meat is cut up into as many pieces as there are parties in the chase. Then one man goes indoors or behind a tree, and somebody at the carcass calls out, 'Whose piece is this?'"

"Granville Calhoun," cries the hidden man, who cannot see it.

"Whose is this?"

"Bill Copps."

"And so on down the line. Everybody gets what 'chance' determines for him, and there can be no charges of unfairness."

**Seed Is Their Currency.**

An ancient system of banking is still in active and successful operation in southern Italy. This is that of the most fundamental, or grain storage, warehouses. In these are stored large quantities of seed, which is given out to farmers upon demand without payment. After the harvest the farmers return to the warehouses the amount of seed they have received, plus interest in seed. Thus do the farmers become established agriculturists without the necessity of borrowing money.

**His Mistake.**

Exec-Cigar, old man? Wye—Thanks! (Puff, puff.) Capital weed this aren't you going to smoke too? Exec—(Examining the remaining one)—No, I thank not. Wye—What's the matter? Did you give me the wrong one?—Boston Transcript

**The Hat Scale.**

A fifty dollar hat is a conceit. A thirty dollar hat is a confession. A two dollar hat is a sin and a shame and a perfect justification for going home to mother.—Pittsburg Post.

**Watery.**

A young lady, describing the delights of Venice, wrote, "Last night I lay in a gondola on the Grand canal drinking it all in, and life never seemed so full before!"

**Stuffed Birds.**

Naturalist—Do you take any interest in stuffed birds? Gourmand—Only turkeys and chickens and ducks and things like that.—Exchange.

# Thackeray in Baltimore

By RYLAND BELL

The first and only time I saw him (Thackeray) was in Baltimore when I was seventeen years old.

He and John P. Kennedy, a friend of my father, strolled one Saturday afternoon into the Mercantile library, where we boys were reading.

"Look!" came from a tangle of legs and arms bunched up in an adjoining easy chair. "That's the Mr. Thackeray who is lecturing here."

My glance followed a directing finger and rested on a tall, rather ungraceful figure, topped by a massive head framed about by a fringe of whitish hair, short, fuzzy whiskers, rumply collar and black stock. Out of a pink face peered two sharp, inquiring eyes, these framed again by the dark rims of a pair of heavy spectacles, which, from my point of sight, became two distinct dots in the round of the same pink face. The portrait of Horace Greeley widely published during his presidential campaign—the one all throat whiskers and spectacles—has always recalled to my mind this flash glimpse of the great author, whom I afterward learned to revere.—F. Hopkinson Smith in "In Thackeray's London"

**Oddities of Moss.**

The lichen is a very strange plant, and moss is almost as queer. Like the lichen, moss is hard to kill, and, for the same reason. Although it loves water, it can dry up without doing itself the least harm and then neither cold nor heat can hurt it.

Mosses that have been kept for years will come to life and grow again if they can get water. Even artificial drying, greater than anything they would ever have to endure in nature, does not kill them. A German scientist brought a piece of moss to life after it had been kept eighteen months in a drier. This, by the way, is a nice little puzzle for the scientists. Why should the mosses have a power of resisting dryness so much greater than they need? No one has been able, to find the answer yet, and there are many puzzles of the same kind in nature.

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# ALONG THE HIGHWAYS

By M. QUAD

At 11 o'clock at night he stood leaning against a lamppost at an angle of forty-five degrees. Only a tramp could have maintained it a minute.

"Where I'm going to sleep tonight the devil only knows—right here, maybe. If this old lamppost don't get tuckered out."

"Say, this touring the country ain't half bad. I wouldn't go so far as to recommend the heir to a million dollar estate to turn tramp, but at the same time I wish to say that enjoyable events are constantly happening in this profession. Perhaps the leading one is being suspected of murder. It has happened to me some five or six times, and I now look forward to it as a part and parcel of the season's program.

"There has been a murder committed in a city, a village or out in the country, and the murderer has not been found. The first thing the police do, falling to find the guilty party within a few hours, is to lay the crime to tramps. Their own records would show them that the tramp class is more clear of capital crimes than almost any other, and yet the first instinct is to go for it. The call goes forth in city and village to round up, and country constables for fifty miles around are warned to be on the lookout.

"I am plowing along a country highway or taking a nap under a tree beside the road when the heavy hand of the law is laid upon me. The constable may have five or six men at his back, all armed and all regarding me as a most desperate character. I am bound hand and foot. There is much rejoicing."

"The procession heads for the county jail and makes a triumphant entry into the town.

"If I have been captured for a murder outside the county I am taken away after three or four days. If it is in the county I am kept in jail until the examination comes off.

"In the course of a week one of two things is sure to happen. The officers either get the right clew and I am set free or I am arraigned for examination. In the former case the sheriff comes to my cell and calls out:

"Here, you miserable old tramp, get out of this!"

"What for?"

"Because I say so. You are discharged from custody. Why in the devil didn't you say you weren't guilty?"

"But I did."

"Don't lie to me! Get out of this jail. People are calling me the biggest ass in the state. Get a hump on your self!"

"Let me tell you that the dilapidated gentleman reasoned things out long ago. He is no more a criminal by instinct than any other man. He doesn't want to lose his life or liberty. He is too greedy for gain. Not a tramp in town would quit the road if he got a legacy of \$5,000. Give him sufficient for today and the morrow may go hang. He may hit back if you hit him, but he has no cause to want to murder anyone. He may steal to assuage his hunger, but not for profit. Now and then you hear of some tramp robbing a farmhouse. He is either drunk or a fool. No pawnbroker will take anything from him because he is a tramp. No person will buy any of his plunder for fear of being compromised. The tramp with sense in his head knows this, and if a dozen farmhouses were open to him there would be no temptation.

"Suppose that a tramp stole \$25 in cash from a house. If he struck a town and went to buy a suit of clothes he'd be suspected. If he even bought a new hat or a new pair of shoes he might be made the grounds for his arrest. How would it profit him, then, to take the money?

"I have worked for a farmer for six weeks on a stretch and taken the road with \$30 in my pocket. I have been arrested a day later and had to send for him to prove that I wasn't a thief. If I had a ten dollar bill in my pocket I might walk 200 miles and not find anybody to change it for me. I once found a twenty dollar bill on the streets of a town. I carried that bill with me for four months and then at last gave a tin peddler \$2 premium to change it. He felt sure that I had stolen it, but decided to take chances.

"Three years ago in Connecticut a farmer's barn was robbed of fifty bushels of oats one night. His own legs were used to sack them up. The team used to draw them away was followed for six miles. I was within ten miles of the site of the robbery that night and next day I was arrested as the robber. I was held in jail for a week before being examined to allow of the sheriff working up the case, but when things finally came to a head you ought to have heard the justice score him. He was a man of sense, he was, and he made the sheriff out a born fool within ten minutes. If I stole the oats I must have stolen a team to draw them away. Who had lost a team? It would have taken two men to sack and load the oats. Where was the other man?

"Oh, yes, there are events in the life of every dilapidated gentleman on the road, and the moral lesson to be drawn from most of them is in his favor. He does less lying than any salesman, less stealing than confidential clerks, and, as for immorality, your millionaire is convicted of it oftener than your tramp."

# Carmens of Seville

By M. QUAD

The most astonishing building in the Calle de San Fernando, Seville, is the immense two story baroque edifice that covers more ground than the cathedral plus the court of oranges and serves the purpose of a tobacco factory. The portal is adorned with busts of Columbus and Fernando Cortes, and I wish very much that we had had time to go inside and see these many cigarette girls at their work. As we passed I thought again of Carmen and the story of Bizet's fantastic Sevillian opera, for about 5,000 Carmens or "cigareras" like Carmen are employed in this factory and attire themselves today in gay gowns and fascinating mantillas, with flowers tucked under their ears and coquetically placed in their hair, very much like the heroines of the opera. Like the opera also, adjoining the factory are the artillery barracks, and one imagines it to be quite possible that some impressionable Don Jose should be fascinated by some of these piquant and pretty Carmens.—From "Royal Spain of Today," by Mrs. Tryphosa Bates-Batcheller.

**Seaside Golf in England.**

The seaside courses are so open and the wind so strong that the straight ball "down the middle of the alley" (the kind we crave for here) is practically an utter stranger on those courses. In fact, there would be no advantage in even trying to keep the ball straight in most cases, but really a disadvantage, since the ball in a cross wind, for instance, would be fighting against the wind. Instead, the wind is made a friend and is used to advantage by employing the useful hook and slice (according to the direction of the wind) to work with the wind—and a long ball usually results. Those hard hitters who can play a reasonable hook or slice certainly do some really fine smacking. They know how to start the ball for the right place, at the proper height and with the proper degree of slice or hook imparted to it so that it usually ends up in the right spot a considerable distance past the place arrived at by the man who only plays the straight ball and simply allows for the wind.—Outing.

**The King Liked Clean Shirts.**

G. T. Wrench, M. D., in his "Lives of King; His Life and Work" quotes a story told of Sir Austley Cooper, the greatest surgeon of his day, to illustrate the surgical conditions against which Lister had to contend. Sir Austley had cut a wen from George IV.'s scalp. The day following the operation he was summoned to the palace. He hurried off in great fear, but while the king was not ill, Sir Austley decided that the royal eye viewed him with considerable disfavor. On his return he asked his nephew if there was anything wrong with his appearance.

"Why," replied his nephew, "I should have put on a white cravat and a clean shirt or at least have washed my hands before I waited on his majesty." Sir Austley's shirt and hands were bespattered with blood. "God bless me! I ought," he replied, "but I was not aware of it—and the king, sir, is so very particular."

**Even Cursed the King.**

The period that followed the black death was the golden age of the English peasant. Says Piers Plowman: "The laborers that have no land and work with their hands delgn no longer to dine on the stale vegetables of yesterday. Penny ale will not suit them nor bacon, but they must have fresh meat or fish, fried or baked, and that hot and better for the chill of their law. Unless he be highly paid he will hide and bewail the time he was made a workman." \* \* \* Then because the king and all the king's justices for making such laws that grieve the laborer. Even the peasant with a fixed interest in the soil was strong enough in many cases to extort a charter from the lord of the manor with rental at 3 cents an acre per annum.

**Oil Field in Pacific Ocean.**

Unique among the oil fields of the world is the Summerland group of wells in California, which extend out into the Pacific ocean. There are 141 producing wells in this group, which is situated about eighteen miles from Santa Barbara. These wells are drilled out in the ocean just off the coast and 100,000 barrels are taken from the oil sands underlying the ocean bed every year. This interesting spectacle of derricks built out into the sea is visible from the train on the way from Los Angeles to San Francisco.—Engineering and Mining Journal.

**Pessimistic.**

"Willie," said the teacher, "what shape is the earth?"

"It is an oblate spheroid."

"And what kind of shape is that?"

"I asked father, and he said he guessed it was a scientific way of saying the world is in mighty bad shape at present."—Washington Star.

**Next!**

Mr. Wright went to the telephone and called up Mr. Reed.

"Hello, Reed; this is Wright," he said.

"Where's Rithmettic?" the office boy asked the stenographer in subdued tones.—Indianapolis News.

**Takes After Nobody.**

Visitor—Little Willie takes after his father, doesn't he? Sister—No, he doesn't. You ought to see him at the table! He always grabs first.—California Pelican.

**The great thing in the world is not so much to seek happiness as to own peace and self respect.**