

ROMAN INVASION OF BRITAIN

Good Reasons for Setting August 27 as the Date on Which Julius Caesar Landed on the Island.

The 27th day of August, 55 B. C., may upon good grounds be set down as the day on which Caesar invaded the Island of Britain. It is interesting to learn the method by which a painstaking and ingenious inquirer determined the date as given. Caesar himself tells that he proceeded on his expedition when little of the summer remained. When the people of the south of Britain were engaged in their harvest, and we learn that he returned before the equinox. Thus the day must have been in August. He further tells us that the full moon occurred on the fourth day after his landing. The full moon of August in this year as given by astronomical tables, occurred at 11.22 a. m. of the 31st. Hence, Caesar landed on the 27th.

It is well known that Caesar met with greater difficulty in landing and making good his first footing on the island than he expected. The southern Britons were a people well advanced in civilization at the time. It was only about a century after this that London, by its present name, was a city crowded with merchants and of world-wide celebrity.

History repeats itself. England, even in those early days when Caesar made war on the Veneti, to the west of Gaul, the Britons sent a fleet of ships to their assistance.

SEIZED CAPE COLONY TWICE

Peace of Amiens Nullified Britain's Capture of Holland's South African Territory in 1795.

Early in the wars of the French Revolution Holland was forced to become an ally of Great Britain. A British fleet appeared off Cape Town in August, 1795, and the colony surrendered on September 16. For seven years Britain held the colony, spending fully eight million dollars in improving it. Monopolies were taken off trade, torture was abolished, and prosperity prevailed, whereas before the colony had been on the verge of ruin. In 1802 the Peace of Amiens secured for Napoleon a breathing spell, which he used in preparing still greater attacks upon the liberties of Europe. By this treaty Cape Colony was restored to Holland. War was resumed in 1803, with Holland an ally once more of France. Again the British captured Cape Colony, and when peace was definitely settled in 1815, after Waterloo, Britain retained South Africa, paying Holland six million pounds sterling for the colonies of Demerara, Essequibo and Berbice being included in the sale. The population consisted of 26,700 whites, holding 29,300 slaves, and 17,850 free Hottentots. Britain suppressed the slave trade and in 1834 the slaves were emancipated by the British government.

Snaking Snakes. For sheer, downright danger the work of snake outling in the Austro-Hungarian bush compares very favorably with anything one might imagine. It is also an exceedingly profitable method of earning a livelihood—that is, if you survive.

The snakes are collected for the sake of their venom, a substance that, like radium, is valued by the grain, a pound of it being worth about \$500. It is in active demand by chemists and is obtained, as far as Australia is concerned, from only three species of snakes—the death adder, the brown adder and the tiger snake.

The reptiles must be caught unharmed, and it goes without saying that the business demands considerable skill and agility on the part of those following it.

Tiger snakes are the best, for they carry most venom; and they are still numerous in the more remote parts of the seldom-visited interior.

Switzerland's Gipsies. Just 500 years ago, writes a correspondent of the Neue Zürcher Zeitung, our forefathers in the city on the Limmat had a new experience. A host of army of people came into Switzerland from the east and camped just outside the walls of Zurich for two weeks. They numbered some 41,000 persons, men, women and children. These swartly swiftness, according to an old chronicler, were commonly known as gipsies or houthens. They said they had been driven out of Egypt. Their clothing was miserable but they wore many ornaments of gold and silver, maintained perfect order and discipline, and held patiently for all they ate and drank. After seven years' wanderings they are said to have returned to their original home. This was the first appearance of gipsies in Switzerland.

Peculiar Beauty Treatment. A musical-comedy actress, who prides herself on the beauty of her limbs, suspends herself daily from a cord fastened across her room, and suffers a sister professional to work her legs pumphant for ten or twelve minutes. This treatment is beneficial in several ways, exercising the muscles and imparting strength and hardness—both essential to a burlesque dancer. Artists' models undergo similar treatment.

A Parisian beauty specialist achieved reputation and fame by inventing a round-shoulder cure. Hundreds of afflicted beauties placed themselves under his care, spending hours daily in a prostrate position, and wearing a peculiar device with an ingeniously

EVERY WOMAN CAN HELP LIBERTY LOAN

Small Tasks Just as Necessary and Important as the Bigger Ones.

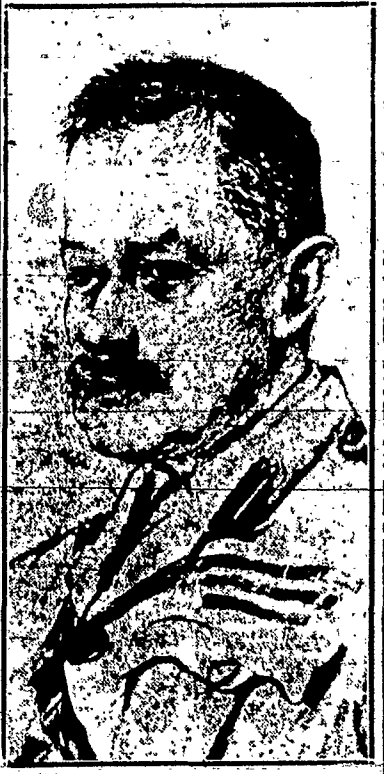
Every woman in America has something to give to help make the Fourth Liberty Loan a success. There is work to be done and an opportunity for service on every side. She can contribute her share to the bond booth, talk Liberty Bonds at her club, her church or in her neighborhood. She can take part in the house-to-house canvass, spending her time visiting women in each district to carry the message of the Loan into every home. If she prefers, she may work through her own club organization. If she is a school teacher she can do splendid work leading and encouraging the boys and girls in her classes who are eager to do their bit to buy the war.

There is little difference whether a woman is in domestic life, a wage-earner in factory or office or a business woman handling labor and capital. She can serve the government in some capacity in the Fourth Liberty Loan.

The need for women's service in this campaign exceeds that of any of the previous Liberty Loans. The task of securing approximately double the amount of bond subscriptions involves a tremendous amount of routine work. Hundreds of thousands of women must be reached and handled in the work of placing each bond sale on record. The woman who has time to devote to this campaign is urged to join the Liberty Loan League. If she does not know in what capacity she is best fitted to serve, she should offer her services to the Women's Liberty Loan Committee in her town or to the Liberty Loan division of her church or club.

There is an opening for every kind of service in the Fourth Liberty Loan League. The American women find her place, then take up her work seriously, putting her best efforts into making a success of the campaign.

BYNG! HE'S STILL RINGING IN THE EARS OF THE HUN



British Official Posters GENERAL SIR JULIAN BYNG.

It was General Sir Julian Byng who, not so long ago that it has been forgotten, set the fashion of attacking without any noise, and the Boches have never forgiven him. He is still attacking. The Fourth Liberty Loan will help his efforts as well as our own. Every dollar spent to win the war buys all the Allies. Buy Liberty Bonds for victory.

TOTAL WAR COSTS.

The War is costing the United States Government \$18,000,000,000 a year. The total expenditures for July were \$1,428,450,000. This is at the rate of \$1,000,000 a day, or more than \$2,000,000,000 a hour. To make it simpler and more understandable we can say the cost is \$33,000 a minute, or \$550 a second. But the success of our boys in France is well worth it. Let's keep them going by investing in Liberty Bonds of the Fourth Loan.

Advertisement for 'THE CHEERFUL CHERUB' featuring a baby and text: 'I'm recruiting dollars now And sending them to war The nicest thing about it is They'll come back bringing more'.

"Dawn"

By DOROTHY DOUGLAS

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"No," Dawn said with regret and faintly equally loved with love in her voice, "I love you as much as I am capable of loving any man, but you have not the right to ask me to give up my friends. It is far better that we consider ourselves free."

Harry Harrington looked back at Dawn with pain in his eyes. A pain that was perhaps mixed with a touch of great darkness of jealousy. He looked all that a man should be in his khaki uniform, and he was smiling away to fight for America's liberty.

He glanced about the cool, home-like studio that was Dawn's home and realized that when he was in the trenches fighting his sweetheart would be entertaining other men—that she would be sitting down at the little table drinking tea or coffee over a Dawn-cooked chicken or a rabbit and giving her smiles and her rare glances to some one else.

"You know, dear," he replied, trying to persuade her to his viewpoint. "It is not only jealousy and Lord knows I am that—but it is just common sense. I am talking. Here you will be while I am away, and though you may be collaborating on stories and working your brain to letters with Dicky Vane or Ralph Reed, you are still Dawn Conner, and therefore will be tempting both yourself and the other fellow. You can't help flirting," he added.

Dawn blushed, but her eyes were steady and enquired Captain Harrington with a glance that should have told him that she was true as steel, with all her flirting.

"I'm sorry," she said, "but women have gone far past the time when they will give up all interests and all men friends for the man whom they marry. My writing is as great a part of my life as anything will be. My men friends with whom I collaborate and work in this studio are dear and sincere friends and another big part of my life and happiness. If you cannot be generous enough to let me have my life and fulfill my ambitions just as you do your own, then, dear, we must not marry."

"But, Dawn, I love you!" he said. "And I have I ever asked you to stop having your lovely stenographers in your private room for dictation?" "That is in business," he put in quickly.

"And so is mine business," Dawn stated, "but even if my men friends were not working with me, I should still expect to be here and entertaining them in my studio. I want to be trusted by the man who loves me sufficiently to let me lead my life according to my own nature." She very gently slipped the ring from her engagement finger. "I am firm in my philosophy in love and marriage," she said with a swift, if unsteady, little laugh.

Harrington gazed long and earnestly at Dawn as he took the ring from her extended hand. Her beautiful satiny arm was as white as the lilies and her shoulders molded for the sheer beauty of art.

Harrington took her in his arms. "You don't love me, Dawn," he told her sadly; "you are perhaps not capable of loving."

"I can't be the slave of love, if that is what you mean," Dawn told him, and she put her lovely arms up about his neck and held him close to her. "Please try to remember, dear, that I love you more than any other woman ever will, but my men friends would be a constant source of unhappiness to you, and in the end to me."

"I am sorry I have disappointed you, Dawn. Life would have been a very beautiful experience with you at my side. There will never be another woman either in my heart or at my hearthstone."

When he had gone Dawn gave way to tears, but after that she braced up, began to readjust her life and tried not to think of the void that Harrington's going had left.

She was neither the clinging vine variety of womanhood nor yet the independent, masculine type. Dawn was merely a good specimen of feminine beauty and brains combined. Her nature could never hope to love. There were both depth and breadth to her affection and complete trust.

Dawn continued her writing and she made no change in her manner of living. When Dicky Vane came up and their work carried them into the noon or evening hours, Dawn's chafing dish was brought out and savory meals prepared. Then the typewriter clicked while rabbit stewed. Dawn and her collaborators turned out much that was worth while in the literary world.

On rare occasions Dawn was brought face to face with the nature of man under trying circumstances, she blamed herself and not the man. Dawn was a flirt, and she knew there was more than a little ground for Harrington's fears. On the whole, she knew, however, that her own way of reasoning had been right—her own philosophy had suited to her success and happiness.

She did not fight attractions in other men. Dawn knew that to live on the surface of love affairs tended to make her great void less deep. She missed Harrington's love, and she never for

a moment thought seriously of her many flirtations.

But in a way her big captain had been right. Effie told her that she could easily have succumbed had she been less true to some nearer love. Harrington, along with other men, could perhaps not appreciate that she was not like other women in love. Dawn loved love, but she also loved her work. She was generous and big-hearted and unselfish, and wanted others to be the same.

The months flew past. Dawn reached wonderful heights of fame in her writing and found a very level sense of contentment and happiness. She had many friends and many who would have been more than friends. She began to dress exquisitely. The beautiful arms and shoulders were even more lovely when set off by beautiful gowns.

Then suddenly Dawn knew that Captain Harrington had been brought back home wounded—wounded to the point of being on that terrible precipice that tears itself between life and death.

She knew, also, that a considerable amount of skin grafting was all that might save his life. It was no time before Dawn had made her way tentatively to the surgeon in charge of Harrington's case.

"And he must never know," she insisted, after having pleaded successfully with the surgeon. The blood test had been perfect. Dawn was permitted to give many, many square inches of skin from her wonderful arms and shoulders that Harrington might live.

The operation was successful. Harrington, being totally unconscious, knew not that Dawn's skin had been grafted on his frightful wounds. Dawn's courage had been marvellous, and her spirit felt greatly rejoiced. She had done a small bit in the great fight.

No one in her big circle of friends knew why Dawn stopped wearing the lovely gowns that revealed her satiny arms and no one knew that Captain Harrington's recovery was entirely due to the skin taken from those same arms.

When the hero was out of hospital and able to attend to a big dinner was given for him. Dawn, of course, was there, and her eyes were steady and held the old light in them when she and Harrington again clasped hands.

"Dawn, Dawn," it was all Harrington said. His eyes told her that he had meant nothing to him without her, and finally his lips said that he had been wrong all wrong in demanding so much of her.

Dawn's smile was radiant. She had won the kind of love she had always dreamed of and she could look Harrington squarely in the eyes and tell him she had never wavered from his love.

Back in the studio after the dinner, Harrington took Dawn swiftly into his arms. Afterward, when a suggestion of calm reached him, Harrington trailed his fingers down over Dawn's arms.

"Why are my satiny, precious arms hidden by this chifony thing? And why are Dawn Conner's shoulders so modestly under cover?"

Dawn shrank and the color stained her cheeks. Harrington had never seen her shrink from his touch.

"It's just a little scar or two," she said swiftly; "they will all vanish some day."

Harrington looked hard at her. Love's eyes are overkeen and love's brain intuitive. Her sleeve was swiftly rolled back and Harrington's heart thumped madly.

He trembled with her in his arms as he had not trembled when the great shell sprang at him on the battle-field.

"But I couldn't have any other person's skin on my arms," she said finally with a little trembling laugh. "It would have worried me—all the time."

"Dawn—my own wonderful Dawn," was all Harrington said.

The Danger Mark.

To the new munition worker the Red Line, or danger mark, is a source of wonder. He sees a large room divided by a line of red paint drawn upon the floor; on one side of the line a seething line of men in various stages of undress, on the other side few or none. He observes that individuals who cross that line do so in their stockinged feet, thus entering a mosque, and that once across they do not return the way they went, but disappear through doors on the other side. Later he will discover that the reason for all these precautions is to prevent explosions, because inside that danger zone is the filling room and everything there is covered with a fine gray dust. That dust is gunpowder. The men working there wear few clothes, no shoes with nails in them, and change and bathe before leaving the factory, so that when they are safely home and are having their evening smoke they won't cause a sensation by suddenly going up in the air through the roof.

Canada's Algonquin Park. If Canada cannot claim a national playground equal in wild beauty to the world-famous Yosemite Valley, the great California park of the United States, it has, at least, something both beautiful and gigantic in the territory of nearly 2,000,000 acres, termed the Algonquin Park. Far up in the highlands of Ontario, 2,000 feet above sea level, Canadians from all parts come to enjoy the woods of pine, balsam, and spruce, which stretch for hundreds of square miles, and in which thousands of holiday seekers may lead the simple life in comfort. The district is studded with lakes.

The Scrap Book

USE FOR TANKS IN INDUSTRY

Many Tasks in Which It Is Believed They Could Be Employed With Good Results.

The application of the tank floor to industrial carriers seems a likely idea. H. Volta, writing in La Nature, describes a variety of designs of industrial tanks, of which the illustration is typical. A machine for clearing drainage canals, a farm tractor and other types of powered locomotives are cited with an eye to the application of the tank principle.

The illustration shows the superiority of a truck of the tank type in getting over rough ground, and in these times when city streets present the appearance of plowed fields and when country roads remain as un navigable as of yore, this is no mean advantage.



Actual Cast of Cromwell's Face. One of the remarkable objects in the collection offered for sale for purposes in New York is a death mask of Oliver Cromwell, which probably would not be so interesting were it not for the history of the cast which accompanies it.

It is of plaster, but has been colored a dark color, near a bronze, and is said to be a copy of the original. The history of the replica is rather comprehensive, and the mask itself is of real interest to those who are curious about the Pretender.

The original mask was owned by Richard Cromwell, son of the Pretender, who left it to his daughter Elizabeth. This has been handed down in the family, and in 1824 it was in the possession of a descendant, who then resided in Cheshurst Park, England.

Thence it descended to Henry W. Field, assayer of the royal mint, who was himself a direct descendant of Oliver Cromwell. Mr. Field sent the replica to William E. Duffus, assayer of the United States mint, in New York.

Rabbits in Hospital Ships. Interest in the rabbit keeping movement is so great in England that there are few parts of the country in which clubs and breeding centers are not in process of formation.

Every day the food production department receives offers from experts to take charge of one of the 10-day and 20-day breeding centers which are being established throughout the country.

It is hoped shortly to place rabbits in some of the channel hospital ships, where they would be a source of interest to many of the wounded soldiers and would eat the waste food.

The General's Retort.

Sir Henry Wilson, unlike many soldiers, has a ready tongue, and is more than a match for the average politician.

His encounter with an eminent if not too tactful statesman at an early stage of the war is historic. The latter thought fit when dining with our commander-in-chief in France to observe to the company: "Is it not curious that so great a war should have produced no great soldiers?"

General Wilson replied: "Is it not even more curious that so great a crisis in Europe should have produced no European statesmen?"—London Mail.

Khaki From Osage Orange Shrub.

An interesting dye that has been worked out is the one with which the khaki uniforms are colored. It was produced from the osage orange in the Wisconsin forest products laboratory by F. W. Crossman, a graduate of the University of Illinois. It is interesting to note that the osage was brought to the corn belt after years of patient search for a soil-produced dye that should be "horse high, bull strong and pig tight," by Jonathan Turner. The osage has served its day—fences can be bought now—but a shade of its usefulness goes wherever our boys in khaki march.

American Egg Consumption.

Between March 1 and July 1 this year in the three markets of New York, Chicago and Boston, 6,069,089 cases of eggs were received. Last year during this time those markets received 5,843,065 cases. About the same quantities were in storage in these cities on July 1 this year as on that date a year ago. The consumers in New York, Chicago and Boston used 457,434 more cases of eggs in the four months than they used in 1917, an increase of about 17 per cent.

Popular Talk.

Crimsonbank—I read in the paper today that for riding on water there has been invented a tricycle with hollow, air-tight wheels, the rear pair being provided with blades for propulsion. Yes—Yes, old man, this water wag-a-stuff seems to be in the very air.

TREAT INSANE LIKE BRUTES

Damascus Authorities Keep Men of Deranged Mind in Chains in Full View of Passers-by.

"Other sights and sounds, by no means so agreeable, meet the modern traveler, and doubtless those who journey through Damascus in Paul's time as well," writes Dr. Francis E. Clark, founder of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor. "Never have I seen more hideous objects than the insane men of Damascus. Some of them, probably those who are particularly violent, are fastened with a heavy chain to a ring in the wall of some house or public building. There they sit upon the sidewalk day and night, covered, if at all, from the blistering rays of the sun or the dews of evening, by a little awning of burlap, always naked, gnashing their teeth, or perhaps with a stupid, dull indifference in their eyes, depending upon the charity of the passers-by."

"The last spot we can visit," Doctor Clark says in concluding the chapter, "is the ancient wall through whose windows it is said that Saint Paul escaped. Here is his brief account of this adventure: 'In Damascus, the governor, under Aretas the king, put guards about the city of the Damascus, thinking to arrest me, and through a window, in a basket, was let down by the wall and escaped his hands.'"

"We looked with interest and reverence upon the ancient wall, which very likely was standing in the apostle's time, and at the window, from which it is possible, but by no means certain, that he was lowered in a basket."

MARBLE STONES ABOVE PETS

Grieving Owners Erect Costly Monuments in Dog Cemetery Near Center of London, England.

It may not be known to everybody that in London there exists an exceedingly pretty cemetery devoted principally to man's best friend—the faithful dog. Near the Victoria Gate, Hyde Park West, stands the gatekeeper's lodge, attached to which there is a fenced-in garden the last resting place of many a favorite pet.

Several years ago a favorite dog ("Poor Little Prince"), which belonged to the duke of Cambridge, was run over in the park, brought to the lodge and afterward buried in the garden. A marble stone shows the place where he lies. After this many who had heard of the event requested to have their dogs laid to rest in the same plot of ground, and thus it came about that the permission of the duke and the deputy ranger was obtained to allow the garden to become a cemetery for dogs.

It has now been in existence many years, and there are several hundred graves, all beautifully kept. Some people pay a certain amount per annum to have the little graves properly attended to—some only pay when the dog is buried; many call regularly. The tombstones are pretty nearly all of the same size and mostly of marble.—London Graphic.

Ranches Converted Into Farms.

A correspondent in the West writes that the most notable change now taking place in that country, especially in the southern parts of Alberta and Saskatchewan, is the passing of the ranch. These large blocks of land are being dissolved, so to speak, into farms of ordinary size.

"Today," writes this correspondent, "hundreds upon thousands of acres of land, vast stretches of empty prairie that have for a quarter of a century known little more than the trample of the herds and the swish of the cowboy's lariat, are blossoming out into golden wheat fields and neatly platted farmsteads, and the time-worn romance of the cowboy and the corral is giving way to the modern romance of the reaper."—Montreal Herald.

Rocky Land Breeds Sailors.

The best sailors in the world come from Brittany, and the best sailors in Brittany had from Quessant island, the land farthest west in France. This is land, which is named Quessant on the American charts, is rocky, forbidding almost barren of trees, so much so that the Breton fathers tell their children not to climb any trees when they are visiting. North, west and south of the island is open water which in winter is almost constantly in a turmoil because of the frequent storms. The channel, the Atlantic and the Bay of Biscay vie with each other in vain efforts to overwhelm the island and prevent its inhabitants from wresting a living either from the land or the water.—Chicago Daily News.

Trees Firmly Anchored.

The great limbs of the tree are full of leaves and every leaf acts as a sail to catch the wind. Tremendous pressure is exerted against an old tree when the wind is blowing. It bends a little from the top; its limbs wave in the air, but it stands erect. It is anchored in the ground by the roots, of course; that is understood. But its agins, if you please, what great spread the roots must have, how they must be interlaced in the earth, to hold the great tree upright as the winds press against it.

Privacy Caution.

"My husband goes out every day to get plenty of ozone for his system." "You're right, he had better be careful about taking them drugs."