

Father to the Man

By ARCHY CAMERON NEW

"Bosh, you dear little goose!"

And then, having mildly rebuked her, Carter Danbury leaned over and tried to gather the dainty little creature at his side into his arms. But she wriggled away and faced him with a determined look in her big brown eyes.

"I'm not a little goose," she retorted, poutingly. "And father is right. You're a man and politics is a man's game, a man's duty. You ought to pitch in—you're a Republican."

"On election day," he admitted, "but ordinarily a plain everyday business man. And I'm no speaker. I—I"

"That's it," she took him up quickly. "You're afraid, Carter—please—for my sake. I've told him you're sensible, a fine man."

Danbury frowned.

"But," he argued, "dearest, I can't take orders. I don't like—" He hesitated, fearful lest he might offend this daughter of Colonel Reuben Thomas, the "big" boss. "I don't like being bossed. I don't like the petty artifices these—politicians resort to to get votes."

"But it's necessary," she argued back. "There must be leaders."

Danbury smiled. When Dorothy Thomas looked like that she reflected every feature of her father's inflexible face, except his wrinkles. Danbury sought to soothe her, but to no avail.

"Please, Carter," she persisted, "if you love me, try it. You—might like it."

"All right," he gave in, and again leaned over towards her, this time to meet a delicious kiss full upon his lips. "But mind now, all I'm to do is to offer my services. I'll not be to blame if they refuse them and—I hope they will."

A keen-eyed youngish old-man faced Carter Danbury the following morning across his flat-topped desk and stroked his bristling white goatee, as he listened to the other attentively. They were closeted alone in the inner sanctum of the campaign headquarters of "William Westlake, the People's Choice for United States Senator." Then the "oracle" spoke.

"So my daughter persuaded you, eh?" queried the Republican leader, severely. "See here, young man, you can't take up this business as a feud. Once in love, you have to stick."

Something in the colonel's tone stung Danbury to the quick and he leaned over the desk angrily.

"I'm not a feudist, Colonel Thomas," he retorted hotly. "I've just held aloof from politics because—well, because I wanted to keep my independence, no ideas. But I've acted."

"Huh!" granted the other. "I suppose you realize I'm the party leader?"

"Yes," was Carter's smiling rejoinder. "The papers have told me that much."

"Well, they haven't told you all," shot back the colonel. "I expect to have my orders obeyed." The colonel pushed a button and another man entered the office. "Burke, this is Mr. Danbury. How are you fixed for speakers tonight at East End hall?"

"Only yourself and Westlake so far," answered the other respectfully.

"Then put him on, too," ordered the colonel, crisply. Then as the other retired from the room, he turned again to Danbury. "Be there at eight. And mind, don't get rumbunctious. Young feller. Use diplomacy. There'll be a lot of foreigners there, and we want to handle them gently. G'by"

Carter Danbury was facing his first political audience, and yet he felt cooler than he had expected. He had followed the candidate, Westlake, who now sat behind him, on the stage, with Colonel Thomas, wiping his perspiring brow and smirking grandiloquently at the sea of upturned faces. And much to Carter's surprise, as he proceeded, let he was frequently applauded. This added to his courage and he now leaned over to deliver his final philippic.

"And, fellow Americans," he orated, "this is an American age. There can be no divided allegiance. We have come to the day when there shall be an American race, an American nation—for Americans only. We shall preserve our high ideals sacredly, and to those who are not with us in spirit, I say, we say 'get out.' Mr. Westlake stands for the principle 'pass prosperity around,' but we don't propose to pass it around the world. And we don't propose, therefore, to allow those men upon our shores who will accumulate a fortune here by the grace of our institutions and then spread it abroad. To those who visit our shores with that end in view, there can be but one greeting, 'Keep out.'"

Danbury felt several tugs at his coat from behind and, wheeling about, took the assembled politicians by surprise.

"You needn't pull my coat," he thundered, then waved his hand towards the vast audience. "My remarks are intended for Americans, and I know there is not an American out there who doesn't echo that thought. And if there is one who is not American present, I say to him 'get out.' Gentlemen, I pledge our candidate to full support of true Americanism in congress."

Danbury turned to resume his seat and was struck with the angry tenor of the crowd on the stage. What had

WORLD WONDER

Marvelous Beauty of Blue Grotto Elicits Admiration From All Privileged to Visit It.

The Blue Grotto is one of a number in the high cliffs on the Isle of Capri, Italy. There are several of these grottoes. There is the Red Grotto with rosy lights and gaily-tinted waters, and the Green Grotto with mossy green-colored walls and lacy draperies of green fern, but the Blue Grotto with its silvery sands and waters and the wonderful blue dome, and blue vapor seeming to envelop everything, is conceded by most visitors to be the most beautiful of all.

The single opening of the Blue Grotto is a low arch, hardly three feet in height. The passenger lies flat in the bottom of the boat and his guide stoops low. Thus they wait until a generous wave happens along and sends the boat shooting through the opening. Once into the cave, the visitor is allowed to raise his head. The boat he rides in seems silvered and the sands and waves beneath his boat are like mercury. If the traveler dips his hand over the edge of the boat into the water it likewise turns to silver. The guide, as well as the lights and domes of the cave, assume cerulean tints and the visitor wonders if he has become permanently dyed with the color of this subterranean sky. The rocky walls at the side are black and it is hard to realize that this wonderful "La Grotto Azzurra" of the Italians is only a trick of the gay southern sunshine.

In the days of ancient Rome there were secret passages to the Blue Grotto from the villas on the cliffs, but since those days either the sea has risen or the island has sunk so that for a long period the Blue Grotto was lost to the ken of man. In 1826, it has been said, a German poet named August Kopisch dived through the present tiny opening and became the first of modern men to find himself in the azure and silver enchantment of the Blue Grotto.

Penn's Desk and Long's Sword.

A desk originally owned by William Penn and a sword carried by Major Long, United States engineers, while he was a member of the first official government survey of the Rocky Mountains were among the articles bequeathed in the will of the late William Foulke Jones of New York.

Major Long's sword, which was given to the Smithsonian Institution, is a sword originally owned by William Penn and a sword carried by Major Long, United States engineers, while he was a member of the first official government survey of the Rocky Mountains were among the articles bequeathed in the will of the late William Foulke Jones of New York. Mr. Jones left the old desk to his widow, with the provision that on her death it is to go to Independence Hall, Philadelphia. The sword was given to the Smithsonian Institution.

Taking Our Share.

In life it is as it is in armies; there is a share of hardness for each one. "Each man shall bear his own burden." This is part of the discipline of life and it only makes confusion when any refuse to take their share. It is the wide distribution of the burden of society upon many different shoulders that makes the world's work go forward even as smoothly as it does. One man who will not take his share of hardness is an enemy of all willing workers.

Avoid Becoming Nagger.

If you find yourself inclined to become a nagger you had better apply for a little vacation and a change of scene. Absence from home and business is often the best cure for a blue gloomy vision. A little contact with the world and the struggles of others often helps make home folks more reasonable—at least for a time. Forestall the malady by learning to see the better side of life. Practice kindly speech even if it hurts you.

Folly of Monarchical Government.

As the exercise of government requires talents and abilities, and as talents and abilities cannot have hereditary descent, it is evident that hereditary succession requires a belief from man to which his reason cannot subscribe and which can only be established upon ignorance; and the more ignorant any country is, the better it is fitted for the monarchical species of government.—Thomas Paine.

First Attempt to Explore Africa.

The first organized attempt to explore the interior of Africa was made by Mungo Park, who set sail on his initial voyage to the Dark Continent 123 years ago. He returned two years and seven months later after having explored a considerable section of Africa never before visited by a white man, although he failed in his main purpose, which was to trace the source of the River Niger.

When a Nut Isn't.

The peanut isn't a nut at all, but a member of the pea, bean and clover family. It is a legume and gathers nitrogen from the air. Peanuts do not grow from roots, but on shoots which grow out from the plant above ground, bear a little sterile yellow blossom and then shoot directly into the ground, where they peg—that is, where peanuts begin to grow on them.—St. Nicholas.

Not Really Sardines.

A large proportion of the so-called sardines taken along the Atlantic coast of this country and Canada are not true sardines but are the young of the herring and mackerel. They are prepared in about the same way as true European sardines, however, and would puzzle some of the most experienced epicures to distinguish the spurious from the genuine.

Forests of the Caucasus.

The forests of the Caucasus in Russia are estimated at 12,000,000 acres, chiefly in the Black Sea territory, which is at the rate of nearly 20 acres to each inhabitant. The forests of western Siberia have been scarcely explored, but they are stated to be 200,000,000 acres in extent, more than half being in an absolute state of nature.

Likes Hot Stuff.

The common green frog has been discovered to possess an insatiable greed for wasps. This extraordinary appetite does not seem to be in the least checked by an occasional sting. The protecting color of the frog, which sits motionless upon leaves, no doubt deludes the most wary of insects into a sense of security.

Getting Rid of It.

Mary Elizabeth had been sitting by her mother for a full hour trying with all her might to make a dress for her dollie. Suddenly she heaved a deep sigh, and when her mother asked her why she did so she replied, "Oh, I deem just to let the thread get out."

Live in Today.

Do today's duty, fight today's temptations, and do not weaken and distract yourself by looking forward to things which you cannot see, and could not understand if you saw them.—Charles Kingsley.

Difficult Men to Handle.

There is no class of men so difficult to be managed in a state as those whose intentions are honest, but whose consciences are bewitched.—Napoleon.

Interest.

Interest speaks all sorts of tongues and plays all sorts of parts, even the part of the disinterested.—La Roche Foucauld.

CROSSED BREEDS OF DUCKS MARKED CHANGE IN ALASKA

'Burbanked' Type, in Louisiana, Will Not Migrate, as is Customary With the Species.

Stanley C. Arthur, ornithologist of the conservation commission of Louisiana, is authority for the statement that the state "Burbanked" wild duck, the cross of which "set," and they produced a duck that will remain in the state the year round.

Louisiana is visited by the green-headed mallard, which leaves in the spring for the North. Also by another species known as the summer mallard, or Florida duck, which spends its summer in Louisiana and winters in Mexico and Central America. It leaves Louisiana on the approach of cold weather.

The experiment of crossing the green-headed mallard, the winter visitor, with the summer mallard, or Florida duck, the summer visitor, was conducted by M. L. Alexander, conservation commissioner, and Edward A. McIlhenny at Avery Island, a state preserve.

Species of the two ducks were trapped, mated, and the eggs proved fertile. The experiment proved a success. The "Burbanked" ducks have been termed the "Louisiana mallard." The "Louisiana mallard" has produced its own young, and Mr. Arthur says the cross has "set."

Hundreds of these "Louisiana mallards" were released on Marsh Island, a wild life sanctuary, so that they might perpetuate themselves.

DEEP SEA TALK

Oldest of Earth's Cities

Damascus—Has Seen the Rise and Fall of Races Which Are Mere Shadows in History.

What times and changes such a place as Damascus has seen, what waves of peoples, what rise and fall of kings, what increase and collapse of greatness, what kaleidoscopic history! What the autochthonous population of the place was is a point probably past historic decision. The earliest records find in control a race indefinitely related to the Mesopotamians. Then the march of races and peoples begins, and the rise and fall of conquerors. Hittites, Amorites, Suti, Khabiri, Jews, Assyrians, Chimerians, Egyptians, Armenians, Arabs, Persians, Macedonians, Parthians, Romans, Seleucids, the Omayyads, the Abbasides, Mongols, Tartars, modern Egyptians, Ottomans, and the English, have swept through this oldest dwelling place of gregarious humanity, and still it flourishes, to this day as populous as such places as Kansas City or Denver or Indianapolis, Louisville, St. Paul, or Rochester, and relatively far more important.

NEW FERTILIZING MATERIAL.

The fertilizing material obtained from industrial wastes in the United States is stated by W. H. Ross of the bureau of soils to have included 10 per cent of the potash in 1916, 8 per cent of the phosphoric acid, and 85 per cent of the nitrogen. The potash was obtained from such wastes as tobacco stems, cottonseed hulls, hardwood ashes, wood washings, blast-furnace fine dust, cement fine dust and sugar residues. The phosphoric acid was supplied by such materials as bones, shells, fish scrap and basic slag. The nitrogen came from wastes in the manufacture of castor, linseed and fish oils; from animal wastes, as blood, hair, horns, hoofs and hides; from leather and wool wastes; from coke, and from numerous other substances. By adding feldspar and other potash minerals to cement materials, it is believed the yearly recovery of potash from cement-plant waste might be raised from 70,000 tons to 100,000 tons.

AN ADAGE OBSTRUCTED.

"Make hay while the sun shines," exclaimed the ready-made philosopher.

"Yes," commented Farmer Corneil; "it's easy said. But what could you do with a bunch of farm-cotters that was every one afraid of gettin' freckled?"

INADVERTENT ADMISSION.

"Did you ever visit Germany?" said Mrs. Snobbles.

"Yes. And I must admit I found some very agreeable acquaintances." "I thought as much. I was: telling my husband today that you had been associating with the common people and not with the aristocracy."

AWFUL THREAT.

Uncle tried to tease Billy by telling him he would have to go home in the street car. Billy coaxed to be taken in his uncle's automobile, finally saying: "Well, if you don't take me in your automobile I'll go in the car and sit next to a sneezer and get deaded."

EASILY MOVED.

"Yes, we spent the summer in a portable house."

"Your relatives complain that none of them could find your house."

"I told you it was portable," said the other man with a wink.

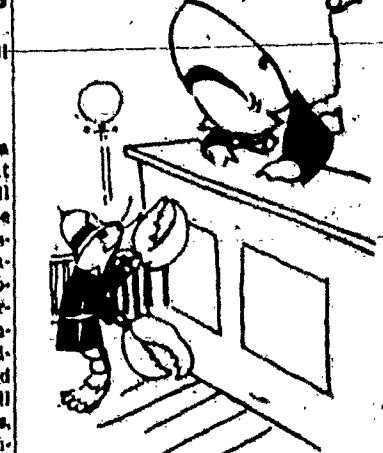
Visitors to Territory Need No Longer Fear They Will Have to Eat on Canned "Eats."

Not many years ago the Alaskan was like a man on a desert island—he had to have his meals sent to him. Now, on a pinch, the northern territory could furnish its own board very adequately. Listen to this all-Alaskan menu, furnished for the dinner given at Anchorage to the special federal commission, sent to investigate the natural resources and transportation problems of south and central Alaska:

Cordova clam soup, Kachemak bay shrimp, Alaska celery and radishes, Seldovia halibut, Cook inlet salmon; Kenai moose, Chickaloon mountain sheep, Whitney's ranch fresh pork, Matanuska potatoes, Alaska peas, turnips, carrots, cauliflower, Hope blueberry pie, Anchorage dairy butter and milk, Anchorage roasted coffee.

The wild country of gold rushes and canned eats has progressed to a point where it has productive farms and dairies, is capable of producing its own food, and is beginning to ship a surplus to the States.

DEEP SEA TALK



Judge Shark—What became of the dogfish prisoner, officer?

Officer Lobster—Er—by escaped your honor. Some one handed him a sawfish.

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