

# Mohammed Surrenders

By ARCHY CAMERON N.Y.W.

(Copyright, 1919, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Because it was an accomplishment, Henry Brooks danced well. It would have been admitting defeat had he not been a finished glider, but he took little joy in such fame. For it distracted time and thought from the achievement of a greater thing—financial success.

Now, Henry was not a kill-joy, and he aspired to wealth not because of his love of money, but for love of Jean Thomas. Knowing this, Hal Foster looked wonderingly at his partner, as he entered the office to see Henry glowering at the telephone mouth-piece.

"But, dearest," Henry protested irritably, "I can't go. We're checking up vegetable shipments for November."

"You mean thing!" came the pouting answer. "I believe you're money-mad."

"Jean!" Henry challenged her sharply. "Did it ever occur to you that we might need money after we're married?" Hal Foster withdrew from the office hastily.

"I'm not a fool, Henry," she replied coldly. "Good-by."

"The devil!" yelled Henry, wrathfully, slapping up the receiver and turning to Foster, who re-entered. "Hal, she's the limit. Wants me to go to the Summers' dance tonight. Most unreasonable girl I ever knew."

"That wouldn't make a good love song, kiddo," admonished his partner, solemnly. "Aren't you going?"

"Of course not," and every minute Henry seemed to grow madder. "D'ye know, Hal, there's times when I doubt I love her. She's got a head full of foolishness and nothing else." Hal

made no reply, and Henry plunged viciously into a pile of papers at his elbow.

Still wrathful, Henry worked late into the evening, but on his way home made a detour, and pausing in front of the Summers' home, peeped inquisitively into the parlor. The object of his search was smiling gaily and chatting volubly in the center of a group of men and girls.

"That's all she thinks about," Henry assured himself as he walked away, and on retiring to his room ten minutes later gazed dubiously at Jean's picture, on his mantel. Then he frowned, turned out the light and jumped into bed.

He worked the next two nights, and on the day following, somewhat chastened in spirit, sent Jean a bouquet of flowers followed an hour later by another call on the phone. It was Jean, thanking him sweetly for the gift and inquiring if he would put aside business for a single night to go to Margaret Wendell's homecoming reception.

"Really, dear, I can't," he pleaded. "This is the busy season in the commission business. Can't you understand? Why can't you come downtown and have dinner with me? That would be—"

"Impossible," she snapped furiously, "and, I do understand. A nine-hour day is long enough. Surely, you won't work every night after we're married?"

"Not every night," he replied, soothingly. "But it's for you, can't you understand? Now be a good girl and come downtown to dinner."

"I won't," she retorted, faddy. "I'm not going to chase you. I won't see you until you come to me."

"When you won't see me," Henry fared rashly. "Good-by."

During the following month Henry felt sorely tempted to make peace with her, but the terms of peace were impossible. Business required even more of his time than ever, and Hal's, too. The firm was facing an unexplained situation. Shipments were coming in more slowly, and in sales, too, their figures fell way below par.

"What do you make of it, Henry?" demanded Hal, as he entered the office late one afternoon. "There seems to be a revolt among the farmers and it's spreading. Last week, Blair placed his order with us for only half the usual amount. Said he was buying the other half direct. A co-operative association,

he called it. Today, Pink and Wellman turned me down cold. Said the Fulton County Growers' association were filling his orders quicker and cheaper. What's to be done?"

Henry scratched his head thoughtfully, then rose uncertainly and grabbed his hat.

"I'm off for Fultonville, the county seat," he announced from the door. "It's a dull old place, but I'll smoke that crowd out—see if I don't!"

Early the following morning Henry presented himself at an office over the Fulton National Bank, on the main street of that quiet village, with the neat sign on it, "Fulton County Growers' Association."

"Want to see your boss," he announced to an alert clerk, who rose from his typewriter to take Henry's card. He disappeared into an inner office and presently emerged.

"Can't be seen," he announced crisply. "Too busy. Call tomorrow."

"But I must see him," protested Henry, scowling. "I made a special trip down here. I can't kill time around here until tomorrow."

"But you can't see him," came the answer, accompanied by a fleeting smile, "until tomorrow. There's a show in town tonight. And a dance at the hotel. Maybe you might go to one of—"

"Bother dances and shows!" he snapped, and left the office indignantly; but the quietude and inaction of the long afternoon made him reconsider, and at 7:30, after a good dinner, he stood in his room and surveyed himself in his evening toga before the mirror. Then he went downstairs into the ballroom. Pausing for a moment at the door, he glanced about him and then his heart pounded wildly. Was that—just then she turned, and as their eyes met he advanced toward her.

"Jean," he almost shouted in delight. "Is it really you?"

"No other," she gave him a cool impersonal smile. "Are you dancing?"

"If I may have one with you," he answered quickly, and as the music began they sprang into step with their old usual grace. After the dance he led her into one of the small parlors, and she sat down happily.

"That was fine," she enthused. "Worthy all my trouble to get up the affair."

"Did you get—this—up?" he demanded, dubiously.

"Why, certainly," she replied, smiling at her program. "With help, of course. There's so much to be done, you know. Sorry I couldn't see you today."

"But I didn't call—" he started to answer, puzzled.

"Yes, you did, too," she answered, enjoying his puzzlement. "My clerk brought your card in to me."

Henry opened his mouth in absolute amazement, then faced her accusingly. "You are—"

"The Fulton County association—yes." Her eyes twinkled roguishly. "Otherwise known as a mountain of flowers and fluff."

"Oh, I didn't mean that—" he started to protest, but she cut him off.

"Oh, yes, you did," she rejoined, quickly. "But it wasn't so. And I mean to prove it to you. You wanted the mountain to come to Mohammed, but I wouldn't do it. I wanted you to know that I—"

"But this dance," he whispered, huskily, for his voice had gone from shock. "You had time to arrange this—and work besides?"

"On an eight-hour-day schedule," she answered. "Well, what do you think of me now?"

"I think," he began, gazing at her hungrily, then almost shouted, "I surrender—at your terms. Where—er—shall I lay down my arms?"

"Here," pointing to her two satiny shoulders, and he met her terms completely.

"Aren't You Going?"



# WHY HE QUIT 'THE ROAD' CAN EAT WAY THROUGH LEAD WHY

## Ex-Drummer Voices Regret for the Disappearance of Oldtime Band-face and Clerk.

"Oh for the old-fashioned hotel clerk, smiling, accommodating, always friendly, who never forgot a face, obliging and always making a fellow feel like he was at home," said Frank Whitesell of Portland, Ore., according to the El Paso Herald. "What a difference between the old professional hotel clerks of 25 years ago, even up to 15 years ago, and the automatic, mechanical clerks who never try to oblige—I might call them automatic grouches—of the present day behind the hotel registers. If you ask one of them a question he or she, nowadays, intimates that you get your room and meals, just exactly what you pay for, and not a thing more, please understand that. I was a commercial traveler for a quarter century up to six years ago, and I know. Why, we old drummers, as they used to call us, felt at home in those old hostleries of the western states, just on account of the clerks. Say, they were God's noblemen, those old-timers. They seemed to anticipate a fellow's wants and would go to all sorts of trouble to accommodate one. The milk of human kindness flowed in their hearts. And it made business, too. I have stopped at an inferior house, many a time, because I had been treated so well by the clerk. And I can say, too, the proprietors were much the same way in those days. Hotels were made homelike, not a big box with compartments, where you are to be tucked away at so much per. That was one of the reasons I quit the road, the chilly, purely mechanical hotels of the present day."

## Beetle of Remarkable Power Would Make Man Much Trouble If It Existed in Quantities.

Probably most persons who read the newspaper story of the discovery by a Santa Barbara (Cal.) telephone engineer of an insect that eats its way through sheet lead thought it in the same class with the ancient hoax about "the worm that eats steel or nails," which was perpetrated about a quarter of a century ago and still reappears at intervals. One of the editors of Engineering News, however, has seen the insect, a number of which are held in captivity in lead boxes with glass covers, to see how long it will take them to bore their way to freedom.

The insect is a slender black beetle about a quarter of an inch long, with hard wing covers and of innocent and placid demeanor. It is said to light on a lead-covered telephone cable and bore a tiny round hole through the lead sheath and the paper insulation down to the copper. Possibly it believes the cable to be a part of a tree or vine into which it is accustomed to bore holes, and so it proceeds to bore through the lead as it would through the bark. Some persons think that concealment is its motive; others that the boring process is preliminary to egg depositing.

The lead borers have been heard of in South Bend, Ind., and Rockford, Ill.; in Omaha, Tacoma, Portland and San Diego; in Florida and in Australia. The fact that numbers of them have been found in old lead foil tea packages leads one to suspect that the family is of oriental extraction.—Youth's Companion.

## Experts Condemn the Use of Paris Green

Druggists and merchants handling spraying materials are being urged by the economic entomology department of the Wisconsin College of Agriculture to purchase arsenate of zinc or way through sheet lead instead of paris green this year. Insecticides should be ordered by the grower in February or March, says L. F. Gantner, one of the entomologists, and the decision to use some other spray than paris green should be made now.

Experiments conducted in the field show that paris green is not an economical spray material, as it causes severe foliage injury. On potatoes two and one-half pounds of arsenate of lead or two pounds of arsenate of zinc to 50 gallons of water may be safely used. The spray must be applied evenly and must be put on when the young bugs are beginning to hatch.

Although the arsenate of zinc should not be used on any other plants than potatoes, arsenate of lead may be used on all kinds of crops. One pound of it is not so deadly in effect as a pound of paris green, but it will not burn. It spreads and sticks much better, and it is easier to handle in the spray.

Calcium arsenite has a still lower killing power and a slight tendency to burn, so it is not recommended where the other sprays are obtainable. The burning can be prevented by adding equal amounts of good air-slaked lime. It is so inexpensive that it may well be used in the garden.

## BIRDS OBSERVE ROAD RULE?

### Why There Are Few or No Collisions Between the Feathered Travelers in the Air.

"Collisions between airplanes are not uncommon, and a satisfactory rule of the road seems a very difficult problem. If we could find out what the birds know of this matter it would be invaluable knowledge, for it is probable this kind of collision will eventually be the greatest of all in the air."

So writes Wilson Armitstead, an English naturalist, in the course of an article on the effect of storms and wind currents upon the flight of birds.

"I have often wondered," he says, "whether teal flying down in a gale ever come to grief. I know nothing living that travels at such speed, for they are small compact birds and may not really be going as fast as they seem to be. There is one place in which I sometimes sit, where whenever there is a strong southwest wind, these birds pass me like bullets, and what is more they sound very like them, but I have never yet seen an involuntary collision between two birds in the air."

"This assuredly opens up an interesting question. We know that birds have flight lines. Have they by any chance a rule of road or air? I think they must have. Among all the thousands of birds closely packed along our coasts in winter, there would undoubtedly frequently be collision if some such rule did not exist. As it is, one never sees a case of hesitation. Birds pass each other at full speed without the slightest sign of slowing down."

### Why He Hadn't Registered.

A chap who ran a little general store at a certain crossroad in New Mexico was reported for failure to register. An official swooped down upon him who asked: "Don't you want to fight for your country?"

"Of course I do," was his reply. "Be you a recruitin' man? I was figgerin' on enlistin' the first chance I got."

"Well, I'm afraid you've got into trouble, as you failed to register."

"Shucks, you don't say so? I never had any use for them new fangled things. I puts the money in a cigar box an' gives the customer his change. But I don't see why the fact that I haven't a register oughter prevent me from havin' a chance to lick them Huns."

He got the "chance."

### Why Pigeons Are Useful in War.

Bestiged Paris, as somebody has pointed out, taught Bismarck the value of bombing pigeons in war, when some 800 pigeons were sent in balloons to Tours and provided communication between the two cities. After the peace, Bismarck established pigeon lofts in every fortress and in many of the cities of Germany. Other European nations, although less thoroughly, followed the example, but it was only about a year ago that the United States naval air service instituted 14 lofts in different parts of the country, with a total of about 8,000 pigeons in training for war service.

### How It Affected Him.

"That old idea of employers requiring applicants to answer to their own handwriting is all bunk," remarked the iconoclastic guy. "Some of the world's greatest geniuses wrote so miserably they couldn't read their own stuff. Handwriting never gets you anything."

"Allow me to differ with you, mister," broke in the chap with the closely-cropped head, who was recovering from an attack of huddle-peg. "It got me three years for forgery."

### How "Flu" Is Defeated.

The dwellers in Barry Eborac, an outlying district of Aqueduct, have apparently discovered an effective remedy for influenza. "Treating it as a simple gripe attack they take orange juice, and live on a vegetable diet. As a result out of 500 cases there has been but one fatality, and that was a case where poverty and abandonment delayed a principal cure."

# CANNOT BE TAKEN ALIVE

## Gorillas Will Fight to the Death, and Are to Be Feared, Even When Mortally Wounded.

The most perilous job that any one can undertake in the jungle is the capture of a full-grown gorilla. It is said that no gorilla has ever been captured alive after he was full grown. He would be a bold man who would attempt such a feat. Gorillas fear nothing. Even when mortally wounded, they show an agility, strength and ferocity which is astonishing. A famous traveler once stated that it would take 150 men to hold down a gorilla with any degree of safety.

On the other hand, all other apes are said to be pathetically easy to capture. The usual method is for a trapper to seat himself where he is certain to be observed by these creatures and pretend to drink from a bottle of crude spirits. When he is sure that he has been observed, he leaves the bottle and goes away.

The moment his back is turned the monkeys rush to appease their curiosity concerning the contents of the bottle. They like the taste of the spirits, and quarrel among themselves for it till the bottle has been emptied. They are soon overcome by the intoxicant, and the trapper returns and gathers them in.

### Change of Fashion.

Indeed, so completely have fashions and materials changed in a century that the articles included in the following advertisement of goods to be sold on Fishbourne's wharf, "back of Mrs. Fishbourne's dwelling," have scarcely any meaning for us. Among the numerous articles to be disposed of were: "Tandems, slingshams, nuns, bag and gullink shirtings, buckabacks, quilted hum-bums, turkettes, grassetts, single allepoms, children's jumps and bodice, whalebone and iron busks, men's Newmarket caps, alihallies, dickmansoy, chushoes, chuchoes, cuttances, crimson dannah, chained scooses, lemons, byrampants, moree, maffermans, saxlingham, pruneloe, barragans," etc.

Hunhums was a sort of towel made of coarse Indian cotton cloth; cuttance a kind of piece goods of silk and cotton, also imported from India; barragon is the barracan of today, a fabric made of camel's hair, used widely in the Levant for robes and mantles; but for the most part the articles named in the advertisement have long become obsolete.

### Length of Arms and Legs.

According to many measurements made at the Anthropological laboratory in London, the right arm in human beings is in a majority of cases longer than the left arm, while, on the contrary, the left leg is longer than the right leg.

Sometimes, however, the relative proportions are exactly reversed but seldom does perfect equality exist between the two sides. The tendency of the right arm to exceed the left arm in length is sometimes greater in men than in women, while equality of strength in the two arms occurs almost twice as frequently with women as with men.

### Time to Reform.

The sailor, returning a trifle fuddled from a peace celebration, found his hitherto respected and respectable ship newly camouflaged in the most modern cubist style.

Running his eye over the whole mess of conflicting squares, triangles, lines, circles and sundry other nameless blobs of paint which graced the sides of his "home," and blinking stupidly at the hideous screaming color scheme, he slowly raised his hand while the tears coursed down his cheeks and murmured, wearily: "Never again!"

# DAYS OF ATHENS' GREATNESS

## Emperor Hadrian Did Much Toward Making the City Religious Center for All Hellas.

It was during Hadrian's first visit to Athens (about 124 A. D.) that he made plans for rebuilding the majestic temple of Olympian Zeus. He added originally to the adornment of Athens with many temples and other buildings; he built an aqueduct to bring the water of Cephissus to the city, and at Corinth he constructed aqueducts to bring to that city the water from Lake Stympthalus. Sparta was then the most important city in the Peloponnese, and the visit of Hadrian there is established by an inscription. He was absent from Rome three years at this time, returning by way of Sicily, where he made the ascent of Mount Etna to witness a sunrise. Gregorovius believes he has evidence that proves Hadrian to have been in Athens again in the year 132 A. D., and he assumes that the great temple of Olympian Zeus was then completed and dedicated. Not for centuries had Athens known any such magnificent festival as that of the dedication of this Olympion. It was made a national festival, with representatives from every city in Greece, as the Olympian Zeus was the new religious center for all Hellas. The dedicatory address was delivered by Polemon of Smyrna, who was the most celebrated Sophist of his day.—From "Athens, the Violet-Crowned," by Lilian Whiting.

### Gold Leaf on Wood.

The following method is given for applying gold leaf on wood: The surface must first be carefully cleaned and prepared, and when quite dry, treated with the appropriate gold size, which is laid on with a very soft hog's hair brush or camel's-hair pencil; several coatings are applied, each being dry before the application of the other, and finally smoothed down. To this surface the gold leaf, cut into suitable sizes, is taken up by the tip of a special brush and laid on, being pressed down by a dry camel's-hair brush, and so on piece after piece until the whole surface is covered. Finally, when dry, certain parts of the gilded frame are burnished with a flint or agate burnisher specially made for the purpose. The whole operation requires a certain amount of experience to obtain satisfactory results.

### The Perfect Mind.

Truth is bigger than our minds, and we are not the same with it, but have a lower participation only of the intellectual nature and are rather apprehenders than comprehenders thereof. This is, indeed, one badge of our creaturely state that we have not a perfectly comprehensive knowledge, or such as is adequate and commensurate to the essence of things; from whence we ought to be led to this acknowledgment that there is another perfect mind or understanding being above us in the universe from which our imperfect minds were derived and upon which they do depend.—Ralph Cudworth.

### Not a Joyous Occasion.

A pig belonging to James Newman of San Francisco was unusually obstinate, and he tried calling it "nice piggin" and a lot of other pet names, but the animal snorted and refused to come along. Then its owner called the hog names that indicated he was very angry, but the harsh words had no more effect than those of honey. At last Newman lassoed the animal and was at once arrested for cruelty to animals. "The hog didn't seem to be very cheerful, judge," the policeman told the judge. "He was on the way to his own funeral," Newman pointed out. "You wouldn't expect him to be laughing, hardly, would you now, judge?"

# HOW WHAT ARE KNOWN

...large "streamer" headlines the kind that run one to these lines down clear across the front page, first appeared in American newspapers as the result of the war with Spain. Even the European war did not produce any such having headlines as appeared during the Spanish-American war.

But the Spanish war "yellow journalism" was in its heyday, and it found a powerful weapon in the glaring "streamer." It not only increased in width but also in length, until some of the most sensational papers used one which occupied fully half of the first page, except a little corner in which the name of the paper appeared in small type. In the absence of exciting news, certain papers of the "yellow" shade used a method that was at least questionable. A half page would be given to the word "BIG BATTLE" in the largest, blackest letters. Underneath these two words and directly under the fold of the page would appear some qualifying phrase in smaller type, such as "Expected Tomorrow." The paper, as it appeared on the stand or in the hands of the newsboy, showed the public only the starting, startling "BIG BATTLE" part of the headline. For a time the victimized purchasers laughed, but soon the papers practicing the deception became discredited even when they did have big news.

# BEATINGS OF HUMAN HEART

## How Man's Primary Organ Might Be Utilized, if One Could Only Discover Method.

It is an astounding fact that the average heart beats 26,000,000 times every twelve months, working resting or sleeping. In that period it does work sufficient to fire with their greatest velocity a dozen of the largest projectiles that were used in the war, or to lift a light cruiser clean out of the water, says London T.M. Daily.

If such is the energy of a single man's heart, what is the aggregate force of 8,000,000 men in heartiness? If it were concentrated into one engine, it would be sufficient to destroy utterly the Kiel canal.

Such an explosion, operating in a moment of time, has never been equaled by man, although nature has succeeded it many times in various catastrophes.

To put it another way, the hearts of 1,000,000 men form a broad river 600 feet wide and 3 feet deep, over a course of seven miles in a single hour, and in the course of a day as far as from Liverpool to Edinburgh, and in a week as far as from Paris to Constantinople!

### How Big Logs Were Handled.

In one of the great Virginia wood groves where thousands of feet of lumber have been felled to meet government requirements, a ten-and-a-half truck was continuously in service hauling the logs out of the woods over rough mountain roads to the mill. To facilitate the work of loading the heavy logs on the truck, the owner devised a novel contrivance that proved highly efficient.

By attaching a bracket to the propeller shaft, on which he fastened ordinary log chains, it was only necessary to jack up the rear end of the shaft to lift the logs to the level of the truck. Winding the chain around the shaft, which with the bearing made a very serviceable pulley, raised the logs of the side and on to the truck quickly and with little effort.

Naturally this method of loading put a tremendous strain directly upon the propeller shaft, but, according to the owner, without in the least damaging the truck or causing any mechanical trouble whatever.

### Why Ostrich Balloons Are Anxious.

Since the slump in the ostrich feather market occurred in 1914, ostrichs have been devised in this country to minimize the losses to ostrich farmers, many of whom had no other capital than their flocks of these giant birds. The eggs of the ostrich have long been a staple product on the market of Port Elizabeth and other ostrich centers, and have been raised with home eggs by bakers in the manufacture of cakes and pastry. Two or three cases, each containing ostrich eggs in liquid form, have been shipped to London as an experiment. The results are awaited with interest. In large quantities, ostrich eggs packed are quoted at from 15s. to 16s. to 18 cents each. One of these eggs weighs between one and three pounds, and is equivalent to either two ducks' or four hens' eggs.

### Why Some Now Regret the Top.

"There are very few who ever get to the top anywhere," said Lord Lincoln. "The only man who has made the Open Forum recently, however, someone demanded, 'What is the top and what is the bottom?'"

"The top is the place where the man does an honest day's work for an honest day's pay," said Lord Lincoln. "and through which honest day's work he realizes the best in himself and of the same time adds something to the sum in the meaning of life. The bottom is the place where the man does the least he can get with the least amount of honest and hard work, and with the least pay."

### Why Some Now Regret the Top.

"There are very few who ever get to the top anywhere," said Lord Lincoln. "The only man who has made the Open Forum recently, however, someone demanded, 'What is the top and what is the bottom?'"

"The top is the place where the man does an honest day's work for an honest day's pay," said Lord Lincoln. "and through which honest day's work he realizes the best in himself and of the same time adds something to the sum in the meaning of life. The bottom is the place where the man does the least he can get with the least amount of honest and hard work, and with the least pay."

### Why Some Now Regret the Top.

"There are very few who ever get to the top anywhere," said Lord Lincoln. "The only man who has made the Open Forum recently, however, someone demanded, 'What is the top and what is the bottom?'"

"The top is the place where the man does an honest day's work for an honest day's pay," said Lord Lincoln. "and through which honest day's work he realizes the best in himself and of the same time adds something to the sum in the meaning of life. The bottom is the place where the man does the least he can get with the least amount of honest and hard work, and with the least pay."

### Why Some Now Regret the Top.

"There are very few who ever get to the top anywhere," said Lord Lincoln. "The only man who has made the Open Forum recently, however, someone demanded, 'What is the top and what is the bottom?'"

"The top is the place where the man does an honest day's work for an honest day's pay," said Lord Lincoln. "and through which honest day's work he realizes the best in himself and of the same time adds something to the sum in the meaning of life. The bottom is the place where the man does the least he can get with the least amount of honest and hard work, and with the least pay."