

PRINCE CHARMING

By MILORED WHITE.

Rhoda sat on the lowest step of the tiny porch, and shed bitter tears. To grieve deeply over the loss of a horse was, her neighbors told her, a wicked thing. But Rhoda continued to be very wicked indeed.

Prince Charming was such a wonderfully human horse, a courtly companion too, suggesting the name bestowed upon him when Rhoda's father brought him home to her a slender young animal, white and proudly stepping.

The great house on the hill where Rhoda spent her sheltered girlhood, had passed into other hands at the time of her father's death. The estate was heavily entailed, the lawyers told her—if she wished temporarily to make use of a small cottage far up the road, she could consider herself free to do so; and because she was utterly perplexed by her changed plan of life, the girl accepted the offer.

And near by in the rickety stable waited Prince Charming eager to carry the girl "over the hills and far away."

Rhoda enjoyed the drives into the adjacent town; she enjoyed her brisk center down the long road at evening. And Prince Charming, gentleman that he was, responded instinctively to her every mood. Now, he too was gone. Rhoda could no longer afford to keep him. She wondered wistfully how her easy-going luxury-loving father had allowed his affairs to drift so hopelessly. She thought too of the new inmate and purchaser of her former home, as a sort of grasping ogre. For the inmate had bought Prince Charming.

Rhoda sat on the porch of her tiny home and wept.

Then with a little cry she sprang to her feet. Down the path leading to the rickety barn came a clatter of hoofs. No other horse ran with just that rhythmic swing. Why was the ogre bringing him back? But it was no ogre who sat Prince Charming's saddle, but a straight figure of a man with broad well set shoulders.

Across the lawn rushed the horse, pausing only at the low step where Rhoda stood; with a loving whine he bent his white head to the girl's shoulder. Swiftly her arms went about the horse's head.

"Oh! Prince," she murmured, "you missed me too!" She defiantly brushed aside her tears, she looked into the wide and puzzled brown eyes of Prince Charming's driver.

"So that's the solution," the young man exclaimed. "Ever since we left the stables the horse has insisted upon his own course. Coming, pushing, wares of no avail. I wanted to go to town, he brought me here. You must be his former mistress."

Rhoda smiled now, as she continued to caress the horse, and the man dropped lightly to the ground. "Prince Charming and I," Rhoda told him, "have been friends, chums, companions. Tell me," she turned on him quickly, "does his owner treat him kindly?"

"The man laughed. "That responsibility will rest with me," he said. "The gentleman who bought your horse did so through a passing whim. He has by this time forgotten its existence. If it will relieve your mind, I will assure good care for the animal."

"Thank you," said the girl, her eyes expressed gratitude. "Prince Charming is back in his old home," she added. "I—we—were very happy there. In the garden blooming well I wonder, and does the rich old man who owns it, care?"

"The garden and the house were just another satisfied whim," the young man replied, "but the flowers are coming beautifully; I look after them."

"I see," said Rhoda. "Mr. Cameron is fortunate in having so interested a caretaker."

The caretaker sprang up to the saddle. "Mr. Cameron leaves for a southern trip tomorrow," he said. "I hope that you will feel welcome to visit your old gardens as often as you wish." He looked down into the girl's wistful face. "Tell you what," he added impulsively. "I will send the horse down for you."

So followed days too joyous. Rhoda feared, to last, Prince Charming released from his stable and saddled for her use, would speedily find his way to stamp before the cottage door.

The young caretaker, pruning or trimming the hedges near by, would pause often in his work, to rest at her side. Rhoda at first distantly courteous, forgot her scruples in the delight of his conversation. He was a wonderfully superior person—this man—she confided to Prince Charming.

And while she sat in the little moonlit porch, silent with her strange discovery, quietly, and as though he had answered the call of her thought, the young man came.

"I love you Rhoda," he said simply. "I knew it that first evening when you looked up at me over Prince Charming's white head. I have been watching for the answer of your heart. Tonight, something gave me courage to ask you to be my wife."

And though she did not answer, trustfully the girl's hand crept into the man's, while his own closed over it. "And oh! I'm glad," he went on, "that I can take you back into your own home. Don't Cameron is my father Rhoda, so when this big place proved more of a change than he had supposed, he passed it over to me. So I have not been caretaker in just the way you believed."

LIFE HOLDS NOTHING BETTER EXPLAINED ONLY BY THEORY

Man That Has Contentment in His Heart Need Seek No Further for Happiness.

Discontent with his lot in life is the great curse of the man of ordinary estate in this world. To have things that are beyond his reach consumes him with a ceaseless fire. Such men, as a rule, have enough and to spare, but this does not seem to satisfy them. If they would only determine to be content with what they have they would be happy.

The consequence is that they make a dismal failure of a life that could easily have been a great success as far as their happiness is involved. And, without happiness it were better that a man had not lived at all.

Then we have the man who has all the wealth and power and maybe all the glory that he craves, but who is in constant fear that it will be taken away from him; that he will lose his worldly possessions or that somebody will rob him of the limelight.

Contentment never sleeps under the roof of such a man. Wherefore, of what good to him is all that he has? Now, if the man who wants that which is beyond his reach could school himself to be like the man who is content in whatever state he found himself, he would get things out of life that he never dreamed of. He would sleep soundly and awake in gladness. And if the man who has all the wealth he had craved could school himself to feel that it wouldn't matter if he were to lose it all, he would also sleep soundly and awake in gladness.

Who among us that would wish to go through life and miss the biggest thing there is in life? Well, the least man on earth can have that big thing for his very own simply by a motion of the mind that God gave him when he was born.

The big thing in life—its name is Contentment. It lies at your feet. Take it up and let it warm you.—Uten Globe.

VENICE HAD FIRST THEATER

Buildings Designed Solely for Performances Were Erected in the Italian City in the Year 1629.

The theater proper began in Venice in 1629, when comedy and melodrama, hitherto presented on temporary stages erected in the squares or in the halls of palaces, passed into buildings especially made for that purpose. Pomponio Mattioli, the Italian historian, relates that the earliest genuine musical drama heard in Venice was the *Proserpina* of Giulio Strozzi, set to music by Claudio Monteverde. From 1637 onward theaters rose so rapidly that by the close of the Seventeenth century there were in Venice some twenty-five theaters; some were devoted to comedy, others to music, others again were used indifferently for comedy or melodrama. Almost all the theaters belonged to noblemen who reserved boxes for themselves and took the rest for the buffet. The Council of Ten settled the hour of the performance and the length of time it might take. The advertisements were posted at the piazzetta and at Rialto, while cries went through the town to announce the play and the hour when the house would open.

The Money Cowry.

The occurrence of the money cowry in Iceland and England has a curious origin. This species, a native of certain parts of Africa. Some years ago it was very abundant on the coast of Cumberland near the mouth of the Calder river. The specimens are believed to have come from the *Glendown*, a vessel wrecked off Seneval in a fog in 1873. She was homeward bound from Manila and carried 60 tons of cowries as part of her cargo. As this means about 70,000,000 shells, it may well be that money cowries will be plentiful on our northwestern coasts for many years to come. Those found earlier on the coasts of Devon, Ireland, were supposed to have come from a slave ship wrecked in the neighborhood.

South African Timber.

It is not so very long ago that South African timber was, taken all around, considered of little value. Now that imported timber has gone up in the market, many virtues have been discovered in the native timber which previously were unknown. In consequence, South African timber has come to the front, so that it figures prominently in many instances. Sawed yellow wood, blue gum and other varieties, cut into standard deals of 3 by 9 inches, is quoted at 10 1/2 pence to 1 shilling per foot. This timber is used mostly for boxes and packing cases, as well as substitutes in the mines and buildings for the imported Baltic woods.

Russia's Greatest Ruler.

St. Petersburg, the modern capital of Russia, now known as Petrograd, was founded in 1703 by Peter the Great, who died 194 years ago. Peter first built a small hut for himself and a few wooden hovels. The majority of nobles, however, preferred that Moscow should remain the seat of government, but Peter was determined to build a new capital, and in 1711 he laid, with his own hands, the foundation of his palace, which was built of brick. Peter was an extraordinary character and Russia's rise to a great power was entirely due to his genius.

EXPLAINED ONLY BY THEORY

Origin of Band Called the Wedding Ring Is Wrapped in the Deepest Obscurity.

Why is a wedding ring? Why does a man slip a ring on the finger of the woman who becomes his bride? Why doesn't he give her a bracelet or a necklace, or a pair of earrings? Why is giving the universal symbol used at weddings? And what is it a symbol of? Ever stop to think about all this? Probably not. When you were ready to marry, you hustled off to the nearest jeweler's and bought a ring for your bride, and as far as you were concerned, that ended the matter.

The origin of the wedding ring is wrapped in obscurity. A number of theories have been advanced to explain it. One harks back to ancient Egypt. Before the time of minis and coins in Egypt, gold money was made in the form of a ring, and the fingers of a man's hands were his most convenient bank. He wore his money. When an enamored swain slipped one of these money rings on his bride's finger, he did it to symbolize that he gave her not only himself, but his fortune. He meant, in fact, just what the modern bridegroom means when he says in the ceremony of the ring at the altar, "With all my worldly goods I thee endow."

The styles today are bands of gold or platinum, plain or engraved; for wedding rings, and solitaire or cluster rings of any kind of gems, preferably diamonds or pearls, for engagement rings.

PRETTY LEGEND OF GARNETS

Apache Indians Believe Spirit of Chief's Daughter Imparts Talismanic Power to Stones.

There is a garnet mine in Arizona so rich in gems that the owners sometimes say the whole mountain in which it is located is a mountain of garnets. The Apache Indians, near whose reservation the mountain stands, have a strange myth concerning the garnets. One night centuries ago they said, the little daughter of a great chief died. As her spirit passed out, the Indians gathered about saw a multitude of sparks fly up from the top, and drifting through the air in a shining cloud settle on the mountain side, where they shone like star dust, making the mountain bright. Later, they declare, the sparks which continued to shine, never growing cold or dead, sank into the earth and became garnets.

The Indians believe that the spirit of the chief's daughter still stands guard over the mountain and imparts talismanic powers to bring good luck to all who wear them. These garnets are mined now and sold all over the country in rings, necklaces and bracelets for jule-face maids. Many of the garnet rings are made in swastika design—the Indian good-luck sign, and any who happen to buy one may be sure of prosperous fortune ever afterward.

Marriage Customs in the Sudan.

In "Sudan Notes and Records," Mr. W. Nicholls describes a remarkable marriage custom in the Senaar province which is known as "stealing the fire." On the final night of the festivities the bridegroom goes to the bride's house escorted by a band of youths bearing torches. These torches can be lit only by fire taken from the bride's house, and this the relatives of the bride take every possible method to prevent. Some of the bridegroom's friends creep in secretly at night, or a body of them forces its way into the house to carry off the fire. The editor quotes as parallels the custom recorded by Sir James Frazer ("The Golden Bough," "The Magic Art" vol. II, pp. 216-220), in which fire is used as a fertility charm in marriage ritual. But this is not an exact parallel, and assuming that the custom is in the interest of the bride, it does not account for the resistance made by her friends when the bridegroom's party enters to procure fire from her home.

Getting the Most Out of Life.

With the growing mind the minutes pass unnoticed. To the starting soul life is so full of action that the minutes count only in the total of achievement. For the man of action there is no time for dragging hours. Every minute has its task, and all too fast by the hours the minutes scarcely have existence. It is different with the lazzard. He waits the passing of time. And time waited for seldom gratifies the lazzard. To prove time's worth you have only to crowd the minutes with worth while efforts and before you are ready for it, the going will ring. And every minute well spent turns the toller into new realms of effort, shortening the minutes and adding to their charm.—Grit.

Is It a Real One?

Here is quite an easy way to tell whether a diamond is a genuine one or not. Make a small dot on a piece of paper with a lead pencil and look at it through the diamond. If it shows only a single dot it is a genuine stone, but if it shows more than one dot you've been "had."

Marion Coming On.

Living on a farm, the children hear their fathers talk of the different crops. Our little neighbor was over to visit my 1-year-old daughter, who has never had much hair. Returning home, she said to her mother: "Marion is certainly getting a fine crop of hair now."—Chicago Tribune.

Companionship Needed.

Genius advances new inventions, bestows new poems, makes music and in a thousand ways makes possible human uplift. Yet it is possible for the man of genius to be a pest in the world. Of what avail is it to add to the world's happiness with one hand and take from it with the other? Today's needs are met by men who think and feel and do. No one trait must rule to the destruction of the well-rounded man. The inner world must sympathize with the world's weaknesses it tries to strengthen. Not biting criticism but cheerful encouragement helps the man who has tried and failed. Not the exalted seion who from high-seated chariot tells how to carry the load, but the man of sympathy who dares lend a hand to help with the burden brings relief to tired shoulders and weary feet. We are all tired of contrasting genius, but we crave the companionship that's big enough to dare to help us and still leave us something to look up to.—Grit.

Too Much Repining.

It's an easy thing to permit the plaintive note to run through the song of life. The invisible partner for some reason or other clings to life's shadows and is ever ready for its tears. Just why life should seem so hard, no one can tell. Often when everything suggests peace and plenty we hear fears of want. In days when sunshine makes most hearts glad we notice the unbidden tear. It's so easy to whine. It comes like second nature. Surely something in the being is wrong who makes earth's successes and defeats bring forth the same complaints and sadness. Folks busy with today's problems have little time to mourn the folly of yesterday. Yet many an otherwise choice spirit is companionship, with sadness and the result is a world of shadows.

Where the Wild Rice Grows.

There are seven ways to cook wild rice, and all good ways, though the best way is the long simmer with salt, pork cubes saugling in the heart of potatoes. Down the long north trail, from the big lake country south of the Rainy, comes a sack of wild rice, Oscar Olson's annual tribute to valley strongholds. Rice beds of Nett lake produce a wild berry that is larger and better than the fat harvest of the beds south of Duluth, but forest men and Indians hold that the Nett lake rice is the best of all. Then, again, woods' foot from the north country has a claim of its own—a touch of romance not found in treasures harvested along the friendly trails of our own valley.—Charles Ross in St. Croix Falls Standard-Press.

Enthusiasm.

Enthusiasm is the great motive power of humanity, and without it no great unselfish project was ever carried through. Enthusiasm held in hand by self-restraint and guided by sound judgment has given us every great discovery, every difficult invention, every new religion, almost every great benefit that humanity has received, from geometry to porcelain, from the theory of gravitation to the steam engine, from natural selection to electricity; but the unrestrained and unguided enthusiasm of the emotional temperament has been responsible for most of the great disasters from which the human race has suffered.—Exchange.

No Gain—Much Loss.

Idle regrets are such, and it is high time for us to banish them and be keenly appreciative of our blessings and feel a bit of sympathy for the woman to whom they are denied. When we "give in" to worry, even though we may have comparatively good cause for so doing, we make a grave mistake, always. Far better and wiser is it for us to bravely stand our ground, believe in ultimate good and await results calmly. For trouble, like many other unpleasant realities, may be magnified to such proportions that it will all but crush us.—New York Evening Telegram.

Books.

Books are to be read not only for information but also for inspiration. There are volumes which fill us up with facts, and there are others whose value lies chiefly in their suggestive quality—they set us to thinking. Some books are irritants, or counter-irritants, and others make us give up untrue and unwholesome opinions, or inconsistent and indigestible morsels of things that are not so, which we have too hastily swallowed. A book is not to be lightly esteemed or petulantly thrown away because on the first reading it contradicts our view.

Miles and Knots.

The "three-mile limit," which limits the "freedom of the seas" is measured in admiralty knots, or geographical miles, and will recall the item in school book measure. "Sixty geographical miles or 60 1/2 common miles one degree." The statute mile legalized in 1633 is 1,760 yards. The geographical mile is a more scientific measurement, being one minute of the equator or 2,025-2-3 yards. The ancient Roman mile of 1,000 paces was apparently 1,617 English yards.

Preparedness.

"What are you doing at a trousers sale, Mrs. Newght? Women aren't wearing trousers." "Not yet. But still—well, anyhow, I'm just looking around."—Stray Stories.

BANKS TO SAFEGUARD BONDS AND STAMPS

Ready to Protect Securities of Small Investor Free or for Nominal Charge.

In buying Liberty Bonds, Victory Liberty Loan Notes, Thrift and War Savings Stamps the people of the United States have done more than perform a patriotic duty—they have invested in the soundest security in the world, gold obligations of the United States of America.

But the safeguarding of these securities has become a problem for many folk. Only a few persons, relatively, have either a safe in their house or office, or a safe-deposit box in the vaults of the bank. Far too many of our patriotic citizens are keeping Bonds and Notes and Stamps about the house, in the bureau drawer, under the mattress, or on the shelf. And even if the treasure is thus hidden from thieves, there is the ever-present danger of fire, and the total loss of the money invested.

There will be no further call for the people at large to subscribe to huge Bond issues, but the Government must have the little daily and weekly sums which come in from the sale of Stamps if taxes are to be kept down. And the danger of loss has deterred some people from buying as many Stamps as they might otherwise buy. Hence the question of safety will be a future question as well as a present one.

Steps have been taken, however, to meet this situation.

First, every Bond, Note or Stamp Certificate may be registered with the Treasury Department or with the Post Office Department. Registration means that the owner's name, and the number which is on his security, have been "registered" by the Government, and that nobody but himself (or herself) can possibly get the money which the Bond, Note or Stamp Certificate calls for. Certificates may be registered through the nearest post office, Bonds or Notes through the nearest bank.

And the second method for safeguarding has been provided by the banks themselves. Every bank—national bank or savings bank and every trust company has, of course, ample and secure vaults. For the man who does not feel that he can afford to rent a safe-deposit box to keep only his Liberty Bonds in, most of the banks and trust companies have announced their willingness to keep these securities for him in their own vaults. And they will also take care of his Stamp Certificates.

A SHILLING A DAY IS A STAMP LAID AWAY

By Edward P. Beach.

If an apple a day keeps the doctor away, as the signs in the cures blithely tell, then it's even more true that a shilling or two will silence the lean wolf's yell; though you doubt very much whether apples and such are proof against mankind's ills, it's safer to try a Pippin than die for Pippins are pleasant pills. And when you need dough, its consoling to know that you've laid up a snug little pile, to use as you will, like the medicine's pill, as you sneer at misfortune while. Though fate may come swift, this practice of thrift at the rate of a few cents a day will net you much joy of a pure gold alloy, keeping wolf and M. D. both away. But you'll never know why, until once you try, how fast your money will grow, and the dead surest thing is the way it will bring a blessing that many would know. So seek at the bank a Savings Stamp blank and lay down your ultimate cent to keep wolves away and speed on the day when you stop paying medical rent.

THE SPIRIT THAT BROUGHT VICTORY TO THE ALLIES

It's a far cry from 957 Madison avenue, New York City, to the most isolated spots in the Kentucky mountains, but distance seems only to have stimulated the interest and zeal of Miss Underhill, who has given to the betterment of these mountain people much of her time and strength for over twenty years.

Wouldn't Mix In That.

"Flowdy, 'Squire" saluted a younger neighbor. "Me and wife have got into a sort of a jangle over naming our baby. It's our first, and I s'pose we're more particular about it than folks who have a bunch of 'em. Wife, she is set and determined to name him after her side of the house, and I'm sticking and hanging for him to be named after one of my kin. Now, if you'll come over and settle it for us we'll."

Now, looky here, 'Lucas!"

Interrupted old man Backledaffer. "While I hate peace as much as anybody, and more than a good many, I hain't so absolutely senseless and foolhardy as all that!"—Kansas City Sun.

Knowledge Gained by Experience.

A young ensign, acting as school teacher on the battleship Texas, asked Philadelphia Public Ledger, asked the question: "What are the two principal parts of a sentence?" He expected, of course, to get the answer, "Subject and predicate." The old "salt" who was called on scratched his head in perplexity and at last replied: "Solitary confinement and bread and water."

TURKS ARE STILL SAVAGES

No Ideals of Civilization Have Taken Hold of the Sultan's Government at Any Time.

One fact stands out clearly. Turkish rule over populations of a different faith must cease forever to exist. Turkish government has been the very worst which has afflicted humanity during the last 15 centuries. The Turks have always been what a distinguished European historian of the last generation called them—"nothing better than a band of robbers encamped in territories which they had conquered and devastated." They have never become civilized, they have never imbibed or tried to apply any of the principles on which civilized government must be conducted.

So far from progressing with the progress of the years, they have gone from bad to worse. Savages they were when they descended into western Asia from the plains of Turkistan, savages they were when Edmund Burke so described them 130 years ago, and their government still retains its savage and merciless character.—Viscount James Bryce, in the New Armenia.

CHINESE SLAVES OF FASHION.

The Chinese women of Papeete have, with one accord, discarded their national dress of oilcloth pantaloons and tunic and adopted the semi-European dress of the Tahitian belles of the town. This includes high-heeled shoes.

The result has been the infliction of much torture, which the women are enduring with the greatest fortitude. For centuries they have trod the bosom of mother earth barefooted, but today they parade the length of the beach road, proud in their new acquisition. As soon as they are out of the public eye, off come the shoes and they return to their dwelling, after the fashion of their ancestors—carrying their shoes.

POLITICAL PREACHING.

"What is the theme of Doctor Fourthly's sermon?"

"Oh, he took a rap at the way women dress."

"Old stuff?"

"Of course, but a smart preacher lets up on the men occasionally."

Birmingham Age-Herald.

A HOT ONE.

Mrs. Sharp—Is Mrs. Uppish in? Maid (snappishly)—She's out. Mrs. Sharp—I happen to know that she is in, but her instructions to you are quite excusable. She probably thinks I am a bill collector.

MUST BE A REASON.

"Ethel's new photo must be a jolly good likeness."

"Why?"

"She's had it two days and hasn't shown it to anyone."—London Saturday Journal.

Pitt a Spendthrift.

"The complaint that many of our statesmen will not themselves set the fashion in economical living in wartime is not a new one. Pitt, who preached economy and forced it on the people, was himself a notorious spendthrift."

For a long time (while warden of the Cinqe ports) his income was £10,000 a year, and it never fell below £6,000. Yet he was always hard up, and when he died the nation, in the throes of a great war, had to find some £40,000 to satisfy his creditors.

Examinations of Pitt's household budgets—made from time to time at his own request—showed such items as a hundredweight of butcher's meat consumed in a single week—or, more accurately, charged to Pitt's account.—London Chronicle.

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