Outside the Game

By S. B HACKLEY

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"Rah Rah Rah! Camden!" "Warren! Warren! Warren!" Camden's oldest inhabitants could not remember a finer Thanksgiving day—sunny and dry, and the big yellow chrysanthemums Herman Seidler, Camden's florist, had brought to perfection in his greenhouses near the football grounds, quivered under the volume of yells of the boosters of the rival teams.

Camden and Warren colleges had taken up athletics in general and football in particular a little late in life; perhaps for this reason their enthusiasm was all the greater.

And nearest the two warring teams were the two most enthusiastic football men in Camden town—Branham Riker, the young professor of Greek in Camden college, and Clement Sea, bookkeeper for Grimes & Quincy, the Camden wholesale grocers.

Sea's enthusiasm was of the silent variety. Though his blue eyes saw every move, he stood as quiet as a post. But Riker's black eyes flashed; his dark, Spanish-looking face glowed or glowered as his team scored or lost.

Pretty Jane Fithian, the daughter of the professor of mathematics, watched the two enthusiasts rather than the game, a worried expression in her hazel eyes.

Clement Sea loved her—that she knew, and Riker was going to tell her this evening that he loved her. Which did she care for? Clement had never asked her to marry him; he had not even called on her since Professor Riker had been going out with her so much, but it wasn't that he didn't wish to—but because he believed she loved Riker. That, too, Jane knew.

If she accepted Riker she would be the envy of the other girls of the town. Most any of them would think they were lucky to marry a college professor that looked like Branham Riker.

Out driving the day before in Riker's new car, Jane saw Clement, released from his afternoon's work, watching the teams at practice.

"It's a bit queer to see a sissy interested in football," Riker remarked.

"Indeed Clement Sea is no sissy!" Jane averred indignantly.

Riker laughed. "Well, anyway, he's the kind that gets henpecked after marriage and tells everything he knows to his wifey!"

Jane laughed a bit unwillingly, but under the spell of his fascination her resentment soon died.

"Warren! Warren!" The yell was louder, more exultant than ever. A crowd of visitors from Warren waved Warren's colors, red and blue. The white and yellow of Camden, too, waved defiantly, but it was evident that Camden was playing a losing game. Then the ugly thing happened.

The spectators had crowded up close. Jane and one other only saw a sudden mad act. The next instant the game was won by Warren. When the "wounded" were helped off the field, it was found that the coach of the Warren team was suffering from three fractured ribs. When the young man was treated at the home of President Sayre, black and blue spots were found on his side, inflicted by the hard heel of a shoe not in the game and not by accident. Who did it?

Jane Fithian could have told. Jane, who, in the twinkling of an eye, had had the cobwebs of fancy swept from her brain and the illusions of attractive personality, unaccompanied by decent self-control, dispelled.

The college president entertained the winning team at dinner, and at a two-o'clock feast, held at the home of the English professor, Shelby Frederick Riker was one of the guests; Jane Fithian, an animated creature, with brilliant flags of color in her cheeks, another.

Soon after the guests left the dining room Jane sought her young hostess in the dressing room.

"You're not going, Jane?" she exclaimed in surprise. "Are you forgetting we're all going for a moonlight ride this evening—and—and isn't Professor Riker taking you?"

"I've got to go home, Elsie," Jane answered. "They're all dining out—there's nobody there, and I've just remembered something I—perhaps I will come back after a while."

"Let Upton take you in the car if you must go, Jane," her friend suggested. Jane shook her brown head.

"No, I want to walk."

"I'm behind on my work since I've been losing sleep of night. I've got to go to the office now and begin a long afternoon's work," Jane had heard a man say in refusing a dinner invitation at the grounds that morning.

When Clement Sea took down the telephone receiver the voice that came over the wire sent his heart leaping.

"Will you please come up to the house—right now?" it said.

"I—I am very busy," he stammered.

"Oh, Clement," the voice was tremulous, "I will keep you but a few minutes. I—I must see you."

Five minutes later Jane answered his ring at the Fithian doorbell and led him to the parlor.

"Why haven't you been around to see us this long time?" she demanded lightly.

He tried to answer her as lightly, but ended in the stammered truth.

"I—I—Jane, do you think a fellow wants to hang around the girl he's loving until his heart aches for her when he knows he's outside the game?"

Jane's breath came quick, then she carried coquettishly.

"Clement," she asked irrelevantly, "who was it hurt Mr. Swift today. Who was it kicked him when he slipped and fell?"

Clement reddened to the roots of his hair, then as quickly paled. He had thought he alone saw that rush of—

"Jane! nobody would believe me if I told what I saw. I—I mustn't tell you!"

"I would believe you," she answered.

"That's all the more reason why I shouldn't tell you," he said soberly. "It might make you unhappy. I can't tell you that, Jane; don't ask me."

Jane's heart beat a rapturous tune. "I know he wouldn't," she exulted. "I knew all the time that he wouldn't!"

"I, Clem—" she went on, "if I tell you I want one—do you think you can get Innis or the other jeweler to open his shop this afternoon to—to get me an engagement ring?"

The petals of the pink chrysanthemum she held in her fingers fell to the floor. Clement looked at her in a happy agony of incredulity. He felt like the heavens had opened and a messenger had called to him who had stood for years at the gate, to come in.

"Why the engagement ring today, my sweet?" she demanded tenderly some moments later, of the ear that was not resting on his rough serge coat. "Can't we be engaged until to-morrow without the ring?"

The face that belonged to the ear raised a trifle.

"Clem, there's a man—no, a thing—going to ask me to marry him this evening, and I want—I want—"

"Go on," prompted Sea, as she hesitated, holding her a little closer; "I can stand even that now!"

"I want to be wearing your ring then," she cried. "I want to show him I belong— He's so—so dominant and sure, and—and—cruel—I'm afraid of him!"

Clement released her. "Little coward," he said. "Show me the telephone. I think I know where Innis is spending his afternoon."

BATHS ON ANCIENT VESSEL

Wonders of Old Greek Ship As They Were Described in Lecture by Harvard Professor.

An ancient Syracusan ship—a Greek Mauretania—that carried vast cargoes and had a gymnasium, bath, lounge and gardens aboard was described by Prof. W. S. Ferguson of Harvard in a lecture on Greek economic development.

Professor Ferguson said it was of the three-deck type, with 20 banks of oars, that required one whole year in building, and which was manned by a crew of 300 sailors, together with 600 marines.

In its hold it would carry 110,000 bushels of wheat, wool, thousands of jars of salt fish and other foodstuffs. Its cabins were decorated with elaborate mosaics, one set of them picturing all of the Iliad.

Its chambers included a gymnasium, a lounge with a "book shelf," a bath provided with 50 gallons of water, stalls for horses, "gardens" or conservatories, and in addition to all these luxuries and necessities it had equipment and engines of defense which gave it the character almost of a ship of war.

Suspicion.

There are minds so habituated to intrigue and mystery in themselves, and so prone to expect it from others, that they will never accept of a plain reason for a plain fact, if it be possible to devise causes for it that are obscure, far fetched and usually not worth the carriage. Like the miser of Berkshire, who would ruin a good horse to escape a turnpike, so these gentlemen ride their highbred theories to death, in order to come at truth through by paths, lanes and alleys, while she herself is jogging quietly along upon the high and beaten road of common sense. The consequence is, that they who take this mode of arriving at truth are sometimes before her and sometimes behind her, but very seldom with her.—Anonymous.

Curious Clock.

Everybody stops to look at a clock in the offices of the Manufacturers' association in Seattle, Wash. It is a curious timepiece, the works of which are incased in a hollow section of a Douglas fir log, about 250 years old. The section of the log serves admirably as a dial for the clock. The appearance of the clock is not its only claim to distinction. Its size only warrants more than ordinary interest. The dial of this clock is more than three and a half feet in diameter and the minute hand more than four feet long.

Chinese National Art.

The Chinese have a national art in the production of porcelain. Not until the time Palissy and Wedgewood can Europe be said to have entered into rivalry with the best work of China. Chinese work in porcelain represents ideals and symbolic usages, which have their counterpart in the medieval stained glass to be seen in many of the oldest cathedrals.

THRIFT IN THE A. E. F.

While the people in America learned thrift from necessity, in order to pay for the supplies needed by the American troops in France, the A. E. F. practiced thrift by salvaging everything of value. No. 1.—Here is a huge pile of empty shells gathered from the battlefields and being loaded into freight cars. No. 2.—This is a small mountain of empty cans which were once filled with oil for the motor transport corps now being collected so they can be melted and used for another purpose. No. 3.—Leather was a very scarce article during the war, and the trench boots of the troops were carefully repaired to avoid unnecessary waste.

Tables Showing How Treasury Savings Certificates Increase in Value.

DENOMINATION OF $100

Month	1919	1920	1921	1922	1923
January	$83 40	$84 80	$87 20	$89 60	$92 00
February	83 60	85 00	87 40	89 80	92 20
March	83 80	85 20	87 60	90 00	92 40
April	84 00	85 40	87 80	90 20	92 60
May	84 20	85 60	88 00	90 40	92 80
June	84 40	85 80	88 20	90 60	93 00
July	84 60	86 00	88 40	90 80	93 20
August	84 80	86 20	88 60	91 00	93 40
September	85 00	86 40	88 80	91 20	93 60
October	85 20	86 60	89 00	91 40	93 80
November	85 40	86 80	89 20	91 60	94 00
December	85 60	87 00	89 40	91 80	94 20
January 1, 1924					100 00

DENOMINATION OF $1,000

Month	1919	1920	1921	1922	1923
January	$834 00	$848 00	$872 00	$896 00	$920 00
February	836 00	850 00	874 00	898 00	922 00
March	838 00	852 00	876 00	900 00	924 00
April	840 00	854 00	878 00	902 00	926 00
May	842 00	856 00	880 00	904 00	928 00
June	844 00	858 00	882 00	906 00	930 00
July	846 00	860 00	884 00	908 00	932 00
August	848 00	862 00	886 00	910 00	934 00
September	850 00	864 00	888 00	912 00	936 00
October	852 00	866 00	890 00	914 00	938 00
November	854 00	868 00	892 00	916 00	940 00
December	856 00	870 00	894 00	918 00	942 00
January 1, 1924					1,000 00

TREASURY SAVINGS CERTIFICATES OF NEW ISSUE ARE READY

$100 and $1,000 Securities Now Available at $83.80 and $838.80 Respectively.

IN EXCHANGE FOR W. S. S.

Treasury Savings Certificates, in denominations of $100 and $1,000, are now being distributed throughout New York State and the twelve northern counties of New Jersey, where they can be bought during August for $83.80 and $838.80, respectively, the War Savings Committee announces.

These entirely new government securities are in reality discount bonds. They will mature January 1, 1924, and are issued only in registered form, to insure them against theft or loss. The same rate of interest is paid as that for War Savings Stamps, which may be exchanged for them.

The Treasury Savings Certificates will be offered to the public at any post office of the first or second class and at incorporated banks and trust companies which are second class agents for the sale of 1919 War Savings Stamps. The name of each purchaser will be inscribed on every certificate, the registration records being kept at the treasury department in Washington, D. C.

Workers with the War Savings Committee who are in close touch with sales of War Savings Stamps, report that the new Treasury Savings Certificates are bound to become popular. They pay four per cent. interest, compounded quarterly. Each month the price will increase. This began during July at $83.60 for the $100 certificate and at $836 for the one which will be worth $1,000 when it matures. Thus, the increase is twenty cents each month for the smaller certificate and $2.00 per month for the other.

Insects Do Much Good.

Although insects damage the crops, stored products and domestic animals in the United States to the enormous amount of $1,200,000,000 every year, nevertheless this damage is almost compensated by the good they do. Dr. L. O. Howard, chief of the bureau of entomology, at the National Museum told of the value of the useful insects as cross-fertilizers of plants, as affecting the soil, in producing honey, silk, etc.

DIVIDENDS ON JUNK.

Among the many plans for practicing thrift one which may be readily put into force is that of turning junk into War Savings Stamps and Thrift Stamps. Numerous useless articles are to be found in almost every household which could be easily converted into interest bearing Government securities.

Unserviceable jewelry, old gold and silver and trinkets of various kinds which have been discarded for one reason or another might be salvaged and made to yield an income instead of lying away useless and forgotten.

Look about your home and collect such bits of metals or jewelry and convert it into profit-yielding securities. Not only will you profit by the investment, but the useless material will be replaced in the now none too plentiful market.

The Successful Dollar

Making a "wealth heap" has two processes—addition and multiplication.

Saving is addition—a dollar and a dollar and a dollar. It comes easier as one goes along but the increase is no faster next year than now.

When you set the dollar to work—that is multiplication. Your pile grows slowly this year, a little faster, still a little faster, then faster and faster, till interest outruns saving.

War Savings Stamps do more than add dollar to dollar. They begin to multiply.

W. S. S. SLOGANS.

Vitalize the saving habit. Buy War Savings Stamps.

Lend money to your Government. Buy Thrift and War Savings Stamps.

Own a part of the United States Government. Buy Thrift and War Savings Stamps.

War Savings Stamps are convertible into cash at any post office any time. Buy thrift and War Savings Stamps.

TOMMY MAKES AN APOLOGY

His Work of Art Was Not Appreciated and He Endeavors to Set Matters Right.

The New York Times is responsible for the following:

Dear Teacher: My mother says I haffto appollogize for droren your pickchure on the bored as if you was an olled made with curls and a long wissker on your chin witch you could not help or me neether.

It was a meen thing to doo and I am sorry I didd it but I could not help it bzecaws you stood thare looking so nacherl with the curls and the wissker and all and Jenny Ames dared me to doo it at recess.

I doo not blame you for wippen me becaws it looked so mutch like you you had a purfeck rite to be mad. If I was you I would be mad too.

My mother says nobody is so sennsitive about her looks as a lady teacher espeshuly if she is a lettle olled but this was not to go in the letter.

If you only understood what is inside of boys heads maken them be mischefuss you would be sorry for them for it is not exackly their fault.

I know you feel worse about it than I do becaws my wippin does not hurt now but a pickchure does on foreever.

Teachers have a hard ernuff time goodness knows without bein shode how they look with a whoal school to laff at.

Sometimes if you do not care I will drore you on the bored looken swete and yung and put your name under so everybody will know who it is and so no more for the present froum your troo friend and skoller.

TOMMY.

THINK HIGHLY OF LANTERNS

Chinese Make Them in Many Attractive Forms, and Pay Big Prices for Them.

The shops of the lantern venders in the Chinese cities are usually very gay and attractive. All varieties of lanterns are to be seen—the large silken ones 3 and 4 feet high, gorgeously painted with variegated colors, embroidered in gold and silver or decorated with deep fringe of the same material, and common small horn and paper lanterns used by the coolies, according to the Philadelphia Inquirer. The mode of making horn lanterns is very ingenious; the horns are cut into remarkably thin slices, which, by means of heat and pressure, are joined together and formed into various shapes—round, square, hexagon, octagon and some shaped to resemble an hour glass.

It is usual for servants after sunset to carry before their masters large lanterns made either of horn or highly varnished paper, with the name, title and dignities painted in large letters thereon.

At the Feast of Lanterns, which takes place in the early part of the Chinese New Year, these lantern shop proprietors reap a rich harvest, as it is customary for parents to make presents of lanterns to their children, brother to sister, friend to friend, inferior to superior, and vice versa.

Via Iceland.

The desire that centuries ago made men look to the North for closer connection between the eastern and western hemispheres may soon be realized by the shipment of Canadian grain from Port Nelson, in Hudson bay, to Rekjavic, Iceland, there to be stored in warehouses for trans-shipment to Europe. The ancient Icelandic capital, dating back to the coming of the Northmen in the ninth century, will thus become an important link in the international commerce. Hudson bay is unfrozen during about five months, and the grain, once stored at Rekjavic, where navigation is practically always open with Europe, can be forwarded as needed. The plan shortens the railway haul of grain moving from the new to the old world by about a thousand miles; and the grain ships crossing the bay will travel a twentieth century version of the new route for commerce which the old navigator, Henry Hudson, was seeking in the early seventeenth.

Suction Plates on Bats.

Certain bats appear to have found their hooklike thumbs and hind feet insufficient for suspension and have made use of the suction principle for this purpose. This mode of suspension has been developed independently in two distinct bats, one a native of Brazil and the other of Madagascar. In the Brazilian species the suckers take the form of stalked discs attached to the palms of the thumbs and the soles of the feet. The suckers of the Malagasy species are horseshoe like. By means of the suckers these bats are able to ascend vertical surfaces. Very curious it is to note the similarity between the suckers of these bats and those on the arms of the cuttlefishes.

First Fake Beards.

The Jews were responsible for the first false beards that were ever worn, so far as known. They did not wear them themselves, but they caused the Egyptians to do so. The Egyptians had long gone with smooth faces, but when the Jews came over to stay with them, the people of the Nile quickly absorbed the idea that a bearded man was associated with strength, nobility of character and perhaps prowess. So it quickly came about that whenever the Egyptians wanted to hold a celebration in which certain persons were to be exalted, the objects of popular acclaim wore false beards.

Plants Have Eyes.

Most people are aware that potatoes have eyes, but how many know that certain common garden and wild flowers are similarly equipped? The nasturtium, begonia, clover, wood sorrel and bluebell, among others, have eyes placed on their leaves, says London Tit-Bits. They are tiny protuberances, filled with a transparent, gummy mixture, which focuses the rays of light upon a sensitive patch of tissue behind them. A nasturtium plant has thousands of such "eyes" on its leaves, but it is not yet known if the plant can actually see. Are the sense impressions telegraphed to some central nerve coresponding with the brain of the animal kingdom? In addition to this visual organ many plants show a sensitiveness to touch that points to further resemblance to animals; while certain seaweeds and mosses in an early stage of their existence are able actually to swim through the water.

Beautiful Common Sense.

Neglected common sense in men and in nations—what high evils it has brought about! What immense outlay, cost of life and treasure, might be saved if common sense were allowed its function. But common sense must not be a cold, calculating faculty; it may be something more divine than simple caution and wariness. Its work should lie in directing to the highest good, not the mere avoidance of trouble or loss. Common sense will look further than today; it will see tomorrow. It will see slow results and not look for immediate returns. It will lead us away from the petty and the selfish, because it knows that these must bring disaster in the end. It may give us fires and light for the dark hours, but it will look for the sunrise.—Chicago News.

Correct English.

Common use or misuse of certain words or expressions does not necessarily make them correct English; the present, national and reputable use of them, as exemplified by the majority of the best writers and speakers, forms the standard by which language must be judged. Though our language is continually growing and slang words of yesterday in many cases are correct English today, many slang words and expressions never attain respectability at all; thus Prof. R. P. Utter speaks of the word "booze" having remained slang since before Shakespeare's time. It may also be added that grammatical misuse of words is unjustifiable by any authority, however great; Shakespeare's frequent employment of the double negative does not make "I haven't done nothing" good English.

Old English Institution.

A venerable institution of London's legal quarter—the Moot—has been reinstated at the Inns of Court. The Moot belongs to quite another age, but it is still useful as providing a means of testing the abilities of candidates to the bar. Even should it have been suffered to disappear definitely from the Inns of Court institutions the Moot would have left a reminder in the language of its former presence, says the Christian Science Monitor. The expression "a moot point" springs from the practice of holding discussions for the solution of points which no amount of discussion can settle; the very raison d'etre of the Moot.

When Tobacco Was Currency.

For many years tobacco was currency in the colony, and with the Virginians of the day the "tobacco note" served the purpose which the gold or silver certificate serves with us, and was honored in all the local shops. Taxes and parish levies, fines, and gambling debts, wedding fees, and funeral expenses were paid in tobacco. Salaries of ministers of the Established Church were paid regularly with the weed, and parishes were rated and known according to the quality of tobacco produced in them—an "Orinoko" parish being considered less desirable than a "sweet scented."

Let Monkey Do the Work.

Garner, the naturalist, who has spent many years learning the monkey language, believes they could be developed into a race of workers useful on the farm and in the mill. "Sam, a boy ape, that shared my home in Africa," he said, "learned to fetch things I called for. If a man can train a dog to herd sheep, why couldn't he train an ape to help with farm and mill work?" Maybe he could, but if the ape had to be fed on fresh cocoanuts and had an attack of pneumonia with every rainstorm his keep might cost more than his worth.

"Collective Bargaining."

"Collective bargaining" is a term used to describe the meeting of employers or their representatives with employees or their representatives for the purpose of reaching an agreement as to wages and working conditions in an industry, as opposed to a condition where single workers act alone and take or refuse terms offered by an employer which the worker has no part in making and which he may regard as very unfair.

X-Raying Diamond Thieves.

The superintendent of a South African diamond mine is using the X-ray to locate stones secreted on or in the persons of the native workmen. As each man passes before the powerful machine the examiner looks through his fluoroscope, swinging it rapidly up and down, taking in the entire body in a few seconds.