YOUR HAND

How to read your characteristics and tendencies—the capabilities or weaknesses that make for success or failure as shown in your palm.

"SHALL I TRAVEL?"

IN SOME rare cases the line of travel (either horizontal or vertical, on the mount of the moon) runs into the line of the head, which is the lower of the two main lines crossing the palm horizontally. We may then foretell, or hold as indicated in the past, some danger to the head, or some other malady, arising from a journey. This is confirmed when the place of joining of the two lines is marked by a spot, an island or a break.

When travel is indicated by the little hair lines that leave the line of life (encircling the thumb) and travel with it, the indication is similar to that shown by the line of life. If one branch of the divided line goes on its way around the mount of Venus, the ball of the thumb, while the other proceeds to the base of the mount of Luna, the subject will make a great change from his native land to another. When the line of life divides toward its end and there is a wide space between the branches, the subject will most likely end his days in a country other than that which gave him birth.

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A COMPELLING LIKENESS.

Patron—Does that portrait really resemble my wife?

Artist—It's so life-like it'll cost you alimony to get rid of it.

Moros Among Fiercest.

The Moros of the Philippines are direct descendants of the Malay pirates that infested these seas for centuries, and the ancestral microbe is still extant. They are probably as fierce and reckless as any people in the world, and under their own leaders are accustomed to obey the law of force and nothing else. A few hundred old rifles are scattered through the islands, and the possession of one almost carries with it a title to nobility. To be without a knife is a shame and disgrace.—Adventure Magazine.

Touching for King's Evil.

There was an old custom of "touching for the king's evil." In the "Chronicles of the Kings of England" one is told that the practice of touching for the king's evil (a kind of scrofula) had its origin in England at the time of Edward the Confessor. A young married woman was ordered in a dream, one reads in a simple old Saxon story, to go to the palace and touch the king. Joyous health followed. It was held that the cure proceeded from hereditary virtue in the royal line. Then, there have been sycophants in England for a long, long time.

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Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

MARY GRAHAM BONNER

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THANKSGIVING DAY

"We've all eaten so much that was good today, and enjoyed the turkey and the pumpkin pie and the nuts and the raisins, and many other fine things we have had for dinner, that it hardly seems as though we needed a story this evening," commenced Daddy. "And yet I think it would be nice to picture in our minds for a moment or two the people who made Thanksgiving, really and truly made it!

"Of course Thanksgiving is just a word meaning to give thanks, but when we speak of Thanksgiving we are almost always speaking of a day—the last Thursday in November, as it always is now.

"And this Thanksgiving of ours was indeed made by those people many, many years ago, whom we are proud to call our ancestors.

"In 1620, as we all know, 'a little band of Pilgrims' came to this country—brave, fearless souls, who had already met with difficulties and were not afraid to face more.

"They had already tried to cross the Atlantic, but their ships had leaked and they had had to go back.

"But they would have nothing to do with a word such as failure and this is, I think, in itself an inspiration to all of

Our Ancestors.

us when we feel discouraged and as though we were failing in what we are trying to do—and so at last the Mayflower left Plymouth, in Devonshire, England, and anchored on the American coast November 21.

"Here they were going to have freedom and, though the trip had been a terrible one, and though there were only a hundred of them, all told, to keep up each other's spirits, they did not lose heart.

"They had planned to land on the New Jersey coast, but, driven as they had been by gales and storms, they found themselves on the northern shore of Cape Cod, New England.

"Finally they chose Plymouth as their colony. Then came a terrible winter, when over half of their number died, but in the spring those who had lived through the winter still would not use the word failure and decided to stay.

"And then, at last, came harvest time, and hope and great thankfulness was in the hearts of these people.

"So that in the autumn of 1621 they set aside a day in which they gave 'solemn thanksgiving to the glorious Hearer of Prayers!'

"The first national celebration of Thanksgiving was in 1789, when George Washington set Thursday, November 26 of that year, as a day to be observed in which to give thanks for the blessings of the year.

"It was Abraham Lincoln who recommended that the last Thursday in November should be observed as a day of Thanksgiving. And ever since then it has been observed each year all over the country, and not from time to time and in different states, according to whether their governors proclaimed it as such. Formerly that had been the custom.

"So it was Lincoln who gave us this day as a national holiday and day of Thanksgiving for every year.

"But it was because of that little group of people so many years ago that we have so much for which to be thankful.

"Sometimes it is hard to think that such terrible days followed one after the other, for the country is so big and prosperous and cultivated now.

"But everything has to be begun! And it seems to me that our present-day joyous Thanksgivings are just what those people, so full of pluck, would have wanted us to have.

"For people who could be so brave and who could endure so much for what they believed was right, could not help but have hearts full of love and joyous strength capable of great happiness."

Just Like a Boy.

A boy was spending his first term at a boarding school.

The first letter, anxiously awaited by his parents, was not received for more than a week, and then it was short and to the point:

"Dear People: I don't think I shall be able to send you many letters while I'm here. You see, when things are happening I haven't time to write, and when they aren't happening I haven't anything to tell you. With love to all. HARRY."

Each Had One.

Valvefour—Come in and tell me what you think of my loud-speaker.

Brown—Should love to, old man, but I promised faithfully to meet mine at 7 sharp.

Something to Think About

By F. A. WALKER

HOLDING ON

TURNING back to the blurred pages of the diary which we invariably carry in our memory, we find that in many cases failures are traceable to frequent shiftings from pillar to post.

Few of us, indeed, have the tenacity to hold on to one definite purpose without now and then becoming discontented. A little cloud drifts across our horizon, darkens our vision and shuts out the golden sunlight. In a moment our hopefulness is gone.

We incline at such times to doubt our ability, so we become dissatisfied, throw out our hands in despair, and proceed to cast about for another place where we imagine the going is easier and the remuneration is larger. And so it goes the world over.

Employees become rebellious. They nurse the thought that they are better qualified to run the business than are their employers.

They would go at one leap to the top, change antiquated methods, sweep away the cobwebs, crowd on new sails and throw the old fogies overboard.

They reason in this absurd manner simply because they are not qualified to think constructively. They know nothing of the difficulties of management. Yet to their insufficient minds it appears to call for small ability, for all around them the business machinery is running without a jolt.

To be sure, the employers do a lot of figuring and put in long, wearisome hours at their desks, but it all seems very simple and easy. And so does the sailing of an ocean liner.

The captain never appears to be fully occupied, though he is frequently found studying charts, taking observations and scanning the barometer.

Yes, it is comparatively easy for the man that knows how, but he has spent the greater part of his life in acquiring his skill.

He has become proficient by the hardest kind of work. He saw early in his career that drifting from place to place, with no fixed purpose in mind, was ruinous to success, so he resolved to take orders, to work and stick to it through every frowning difficulty, mindless of the jeers of his shiftless companions.

To learn one must study. To get ahead, to achieve, to reach a cherished destination, one must keep pressing perseveringly toward an honorable station of enduring stability.

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Has Anyone Laughed At You Because—

By ETHEL R. PEYSER

You Want to "Redooce."

Reducing one's exterior is no idle matter; it takes all kinds of self sacrifice and self torture. It means life without desserts and therefore your desserts! It means watching your friends consume pastries and candies while you look on and have only for your pains a slimmer body. Yet sometimes your health is bettered and then your heart hasn't such a mass of flesh to carry about. But no matter what the result of reducing may be, it is a case of strict diet and Lenten sacrifice. Let them howl!

SO

Your get-away here is

That you are learning the ancient and almost forgotten stunt of self-denial.

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The Young Lady Across the Way

The young lady across the way says she always did think it was a mistake to drop the classics from the college curriculum and it's gratifying to see so many of the girls going in for classic dancing.

Old Superstition.

A common superstition at one time was that magnetic mountains caused ships to fall to pieces by drawing from them their iron nails.

CLOCKS THAT TICK WANTED

Germans Found African Native Cares Little Whether It Keeps Time or Not.

The German may lack the dash and pluck of a Briton to jump—against heavy odds—and take a chance to win or lose all. But in even the pettiest of undertakings every angle of the trade problem is pondered and weighed, to eliminate the risk of loss.

In so trifling a trade item as egg cups, the Germans ascertained that hens in India laid smaller eggs than their sisters in Europe, and put out special egg cups for the Indian hotel and mess trade that fit exactly, says London Tit-Bits.

To these German trade scouts also the Indian religious calendars became objects of closest scrutiny. They learned which were the feast days when natives commonly made presents to one another; and just what sort of articles were in demand at such times of the year—and imported accordingly.

In one African district cheap British alarm clocks had been in use for years. Suddenly sales fell off—and German clocks took the lead. Why? Because the Germans, after painstaking study, had found that whether a clock kept time or not made small difference to the jungle folk. What they really enjoyed was hearing the clock tick!

Having found this secret, the Germans brought the natives a nice shiny clock with a powerful tick—a tick so loud that it fairly flooded the leafy forest with its rasping voice—and everybody was happy except the British traders.

Such is the methodical, prodigiously patient, and incessantly industrious German business man.

FIND DUCK-SHAPED POTTERY

Explorers Unearth Rare Relics of the Pueblo Indians in Southwestern Colorado.

Two important pieces of pottery of unusual historic interest made by the Pueblo Indians were unearthed in southwestern Colorado this summer by a state museum expedition party headed by Frank H. H. Roberts, associated with Curator J. Allard Jeancon of the state museum in archeological exploration work, says the Rocky Mountain News.

The pottery is in the shape of a duck and was used by the Pueblo Indians in their religious ceremonials. So far as is known, this is the first shard of its kind discovered, and is valued for that reason.

"Southwestern Colorado is a vast storehouse of treasure for the archeologist," Roberts says, "and is scarcely scratched as yet."

Roberts says the apartment house, supposedly a product of modern American efficiency and ingenuity, was used by the Pueblo Indians long before the supremacy of the white man had been established. A high type of civilization prevailed among the cliff dwelling Indians, comparing favorably in some respects to that which exists today.

Relics revealing Pueblo Indian civilization in its earliest stages were discovered at Montezuma mesa. Some of the earliest dwelling sites were examined carefully and information of great historic value was obtained.

Doom of the Rivet Tosser.

Blowing red-hot rivets through a hose of metal is replacing the old rivet tosser and the boy with the catching can as a means of transportation. The new apparatus is known as the "Penflex rivet gun" and consists of a galvanized metal tank with a connection welded to the side for the air supply line. The discharge valve is opened by a movement of a steel rod attached to the treadle. A metal receiver with a buffer block is at the discharge end of the conveyor tube. This prevents the plastic rivet from being deformed when suddenly arrested upon reaching the end of its run.

Gentle Hint.

"Is that clock right?" asked the caller who had outstayed his welcome.

His hostess yawned.

"Oh, no!" she said. "That's the clock we always call the visitor."

The obdurate one sat down again.

"The visitor!" he remarked. "What a curious name for a clock!"

His hostess ventured an explanation.

"You see," she said, "we call it that because we can never make it go!"

And even then he failed to see the point.

Followed Instructions.

Bertie was a silly boy. In fact, he was the silliest boy in the school. One morning the teacher made him read a passage aloud. He began: "The storm was upon us. Our frail b-b-b—"

"Bark," prompted the teacher.

But Bertie merely gasped.

"Bark," repeated the teacher, this time rather sharply.

Bertie gave another gasp, but meeting the stern eye of his teacher, he said meekly: "Bowwow, bowwow."

Making Him Happy.

"What have you there?" asked the proprietor of the fashionable mountain hostelry.

"Another letter from that chump who has been writing us for rates."

"Well, let's see if we can't make him happy. Offer him our best suite for ten a week."

"But—"

"And add the postscript that the hotel is closed."

BY THE SLEEPING SEINE

So Still It Lies Before Dawn That Course to the Sea Seems to Have Stopped.

You will have to stay out late or get up very early to catch the silver Seine asleep. And even then you might find it waking, wind-ruffled and restless, for the Seine seldom goes to sleep. But when, by some good fortune, you surprise it slumbering then you truly find a sleeping beauty. So still it lies sometimes in the hour before the dawn that it would seem for once to have stayed its course to join the sea. Not the tiniest ripple disturbs its polished surface.

And sleeping, it would seem to be dream-haunted. It dreams of the city through which it flows. Above it hangs the starlit sky; tall buildings seem to peep into its depths, and the bridges stretch across it almost caressingly as though protecting a child that had gone to sleep.

And the dream of the river is of these same stars that shine above, of the tall buildings that are peeping down, of the bridges that stretch their arms above its bosom. For in the mirror of its shining surface you will see all these things more beautiful perhaps than their reality, and, looking down into this dream city, you will speak quite softly lest haply you might wake the sleeping Seine.—London Mail.

MARIE GREAT HELP TO HER

Mother Could Do Washing for Eleven So Easy When Girl Played a Ukulele.

Unselfish mothers too often make or permit their daughters to be selfish, more's the pity. One such mother, according to a story that Booth Tarkington likes to tell, was bending industriously over the washtub when a neighbor said to her, "Hard at it as usual, ain't ye?"

"Yes," replied the mother cheerfully. "Yes, this is wash day, Mrs. O'Hoolagan, and washin' for eleven don't leave you much spare time on your hands."

"Is that Marie I hear singin' to the ukulele in the parlor?"

Marie, by the way, was in infancy christened Mary and in early youth was always known as Mollie.

"Yes, Mrs. O'Hoolahan, that's her. The help she is to me! Oh, dear! Oh, dear! I don't know how I'd get along without that girl! Every Monday morning she gets out the ukulele or opens up the piano, and while I'm scrubbin' the clothes she sings the nicest, cheerin'est pieces, like 'Mother's Day,' or 'Dear Mother, in Dreams I See You,' or 'Lighten Mother's Tasks With Love,' and the work just rolls off like play. I tell you, Mrs. O'Hoolahan, there ain't many girls like our Marie."—Youth's Companion.

Laughter.

A low, musical voice is one of the greatest charms of woman. It sets the seal on her beauty. Without it she loses much of her power of attraction. But many a person has turned away from a pretty girl because of her laughter. There is laughter so loud that it ceases to be hearty and becomes vulgar, so shrill that it gets on the nerves, so strident that it suggests hysterics, and so inane and cackling that the listener concludes that only an empty-headed woman could laugh so.

Many girls do not realize the effect of their laughter, and continually laugh and giggle needlessly. Thus they destroy their chances of making a favorable impression upon people they meet.

Yet a low, musical laugh is a great attraction, the greater because it is so rare. Do you possess it? If not, with patience and perseverance you can achieve it. First listen to yourself whenever you laugh. You will probably be very disagreeably surprised, and realize how ugly laughter can be. You must lower the pitch of your voice. Practice laughing in your own room when you are alone. Banish the cackle on a single note; laughter is almost a scale—harmonious and attractive.

Would Like To.

An absent-minded country vicar met the village postman trudging along a dusty road on a hot summer afternoon. The postman remarked that he had still a mile to walk just to deliver one newspaper.

"My goodness!" exclaimed the sympathetic clergyman. "I'd never walk all that distance for such a trifle. Why don't you send it by post?"

Not Entirely Alone.

"Yes, your honor," said the aggrieved woman, as she dabbed her eyes, "he neglected me shamefully. Why, he never was at home."

"And I suppose you had to spend your evenings all by yourself, with no companionship whatever?"

"W-w-well," she sobbed, "I had two goldfish."

Terrible Faux Pas.

"What caused the coolness between the De Golds and their country cousins?"

"Why, when she was visiting them she made a terrible blunder by asking if the family crest in the tablecloth was the laundry mark."

Cause for Divorce.

In Turkey, during the Seventeenth century, to refuse or neglect to give coffee to one's wife was a cause for divorce. The men made promises when marrying never to let their wives be without coffee.

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