

**Deep Scottish Lochs**

Many of the Scottish lochs are astonishingly deep, the depth of one—Loch Three—being known to exceed 1,000 feet.

**Freezing of Inks and Mucilage**

Ink or mucilage freezes and manufacturers of these office aids must watch the weather reports in winter before shipping, as they frequently do, in carload lots.

**Slowest Drying Color**

Vandyke brown is one of the slowest-drying colors known to the painter, and would always be mixed with green of Japan drier.

**Important Mexican City**

Monterrey is the most important city of northern Mexico. It was at one time much frequented by invaders from the United States because of its dry, mild climate.

**The Scrap Book****Italians Have Own Myth****About Old North Church**

Italians largely make up the population in the neighborhood of Old North Church in Boston, in the towers of which were displayed the lanterns that served as a signal to Paul Revere to spread the alarm announcing the approach of the British on the night of April 18, 1775.

The Italians have a myth of their own concerning this same historic church and the lanterns. They will tell one, according to Edward Everett Hale, in his "Historic Boston," that in the old days, long ago, the people of Boston became very wicked and forgot God and heaven and hell and the angels and all the saints. And so, one night, the Virgin Mary descended from heaven and hung a lantern on the steeple of the famous church that all men and women might see and believe. From that time to this, according to the legend, the people of Boston have been the comparatively decent people that they are now, with a certain reverence for sacred things.

The Old North is 200 years old. The cornerstone was laid April 15, 1723, and the first service was held December 20. Recently some bricks and a flagstone have been unexcavated in the floor under the tower. These are gifts from old Boston in England, taken from the Guild hall, where some of the Pilgrim Fathers were imprisoned. The bricks are probably between 700 and 800 years old.

**Return Trip Provided For**

The Warden—You can have a railroad ticket to the place where you were convicted or its equivalent in cash.

The Graduate—Gimme the ticket to the big town, boss. Never mind the round trip. The local ticket always pay my fare this way.

**Inspiration for Jack**

A salesman who was determined to sell a bill of goods to a shrewd old Yorkshire merchant had talked in his hardest, most eloquent and persuasive way for nearly an hour. Finally the merchant seemed to be convinced that the line was just what he wanted, and the traveler felt amply repaid for his extra effort. But the Yorkshire man added, reflectively:

"There's a man Jack. Ah'd like him to hear what ye have to say. Will ye come this evening an' go over your talk again?"

The traveler gladly assented to the proposition, and at the appointed hour presented himself again for the interview with father and son. Again he went over the forceful selling points of his line. As he had put forth a more persuasive argument or a finer selling talk. When he had finished the old man turned to his son most enthusiastically and said:

"Do you hear that, Jack? Well, now, that's the way I want ye to sell our goods on the road."—Everybody's Magazine.

**Impertinent**

It was the witching hour of night when house guests yawn and bridge fans fight. The streets were almost deserted. Few pedestrians were abroad.

Meeting Mr. Flubdub coming away from home, a neighbor ventured to accost him.

"Pretty late."

"Yes."

"Where are you going at midnight?"

"To a woman's club."

"Who wants you at a woman's club?"

"Nobody. Just the same I am going after my wife."

**Hawaiian Music**

Prior to the advent of the missionaries in 1820 Hawaii could not be said to have any music as we know it. You will note that all Hawaiian music is based on old hymns.

The guitar is not a Hawaiian instrument; but the method of drawing a steel bar over the strings was first used by a Hawaiian-Chinese named Sekou some years ago to give it that plaintive tone. The ukulele was invented by a Portuguese named Nunes about 35 years ago soon after he arrived in the islands from Portugal as a sugar-plantation laborer.—F. J. Halton, in Adventure Magazine.

**No Compromise**

Like Browning, Ibsen and Wagner, Joseph Conrad finally won his public without making any compromises; for the superior clarity of the sentences in "The Rover" has no similarity to any sort of "writing down." The old jokes about Conrad are heard no more. Who was it who used to call his admirers the Conradicals, and insist that the novelist was unreadable? Was it the same man who put one of his novels against the wall, shot it with a revolver, and found that the bullet had failed to get through the first chapter.—Scribner's Magazine.

**And He Had Told All About His Wife**

By CLARA DELAFIELD

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THE girl in the trap that brought Edgeworth out from the city to his suburban home was charming. She was evidently from some distant town, for the mark of the suburbs was visibly lacking, and she seemed curiously at a loss. When Edgeworth placed her suitcase in front of one of the seats and sat down beside her she confided to him that she was visiting her sister at Norbury.

"Norbury? Well, I live there!" exclaimed Edgeworth, delighted. It was not that he cherished any serious hopes, but life was very gray at Norbury. He and Mary had lived there for six years and they were hopelessly antagonistic toward each other. They had settled into the comfortable apathy of middle age.

"It must be nice to live so near the city," said the girl.

"Well, that depends how you look on it," answered Edgeworth. "If you have a good home and congenial family life—"

"I'm sure you have," said the girl.

Edgeworth threw a sort of eloquence into his silence. The girl looked at him inquiringly. And then he never knew how it came about, but of a sudden Edgeworth found himself pouring all the troubles of his home life into the ears of this stranger.

"But surely your wife understands" she asked.

"Well, it's a matter of temperamental disagreement," answered Edgeworth. "We were never really suited to each other, that's the trouble, and when one makes a mistake like that, one has either to stand the gaff or cut the knot. I never had strength enough to cut the knot. You see, there's the child."

"A little girl?"

"A little boy. And of course I have my duty to him. There have been times," Edgeworth confessed, "when life hasn't seemed possible. But I just go on and make the best of it."

"I suppose that's what we all have to do," replied the girl gently.

After a long pause Edgeworth said:

"I hope we shall meet again."

"I hope so," she responded.

"My name is Edgeworth, and I live at 113 Maple avenue. I'm quite frank about it, you see. I've enjoyed our meeting as much. Perhaps we can arrange an introduction."

"I'm sure it can be arranged," she answered.

She seemed thoughtful. Edgeworth had expected her to tell him her name but she showed no inclination to do that, and while he was pondering over whether he should ask her the train entered North Norbury station.

"North Norbury!" exclaimed the girl. "I get off here."

"You must let me—"

"But do you—?"

"No, I get off at South Norbury. But let me help you."

"Oh, no, no," answered the girl, and, seizing her suitcase, she almost ran from the compartment.

Edgeworth decided that he had frightened her a little by his precipitancy. Still he had her promise that they would meet again. He had to be content with that, but he missed about the girl with the brown eyes and soft voice during the brief run to the next station.

Upon the platform, to his astonishment, he saw his wife waiting. His heart suddenly warmed toward her. It was seldom indeed that she came to meet him on his return from the city.

"This is very nice of you, coming to meet me, my dear," said Edgeworth as he kissed her.

"Meet you?" A little laugh broke from her lips. "My dear John, I haven't quite reached that stage of improbability yet."

"Then may I inquire why you are on the platform?" demanded Edgeworth in a chilling voice.

"You may. You remember my cousin Estelle whom I've often spoken about? Well, I had a letter from her this morning, saying that she was on her way to pay us a long visit. She was to have arrived on this train. I guess she must have got off at North Norbury by mistake. You didn't see a pretty girl with brown eyes, did you?"

"Dear Estelle, how I'm looking forward to our meeting! We've always been such friends! She tells me everything."

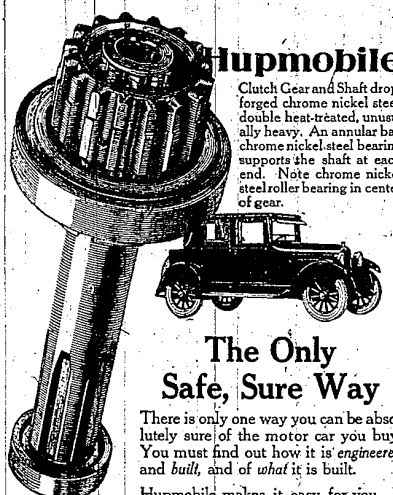
**Exercise for Health?**

If persons thought as much about protecting their health as they do their money there would be much less sickness in the world. A certain amount of exercise is necessary to keep the body healthy but it should not be overdone. Walking, swimming, dancing, etc., are good forms of exercise, of course, but so also are chopping wood, turning the ice-cream freezer, working the garden and the many other tasks that may normally enter one's life. The individual himself must be the judge as to whether he gets enough exercise day by day. Moderation should be the rule.

**Mistaken Policy**

"Why does Three-Finger Sam go around saying Grimson Gulch is the wettest village on earth?"

"Because he thinks he's smart," answered Cactus Joe. "He thinks it's booming the town to get people coming in from all sections of the country and then leave them disappointed."—Washington Star.

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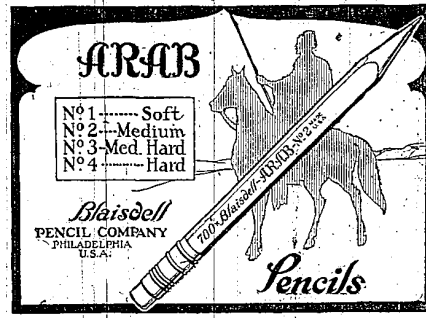
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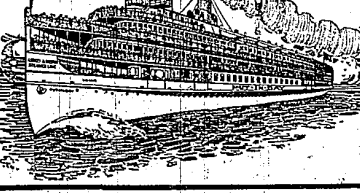
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