

"A harp would at least g-give me a little exercise."

"I'm sorry," replied the superintendent again, "but the price of harps has just been raised. The best harps cost forty-five virtues now, with only five per cent. off for cash. And of course nothing but the best would satisfy you."

Again there was silence.

"A pair of wings would be some protection," began the Profiteer, but St. Peter cut him short.

"Wings are absolutely out of the question. They've risen so in price lately that we've canceled all orders. I'm sorry, but—"

This time the Profiteer was silent quite awhile.

"See here!" he cried finally, when the cold had become unendurable. "Let's go back. I'm not particular about being in the topmost heaven. I want to get warm."

"Ah! I'm afraid we can't go back," replied St. Peter, gravely. "We had a pass on the way up, but travel's gone up outrageously lately. Tickets cost five virtues a mile now. There's only one place you can go from here free of cost."

"Where is that?" demanded the Profiteer, eagerly.

St. Peter pointed ominously downward. For a moment the Profiteer was silent.

"Well," he said, finally, "if it must be, I'd rather go below than freeze up here without a robe or a harp. The prices are simply outrageous."

"Come this way," said the superintendent quietly, and he led him to one corner of the street, raised a manhole, and dropped him down it.

As he turned away, he muttered:

"Sic semper profityrannis."

—WILLIAM WALLACE WHITELOCK
in *Life*

Height of Sanitation

"Do you think it healthy to keep your hogs in the house?" a social investigator asked a native of Arkansas.

"Waal, I donno," he drawled. "But I been a-keepin' my hawgs there for fourteen years, and I ain't never lost one on 'em yet."

Dick Richards and Kirk Erb are spending the week-ends chasing their several dogs thru the woods about their camp. Hunting days are coming fast, and the more experienced hunters have been waiting for the first frost. But by that time Dick and Erbie will know the woods—and what a bag they will fill!

The Real Cause of Disease

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the use of too refined diet; lack of exercise; and the frequent use of harmful cathartics. Thus, no stimulus to normal bowel action is provided, and the abdominal and intestinal musculature is weakened.

The flow of the digestive fluids—the bile, the pancreatic and intestinal juices—is greatly diminished, and these being natural antiseptics, this valuable protective agency is lost to the sufferer. The millions of germs, which are present in the intestinal tract from birth to death, are thus allowed to multiply and carry on their nefarious work unhampered. Toxins are rapidly and abundantly generated, and just as rapidly absorbed into the blood stream. They move with the circulation, and attack some organ, often in a distant part of the body. It may be the kidneys, the brain, or the blood vessels that are made to suffer; but suffer something must. Unless the disorder is corrected the continued assaults upon some tissue finally result in a condition of lowered vitality that readily permits infection and disease. This is the inevitable consequence of the constant irritation by these toxins, wandering through the body.

One can readily understand how poisonous substances, being regularly introduced into the blood, say with a hypodermic syringe, would be harmful to the recipient. That is analogous to what is happening in the condition under consideration.

The cure? An abundance of good drinking water, to provide plenty of body fluids; a diet carrying much coarse residue, to act as a natural laxative; physical exercise daily in the open air, to strengthen the muscles; the avoidance of harmful cathartics; and a religious effort to cultivate the habit of bowel action at a fixed hour daily, will infallibly correct all but the very few cases that require surgical treatment.

Simple? Yes, but the solution of most health problems is really not a difficult matter at all. We make them so, in some cases.

Try these simple measures, and see how much brighter the world looks after ridding yourself of a load of poisons that you have been carrying for years, perhaps.

Miss Marie Sally, of Columbia, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. B. F. Young, on Kirk Place.

Promotion

Few men realize how easy it is to get one's self promoted. Are you staying in the same old rut, or are you going up? Are you a Potman when you should be Meter-reader? Are you Meter-reader when you should be Head-Potman? If so, don't blame anyone but yourself. You are just what you make of yourself! A slave has only one master, but the ambitious man has many. Do you want to advance in your work? The secret is hard work and strict attention to duty. Did you ever stop to think that you reap what you sow in business as well as in church? If you set a carbon too low you will reap a red rod, and as the result of your inefficiency the Company reaps a poor grade of metal. If you slight your pots they will not run their share of metal at the next tapping, and you will thereby reap a lean Bonus Slip. If you throw a clamp down on the floor and break it you run up the Company's expense, and in the long run they can't pay you more because expenses are too high. The Head-Potman also notices your work. If it is good he tells the Floor Walker and they will watch you, and the first thing you know you will be on the promotion list. If it is bad you will get on the Pie Back list. The Pie Back list is O. K. There is only one thing wrong with it—very often the Pie gives out, and then where do you find yourself? The world owes you a living, but it is up to you to get out and collect it. Why not begin collecting in the Pot Room? Get on the Promotion List. As a result you reap more pay, more bonus, a better standing, and the respect of your Superintendent and Foreman—otherwise the pie gives out. Some men are wise and some are otherwise. *Which Will You Be?*

Concerning a Couple

Johnie Ferree and Mrs. Bolton were joint hostesses at the announcement of Joe Leonard's and Julia Austin's wedding, to take place December 8.

Fruit salad, saltines, and coffee were served, and on each plate was an English walnut, which when opened was found to contain fortunes, with the exception of one, which had the announcement in it. Miss Snead drew the announcement walnut. After the announcement, a booklet was made up: "How to manage a husband; by the experienced and inexperienced."