Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

MARY GRAHAM BONNER

THE BROWNIE JOY.

The Brownie had been very small when he had been first met by the boy and the girl adventurers.

Quite Full Grown.

"To think that you don't even know me," he said. "Oh, dear! To think that you don't recognize me when I'm small — but of course it's natural then."

"Did we ever meet you when you were bigger?" asked the girl.

"Have you anything special to tell us?" asked the boy.

"Now you've asked a couple of interesting questions," said the Brownie, "and I'll answer them. Don't look disappointed, for it really is nice of me to talk to you when you've treated me so shamefully."

"What have we done to you?" asked the boy.

"We were in a hurry to go on with our journey," said the girl. "That was all."

"You've treated me shamefully, I repeat it," said the Brownie.

"Not a bit of it," said the boy. "You're really too sensitive."

"No," said the Brownie, "I'm not too sensitive. I will tell you my story, though you do seem to want to get on your way in such a hurry. But you'll never get very far unless you listen to me.

"My name is Joy. Brownie Joy. My father's name was Merriment and my mother's name was Contentment. Beautiful names, eh?"

"But you're such a little fellow, Joy," said the girl.

"You made me small, you truly did," said Joy. "You both said you weren't going to pay any attention to anything that wasn't serious. You said you were going to enjoy hard things you had to do because you knew they would be good for you.

"In the first place you won't get much good out of the hard things you do if you keep saying to yourselves: 'Now that added two quarts of character to me,' or whatever you say when you speak of adding character. Don't always be thinking of yourselves. It's not a good thing. Do things that are hard because you won't let them get the better of you and beat you. Do things that are kind because you like folks and creatures so much. But this much remember, most of all:

"You will never get along on the road to the House of Secrets if you treat Joy as you've treated him. I always grow small when I'm treated like that. I grow my full size again when folks realize that it's just as important to be fond of Joy as of anything else.

"See! I'm big now. You've changed your thoughts about Joy. That's the reason."

The boy smiled. So did the girl. And Joy, the Brownie, was quite full-grown once more.

"Have you ever been afraid that you would shrink to nothing?" asked the girl. "I mean when folks were behaving like we were, getting entirely too serious and too interested in doing things to improve ourselves, too interested in ourselves in other words, and when we were forgetting what an important part Joy had to play?"

"No," said Joy. "I've never been worried that I would shrink to nothing. Because folks aren't so foolish as to ever really put Joy aside.

Being Foolish.

"I was lying in the Forget-Me-Not brook, which is quite dry owing to the weather," explained Joy, "when you began to talk as you did. I tried to come up and stop you. But I grew smaller and smaller, as you saw afterward, and then hid behind the stone to hide my tears. Even Joy, you see, can sob!

"It's so wrong to think you must go along with great long faces and serious ways. Gracious!

"That's not being fine or unselfish or anything else. It's being foolish. It's making yourselves miserable and others too, which is selfish.

"But I won't talk about it any more. For now you understand."

"We do indeed," said the boy, "and we're mighty grateful to you, Joy, for coming and telling us your story."

"Well," said Joy, "I wouldn't miss being friends with two adventurers like you for anything."

"Hurrah," shouted the girl. "Isn't it nice to have Joy say that?"

New Dish for Bobbie.

Succotash was a new dish in small Bobbie's house, but he evinced a decided fondness for it, and passing up his plate for a second portion, said:

"Mamma, please give me some more of the sacred hash."

The only effective way to reach the people of Gaston county is through the advertising columns of The Gazette

Uncle Walt's Story

Walt Mason

CHEAP SPORTS

"I GROW weary of reading the despicable flings at women which seem to pass for wit in some newspaper offices," said the professor. "If men were only half as good as women the world would be a much better place in which to live."

"Yet you must admit that women have a yellow streak," protested the low-browed man. "They are great people in a general way, and if they were abolished it would be little short of a calamity, but they are cheap sports. That's the worst I know about them.

"Last fall about a thousand women came to town as delegates to some sort of a talkfest, and the citizens were asked to furnish them with board and lodging during their stay. These dames came to town togged out in purple and fine linen and besprangled with precious stones, and most of them had money in every pocket, yet not one of them thought of going to a hotel and paying her way like a little man. In the bunch were the wives of bankers and laundrymen and editors, and other notoriously wealthy citizens, and they were such poor sports that they were willing to accept a handout rather than loosen up a few bones at the caravansary.

"There were six of these female delegates at our house. Aunt Julia goes the limit when it comes to hospitality. When she first heard that the women of the town were expected to take care of the delegates she said she would take care of two of them. A day or two later she sent word that she could provide for four, and then she concluded she could handle six, and if she had had a few more days, she'd have volunteered to take charge of the whole convention. She's a good sport, even if all the rest of the women are four-flushers.

"The six women arrived on time and the look of them gave me chills and fever. They were fierce old relics with tortoiseshell coals in their hair. I was hoping our delegates might be young and attractive, but these women all had false teeth and large feet.

"I was expected to live in the cow stable during their stay, and before they came I protested bitterly, but after seeing them I was perfectly satisfied with the arrangement. Aunt Julia actually gave up her comfortable bedroom and slept on a cot in the kitchen. She had been busy for days fixing up things so the women would be comfortable.

"You should have seen those six women when they came down for breakfast the first morning they were there. They looked as sour as though they had just been given ten days on the rockpile. They began grumbling among themselves, taking care to talk loud enough for Aunt Julia to hear. One said she had always been used to a good big pillow, and she couldn't sleep on a pillow the size of a pin cushion. If strangers ever stayed over night at her house, she said, they would be given real pillows, and not graven images.

"Another old hag said the bed she slept in kept her awake all night with its creaking and groaning. It evidently needed oiling. She didn't believe that any woman with proper self-respect would let a guest have such a bed.

Aunt Julia listened for a while, and I could hear her teeth grating like a coffee mill. After a while she went upstairs and gathered all the handbags and other traps belonging to those hellames, and put them on the porch, and when the women were done eating she led them out and showed them their junk, and invited them to go down to the railway yards and find lodging in a box car."

Bees Eaten for Revenge.

Bees are usually employed as manufacturers of honey, which is everywhere considered a delicious food, but there are places where the bees themselves serve as a food.

The negroes of Guiana, when stung by a bee, proceed to catch as many as they can and in revenge eat them. It would be interesting to know what happens as an effect of the sting thus taken internally.

In Ceylon the natives hold a torch under the bee swarm hanging to a tree, catch them as they drop, then carry them home, boil them and eat them.—Popular Science Monthly.

Left an Opening.

"Opportunity is knocking at your door," said the Optimist.

"I hate the whole tribe of knockers!" growled the Pessimist.

"That being the case," said the Optimist, preparing to duck, "It's quite obvious that you hate yourself."

Of Course.

She—I've confided the secret of our engagement to just three of my dearest friends.

He—Three, all told?

She—Yes—all told.

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INDIANA MAN SAYS ASCENT OF MOUNT EVEREST IS IMPRACTICABLE FOR MANY YEARS

GENEVA, Feb. 28. — The ascent of Mt. Everest which is to be undertaken next year by an expedition headed by Sir Francis Younghusband, is impracticable for many years at least, in the opinion of Henry F. Montagnier, of Terre Haute, Ind., a well-known mountain climber. Mr. Montagnier has made many ascents in the Himalayas, the Rockies and the European Alps, and has attained the highest altitudes. He is now at Champery, Switzerland.

His opinion of the difficulty of ascending the highest peak in the world is shared by some other international expert Alpine climbers but there are others among them who disagree with him.

"I should have no hesitation in predicting that Everest will certainly not be conquered by the first party that makes the attempt," said Mr. Montagnier. "In my opinion it will take years, each party profiting by the experience acquired by its predecessors and each gaining a thousand or more feet on the previous record. "One thing is certain, and that is that the conquest of the highest peak in the world will be far and away the most terrific test of endurance human beings have ever undergone. The journey to the North or South Poles as far as physical effort and moral courage are concerned would be mere child's play compared with the ascent of a mountain more than 29,000 feet high.

"Whether it is possible for man to attain an altitude of 29,000 feet on the earth's surface without the aid of an airplane is a question which, to my mind, can only be settled by actual experience. The highest altitude yet attained is 23,000 feet.

"We know that the rarefaction of the air makes climbing increasingly difficult with the altitude. Thus men in 10,000 feet may climb for an hour over easy ground without exhausting himself. Above 23,000 feet the ascensional rate falls to a 300 feet an hour even for exceptionally strong climbers. What it would be at 27,000 feet no one can say without experience.

"Parties have succeeded in camping at 23,000 feet. Setting out from that altitude, and supposing that the men are in good condition and that the party is not suffering from mountain sickness, I should say that they might succeed in attaining an altitude of 26,000 in ten or 12 hours' hard work. In order to reach the summit of Everest they would probably have to camp at say 23,000, 25,000 and 27,000 feet. It is quite possible and indeed very probable, that at the highest camps, they would be suffering from the rarified air and high altitude 'stupidity' which undermines one's nerve terribly, to such an extent that further progress would be impossible.

"Judging by what we know of the diminution of the ascensional rate of strong climbers above 23,000 feet, it would seem doubtful whether it would be possible to ascend more than 100 or 150 feet an hour above 27,000 or 28,000 feet. And moreover, these figures are based on the supposition that the party meets with no great difficulties, such as powdery snow, high wind, steep rocks, sickness, etc."

Dr. Jacot Guillarmo, who has already ascended to some of the highest altitudes in the Himalayas, including K. 2 or Mount Godwin Austen, and Kunchinjunga, writes to The Associated Press correspondent from Lausanne that like Mr. Montagnier, he does not believe the first expedition will reach the summit of Mt Everest. He says:

"There is no doubt we shall arrive on the summit of the world and perhaps sooner than we think if one undertakes the expedition in the right way. The first thing to do is to gather the best collaborators in every country and not to confine the affair to a small clique who, although animated with the best intentions, may perhaps not have the best means or experience.

"You see me if such candidates will be employed in the expedition. I do not know and I do not think anybody knows. English rumors will be considered and the inexperience one of the causes of the inferiority in which this expedition will start.

"Besides it will be very interesting to know climatic conditions and especially the state of snow above 7,000 meters because on this last condition depends the entire success of the enterprise, supposing of course that all the experiences obtained in the precedent expeditions in the Himalayas will be put to profit. The preliminary researches will prove this to us. But one must not make any illusions. This first expedition will not reach the summit of Everest.

MONACO, WHERE MONTE CARLO IS CAPITAL IS SMALLEST POWER IN WORLD

(By The Associated Press.)

WASHINGTON, Feb. 28. — Historic background for Monte Carlo's national —"and international" — place in the economic scheme of things seems to have been discovered at last. A survey of the "littlest powers" by the national Geographic Society, just published, finds that Theodoric the Great was a man of "most delightful manners at dice." He alone of European conquerors, it adds, gave Monaco respite from wars.

Theodoric must also be conceded the title of "good sport" even in these modern times, for the geographers have found this comment on him:

"If Theodoric loses, he laughs; he is modest and courteous if he wins."

But they could find no smaller nation to endanger Monaco as the littlest power of the world, at least territorially speaking. Its eight square miles, completely covered with gaming tables in popular fancy, is outmatched about the scale, its population of 23,000 dwarfs comparison. Imports include visitors, numbered at 500 in 1913; exchanges come from visiting bank rolls, it appears, and exports are chiefly broken pockets or blighted hopes.

San Marino, completely surrounded by Italy, stands next with 38,000 square miles, the geographic experts state, and is remarkable chiefly because it has virtually no police force. Reason for this is found in the retiring and peace loving disposition of the good saint after whom the little republic is named. Instead of having finished being oppressed Christians to wall in the city of Rimini, San Marino, retired to this spot, so the legend goes, to solitude and simple living and taught his people to make war only in self defense.

Andorra, a bit of Spain 191 square miles in size and 10,000 feet in the air in the heart of the Pyrenees, is crowded with the little powers. It is ruled by a "Christian Spanish" and smuggling is the national trade of consequence, it is no secret, and this is done between France and Spain is said to have been a source of patronized during the war in that area.

Then there is Liechtenstein, 65 square miles, surrounded by Switzerland and Austria, which finds it unnecessary to have any army at all, at least since 1868.

Luxemburg, well and favorably known to the American soldiers who trooped through it enroute to the Rhine; the neutral zone along the great German river and Turkey in Europe, reduced to the environs west of Constantinople, also made among possible "little powers" but one more has been dropped from the roll, Montenegro, now part of the Kingdom of Serbs, Croats and Slovenes.

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8:28a	Atlanta-Washington	8:28a
9:38a	Bhm-Atl-Wash-N. O.	9:38a
10:35a	Washington-Atlanta	10:35a
12:45p	Westmonster-Danville	12:45p
4:50p	Atlanta-Richmond	4:50p
5:20p	Danville-Westminster	5:20p
8:05	Atlanta-Washington	8:05
9:25p	N. Y-Wash-Atl-Bham-N. O	9:25p
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PRINCESS MATOIKA DID NOT STRIKE AN ICEBERG

BOSTON, March 1.—The liner Princess Matoika, of the United States Mail Steamship Company's fleet, neither struck an iceberg nor passed over a submerged wreck off Cape Race, N. F., last Thursday, said Captain Lowry, when the vessel docked here from Genoa and Naples. Radiograms received here last Saturday said that the steamer had been delayed seven hours by injury to her steering gear caused by the accident.

Captain Lowry said that the ship was running through a slush field on Thursday when the temperature dropped thirty degrees, indicating the proximity of icebergs. She hove to for seven hours and then proceded slowly out of the lush pack, having sustained no injuries. . . .

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