

BELLS

The sound of bells always had a great attraction for me. From my early infancy—so they say—to the present time, whenever the alluring sound of bells is heard, I stop and listen. This weakness often caused me to be the butt of many jokes; yet, in spite of all my efforts to smother my weakness, it continued to retain its grasp. It is only in this age of steam whistles that I have somewhat recovered from my folly.

Bells remind me of human beings. The duties of each have increased as time rolls on. When the warlike primitive men were first influenced by the gregarious instinct and began to unite into tribes, the need of a signal by which the people could be called together for common safety became necessary. They devised the first bells, which were of course very crude. But their very crudeness and their discordant peals were in harmony with the turbulent spirits of the warlike primitive men. The bells of today, however, are much superior to the first bells. Then the only ones were the booming war gongs; today we have bells for every purpose. There are the loud signal bells, tiny clock chimes, solemn church bells, clanging fire bells, modern electric-bells, and a host of others including the bells on the baby's rattle.

Each bell has its double expressed in man. In the early days the only men were the warriors who were well represented by their startling gongs. Now men have, like the bells, developed into all walks of life.

Unconsciously I used to find myself wondering when meeting a new acquaintance, "What sort of a bell is he?" I had acquaintances who, because of their garrulity concerning their travels, reminded me of the seldom silent train bells. Also whenever I would hear the sound of a bell I compared it to the types of people I knew. In the days when horses were still used to draw the fire apparatus, I could never listen to the clanging without being reminded of the happy-go-lucky yet intensely important military bearing of the army officers from the nearby camp. The tolling death knell found its reflection in the joy killers, the old women who sat on the mourners bench in the nearby church. School bells filled me with such repugnance and displeasure that I never disliked anyone enough to so classify him—not even the school teacher himself. The

honor I reserved for my most esteemed and closest friends was to compare them to the merry jingling bells that decorated the harness of the ice-cream vendor's horse.

Needless to say that as I grew older such childish thoughts have disappeared; but, it will always be an inspiration to me when listening to the mellow tones at evening issuing from some distant spire to think that the bell was once an insignificant mass of ore. I have a feeling that the ambition of every piece of ore should be to be made into a bell to ring forth joyful tidings to mankind. Also the ambition of everyone should be to become such a bell, sending forth its peals however insignificant; for the smallest note is heard and appreciated by someone.

Lee W. Gibbs.



They are never alone that are accompanied by noble thoughts.—*Sir Philip Sidney.*

No man can be provident of his time that is not prudent in the choice of his company.—*Taylor.*

Don't put too fine a point to your wit for fear it shall get blunted.—*Cervantes.*

Charity is a virtue of the heart, not of the hands. Gifts and alms are the expression, not the essence, of this virtue.—*Addison.*

Death is the gate of life.—*Bailey.*

That was a good prescription given by a physician to a patient; Do something for somebody.—*Faber.*