

FOUND MANY PEDAL DEFECTS WARD OFF DANGEROUS "COLD"

Investigators Discovered Bad Condition of Affairs Among New York School Children.

The board of health of New York city has recently made a special study of the feet of the children in one of the public schools with a view to obtaining some idea of the prevalence of pedal defects among young boys and girls.

The examinations, made by orthopedic surgeons, appeared to show that such defects are much commoner than has been supposed. The number of children examined was 350. Seven per cent of the boys and 6 per cent of the girls were found to have deformed feet.

Forty-seven per cent of the boys and 74 per cent of the girls had "weak feet." Ten per cent of the boys and 17 per cent of the girls had ingrowing toenails. The feet of 39 per cent of the boys and 59 per cent of the girls revealed corns or other excrescences.

Most of these troubles were of a character admitting of correction and cure, with proper treatment. If neglected, said the surgeons, some of them might cripple and impair the efficiency of the children affected.

The surgeons recommended that all growing children be examined for such defects and that those affected be watched and treated in order that later in life they may be "foot-sound."

BELONG TO PREHISTORIC DAY

Bones of Whales Possibly Ten Thousand Years Old Recently Unearthed on E. Fish Farm.

The skeletons of two whales, dating back, it is supposed, 10,000 to 12,000 years, were found by two workmen on a farm near Peterborough, according to the Westminster Gazette. Some of the teeth and bones were submitted to Doctor Garrod of Alconbury hill, Huntingdonshire, and he, in company with two zoological experts, visited the farm and obtained all the bones, with the result that one of the whales has been set up.

The whales were lying side by side under the peat, and just embedded in the clay. On the whole the bones are in good condition, and those that have been taken out carefully are scarcely damaged.

It is believed that many thousand years ago these whales, and perhaps others, swam up a creek when the wash came further inland, and got caught at the top of a spring tide in a place where they were unable to turn.

Another theory has been advanced, though it is rather far-fetched. Some years ago a prehistoric boat was dug up in the same field, and the suggestion has been made that the crew of the boat was hunting the whales at the particular period.

Transposing the Terms.

A western jury had been called upon to decide a dispute over the ownership of some cattle which the defendant had been accused of stealing.

"Judge," replied the foreman to the usual question from the court, "we find the plaintiff guilty."

"This court is trying the defendant, not the plaintiff," interposed the judge. There was a hasty consultation in the jury box at the close of which the foreman rose again.

"Judge," he declared, "we find the defendant not guilty. Howsoever, judge, it seems like to us we been trying the wrong man."

Useful Fireplace.

At the Evanston (Ill.) headquarters of the Boy Scouts, a fireplace has been constructed for the study of geology and physiography, says Popular Mechanics Magazine.

New York Imports of Gems.

The diamonds and pearls entering this port annually would be worth literally about 80 cents to every person in the United States. The value of the cut and uncut gems entering last October was \$5,440,710. In addition to the real thing imitation gems to the value of \$42,723 entered during the same month.

Sixty Years a Golf Player.

Deputy Surgeon General Cooper of New York, England, who is sixty-three years old, has been playing golf for more than 60 years. The venerable medic, who is still working as correct a slicer, played his first round on the historic St. Andrews course way back in 1858.

Reform.

When you entered politics you are bound to yourself as a reformer. I am still a reformer," protested Senator Borah. "But I am obliged to correct some of the differences of opinion as to which particular style of reform is entitled to precedence in the present campaign."

Much Sickness May Be Prevented by Adoption of a Few Preventive Measures.

A few precautions will decrease the liability of catching cold from exposure to the rains of winter—as well as its snows. Some of the simplest preventatives are those that nature herself furnishes. None needs to catch a cold when wet if he or she will walk or run home briskly.

Many deride the popular belief that it is impossible to catch cold from getting wet, but the statement holds much truth. The salt retards evaporation, and thus chilling of the body is delayed. Obviously, that is an advantage.

Those who feel much depressed in wet weather should form the habit of increasing their rate of breathing. The depression is due to the increase of vapor in the air, and the consequent proportionate decrease of oxygen.

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COREAN BOY MATURES EARLY

Youngster May Be Married at Age of Seven, According to Custom of the Country.

Any time after a Korean boy is seven he may be married, and he is seldom still unmarried at 12 or 14. At that time he wears his pigtail—if he still wears one in these crop-headed days—into a topknot and swaggers a bit in the presence of the unretrothed.

Formerly, if a Korean boy had any shooting at all he spent all day on the schoolroom floor, learning to read and write, but not to speak Chinese, and he would have thought himself well educated if he acquired a vague knowledge of the maxims of Confucius.

Now, however, the school hours are still long and strenuous, but the boys pursue a Japanese course of study in Japanese. They probably would vote their games more interesting than any curriculum whatsoever.

Their national sport is stone-throwing, which they carry on during the first three days of the New Year. At the same season they have sky-tourning, in which they cut the string of one another's kites and take the falling kites as prizes.—Marietta Neff in Asia Magazine.

Root's Cleverness.

A lawyer who once opposed Ethel Root is a branch of promise, as told in this story: "My client, for all her broken heart, was a very pretty and vivacious girl. Root defeated her—and me—by ending his defense with these words:

"Gentlemen of the jury, do you really think that this charming young lady's life is blighted or that her prospects of getting married are prejudiced in the least? I don't suppose you do. There is not one of you who would be averse to forming the acquaintance of so delightful a person. Why, look at her now—she is actually smiling at me, but I must at once inform her that I am not in the matrimonial market."—Boston Transcript.

Unlucky Tom.

A real old-fashioned Yankee was telling a friend of the ill luck experienced by his son Thomas.

"Take the last case, as an example," he said. "Just as soon as he went to Boston to work, Tom fell in love. She lived in one of the suburbs, and directly Tom made up his mind he liked her, he went and bought a fifty-trip ticket to her place and—

"Well, what happened?" he was turned down at the second call and the ticket was left on his hands! If that isn't hard luck, please tell me what is!"—Milwaukee Sentinel.

New Ship Signals for Use in Fog.

Most ship collisions in fog are due to the difficulty in detecting the exact direction that the whistle and bell signals come from. A veteran sea captain has devised a new method to overcome this.

Sure of One Audience.

Having retold his favorite joke several times without eliciting even a polite smile from any of his listeners, Boggs turned angrily on his heel and muttered:

"I'll get a laugh on that story or I'll know the reason why. I'll go tell it to Smithers. He borrowed money from me yesterday."

PRISCILLA By JACK LAWTON.

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Priscilla read Sidney's letter over on the train. The first reading had impressed her with his apprehension, painstakingly veiled, concerning her coming arrival at his home.

Priscilla knew her lover so well that she could read between the lines; also, and quite unconsciously, Sidney possessed an art of portraying with his pen his surroundings. Priscilla could almost see the austere old couple who were her parents. She could see "Stebbins," the elderly maid of long service in her English uniform, and could fancy beneath her silence that unsympathetic criticism of strangers, which would later be passed on to her mistress.

With all the conventional formality between them, Stebbins and Anne Gray Long were friends. Had not Stebbins served in Anne Gray's English home years ago, before Anne met and married Sidney's American father? Prissy read with a smile her fiance's precise direction as to her coming. It sounds, thought the girl, like a preparation for presentation at court.

I will try to be pleasant and proper, she decided, but I'll just be my natural self. It was her "natural self," she further reflected, that Sidney Long had fallen in love with, back in the city where she was studying music, and he studying law.

It had been a surprise, after their hasty engagement, to learn that Sidney's people disliked the life of a singer. Priscilla was immensely proud of the fact that her voice was liked enough to be publicly known—proud that she was able to still keep with the money it brought her, the small home of her childhood.

But the invitation to visit, which Sidney Long's mother sent after the engagement, was sufficiently cordial notwithstanding its formality, and she had thought it best to accept.

Tardiness it seemed was an unforgivable sin in the Long household. Priscilla did not know what she was going to do about it, as she caught up her bag and started from the train. She alighted, it appeared, in a huge public park or picnic ground. Inquiry proved the latter surmise to be correct. A large country picnic was in progress with carts and autos everywhere.

But each auto awaited its return load and could not be bribed to accommodate a chance stranger. And as Prissy waited, pretty even in her perplexity, hovering above her head into the summer sky, swung an airplane. The aeronaut was finishing his daring feat for the amusement of the crowd, and came swirling to make his landing.

To the girl's breathless admiration the bird-ship halted so close to her side that she was nearer than she had ever been before. The aviator, slipping back his leather cap, smiled victoriously into her face, and Prissy, her own plight forgotten in admiration, returned his smile with words of praise.

"It was wonderful," Prissy exclaimed, "to see you come flying across the sky!" "I—she laughed, "felt as if I would like to be up there too—looking down on the land below."

The aeronaut's name was one she had often heard in time of war; he leaned toward her impulsively.

"Get in," he offered, "I'll take you up." Priscilla hesitated another moment, then she dimpled.

"It is very necessary," she said, "that I reach the Long estate just outside of Claremont, before four o'clock. If you could get me there—"

The young man was already helping her into the airplane.

"Going back just that way," he said. In her joyous flight across land and water, Priscilla was still conscious of a guilty scruple concerning the manner of her arrival at her conservative fiance's home. The old English uncle who had named Sidney as his heir, had crossed the ocean for the suspicious purpose of meeting Sidney's intended wife.

It was not the driver's fault that he miscalculated his distance, or that Long park presented the only favorable landing spot. But in Long park he landed.

The airship had been heralded by its sound, and porches and verandas of the old place were filled with family and servants. Prissy recognized the stately old couple on the pillared veranda as Sidney's parents, and she could not resist a chuckle as the object they watched so eagerly dropped to their feet. She knew Uncle Stephen, too, as she removed the goggles from her eyes and Sidney—well it was plain to be seen that Sidney could not believe his own eyes as he came toward her.

The episode was terribly hard to explain. Prissy gave up in despair before Sidney's horrified stare, and was deciding to climb into the throbbing machine again and beg the driver to carry her away some place, when Uncle Stephen came to the rescue—Uncle Stephen, whose fate it miraculously turned out, was the modern airship and its workings. And so delighted was Uncle Stephen to find a prospective niece demonstrating his one object of interest, and so accommodating was the aeronaut in his explanation of its workings, and so unexpected in life altogether—that Priscilla's spectacular descent upon her new family ended more happily than even her fondest dreams.

NEW MILLINERY SHOWN IN PARIS

Charming Models for Spring Just a Little Eccentric in Form, Writer Says.

FEATHERS FOR PICTURE HATS

Weeping Plumes Promise to Make Headgear Heavy—Extravagance Is in Evidence With the Ultra Smart Dressers.

The new millinery models for early spring are charming. Just a little eccentric in form, but extremely becoming. More and more it becomes the fashion to trim picture hats with very long and heavy feathers; the craze for "weeping plumes" has caught us again and when summer returns we shall find that our hats have grown top-heavy, notes a Paris fashion correspondent in the Boston Globe.

It is a real pity that extravagance always enters on the scene when a really pretty style is in question. It is partly the fault of the great Paris milliners and dressmakers, partly the fault of certain amongst their clients; the idea seems to be that one cannot have too much of a good thing.

But this is a great mistake. However, we must take the world of fashion as we find it, hoping always that individual women of fine taste will have a really good influence. Lewis continues to be a tremendous favorite with women who like to look ultra smart and out of the ordinary.

I do not mean to say that this milliner goes in for intentional eccentricity, only that his models are nearly always unusual and sometimes very remarkable. Lewis has always depended on novelty of outline and of material for his best effects. He rarely goes in for elaborate trimmings, but always for unusual designs.

He is making some specially successful Chinese toques this season. It is true that we have had the Chinese toque with us for many months past, but Lewis has succeeded in giving a new aspect to an old and cherished friend.

For example, a model of this order was covered entirely with narrow waxed ribbons in graduated shades of blue; the ribbons were cleverly attached to the pointed crown and then they spread themselves out toward the brim, lapping over each other just a little.

Tints Are Well Blended. There were deep sapphire blues, shaded away to pale lavender, and the various tints were so well blended that they seemed to melt into each other. Finally, there was a large black chenille tassel swung from the pointed crown, and this tassel had a curious head, studded with facets of marquisite. A lovely and most wearable toque.

The famous English beauty, Lady Diana Manners, has been making a sensation on the Riviera. She is always remarkable because of her extraordinary coloring and perfect features, but in addition to this she has adopted a very individual style of dress. I have seen her wearing several toques which looked like glorified bathing caps, made of rich material.

These caps were drawn down close over the beautiful hair, and so close did they fit that it seemed as though they must be made of elastic material. One amongst them, which specially pleased me, was made of rust-red velvet, traced all over with aluminum threads and inset with sparkling jet.

At the left side, dangling over the ear, there was a long jet tassel and this, there was a flat, dark red velvet rosette as a heading. A similar toque was made of deep blue material and covered with black silk braiddings and embroideries—two small white wings jutted out audaciously at the side.

With regard to big picture hats—one can say that they grow more and more remarkable. The cavalier shape is again very fashionable. This is probably the result of the existing craze for "Three Musketeer" styles.

In France, as in America and also in England, "Les Trois Mousquetaires" is the favorite film of the day, and the different versions of it have aroused the warmest discussions.

Cavalier Hat Most Trying. It is not every woman who can wear a cavalier hat successfully. Of all the "picture" shapes it is, perhaps, the most trying. It demands a dignified bearing, classic features and what is called "a presence." But the more ordinary picture hat, with its wide flat

brim and low crown, is universally becoming, and it will be immensely popular all through the spring and summer.

For the Riviera season this style of hat is made of satin, lined with glove kid, or of velvet, lined with ermine straw, or again of velvet lined with velvet of another color. The favorite trimming—for hats intended for afternoon wear—is the very long ostrich feather which has a supple tip, the latter falling loose over the hat brim and resting on the shoulder. Indeed, some of these feathers are so long and supple that they form a boa for the neck as well as a trimming for the hat.

Two models by Jane Blanchot are excellent specimens of the style of hat worn at the Monte Carlo Casino in full season. The curious Egyptian outline shown in one of these hats is achieved by the introduction of long fringes made of "plumes mousselines"—otherwise ostrich feather fringes

which have been specially prepared to make them light as tulle. These fringes sway to and fro in the lightest breeze, and they are effectively used to trim some of the best and most exclusive spring models. Blanchot has quickly made a reputation for hats which are as wearable as they are novel and attractive, and she does not go in for extreme styles because most of her clients are women of society who do not care to look like rustic hall attendants.

Close-Fitting Toque Useful. I think that American girls will find the found, close-fitted toque a very useful model. It is the newest and latest thing in Paris—simple, elegant, wearable and yet unusual. It was at Monte Carlo that this idea of twin tassels, one on either side, was launched, and it is enjoying a most successful career.

These tassels must be long and very thin. They may be made of chenille, jet or jet mixed with silk, or again they may be made of the light ostrich feather strands to which I have just alluded.

I have just spoken of Lady Diana Manners, and I must not forget to say that it was she who wore the first toque of this order, which made a sensation at Monte Carlo; in fact, it was she who introduced the style.

For morning wear and for the country the Paris milliners are making delightful little "sport" hats of velvet and velvet-felt in the most brilliant colors. Curiously enough, the favorite color for hats of this order is, at the present moment, a bright orange. And for trimming I have seen a sprig of waxed orange and a small, very realistic orange attached to a brown stem.

Becoming to Dark-Haired Girls. Of course it is evident that hats made of bright orange velvet can only be becoming to dark-haired girls; nevertheless, they are universally worn—such is the influence of fashion. I have even seen an orange velvet pull-on hat worn by middle-aged women whose hair was benignly tinted. You can imagine the result.

Very charming are the velvet-felt hats in the new puce-pink shade. These are worn with black and white tailored suits with the best effect, also with navy blue capes which are collared with squirrel or white fox.

The round, close-fitting toque is a dangerous rival for the Chinese models; one is as fashionable as the other, but while the Chinese toque can only have one long tassel, the other can have two, and this is an important fact in an age where dangling ornaments are regarded as necessary.

Long jet tassels are often unpleasantly heavy in a hat or toque, but they are very much worn. Personally I prefer the tassels which are made of jet and silk or of chenille.

Children's Coat Styles. That friend of childhood, bright red chinchilla, is back among the storm coats for children. Gray chinchilla is popular as ever, as is brown in several shades. The velours, bolivias and all other fabrics used for grown-ups are also used for children. Collars of fur, beaver and squirrel, in perfect barricades, almost hide the youngsters' bright eyes. The sleeves of the coats are often wide at the armholes and close at the hand.

UNABLE TO RECOGNIZE TUNES

Many People of Commanding Ability Have Admittedly Lacked Appreciation of Music.

Lord Brickenhead, lord high chancellor (better known in America some years ago as "Freddy" Smith), confessed at a public dinner recently that he recognized the tune of "God Save the King" only because people stand up when it was being played.

Some other famous people had an equally poor ear for music—one, the Empress Eugenie. Dr. Ethel Smyth, who for 30 years was a neighbor of the empress during her English exile at Farnboro and was constantly in her company, says she was totally devoid of musical instinct. Once when a local band struck up "Partant pour la Syrie" in her honor the empress mistook it for "God Save the King."

Sir Walter Scott was equally impervious to music, though many passages in his writings imply that he liked and understood it. "In music," he told Lord Melbourne, "I don't know high from low."

Swinburne's lack of musical ear was a byword among his acquaintances. Edmund Gosse describes a practical joke "played on Swinburne, which made me indignant at the time but which now seems innocent enough and not without interest. A lady, having taken the rest of the company into her confidence, told Swinburne that she would render on the piano a very ancient Florentine ritornello just discovered. She then played 'Three Blind Mice' and Swinburne was enchanted. He found that it reflected to perfection all the cruel beauty of the Medici—which perhaps it does."

London Mail.

ADVISE WELL WORTH TAKING

No Doubt Driver of Car Realized Afterward That His Sarcasm Really Was Wasted.

A big passenger car was a victim of the sleet in Central avenue. The driver tried valiantly to keep it in the middle of the street, but one hind wheel slipped over a little, the driver tried to stop the "boat," the rear wheel slid along the car track—well, auto drivers know the rest.

When the car stopped sliding its two rear wheels rested against the curb and its two front ones were on the car track. Then ensued much speeding up of the engine and much whizzing of rear wheels, but no forward movement.

"What's the matter; trying to get away from the curb?" a bystander asked.

"Oh, no, I'm polishing the pavement so the kids can have some fun!" sarcastically exclaimed the driver of the car.

"Well, if you'll just cut that engine down and slip her out of high into low, I'll give you a little shove and you'll walk right away from the curb," the interloper said.

The advice was followed, the wheels ceased their mad whirl and the car, under the gentle urge of the bystander, moved away.—Indianapolis News.

From Messenger to General. General Pellegri, who has just been appointed to the command of the thirteenth division of French infantry, with headquarters at Langres, is a living proof of the possibility of rising by unaided effort, which Napoleon crystallized into the saying that every French soldier carried a marshal's baton in his haversack.

General Pellegri, whose parents were in very poor circumstances, began life as a telegraph messenger at Marseille. He scraped and saved so as to be able to buy books, which he studied at night after his day's work for the postoffice was finished. He took his baccalaureate, got into the military college at Saint-Cyr, obtained his commission with flying colors and passed the Ecole de Guerre, or staff college. He took part in the operations in Morocco in 1907, was badly wounded at the battle of the Marou, and afterwards returned to Morocco, where he became one of Marshal Lyautey's most valued assistants.

Umbrella Sign of Married Man. You can tell a married man by the umbrella he checks, asserts the young capitalist who presides over the cloakroom of a family restaurant. If he has two weather sticks, one a heavy, cheap affair, that was purchased with the idea of being soon lost, and the other of finer material, it's a sure bet that he's married.

According to this psychologist, married folks when they start out in the rain each carries his own umbrella so they can have the minimum of inconvenience and retain a maximum of dryness. In the prenuptial times the male of the species would never hear of the woman battling the winds alone. He would carry the umbrella over her and get wet himself. But they're married now, and that makes a difference.

No Place for Tobacco Fiends. As a precaution against forest fires, smoking has been entirely prohibited in any part of the Olympic national forest in Washington. The area covered by the "no smoking" order amounts to about 640,000 acres. The period of this prohibition is to be determined by the district forester at Portland, Oregon. The urgent reason for this action is due to the fact that the area was largely swept by a cyclone during the last winter and the ground is covered with broken trees and branches of trees so that if a fire were to get any headway at all, it would be difficult to check it.



The "Sphinx" hat, in black, fanned with black and gold, "plumes mousselines"

British hat made of black lace and jet tassels



The Winsome Toque of Black Waxed Satin With Jet Tassels.