

ONE OF INDIA'S RHODE ISLANDS

Do You Happen to Know Where and What is Rajpipla?

RULER VISITS UNITED STATES

Formal Call on President Harding Recently of the Maharana of Rajpipla Arouses Interest in This Little Known Section of India—Something About the Government of India and Its Maharanas and Maharajas—Latter Real Rulers.

Is a maharana today a "comic opera ruler" or an illustrious eastern potentate? And where and what is Rajpipla?

These problems have arisen since an Indian ruler, the Maharana of Rajpipla paid a formal call on President Harding one day recently. Something of the country of this ruler and of Maharanas and Maharajas in general is told in a bulletin from the Washington, D. C., headquarters of the National Geographic Society.

Like German Principality.

"If Rajpipla is not as familiar a name in America as Bengal or the Punjab or even as Hyderabad or Mysore," says the bulletin, "there is a reason. There are some 700 native states in India, and Rajpipla happens to be among the smallest. At the same time it is attached to one of the larger native states, Baroda, as a tribute payer. Well-informed foreigners are expected to know of the existence of New York and Pennsylvania as component parts of the United States, but if a number of their counties were semi-independent and the situation were paralleled by most of the other states, the outsider could hardly be expected to know the subdivisions even though the rulers were given the full title of Governor."

Rajpipla is in northwestern India about 200 miles north of the city of Bombay, and is about midway in size between Rhode Island and Delaware.

In this territory the maharana rules over something less than 125,000 subjects. Very roughly the status of his domain might be compared to that of some of the smaller German principalities before the World War, such, for example as Saxe-Weimar, which is approximately the same size and has a little over twice the population.

"Though the maharana of Rajpipla rules over a relatively small area and over a population equal only to that of the city of New Bedford, Mass., and though he pays several thousand dollars 'tribute' to a larger state, he is none the less a real potentate, with a family which has reigned since 1470. In common with many of the hundreds of rulers of native states he is addressed as 'His Highness' under British regulations and is saluted with 14 guns.

"The Rajpipla 'army' numbers 111 men, but this does not measure his importance. Hardly any of the Indian princes can muster more than a corporal's guard; for the government of India takes care of all relations outside their borders, and the only function of their 'armies' is to stand guard about the palaces and furnish atmosphere on state occasions.

Maharajas Real Rulers.

"The appearance of an Indian prince in the West brings up the little understood and very complicated question of how the government of India is constituted. The whole peninsula is commonly looked upon as a British 'possession.' But the British govern directly only the portion known as British India. The 'so-called' native states, whose territory covers about one-third the area of India, are only under the protection and suzerainty of the government of India, headed by the viceroy, the earl of Reading.

"Within their own domains most of the princes are almost absolute rulers, though there is usually a British agent resident at their capitals who advises with them from time to time. Many of the rulers have unrestricted power of life and death over their subjects, and in the case of practically all of them, all government proclamations and writs run in their names. British police may not operate within the states and fugitives from British justice must be extradited as though the states were foreign governments.

"The most common title of Indian royal rulers is maharaja. A 'Raja' is a ruler or king, and 'Maha Raja' means 'Great King.' Maharana is merely a variant form used in some of the states."

CANNOT USE THE MAILS

Subject to Inspection? Plan Ordered Stopped.

The Post Office department put an end to the practice of certain firms in advertising that their merchandise might be sent through the mails subject to inspection by purchaser before acceptance and payment of charges.

All postmasters were instructed to advise the department of such firms or individuals giving this guarantee and refuse to accept merchandise mailed on such conditions.

People generally don't like pests, they'd rather run the risk of being taken in.

They laugh at locksmiths and who don't like to see hugging in the streets.

REALLY NOT MUCH TO IT

How High School Boy Made Discovery That All He Needed Was Just Confidence.

Arthur is a manly young chap who has just graduated from high school. He had secured a position in an office where several times he had been invited to go to lunch with his employer. He always declined the invitation.

From various bits of information he had had he had believed he was interested in her son and bought the boy ought to accept the invitation. "Why don't you go with me?" she asked Arthur one day at the dinner table.

"I'm afraid," he answered. "I might not know what to do. You know—I might do the wrong thing."

Now, mother had been very particular in the training she had given the boy and was proud of the result. She had perfect confidence in him. So with a serious face mother simply remarked: "Why, all you have to do is to keep your hat on, put your feet on the table, put your knife in your mouth, make as much noise as possible when you eat and—"

"Mother!" shouted Arthur, a look of amazement on his face. Then the humor of it struck him and there was much merry laughter.

Next morning Arthur informed mother that he had gone to lunch with the boss. "Everything was fine, and we had a good talk, too," he added.

"Were you embarrassed?" asked mother.

"Of course not!" he answered in surprise. "Why should I be?" And mother, satisfied, smiled knowingly.—Chicago Journal.

WOUNDED HAWK FLEW FAR

With Spear in Its Body, Bird Had Traveled Distance of Two Thousand Miles.

As a hawk was swooping on the poultry yard of a farmer on the Vaucluse river, Africa, the farmer shot and killed it. Then he found embedded in its body what appeared to be an arrow, two feet six inches in length, that apparently had been carried by the bird for a considerable period.

As the arrow was of a peculiar kind unknown in the Transvaal, inquiries were made and a description given and it was found that the arrow was made by a native tribe, the Akambas of Kynaland, 2,000 miles away from the place where the hawk was killed.

Further inquiries showed that the transfixing of the hawk by a small spear, by an Akamba native, was well remembered. The hawk had caused much loss in a chicken run, and was speared by a concealed native, but was rescued and carried off by its mate and evidently recovered from the wound though it could not rid itself of the spear.

Early Record of New York Brokers.

Among the records of the New York Stock exchange, the earliest, which bears the date of May 17, 1792, is as follows: "We, the subscribing brokers for the purchase and sale of public stocks, do hereby solemnly promise and pledge ourselves to each other that we will not buy or sell from this day for any person whatsoever, any kind of public stock at a less rate than 1/4 per cent commission on the specie value, and we will give a preference to each other in our negotiations." This agreement was the foundation on which the great financial fabric of the new York Stock exchange has been reared. For a quarter of a century the brokers of the United States metropolis carried on their activities under this compact, and held their meetings in a Wall street coffee house, and under a buttonwood tree at 68 Wall street.

Dame Partington.

The original Dame Partington was a respectable old lady who lived at Sidmouth, in Devonshire, Eng. Her cottage stood on the beach and during a severe storm in November, 1824, the sea rose to such a height as gradually to invade the old lady's residence.

Mrs Partington with such help as she could secure with mops and brooms, as fast as the water entered the house mopped it out, again until at length the waves had the mastery and she was compelled to retire to an upper story. The first public allusion to the circumstances was made by Sidney Smith in a speech on the reform bill wherein he compared the conservative opposition to the effort of "Dame Partington and her mop who endeavored to mop out the waves of the Atlantic."

Hair Pulling Time.

Eight-year-old Frances had been taught by her parents the art of keeping a secret and it irritates her to be suspected of telling anything she is asked not to tell. The other day she was visiting Aunt Grace, who also had another young lady visitor. Aunt Grace had warned Frances not to talk the conversation, so she began to tell things which were secrets from the visitor, looking at Frances, said: "Little pitchers sometimes have big ears, my dear."

Frances looked back at her. "Yes," she agreed loudly, "but that doesn't hurt if they don't have spouts."

Always With Us.

Jack—Did you have much trouble learning to stog?
Kitty—Yes; especially with the neighbors.—Answers All.

Betty and Uncle John

By CLARA DELAFIELD
(© 1922, Western Newspaper Union.)

"I'll cut the scoundrel off with a penny!" Uncle John shouted. "I won't have it, I say! When I'm ready to let Harold get married I'll let him know. Now, it's no use talking to me! Don't let me hear another word upon the subject!"

Uncle John was in one of his rages, and his sister, Letitia, who had interceded on behalf of Harold, her son, withdrew timidly from the scene. For, apart from her own qualms and terror of her brother when he was in one of his rages, the doctor had privately warned her that if his anger were allowed to rage unchecked apoplexy might supervene.

Uncle John was an elderly member of a numerous family, and the only unmarried one. Having succeeded in life, he was called upon to bear a good many financial burdens on behalf of the weaker vessels, which, to his credit it must be said, he did quite cheerfully. And Letitia's son, Harold, was his favorite nephew.

He had met Harold, a quiet, unassuming fellow, through college. He was really very fond of him. But Uncle John was an autocrat, and when he took an idea into his head nothing could get it out again.

And his rages were terrible, elemental, volcanic, soul-withering. No one on earth dared stand up against Uncle John when he let himself go—which was not infrequently.

His autocratic ways had been growing on him of late. Letty, the next eldest, could remember the time when Uncle John had been a quiet, rather timid boy, bossed by herself and the rest. How strangely he had developed!

Harold wanted to marry Betty Pringle, a very nice girl who was employed in the same office with him. There was nothing whatever against the match, except that Uncle John had put his foot down and sworn he would not permit it.

"It's so—so hard, my dear," said Letty to her sister Barbara. "He's just taken this notion into his head, and of course—well, you know John. And if Harold and Betty marry, he'll cut him off without a penny. Besides, Harold can't do that immediately, at any rate without letting Uncle John see his determination. After all, he does owe John a good deal!"

Betty was for defying the old tyrant. "I don't see why you should care, darling," she said to Harold. "It isn't reasonable."

"That's what I told him," answered Harold. "And it came to the point where I had either to fight him or get out. So I—got."

"I'm going to see him," Betty announced; and she stuck to her guns, despite the appeals of the relations that it would only precipitate trouble. The only chance, they said, was to wait until Uncle John came round. Once in a great while he did come round—if he weren't pressed too hard.

Betty, who had not the traditional terror of Uncle John, took her own line of action. There was no difficulty in obtaining admission to Uncle John's house and the moment she entered his library Betty could see that he was spitting for a fight.

"So you're the whelp of a child that wants to marry my nephew?" Uncle John sneered. "After my money, I suppose." He thumped his great fist on the desk. "Listen to me! The day my nephew marries you I cut him off—for ever. Get me?"

"Now, you listen to me—" Betty began.

But Uncle John was already purple. "I won't listen," he raved. "Get out of here! You scheming, worthless, impudent, hussy, you—"

"Oh, you wretched, mean, vicious old man!" cried Betty. The tears rushed to her eyes, she caught up a paper-weight upon the table, and hurled it at Uncle John's head, breaking the lamp globe, four feet away.

Uncle John sat down, and the next moment Betty was standing over him, breathing defiance and maledictions, till Uncle John sputtered:

"Stop! Stop! Lemme speak!"

"I don't want to hear a word from you, you—"

"It's all right. God bless you both and—"

Betty stopped, mute with astonishment. And now Uncle John was on his feet and wringing her hands warmly, and beaming—positively beaming.

"You've got spirit, girl, more than that miserable Harold. Listen to me. I'm going to post you. It was all fake—understand? I'm the mildest man that ever jumped when the mouse-trap clicked."

"Really?" asked Betty incredulously.

"Eldiest child of large family—put upon in youth—tyrannical old father—contemptuous sisters—had to assert myself—so kind they'd have eaten me out of heart and home. I'm giving you the secret for a wedding present—something more, too, but the secret as well—keep the upper hand. There's nothing in the world stands a man or woman in such good stead as a reputation for a fine, furious, unreasonable temper, Betty!"

Previous Training.

"Is this a model penitentiary?"
"We have two intramural ball teams and a glee club."
"Who's your hardest hitter?"
"No. 994, a reformed footpad. He used to specialize with a sandbag."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

LOST SLEEP OVER NOTHING

Explorer's Story of a Bad Night He Spent in Venezuela Makes Amusing Reading.

William J. La Varre, Jr., who discovered diamonds in South America, tells us follows of an exciting adventure he had in Venezuela, says the World's Work.

The nearest I have ever come to catching up with adventure was just over the boundary in Venezuela when I sought the hospitality of a night at the cabin of a Spanish ranchero in the mountains. He provided me with food and shelter and I tried to convince him that I was confiding as much distinction on him as he was conferring kindness on me by showing him a letter of recommendation from the President of his country. I then discovered that my host was a revolutionist and one of the President's bitterest enemies. He did not withdraw his hospitality, however, so I swung my hammock on his porch and was about to drop off to sleep when I overheard him and a companion talking in low tones. Their concluding remark in Spanish was: "We won't kill him (the morning)." I spent an almost sleepless night with my revolver thrust in the breast of my shirt and with one eye always half open for trouble. In the gray of the dawn I saw a figure emerge from the house carrying in its hand a glittering rifle barrel. I carefully got my pistol ready for action and kept it trained on the figure without shifting my position in the hammock. The figure advanced to the edge of the porch, turned his back to me, took firing position and blazed away. Instantly loud squeals from the brush resounded and to my immense relief I learned that the discussion of the night before referred to the pig which was to be slaughtered for my breakfast.

COULD REBUKE WITH EFFECT

Kindly Cardinal Manning Had Caustic Wit, Which He Only Occasionally Employed.

Cardinal Manning had a caustic wit and he loved to "take down" those who exhibited pomposity. In "Pages From the Past," John Ayscough (Rt. Rev. Mgr. Count Beckersstaffe Drew) tells how the cardinal snubbed an ostentatious prelate.

Once he brought a very magnificent bishop, who by no means displayed ornament to see St. Thomas' seminary.

"It is very plain," remarked his lordship, scanning the rather austere facade.

"You are right," rejoined the cardinal most sweetly. "Quite. There is nothing vulgar about it."

On another occasion the same prelate was a fellow guest with the cardinal of royalty. The bishop came in purple, the cardinal presently arrived in his ordinary black coat, breeches, gaiters, and apron; to whom the bishop rushed up, much perturbed at thus eclipsing in splendor a prince of the church.

"Never mind, my dear lord," said the cardinal. "It does not matter. I dare say no one will notice you."

Age of a Fish.

The size and weight of a fish are no indication of its age. Its length of life is revealed, just as that of a tree, is by its rings. The fish has annual rings also, but not in its body, but a fish scale under a magnifier and you notice the scale is covered with little rings—some close together and some farther apart. When the fish grows slowly because its food is scarce and the water is chilly, these rings lie close together, but when its food is plentiful and the water is warmer, and the fish grow bigger quickly—as it were, stretches its skin with good feeding—then the rings on the scales lie well apart. Each of these rings represents one year in the age of the fish. There is another way. It is by tracing out the markings on what are termed the earstones of the fish—the tiny hard things in its inner ear. Put these earstones under a powerful microscope and you see tiny light and dark rings. Every light ring tells of one year's growth. So by counting these light rings you arrive at the fish's age.

Melting Carbon.

Carbon may be melted and maintained in a liquid condition, according to the experiments of a French investigator. The heating was effected under great pressure in the electric furnace, and a curious phenomenon was noticed at 1,500 atmospheres, namely, that after a brief failure of the arc, the current refused to pass even when the power was much increased. It is supposed that as the carbon passed into liquid and transparent form, becoming a non-conductor. The test was too brief for a study of this condition, but was made to include a sudden cooling of the molten carbon by a flooding with water of the interior of the pressure vessel. The minute diamonds were recognized in the gray powder thus obtained, the result being, however, not wholly satisfactory.

Cause for Dudgeon.

"What's the excitement next door?"
"Some bill collectors are quarreling over their seniority rights."
"Their what?"
"A grocer's representative who has been after the Gadders for six months, claims he was pushed aside by a laundryman with a bill less than two weeks old."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

ALL HAD ORIGIN IN EAST

Architectural Ornaments in Use Today First Designed by Mesopotamian Builders.

The blue-domed mosque of the Imam Shahzada Husain, in Kazvin, carries on a tradition that extends back to the days of the Sassanid sultans of Persia, back even to the remotest times of Assyria, according to a writer in Asia Magazine. The cupola and the ogive, distinctive marks of Moslem architecture, be it in Egypt or India or Turkey, had their origin in Mesopotamia, where wood for rafters and timbers has always been scarce and construction has been chiefly in brick. The minarets that rise gracefully above every Mohammedan city have been reflected through time from the Chaldean observatories and the Tower of Babel. The rich ornamentation of enameled tiles on dome and walls and the overlay of brilliant metals that marks the lofty cupolas of many mosques, are also heritages from antiquity. The columns of mosque interiors are derived from classic Greece and Rome. The designs worked in tiles or in stucco may in many cases be traced back to ancient models, and they are found, repeated over and over again, in the pottery, the textiles, the carpets of the East. The wars of the Crescent carried this architecture into the West through Spain and Byzantium, into the East through India. Its influence may be traced in buildings the world over.

RAT "BARRACK" GOOD TRAP

Odd Idea Used by Irishman Said to Have Had the Merit of Effectiveness.

A correspondent of the British Medical Journal has unearthed the following ingenious method of dealing with rats, which he found in Hall's book, "Ireland," published in 1841:

"Mr. Russel has a 'rat barrack' on his premises. It is about 12 feet long, 6 feet broad and 4 feet high, with a coping-stone on the top that projects a couple of feet inside the wall. The inside of the wall is full of holes that just admit a rat's body, leaving the tail outside. The whole is covered with old boards. There are two passages for them to come out into the yard, where they are fed and never disturbed. The consequence is they never go into his store where the bacon is.

"Once every three months he closes the holes that communicate with the rats. He uncovers the walls, and the rats all run into the holes. Their tails are hanging out. A man goes in, takes them one by one by the tails and throws them into a barrel, where they are all destroyed, to leave room for a fresh supply."

Where Washington Wooded.

Yonkers, N. Y., has an interesting history. It is connected indirectly with the "sparking" days of George Washington, before he yielded to the charms of Widow Custis. Washington at one time paid very ardent court to one Mary Phillips. Her father, the Detroit News recalls, was one of the big landed proprietors of pre-revolutionary times. His premises extended from what is now Phillips Manor station, three miles above Tarrytown, and close to Washington Irving's loved Sleepy Hollow, to what is now Getty square, in the heart of Yonkers.

The original manor house was at the former location. It is still standing, and a few years ago was bought and occupied by Elsie Janis, who has restored it to its early splendor and filled it with colonial furniture, much of which was there when Mary Phillips used to entertain the handsome young officer.

Use of the Time-Ball.

In the Middle Ages the time-ball as a means of marking the passing hours was popular. For the convenience of the men and women of the various courts of Europe a great ball was dropped from the ceiling of the palace throne room at certain intervals. Today, many cities have time-balls in prominent places which drop at noon to warn the citizens of the time. Many harbors, Montreal and Quebec, for instance, still use the time-ball to mark noon and other hours.

But it remained for a little country in South America, Uruguay, to inaugurate a really modern and efficient system for sending broadcast over the capital city, Montevideo, the time at exactly eight o'clock at night. At that hour every electric light in the city goes dim for a few seconds, and the residents set their clocks and watches.

Why Insects Can Walk on Water.

What makes it possible for the long-legged water flea to run right over the surface of a sheet of water? If we observe it closely, says "Science Signposts," we see that the end of each of its six long legs makes a slight depression where it rests upon the surface. The surface is elastic in fact and acts like a spring mattress. The physical basis of this mode of action may be explained as follows: The separate molecules of water cohere with considerable firmness and therefore offer a certain degree of resistance to penetration by any solid matter—but this is true only in case the body cannot be wet. I. e., if it has a composition like that of the fats. This resistance is a result of the surface tension of the liquid, which acts like a stretched membrane. This is sufficient to support the weight of the water flea, though it would be practically negligible for ourselves.

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