[illegible] VISIT WITH BUSY MAN

[illegible] of Colonel Waters With President Harrison Might Well Act as Warning.

We once heard a busy man say he didn't care to see his long-absent beloved brother on a busy morning. Thereby hangs a tale, Capper's Weekly observes. The regiment of Col. L. H. Waters was brigaded alongside of Gen. Benjamin Harrison's brigade for several months during the Civil war, and the two men became great friends. After the war General Harrison returned to Indiana and became President of the United States. Colonel Waters became one of the West's distinguished lawyers. One time Waters went to Washington on business and while there decided that it would be an act of discourtesy if he didn't go up and call on his old army pal, President Harrison, then in the White House. So he made himself known to the President's secretary. "Walk right in," said the secretary, "the President is at his desk alone right now." Waters walked in. President Harrison had his nose down to his desk and didn't look up. The colonel shuffled his feet to attract the President's attention. This didn't bring results. Then he coughed. Whereupon President Harrison looked up and growled, "Well, what do you want here?" "Not a thing," retorted Waters as he turned on his heels and walked out.

SPEED REDUCED TO FIGURES

Just What the Expression "Doing Sixty Miles an Hour" Really Conveys to Expert.

"Doing at the rate of sixty miles an hour" is an expression dear to many writers, both of fiction and of fact. But what does this mean from the scientific standpoint of science? What [illegible] automobile proceeding at the rate of 60 miles an hour should come to a sudden stop, such as, for instance, by striking a heavy bridge abutment? A fair idea of the completeness of the smash may be had by imagining the machine falling from a height of 120 feet or from the top of a ten-story office building. An object falling from a height of 120 feet would have the same velocity at the instant of striking the ground as the motorcar would have when traveling 60 miles an hour. A [illegible] weighing 2,400 pounds traveling at the rate of 60 miles an hour is 290,000 foot pounds, which is the same as that of a body weighing 1,000 pounds at the instant of striking the ground from a drop of 290 feet.

Were a resistance of 6,000 pounds applied to the automobile it would come to rest in a distance of 44 feet in one second of time, and in coming to rest would be doing work at an average rate of over 257 horse-power.—New York Herald.

Causes of Cotton Gin Fires.

Investigations by the United States Department of Agriculture have shown that a great many of the fires in cotton gins, which in some seasons cause losses in excess of a million dollars, are caused by static electricity which collects in certain parts of the machinery as a result of friction. There are other causes, such as matches in the cotton, overheated bearings, friction between the saws and cotton stuck in the ribs, and sparks caused by pieces of metal and other foreign particles passing through, but static electricity is an important cause and one which may be controlled.

If certain parts of the machinery in the gin are grounded by proper wiring any electricity will be drained off and the sparks will be formed. The Department of Agriculture has issued a circular, No. 271, in which the system of wiring is explained and shown in diagram.

Pullman Laundries Kept Busy.

The Pullman company probably has handled the greatest quantity of linen of any concern in the world. In one year 300,000,000 pieces were changed, this total including 2,531,[illegible] coats worn by porters and waiters. Sixty-five laundries handle the Pullman linen, and they are frequently inspected and constantly checked to see that the special formula prescribed by the Pullman officials is followed in the washing. As the linen comes from the mangles it is inspected, and such articles as are torn or stained are set aside. Hopelessly soiled linen is thrown away, while the others go to the slightly soiled articles. The total linen repaired at all points for one month amounted to 216,804 pieces.

Modern Syria.

Syria has an area of 60,000 square miles, about the size of the state of [illegible], with a population of 3,000,000. It was made independent of Turkey, and placed under a French mandate by the allied powers in 1920. For convenience of administration France divided the country into four districts: Aleppo, Alsonito, Damascus and Great Lebanon. The eastern part of the country is dry. Great Lebanon, however, is very fertile. The population is largely Mohammedan.

Strange Experience.

[illegible] we cut walking with my bean one [illegible] we cut through a vacant lot. [illegible] small [illegible] containing $3 [illegible] we went back home [illegible] "Midnight," but did [illegible] finally gave it up as [illegible] found the [illegible] scooped [illegible] last penny.

HIS LITTLE PAL

By LAURA M. WILLIAMS

(©, 1923, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

TEDDY COURTLAND came into my room looking the glummest I had ever seen him.

"Well, what is it?" I asked. "Some helpless little woman—"

"Oh, well," he said, hesitating a bit, "I'll tell you. Shows how clever women are. Some time ago I had a friend. She used to scold me about cigarette smoking, lectured me on saving money and laughed at my jokes. A girl has to be a pretty good pal to do that."

"She has," I agreed maliciously.

"Well, things went on with us. She got a place as a teacher. I used to josh her about becoming a blue-stocking and then sent her out a box of candy as a peace offering afterward. I got a chance to go South for my firm. I said good-by to her in the reception room of the stuffy old school where she had placed herself.

"Of course we wrote a little. I sent her a few cards and some hasty notes, but after a time she didn't write me at all. I was away 18 months. When I got back I didn't get out to see her right away. In fact, I had been home some ten days or so when I turned my car in her direction.

"She was glad to see me. She looked like a woman who had cried a great deal. Her mouth quivered when she smiled.

"I said, 'Tell me all about it—everything.'

"She couldn't speak. Meg at a loss for words! Something had happened!

"'Something is troubling me,' she said, after a while. 'I didn't think you would notice.'

"'I'm not so dense as you think me,' I said. 'Out with it. I'm not broke yet.'

"She flushed. 'It isn't money—I guess it's—love, Teddy.'

"She wasn't the sentimental type. It had gone deep with her. She told me the whole story. It seems she had fallen in love with some fellow. He sent her a few gifts, candy, and so on, but he didn't seem to want to marry her. Selfish enough to tell her his business troubles, monopolize her time, get all her thoughts centered on him and then never ask her the final question. She asked me to help her. Her plan was very simple. She would be out with me the next time he called.

"I took her to a show. I was a little worried we were in for a melancholy sort of time, but Meg didn't mean the thought of him should spoil my pleasure.

"After this we had many evenings together. I sent her flowers and candy. I even wrote her a few ardent notes. So imbued with the success of her plan was I, that I suggested she drop the notes where he might find them.

"I used to search her face. No luck." She would shake her head, look as if she were going to cry.

"This kept on all summer and the fellow hadn't spoken, so finally I said: 'This can't go on.' She nearly sprang out of the machine. 'Let me speak to him. We've been playing this game long enough.'

"'You've been very kind,' she answered. 'I suppose you're tired of it.'

"'Is there someone else?' I asked. I didn't mean to raise a doubt of him in her mind and told her so, but she was a little dismayed and the day wasn't a success.

"Well, one day when I called for her she said it was all right. 'I shall never forget the wonderful time you've given me. I'm so grateful to you, Teddy.'

"I'd been wanting that idiot to propose for months. Now that it was settled I was terribly taken aback. Don't know what I said—stammered something about luck, and stood holding her hand and staring like a fool. She was white and I could see she had been crying.

"'A woman always cries when she is happy,' she said, though I hadn't spoken. 'This is good by. All sorts of luck and happiness to you. Don't quite forget me. I've resigned my position. I'—we'll live West. I'll say good-by now.'

"'Aren't you having me to the wedding?' I gasped.

"She told me there wasn't to be a wedding. She was just going West. Wanted nothing to do with me now. Didn't think I was going to miss her. Woman-like, didn't care probably. She leaves tomorrow. Poor girl, I hope he's good to her."

"Who is going to be good to her?" I shouted. "You bet you'll miss her. She's probably ready to kill herself. Going West? You chump! You're a great pal. Why didn't you make love to her? That's what she wanted."

"The girl trusted me," he began, stiffly. "I've honor—"

"But no sense. Did you ever see this other man? Did you ever see a letter, a photograph? No! You're the man. You're your own rival. Her poor little scheme didn't work. There never was anybody else. Probably never will be. She'll pine to death somewhere."

He sprang up. "Do you think that?"

"Think it! I know it. Didn't she grow younger and prettier? Wasn't she dashing and laughing with you? Didn't her eyes shine? There were unmistakable signs. Anyone knows a good girl have known. Women are queer little creatures. She loves you and she's done her best to wake you up. Has, rather. You blind, [illegible]"

But he had gone. I got up to water my flowers, [illegible] to avoid the heavy rain, beckoning wildly a waiting taxicab at the corner corner.

HIS REMEDY FOR INSOMNIA

Won't Be Found in Any Medical Work, but It Was Satisfactory in This Physician's Case.

The first three doctors to arrive for a meeting of the Medical society's directors were a general practitioner, a surgeon and a specialist in curative psychology.

The talk fell to insomnia as they whiled away the waiting and, as doctors will, they came at last to their own experiences.

"I stick to the old reliable formula when I can't sleep—I count sheep," said the general practitioner. "I've counted millions. It doesn't seem to work very well, but nothing does."

"As for me," said the surgeon, "I try to see myself climbing a mountain that never ends. I've never come to the top because I keep it up till I either go to sleep or have to get up for breakfast. But maybe—" and he turned to the third—"maybe psychiatry has something more certain than that."

The psychiatrist grinned through his distinguished gray beard.

"Well," he said, "I can't give any definite formula, but I'll tell you the prescription I follow myself. Wakefulness at night is such a waste I cut it as short as possible, and in extremity I find my method works—with me."

"Yes?"

"Now, don't laugh. But what I do is simply this: I sing to myself. I sing 'Go to Sleep my Little Pickaninny.' Just keep it up and it does the work. But for heaven's sake don't say I told you."—New York Sun.

NAVY'S PANCAKE HAT TO GO

Extensive Changes Also May Be Made in Other Details of the Sailor's Uniform.

Although the details have not as yet been worked out or in fact agreed to, in all probability there will be some important changes in the uniform for the enlisted men of the navy. It is understood that Secretary Denby, as well as the higher ranking officers in the Navy department, has taken an interest in the subject. There is a general agreement among the authorities that there should be some changes in the regulations as well as in the cut of the uniform of the navy enlisted personnel. A change in the petty officers first-class uniform has now been practically approved.

As for the bluejackets, there is a diversity of opinions even among those who are urging a change. There is considerable support for a proposition to give the bluejacket a different and dressier uniform to be worn while on duty or on leave ashore. A uniform for the bluejackets with a cap like a commissary steward with long trousers and a double-breasted coat is being well received. This uniform would have gun-metal buttons and would be worn with a white shirt. The cut of the trousers would approach that of the civilian.

Every recommendation or letter that has been received in the Navy department is adverse to the present flat hat for bluejackets. There is no doubt that it will go and the enlisted men will be given a new cap—Army and Navy Journal.

Less Noise; More Efficiency.

Nerve-wracking noises should be eliminated through scientific study and development of new appliances, as a means to keep down the high cost of living, President Charles Russ Richards of Lehigh university said.

"Scientists should study means to eliminate noises, especially in big industrial plants, and should design apparatus for the purpose," Doctor Richards said. "Workmen's efficiency cannot but be impaired by the increase in noises to which they are subjected with the increasing complexity of civilization.

"Improved production is the only means whereby costs can be reduced in these days of high-priced raw materials and high-priced labor, and certainly more efficient workers mean improved production."—Science Service.

Or Go Insane.

"Sam," asked his good wife, "when you come home tonight will you bring a dozen eggs?"

"Yes, my dear. What are eggs selling at—80 cents a dozen?"

"Oh, no, they haven't been that high for a long time. They are now selling around 35 cents. I remember when they sold for 12 cents a dozen. Wouldn't you like to see them at that price again?"

"Well," replied her husband, "not too suddenly."

"What on earth do you mean?"

"It would be dangerous. If any dealer today put eggs on sale at 12 cents a dozen, many worthy people might drop dead."

Forest Protection Week.

The idea of a Forest Protection week originated in the heavily timbered states of the Pacific Northwest in 1920. It proved to be so popular and such a widespread demand for its observance sprung up in all sections of the country that President Harding made it a national affair in 1921 by issuing a proclamation. It has been observed nationally each year since then. It has no official connection with Arbor day though in many states Arbor day happens to fall within Forest Protection week. Also the same people and organizations interested in Arbor day are usually interested in forest protection.

FORMALITY DONE AWAY WITH

Some Difference Between Mid-Victorian Courting and the Method Accepted as Proper Today.

When the mid-Victorian young man desired to have a young woman accompany him to a party he would first call on the mother. Something like this would ensue:

"Mrs. Brown, I should like to take your daughter, Alice, to a party. May I have the pleasure of her company?"

"Who is giving the party, may I ask?"

"Mrs. Jones, in honor of Hilda's eighteenth birthday."

"Have you asked Alice?"

"Oh, Mrs. Brown, I wouldn't think of doing that before asking your permission first."

"That was very proper. I shall speak to Alice's father tonight. I am quite sure, however, that we shall give our consent."

"O, thank you, Mrs. Brown."

"Alice will write you tonight. I shall ask her aunt Matilda if she will be good enough to chaperon Alice."

"O, thank you, Mrs. Brown. Well, good-by, Mrs. Brown. I shall look tomorrow for Alice's letter."

But nowadays the arrangements are made somewhat differently. A young man decides to take in a musical show. He consults his little red book, and chooses one from an eligible dozen or more to accompany him. He calls her on the phone and informs her of his plans.

Then he says, "What do yuh say, kid?"

And she replies, "O, boy, lead me to it!"

Then he says, "Attababy!"—New York Sun.

DANTE'S PLACE IN HISTORY

In a Measure, Great Italian May Be Said to Have Blazed Way for Shakespeare.

Though Shakespeare may appear to us, who speak only English, to have a broader spread of opinion—to lead his victorious thought with more triumphant sweep beyond the utmost bounds of human speculation—though Milton may, to English ears, appear to sing with a nobler measure and in a more melodious strain, pray remember that Dante preceded them by something like three hundred years and that as his leaders, beside the great Greeks and Latin poets (whom they had likewise) he had only Guittone Guinizelli and the Provencal—Rimatori, while Shakespeare and Milton had Chaucer and Spencer and above all Dante himself. He walked alone so far as inspiring human fellowship was concerned. Those about him were all critical and many held that he was wasting his recognized genius writing in the vulgar tongue and of the dead gone instead of in the scholarly and classic language of the living. Shakespeare, on the other hand, had as shining a company of comrades of genius as ever poured about a man the electric stimulus of intellectual fellowship. —Thomas Nelson Page, in "Dante and His Influence."

Users of the "Poison Pen."

Years of experience with anonymous letters have convinced writing experts that you never can tell who the author may be. It is apt to be any one, from the office boy to the president. It is also claimed that the wrong man is often arrested at first and only after months of search and careful watching is it possible to catch the guilty. And because the wrong person is blamed so frequently the investigators are as vigilant after an arrest as before. They have found the real author may relax and be more careless than previously.

Sometimes letters are more easily traced after being read aloud. Characteristics of the author are more apparent when the letters are read aloud, and it is possible to distinguish whether there is a personal grudge in the letter or whether it is general in tone and the kind which might be sent to any one of a score of people.—New York Herald.

Theory of Man's Development.

The Java ape-man is the oldest of all the links tending to show man's rise in the world. From the geological strata in which it was found, it is estimated that it must have lived from five hundred thousand to one million years ago, making it nearly twice as old as the next oldest cave man. The first human or near-human remains yet found, it has been shown by Doctor Hrdlicka, are those of the so-called Piltdown man found near London, England, and probably dating back over two hundred fifty thousand to three hundred thousand years. He believed that modern man may have developed from this western type and that the Java ape-man represents an extinct branch and is not in the direct line of man's ascent.—Kansas City Star.

It Has Happened.

At the club they were discussing marriage and a girl's opportunities for making a good one. Some contended that a society girl stood the best chance. Others maintained that girls in business life met substantial men every day, and consequently often made excellent matches. Sensational marriages made by ladies of the chorus were mentioned, and then the talk veered around to department store.

Said one member: "Many of these saleswomen are beautiful. Many a girl is married from a department store." [illegible] "Sometimes the store has to take her back."

Yes, Perfect Harmony

By CLARA DELAFIELD

(©, 1923, Western Newspaper Union.)

"AND you will try to be nice to Courtney, while we're away, won't you, dear?"

"I won't eat him," growled Peter Gurney. "Guess I won't see much of the feller, though."

"Peter, dear, I want you to do your very best to be pleasant to him, for Mildred's sake," said Mrs. Gurney.

Here is how it happened. Peter Gurney had retired at fifty-five, with the biggest chain of groceries in the East. His wife was bitten by the social bug and had forced him to buy a huge mansion on Park avenue.

By dint of adroit worming, that excellent lady had forced her way into society. Peter had been happy in the old days, when, in his shirt sleeves, he was the life and soul of the Fourth district political club. In the big house, surrounded by flunkeys, he felt ill at ease.

Particularly he hated Dobson, the English butler. Dobson's fawning servility, and yet arrogant aloofness, made Peter want to plant his boot upon the immaculate surface of Dobson's pants.

Then there was Courtney—the Honorable Courtney, son of an English earl, whom Mrs. Gurney had captured. Courtney—the Honorable Courtney Blaise—was to marry Mildred in a month's time. The earl had cabled his approval and inquired privately about settlements.

And here were Mrs. Gurney and Mildred called away by the sudden serious illness of a sister and aunt with a fortune of her own. There was no help for it. They had to go.

Would Peter jeopardize the marriage by insulting the Honorable Courtney in their absence? The Honorable Courtney had been coming to the house every night. He couldn't stop. He and Peter would dine together under the supervision of Dobson, and Peter would restrain his desperate impulses to load his knife with peas and drink out of his soup plate.

Courtney and Peter had never arrived at any human basis of understanding. Peter scowled at Courtney and Courtney regarded his future father-in-law with patient respect. Peter thought the Honorable Courtney a fool. What the Honorable Courtney thought of Peter was never recorded.

What added to Peter's bitterness was the thought that he had worked hard so many years for this—for his wife's social aims, for this son-in-law! And Mrs. Gurney had impressed upon Peter that he must do nothing to disgrace them in Courtney's eyes.

There they sat, dining together under Dobson's watchful eyes.

"Er— it's getting warmer," suggested the Honorable Courtney.

Peter grunted.

Five minutes later the Honorable Courtney said: "I see your President is likely to obtain the renomination at the next—aw—elections."

Peter deliberately put his knife in his mouth. A spasm passed over Dobson's face.

"I see," said the Honorable Courtney five minutes later, "that the monthly imports have decreased two per cent ad valorem—er—don't know what it means, by Jove!"

"D—o!" yelled Peter Gurney, rising. "Are we men or are we fishes? Dobson, were you created in the likeness of your Maker!"

"I 'opes as 'ow Hi his, sir," answered the startled Dobson.

"Did you ever play stud poker?" demanded Peter ferociously.

"Why, Hi, Hi've 'eard of hit, sir," responded the butler, now convinced that his master had suddenly gone insane.

"And you, you lily-faced white flower of fashion, how about you?" demanded Peter.

"Haw, try me, try me!" answered the Honorable Courtney briskly.

• • • • • • •

"I do hope your father and dear Courtney have got on well together," said Mrs Gurney, as she opened the front door, having unexpectedly returned with Mildred. "Why, what in the world—?"

Sounds of strange revelry reached their ears. Hurrying into Peter's den, on the ground floor, they saw a sight that made them dumb.

Peter, in his shirt sleeves, with a glass of his private stock before him, and his feet on the arm of his chair, was dealing a hand round the Honorable Courtney's neck, which he was fondly embracing. The Honorable Courtney had his head on Peter's shoulder. Dobson, with both arms on the table and a most unbutlerish expression, was just sweeping up the contents of the pool.

"Wh—what!" stammered the horrified lady.

"Pup—pup—perfect harmony, my dear, pup—perfect harmony," hiccoughed Peter, as he imprinted a kiss on the Honorable Courtney's manly forehead.

Key to the Problem.

A concert had been arranged by the workers of a certain mill in Blackburn, and all the local "stars" were booked to appear.

"Miss Handloom," the favorite soprano, was announced to sing, and before she began, apologized for her cold. Then she started:

"I'll hang my harp on a willow tree
—h-e-them!

"On a willow tree-e-e-oh!"

Her voice broke on the high note each time. She tried twice more. Then a voice came from the back of the hall, "Try hanging it on a lower branch!"—Pearson's Weekly.

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When You Look Back
and recall how well that Suit wore we made you last season, it's only natural for you to come to us for the new one for this Spring and Summer.
SAM CHAMPION
—TAILOR—
128 Westfall Ave.

The trouble is that a lot of folks get married who should never have even become engaged.

Indifference is the hardest obstacle progress has to overcome.

Where you find conceit it is folly to look for much of anything else.

No one has yet invented an alarm clock that can arouse indifference.