Important News Events of the World Summarized

Washington

President Harding at Washington signed the Wadsworth-McKenzie bill, returning the navy, army, marine corps and coast guard service to peace-time pay standards.

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Recognition of the Lithuanian government by Greece and Venezuela was announced by the Lithuanian information bureau at Washington.

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Herbert Hoover's wartime relief work in Belgium soon is to be further recognized by the award to him of a special medal by the Belgian government, it is announced at Washington.

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The world faces a shortage of wheat which will begin to be felt at the end of the month, Secretary of Commerce Hoover's foodstuffs division made public a statement to this effect at Washington.

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A canvass of the senate at Washington of the supporters of the McCumber bonus bill proved conclusively that the bill is certain to pass.

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President Harding, in a special message to the senate at Washington, stated that the policy of the Navy and Interior departments in dealing with the naval oil reserves had his full approval.

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Military secrets of the German high command during the World war have been bared to officers of the United States army for use in future wars, it was learned on highest authority at Washington.

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Government seizure of the bituminous mines as a final step to end the coal strike was predicted in the senate at Washington by Senator Lenroot (Rep., Wis.), a strong administration leader.

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A favorable report to the senate at Washington on the soldier bonus bill estimates the probable cost of the bonus at $3,845,659,481. This would be spread over a period of 43 years, and is $250,000,000 less than the estimate under the house bill.

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Domestic

Families of 49 union miners were ordered evicted from houses of the Brady Coal company near Morgantown, W. Va., after a hearing before Magistrate S. A. Posten.

George Elmer Monroe of Camden, N. J., the nineteen-year-old youth who confessed to killing seven-year-old Ida Kramer of Woodbury, was sentenced to life imprisonment in the state penitentiary at Trenton.

Webber Grammar, sixty-four years old, died of burns received when the tip of his metal fishing rod touched a live wire while Grammar was fishing in a slough on the Illinois river near Baylis, Ill.

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George Johnson, aged forty, a baseball player known as "Chief" Johnson, was found murdered in the rear of a building at 907 Southeast Tenth street at Des Moines, Ia. He had been shot.

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The open shop, unemployment, wage reductions, recognition of soviet Russia, the one big union, court decisions and injunctions affecting labor and other subjects formed the major issues that confronted the American Federation of Labor, when it opened its two-weeks' convention at Cincinnati.

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Three persons are known to be dead, thirteen seriously injured, others are believed drowned in the waters of Buckeye lake, a summer resort near Newark, O., during a storm.

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Fred Roberts, known to the police as "Big Fred" because of his diminutive stature, was killed in a gun fight with three policemen at Kansas City, Mo. Roberts was charged with murder.

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There is absolutely no justification for a strike of railroad employees, Samuel M. Felton, president of the Chicago Great Western railroad, said in an address before the Executives' club of Chicago.

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W. C. Wheelock, a grandson of the late John H. Deere, millionaire plow manufacturer, and his bride of a week, were killed at Ashburne flying field at Chicago, while on an airplane honeymoon.

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Records for the season were broken for a single day when more than 10,000 passengers sailed for Europe on ships leaving New York.

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A crowd of more than 200 persons witnessed the drowning at Lee street beach, Evanston, Ill., of Harriett Raff, ten years old.

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C. Eddie Rickenbacker's cross-the-continent tour is not completed. His all-metal monoplane crashed to earth at Omaha, Neb., and is a total wreck. No one was hurt.

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William Howard Taft, chief justice of the supreme court of the United States, arrived in Montreal and sailed for a six weeks' stay in England.

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Grant I. Stephenson, son of the late Senator Isaac Stephenson, was divorced at Milwaukee from his wife, formerly Miss Irene Adler, on the grounds of desertion.

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Two deaths and five heat prostrations, two of the latter women shoppers, were reported to the Chicago police as the June heat wave continued.

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Laura, Louisa and Lillian Busset, triplets and daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Busset, have been graduated from the same class of the Punxsutawney (Pa.) high school.

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Drinking ice water while in an overheated condition caused the death of F. Kresen at Hillsboro, Ill.

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Mystery shrouds the gruesome discovery of the body of an unidentified man, burned beyond recognition, lying in a lonely spot on the sand dunes, eight miles from Chesterton, Ind.

William Foster Markey, well-known editor and writer, is dead and two other men were injured as the result of an airplane accident at Los Angeles, Cal.

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Relatives of Mrs. Cora Belle Ridgeley, supposed to have died penniless in Hot Springs, Ark., and buried at Assumption, Ill., charge death was unnatural and have begun a hunt for $100,000 and $7,500 in jewels.

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Harold Bernice Miller, twenty-two, son of Grant Miller and a graduate in engineering at Iowa State university last week, drowned in Cedar river at Waterloo, Ia.

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Fifty perished in a storm that swept New York City and other eastern points. Hundreds were injured and the damage will run into millions of dollars.

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William F. Quesse and nine co-defendants, all officers of Flat Janitors' union at Chicago, were convicted on three charges in indictments growing out of the reign of labor terrorism.

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The jury in the second trial of Mrs. Madalynne Obenchain, charged with the murder of J. Belton Kennedy at Los Angeles, Cal., is complete. Seven women and five men were selected.

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Properties of the Willys corporation at Elizabeth, N. J., were bid in at auction by the Durant Motor Car corporation for $5,525,000.

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Approximately 1,000 quarts of liquor, valued at $10,000, were said to have been seized by marine guards of the navy yard at Norfolk, Va., in a raid on the naval transport Sirius.

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A Cincinnati dispatch says 1,200,000 railroad workers will appeal to President Harding to stop proposed cut in wages.

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Personal

Miss Marjorie Hulbird, daughter of former Lieutenant Governor Hulbird of Vermont, and Mrs. Arthur Mercer, were killed when an automobile went over an embankment near Bethel, Vt.

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Col. H. D. Loveland, dean in point of service of public utility commissioners in the United States, died at his home at San Francisco.

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James C. Dunn, president and chief owner of the Cleveland American league baseball club and a well-known Chicago contractor, died at his residence at Chicago. He was fifty-seven years old.

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Guy Barham, newspaper publisher of Los Angeles, Cal., died at the Manchester Nursing home at London.

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Marshall Neilan and Blanche Sweet were married at Chicago in the offices of the county clerk and left a few hours later for New York.

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Judge Joseph Sabath, who has listened to 6,500 divorces cases at Chicago in the last two years, collapsed and his condition was reported as serious.

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Foreign

The situation in Yucatan, where there is a movement on foot among the workers to depose Governor Carrillo, is characterized as serious. A general strike has been declared by the labor unions at Vera Cruz.

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Gen. Chang Tso-lin's proposals for an armistice with Wu Pei-fu appear to have been simply a ruse to gain time for the defeated Manchurian war lord. Heavy fighting broke out again, says a Tientsin dispatch.

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A London dispatch says the prince of Wales has arrived at Cairo, where he was given a tremendous reception. He was received by the premier, the high commissioner of Egypt and crown representatives.

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Returns from the Manila election indicate that the nationalista party will continue in control of the lower house of the legislature. The party has won about 50 of the 80 seats in the house at Manila.

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Li Yuan Hung, deposed as president of China in 1917, when his resignation was forced by the military coup of Chang Hsun, arrived in Peking and again assumed the presidency.

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British troops are in possession of all the strongholds of the republicans along the Ulster frontier, and it is believed that there will be no further fighting, according to a Belfast dispatch.

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The Turkish town of Samsun, on the Black sea, was bombarded by a Greek fleet. The bombardment caused some damage, the extent of which, however, has not yet been learned at Constantinople.

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Princess Marie of Rumania was married at Belgrade to King Alexander of Jugo-Slavia.

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A dispatch from Simla states that the Mount Everest expedition on May 25 reached the height of 26,800 feet without the use of oxygen.

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That Nikolai Lenin is suffering from a stroke, not unlike the one suffered by President Wilson, is the confidential information received at Berlin.

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A Peking dispatch says Gen. Feng Yuhsiang, the Christian governor of Hunan province, has issued a decree prohibiting the practice of binding women's feet.

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All idea of an international loan to Germany has been given up by the committee of bankers at Paris and they are meeting to agree upon the form of their report to this effect.

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The government at Rome received a vote of confidence in the chamber of deputies on the question of its foreign policy. The vote was 240 to 77.

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Iliodore, known as the mysterious monk of Russia, has been arrested by the Lettish political police at Riga, because his papers are not in order.

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It is feared that eight enlisted men from the United States gunboat New Orleans have drowned in a sailing mishap at Anuraday, Siberia. There has been no trace of the men since June 4.

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Twenty-one American women attended the first court of the season at London. It was the most brilliant social function since the war.

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British troops occupied the fort and town of Belleek, driving out the Irish irregular forces after a heavy battle, says a Belfast dispatch.

"CLAIM-JUMPERS"

Historic Iowa Incident from "Vandemark's Folly"

To all good Americans there is no more interesting period in United States history than that which covers the settling and early development of the Upper Mississippi valley states which covers the third quarter of the past century. The immigration into Iowa is typical of that into other states at about the same period, and a paragraph from "Vandemark's Folly," by Herbert Quick, adequately describes the scenes of that time. He says of that tremendous trek:

Here we went, oxen, cows, mules, horses, coaches, carriages; blue jeans, corduroys; rags, tatters, silks, satins, caps, tall hats, poverty, riches; criminals escaping from justice; couples fleeing from the law; gold-seekers bearing southwest to the Overland Trail; politicians looking for places in which to win fame and fortune; adventurers on their way to everywhere; Abolitionists going to the Border War; innocent-looking outfits carrying fugitive slaves; and, most numerous of all, homeseekers "hunting country"—a nation on wheels, an empire in the commotion and pangs of birth.

There were many, very many, interesting incidents that went to make up the history of these pioneer days in Iowa that are covered by Mr. Quick in "Vandemark's Folly," but one of the most interesting is that dealing with the treatment of "claim-jumpers." The local newspaper, in an effort to secure an advantage for its political clique had in those early days referred to "Cow" Vandemark as a man with a "criminal record," and in later days in refuting the statement he tells the story of the "claim-jumpers" as follows, in part:

The story grew out of my joining the Settlers' club in 1856. The rage for land speculation was sweeping over Iowa like a prairie fire, getting things ready for the great panic of 1857 that I have read of since, but of which I never heard until long after it was over. All I knew was that there was a great fever for buying and selling land and laying out and booming town-sites—the sites, not the towns—and that afterward times were very hard. The speculators had bought up a good part of Monterey county by the end of 1856, and had run the price up as high as three dollars and a half an acre.

This made it hard for men who came in expecting to get it for a dollar and a quarter, and a number of settlers in the township, as they did all over the state, went on their land relying on the right to buy it when they could get the money—what was called the pre-emption right. I could see the houses of William Trickey, Ebenezer Junkins and Absalom Frost from my house; and I knew that Peter and Amos Bemisdarfer and Flavius Bohn, Dunkards from Pennsylvania, had located farther south. All these settlers were located south of Hell Slew, which was coming to be known now, and was afterward put down on the map, as "Vandemark's Folly Marsh."

And now there came into the county and state a class of men called "claim-jumpers," who pushed in on the claims of the first comers, and stood ready to buy their new homes right out from under them. It was pretty hard on us who had pushed on ahead of the railways, and soaked in the rain and frozen in the blizzards, and lived on moldy bacon and hulled corn, to lose our chance to get title to the lands we had broken up and built on.

My land was paid for, such as it was; but when the people who, like me, had trailed out across the prairies with the last year's rush, came and asked me to join the Settlers' club to run these intruders off, it appeared to me that it was only a man's part in me to stand to it and take hold and do. . .

I did not look forward to all the doings of the Settlers' club, but I joined it, and I have never been ashamed of it, even when Dick McGill was slangwhanging me about what we did. I never knew, and I don't know now, just what the law was, but I thought then, and I think now, that the Settlers' club had the right of it. I thought so the night we went over to run the claim-jumper off Absalom Frost's land, within a week of my joining.

It was over on Section Twenty-seven, that the claim-jumper had built a hut about where the schoolhouse now is, with a stable in one end of it, and a den in which to live in the other. He was a young man, with no dependents, and we felt no compunctions of conscience, that dark night, when two wagon-loads of us, one of which came from the direction of Monterey Center, drove quietly up and knocked at the door.

"Who's there?" he said, with a quiver in his voice.

"Open up, and find out!" said a man in the Monterey Center crowd, who seemed to take command as a matter of course. "Kick the door open, Dutchy!"

As he said this he stepped aside, and pushed me up to the door. I gave it a push with my knee, and the leader jerked me aside, just in time to let a charge of shot pass my head.

"It's only a single-barrel gun," said he. "Grab him!"

I was scared by the report of the gun, scared and mad, too, as I clinched with the fellow, and threw him; then I pitched him out of the door, when the rest of them threw him down and began stripping him. At the same time, some one kindled a fire under a kettle filled with tar, and in a few minutes, they were smearing him with it. This looked like going too far, to me, and I stepped back—I couldn't stand it to see the tar smeared over his face, even if it did look like a map of the devil's wild land, as he kicked and scratched and tried to bite, swearing all the time like a pirate. It seemed a degrading kind of thing to defile a human being in that way. The leader came up to me and said, "That was good work, Dutchy. Lucky I was right about its being a single-barrel, ain't it? Help get his team hitched up. We want to see him well started."

"All right, Mr. McGill," I said; for that was his name, now first told in all the history of the county.

"Shut up!" he said. "My name's Smith, you lunkhead!"

• • •

The next and the last stop, was away down on Section Thirty-five—two miles farther. I was feeling rather wamble-cropped, because of the memory of that poor fellow with the tar in his eyes—but I went all the same.

McGill pounded on the door.

"Come out," he shouted. "You've got company!"

There was a scrambling and hustling around in the shanty, and low talking, and some one asked who was there; to which McGill replied for them to come out and see. Pretty soon, a little doddering figure of a man came to the door, pulling on his breeches with trembling hands as he stepped, barefooted, on the bare ground which came right up to the door-sill.

"What's wanted, gentlemen?" he quavered. "I cain't ask you to come in—jist yit. What's wanted?"

He had not said two words when I knew him for Old Man Fewkes, whom I had last seen back on the road west of Dyersville, on his way to "Negosha." Where was Ma Fewkes, and where were Celebrate Fourth and Surajah Dowlah? And where, most emphatically, where was Rowena? I stepped forward at McGill's side. Surely, I thought, they were not going to tar and feather these harmless, good-for-nothing waifs of the frontier; and even as I thought it, I saw the glimmering of the fire they were kindling under the tar-kettle.

"We want you, you infernal claim-jumper!" said McGill. "We'll show you that you can't steal the land from us hard-working settlers, you set of sneaks! Take off your clothes, and we'll give you a coat that will make you look more like buzzards than you do now."

"There's some of 'em runnin' away!" yelled one of the crowd. "Catch 'em!"

There was a flight through the grass from the back of the shanty, a rush of pursuit, some feeble yells jerked into bits by rough handling, and presently, Celebrate and Surajah were dragged into the circle of light, just as poor Ma Fewkes, with her shoulder-blades drawn almost together came forward and tried to tear from her poor old husband's arm the hand of an old neighbor of mine whose name I won't mention even at this late day.

"Say," said a man who had all the time sat in one of the wagons, holding the horses. "You'd better leave out the stripping, boys!"

They began dragging the boys and the old man toward the tar-kettle, and McGill, with his hat drawn down over his eyes, went to the slimy mass and dipped into it a wooden paddle with which they had been stirring it. Taking as much on it as it would carry, he made as if to smear it over the old man's head and beard. I could not stand this—the poor harmless old coot!—and I ran up and struck McGill's arm.

"What in hell," he yelled, for some of the tar went on him, "do you mean?"

"Don't tar and feather 'em," I begged. "I know these folks. They are a poor wandering family, without money enough to buy land away from any one."

"We jist thought we'd kind o' settle down," said Old Man Fewkes whimperingly; "and I've got the money promised me to buy this land. So it's all right and straight!"

The silly old leatherhead didn't know he was doing anything against public sentiment; and told the very thing that made a case against him. I have found out since who the man was that promised him the money and was going to take the land, but that was just one circumstance in the land craze, and the man himself was wounded at Fort Donelson, and died in hospital—so I won't tell his name. The point is, that the old man had turned the jury against me just as I had finished my plea:

"You have got the money promised you, have you?" repeated McGill. "Grab him, boys!"

• • •

I clinched with our man, and getting a rolling hiplock on him, I whirled him over my head, as I had done with so many wrestling opponents, and letting him go in mid-air, he went head over heels, and struck ten feet away on the ground. Then I turned on McGill, and with the flat of my hand, I slapped him over against the shanty, with his ears ringing. They were coming at me in an undecided way; for my onset had been both sudden and unexpected; when I saw Rebecca running from the rear with a shotgun in her hand, which she had picked up as it leaned against a wagon wheel where one of our crowd had left it.

"Stand back!" she screamed. "Stand back, or I'll blow somebody's head off!"

I heard a chuckling laugh from a man sitting in one of the wagons, and a word or two from him that sounded like, "Good girl!" Our little mob fell back, the man I had thrown limping, and Dick McGill rubbing the side of his head. The dawn was now broadening in the east, and it was getting almost light enough so that faces might be recognized; and one or two of the crowd began to retreat toward the wagons.

"I'll see to it," said I, "that these people will leave this land, and give up their settlement on it."

RADIO

VACUUM TUBE USED AS RADIO DETECTOR

How This Device Depends on Emission and Control of Electrons for Its Operation.

Readers of the radio column are urged to clip each article and paste it in a file book. The articles printed are continuous and the entire series will be valuable for reference.

The greatest advances made in the past few years in the radio art have been due in one way or another to the use of vacuum tubes. In view of this fact a more careful consideration of them will be of interest.

All of these tubes, known by a variety of names, such as radiotron, audion, aeriotron (trade names of the manufacturer) depend upon the same fundamental principles for their operation. For the sake of simplicity of brevity these will be referred to in this column simply as vacuum tubes. A vacuum tube can be made to function as a detector, as an amplifier, or as an oscillator.

The vacuum tube depends on the emission and control of electrons for its operation. The electron is the smallest subdivision of matter which mankind recognizes and it carries the smallest known charge of negative electricity. For years previous to electron research it had been held by scientists that matter was built up of distinct particles or units which they called atoms and molecules. At first the molecule was assumed to be the smallest quantity of matter that could have a separate existence or take part in chemical action, but more vigorous research pointed to the fact that the molecule is made up of still smaller elements which are termed atoms; that is, a molecule may be composed of several atoms. Then for a time it was assumed that the atom was the very smallest quantity of an element that could exist, but later researches have revealed that atoms may be further subdivided into particles

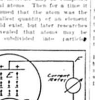

Figure III

called electrons. The apparent mass of an electron is about one-eighteen-hundreth part of that of an atom of hydrogen which is the smallest of the chemical atoms.

According to the electron theory an atom consists of a definite number of electrons grouped around a nucleus having a positive charge and so long as none of the component electrons are driven from the atom, the latter possess no detectable charge. The positive charge on the nucleus is said to be exactly neutralized by the negative charges on the electrons grouped about it.

Suppose now that by some means an electron can be detached from the atom. Then the atom becomes what is known as a positive ion and it exhibits the properties of a positively charged body, or in other words since an electron which carries a negative charge has been removed from the atom which has equal positive and negative charges, the portion of the atom now remaining has a deficiency of negative charge and acts like any positively charged body.

On the other hand if some force can be brought to bear that will add an electron to a normal atom which is neutral as far as electrical charges are measured, the result will be a negative ion, which will possess all the properties of a negatively charged body. An atom then which has a deficiency of electrons is called a positive ion and one having excess of electrons is called a negative ion.

Since each electron carries a negative charge of electricity an electron represents a certain quantity of electricity. Forcing electrons to move from one point to another causes electricity to flow. The ability of any medium to conduct electricity or allow a current to flow through it depends upon the number of free electrons available as carriers of charges.

It has been known for many years that the space surrounding a piece of heated metal is a conductor of electricity. It has been demonstrated more recently that this is due to the release of electrons and that if an incandescent metal be placed in a bulb exhausted of all gases, pure electrons will be liberated from the incandescent metal.

In a vacuum tube such as we are using at the present time, the piece of metal used to furnish the electrons is called the filament and is usually made of tungsten and sometimes is coated with oxides to increase the electron emission. For convenience the filament of a vacuum tube is heated by a battery current and it is this heat furnished by the battery current that constitutes the force that disrupts the atoms of the filament and liberates electrons.

Fig. III is a spherical glass bulb from which all the air and gases have been exhausted and having mounted in it a filament C-D which can be heated to incandescence by the "A" battery connected to it, and the metallic plate E. When the filament C-D is heated to incandescence by the "A" battery connected across its terminals electrons are emitted. Connecting the cold plate E to the incandescent filament C-D by means of the circuit E-F-G-H which includes a current meter and a "B" battery, with its negative side connected to the filament lead at H and its positive side connected through the current meter, the plate becomes electrically positive with respect to the filament.

Since like charges repel and unlike charges attract, there will be a movement of electrons from the filament to the positively charged plate, and the current meter will show a deflection which indicates that a current is flowing in the circuit E-F-G-H.

Increasing the "B" battery voltage causes an increase in the current flowing in the circuit E-F-G-H, the plate circuit, until the positive charge on the plate E is so strong that all of the electrons given off by the filament are attracted to it. Assuming that the temperature of the filament is kept constant and that the plate voltage has been increased to the point where all of the electrons given off by the filament are attracted to it, any further increases in the "B" battery voltage will not cause any increase in the current in the plate circuit.

Increasing the temperature of the filament will increase the total number of the electrons emitted.

FRISCO TALKS TO HONOLULU

New Radio Station at the Presidio Can Be Heard Half Way Around the Globe.

"Hello, Honolulu."

That may sound like fiction, but it is a reality, nevertheless.

The new radio station at the Presidio, San Francisco, with aerial conditions right, can be heard half way around the globe. Officials in charge of construction declare it to be the most powerful vacuum tube transmitter on the Pacific coast.

Located on the highest point in the Presidio, overlooking San Francisco bay, two 150-foot aerial towers to augment its efficiency, the new station will command similar stations in Salt Lake City and Cheyenne.

Radiophones on German Trains.

Wireless telephone instruments will be installed on a number of important German express trains, and receiving instruments will be placed in hotels and embassies, according to an announcement made recently. Experiments conducted in a moving freight car have shown that the wireless system works well, the men engaged in the testing of the instruments being able to hold conversations with friends in Berlin. The tests were made under the observation of engineers, military attaches and the diplomatic representatives of the United States and Sweden.

Handling Vacuum Tubes.

When you handle the vacuum tubes of your receiver great care should be exercised that they are not knocked about or that the elements are broken. These little lamps are the heart and soul of the set. A good way to operate the tubes is to keep the glow just a little below the critical point.

ADVICE FOR AMATEURS.

The voltages applied to the plate circuits of amplifying tubes are not extremely critical and one voltage control will suffice. The detector tube, however, is often very critical and an efficient potentiometer will work wonders in controlling it.

Apparatus used for the reception of broadcasting is exactly the same as that used for the reception of code signals. The transmitting equipment, however, is different.

The use of a single wire for reception is advantageous because it lessens the amount of objectional interference in the way of static. It is equally as good as a multiple wire system for reception.

Defective "B" batteries will often cause roaring in the telephone receivers.

The electron often talked about is the smallest known quantity of negative electrical energy. In motion it makes up the electric current.

A "soft" vacuum tube is used as a detector tube and a "hard" vacuum tube as an amplifier. The terms "hard" and "soft" refer to degree of evacuation.

Radio waves travel at the same speed as light, namely 186,000 miles per second.

A wavemeter is an instrument used for checking up the wave lengths of sending and receiving stations.

Gas pipe or water pipe systems may be used for grounds, the latter being more advisable.

Lightning protection secured by grounding the antenna when not in use is essential and is required by the underwriters.

PRIZED HIS BIBLE ABOVE ALL ELSE

Writer's Poetic Description of King David's Love of the Scriptures of His Day.

In the days of King David the Bible was a scanty book; yet he loved it well, and found daily wonders in it. Genesis, with its sublime narration of how God made the worlds, with its glimpses of patriarchal piety, and dark disclosures of gigantic sin; Exodus, with its glorious marchings through that great wilderness, its thrilling memorials of Jehovah's outstretched arm, and the volume of the written law; Leviticus, through whose flickering vistas David's eye discerned the shadows of better things to come; Numbers, with its natural history of the heart of man; Deuteronomy, with its vindication of the ways of God; Joshua and Judges, with their chapters of providence, their stirring incidents, and peaceful episodes; the memoir of Job, so fraught with spiritual experience; and the domestic annals of Ruth, which told to her grandson such a tale of divine foreknowledge and love and care, all converging on himself, or rather on David's son and David's Lord; these were David's Bible, and he desired it beyond all his riches.

But you have yet an ampler Bible—a Bible with psalms and prophets in it—a Bible with gospels and epistles.

Sad Mistake

The family was away from town. Their house was in charge of a young maid. Occasionally an old woman came in to help with the cleaning. One day the maid opened the front door and was greeted by the angry woman. "I've been ringing and ringing anringing," said the latter. "Why didn't you come?" "You kep' on so reg'lar," said the maid, "that I thought it was only the telephone."

English City Famous

In England, a country celebrated for the curious names of its cities, there is no place bearing a stranger appellation than Bury St. Edmund's, which relied its first and most lasting celebrity through being the scene of the preparation of Magna Charta by the disgruntled nobility in 1214. Bury St. Edmund's is named after St. Edmund, king of East Anglia, who was killed by the Danes on November 20, 870, and buried there. The chief sight of the place is the magnificent abbey which was founded in memory of the slain king. Humphrey duke of Gloucester was imprisoned there in 1447, and died in the prison, it is supposed, by poison.

Remove Gum From Flax.

A process has been perfected in Argentina for removing gums and other waste matter from flax straw before it is dried and sent to Europe for manufacture into fiber articles.

With Summer Gowns.

The little coatees which are promised for wear with summer gowns will be made in an endless variety. They may be of knitted wool and silk perhaps bound with braid, and hanging on loose lines. They may be checked flannel with self-colored skirt; they may be white or colored crepe embroidered in black or colors, or they may be black or colored crepe marocain matching the gowns over which they are worn in almost any degree of simplicity or elaborateness in almost any material or color, matching or contrasting as the fancy dictates, these coatees ought to come as near pleasing every one as is possible.

Favorite Hats.

As the season advances the large hat, it is believed, will grow popular, and the black hat will again be an active rival of the bright-hued items of headgear. The soft crushable sport hat and the draped turban are styles much favored for wear with the tailored or sport suits.

RADIO OF 1879 DISCOVERED

Instruments and Notebooks of David Hughes, Pioneer in Wireless, Found in London.

Instruments and notebooks of great historic and scientific value to the student of wireless telegraphy have recently been unearthed in London and are now in the archives of the British museum. They were the property of David Hughes and the books are a complete record of his experiments in wireless telegraphy forty-three years ago—in 1879.

For twenty years they have been stored in a furniture warehouse in London and were brought to light through the efforts of A. A. Campbell Swinton and Col. H. G. Lyons of the Science museum.

The notebooks are many in number and are said to be a complete record of Hughes' work in wireless, including drawings and a description of his invention of the microphone. Among the electrical instruments discovered at the place named and a part of the inventor's effects were several hand-made microphones, unquestionably the work of the inventor's own hands and with which he carried on some of his experiments in wireless telegraphy.

There are also drawings made by Hughes and descriptions of the several instruments, all making a complete record, together with what the museum already has acquired of the earliest scientific inquiries in an art that today is attracting the earnest attention of the whole world.

Set That Will Not Freeze.

Jean Lecarne, a French engineer, connected with Vallot observatory, at the summit of Mont Blanc, in the Alps, has invented a radio instrument which is not affected by low temperatures. He proposes the use of such sets by mountain climbers and other adventurers.

Fear of Lightning.

"Lightning shy" radio fans have been worried about the possibility of dangers to the houses from the effect of electrical storms on their aerials. If the aerial is properly protected it is as safe as the telephone wires.

What Squire Jim Wanted

By MARTHA M. WILLIAMS

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If you know the thing you want, there's always the chance of getting it by hook or crook or old chance. But if you don't know—well, there is quite another story, as Squire Jim Lewis, poor gentleman, was to prove. He did not lack either possession or occupation. Contrariwise, he suffered an embarrassment of riches—a big farm, full-stocked with the best of everything that walked, wallowed, flew and ate, a fine substantial house, crammed full of plenishings as fine, a good name, money in bank and expectations. There did seem nothing left a reasonable man to sigh for.

Yet—there was. Just what, he did not know, acutely as he was conscious of a daily aching void. Aunt Keziah, who kept house for him, said shrewdly she didn't know what Jimmy needed most—to get a wife or religion. Religion would be safest—you could always backslide if the collar galled—and there you were. Divorces cost money—besides, folks remembered them so long. Worst risk, though, was of things not going that far. S'pose Jimmy tied up with a woman who tried to make him eat by the books—cold bread and health-truck for breakfast—and no pie whatever, no time at all?

It galled Jimmy, even grouched him, this puzzle with no answer. The answer was not a woman—that was the surest thing he knew. Notwithstanding, he was no woman-hater, rather one who cherished a vast, vague respect for the whole sex—so vast and vague it chilled warmer feelings.

Athwart this bewilderment flashed, rainbow wise, a human rainbow, by name Lyle Grayson. Not in any safe, conventional way, either, but by the conjunction of deep mud, a stalled car and a perfectly beautiful young man—so beautifully spotless he seemed out of place, perking a glass shade for protection. Titularly he was driving, but the girl beside him had evidently been doing the real work. Her nose was smudged, one bare wrist deeply scratched, her eyes pools of adoration mixed with concern. She hailed Squire Jim alertly at sight, asking help in the first words. Need of it was so clear to require explanation. "Come here and make this car go through your red mud," she all but demanded. "It's—it's new to us; we're strangers, you know."

"Honeymooners," the squire was somehow bold enough to answer. The girl smiled deliciously, saying with frank pleasure: "Not yet, but soon—provided you get us out."

"Pretty deep," the rescuer commented, dismounting at the edge of the puddle. "If you had drove spang through the middle you might a-made it safe—it's deepest and stickiest by that far bank."

"Never mind about that—the thing is to get through it—somehow," the girl said, impatiently. "We are quite helpless. Arthur—my fiance—never tried to elope nor run a car until this morning."

"He ought to be game for wadin in red mud," Squire Jim commented. "I won't let him," Lyle said sweetly. "He hasn't any other clothes along—you don't think he wants to be married looking like a hod-carrier?"

"Wouldn't care how I looked—if I got my girl," Squire Jim countered, thereby amazing himself. Somehow this girl had melted things inside—he had lost his sense of futility—life was no longer sapless, but teeming with high adventure. He was in mud half-thigh deep, in spite of wearing his second best suit. But that didn't matter—nothing mattered except to hear further that bewitching voice. It said: "Oh, thank you so much!" as he stopped to test the full depth and stiffness of the mud. "Lightening load's the only chance," he said, looking up. "Hand out your traps—I'll take 'em to dry land—then come back for you."

"Oh, we can never get out of the car," Lyle exclaimed in dismay. "At least I can't—have to drive, you know. But if you think you can manage with Arthur—not let him fall—" there she stopped perforce—the squire had somehow yanked her from her seat, and was carrying her over to the firm roadside. As he sat her down he said, masterfully over his shoulder: "Arthur, be ready—long time I reckon since you rode pick-a-back." Arthur rose up, outblushing the reddest rose, made as though to plunge in the mud, but stopped short at his sweetheart's cry: "If you do that all is off between us."

So there was excuse for the ride he took, wishing the while he might strangle his steed. But as his feet touched earth a new terror beset him—over the hedge, half flying, hat awry, burst a tall, muscular woman, her eyes stormy, but her cheeks stained with tears. She had seen the transfer of Arthur. Instantly she clutched him, crying loudly. "I am in time, thank God. I turned back, finding you had not reached the minister. Heaven guided me across fields to find and save you."

"Here, I want the straight of this!" Squire Jim demanded. Holding Arthur tight, the newcomer answered: "The straight is—merely this! I am saving my son from an adventuress. She ran off with him in her car this morning. By help of providence I have foiled her. My boy is under age. She shall not ruin his life. I had rather see him dead than her husband. You are, I suppose, her tool."

"Not so you'd notice it," was the retort. "Never saw either of the two till half an hour back. But if I'm a judge of small matters, she," nodding at Lyle, "is the luckiest one. Can't think how she ever took a shine to Arthur—unless she's so young she still hankers after toys." Arthur tried to spring at the squire's throat—majestic mamma restrained him, saying: "We will not stay here to bandy words with a ruffian. Come, my son—I left the car a little way back on the main road. I do hope you left nothing of value in that car," glancing scornfully at the stalled roadster. "We will not, however, stop to investigate—even though you should have lost your purse."

"I have the license—if that's what you're concerned about," Lyle cried, springing to her feet. She had crouched, cowering upon the grassbank—now she faced Arthur, mute but with entreating eyes. He could not meet their gaze—turning, he muttered something that sounded like: "We must wait;" then went dutifully along with his natural protector. Lyle watched them disappear, the entreaty dying slowly from her glance. When they had vanished she turned to Squire Jim, trying to laugh and speak saucily—but broke down utterly and flung herself prone upon the grass, her body shaken pitifully with hard, dry sobs. He let her be for five minutes, busying himself the while with the car. Empty, he managed to drive it clear and halt it some little distance beyond its owner.

She sat up at the sound of it, her face burning, and said breathlessly: "I want to get away—to hide from all the world. Tell me where to go."

"Instead, I'll show you," said Squire Jim, handing her into the car. It took them miles on miles till in early afternoon it halted in front of a peaceful gray house, neither big nor little, with flowers in the yard, a gray cat on the steps, and a pretty faded woman rocking on the porch. To her Squire Jim said unsteadily: "Mary—I know what I want—you. This child has shown me a woman's worth. She is hurt—I've brought her to you for shelter and healing. Will you help to pay what we owe her?"

Very tenderly Mary Elliott murmured: "Yes."

Marriage Strenuous Ceremony.

Marriage is a strenuous ceremony among the Wakikuyu tribe in East Africa. The bridegroom, having paid down the first installment of ten goats to his prospective father-in-law, as dowry, sends three of his friends to waylay the girl at a certain prearranged spot. He carries her off to his mother's hut, while she fights back and weeps continually. After she has been placed in the hut she weeps for eight days more, while her husband remains away. The actual marriage takes place ten days later. Next morning the bride's girl friends come and make a great display of sorrow on losing their playmate. They stay for three days, during which period they weep endlessly. When they are gone the play is over; the husband builds his own hut, and the young couple settle down to married life.

Portia's Grab Settled.

What shall Portia wear when she is called to the English bar? Five learned judges have been puzzling over the question and have decided that she shall wear just what her brother barristers in England do. There is a safety clause in the decision, however, for it has been decreed that their gowns shall be plain black or very dark, to prevent the appearance of a woman barrister in mauve or pink, and also that skirts are to be "not shorter than the gown." The ordinary wig, which completely conceals the hair, is to be worn so that the task of ascertaining whether counsel is he or she may at times become a little bit complicated.

Old-Time Buildings.

Lanciani, the archeologist, has shown that in the Rome of the Ceasars trouble was experienced with high buildings. A law was passed restricting the height of fronts to 60 feet. In order to evade it, builders adopted the practice of carrying up the rear portions several stories more. Other laws bearing on the heights of buildings were passed in old times. There was a tendency to diminish the height of stories as the buildings increased in size, and a height of 130 feet was probably attained. It is believed that the ceilings were so low that a man could not stand upright in the rooms.

Comedy Divorce in Arizona Town

Respondent All That Was Left of Mojave Indian After Mix-Up With Dynamite.

JOHN'S JOKES FELL FLAT

Flapper Named Starlight Was Co-respondent and Jury Included Such Prominent Citizens as Rattlesnake Charlie and Gold Tooth Nellie.

Oatman, Ariz.—This town is just quieting down after the decision in the divorce case of Oatman vs. Oatman.

John Oatman, a Mojave Indian, was sued by his wife Estelle. They were married in 1903 and have ten children. Six years ago John used dynamite in working a claim in the Oatman gold mining district. Through some misunderstanding with the dynamite John lost one eye and most of his scalp and was obliged to call in Doc Hong—"Painless Hong"—to pull out all that were left of his teeth and give him a set of artificial ones.

These, with a glass eye and a luxurious wig, made John practically as good as new. But Estelle seemed to feel from that time on that something was missing from the husband she once knew.

John's Little Jokes.

Something a little less than love seemed to fill John's heart too as the years rolled by. Bootleg peddlers found John a willing customer, and he tasted deeply, as Estelle said afterward, of coffin varnish, forty rod and sheepherder's delight. Buoyed up by these, John tried to make Estelle's life less humdrum by sneaking up behind her in the dark after he had stripped and rubbed phosphorus over his body. Instead of being pleased, she screamed. He then tried to amuse her by doing the old tribal dances of the Mojaves. This also fell flat. Nothing seemed to please her.

The ten children were little better. From time to time John would suddenly remove his glass eye and snatch off his wig, exposing his dynamited scalp, but they only bawled. Even this harmless amusement was denied him at last, for he had been in the habit of putting up his glass eye in a poker game. If he lost he simply ordered another by mail. But eventually the firm that sent them to him refused to give him any more credit and he was obliged to go about with no glass eye at all.

While he was in this pathetic condition his wife cooked up a dinner of jack rabbit for him one day and he ate it—under the impression it was fish. What made this truly serious was the fact that the Yavapai tribe, to which Estelle belongs, always eat jack rabbit, but the Mojaves never do. This has been understood for hundreds of years by both tribes and never violated until Estelle's act. The substitution preyed on John frightfully, and he worked late at night making home-brew from cactus.

About this time John and his wife's father, the old gentleman known as George Forest-of-Cattle, sat down on the dirt floor one night during Estelle's absence to stage a friendly little battle between tarantulas and vinagrones, which bite like tarantulas or worse, cooping the contestants in Estelle's best sugar bowl. John alleged afterward that the old gentleman secretly sprinkled ant powder all over John's tarantulas, thereby causing them to curl up and die at a critical moment in the fight, and that as a result of this underhand work he lost to his father-in-law all the money he made panning gold during the previous summer.

Aversion to Wife's Mother.

When Mrs. Oatman returned home John annoyed her by scratching matches on the soles of his bare feet. She wanted him to be nice to her mother, Mary Forest-of-Cattle, but he replied that no orthodox Mojave Indian ever looked at a mother-in-law, pointing out that he hadn't looked at the old girl since their marriage in 1903, and stated further that he didn't intend to look at her till the Colorado river froze over.

Shortly after this Estelle began to suspect that John was holding something out on her. He used to come in late at night whistling "The Sheik" through his false teeth and refusing to answer any questions.

Mrs. Oatman immediately suspected Starlight Ocatillo, a light sorrel flapper of the Yavapai tribe, who wore hers rolled down.

Mrs. Oatman put mud on her hair. She then began cutting down on the menu. From then on she fed John chile con carne and prunes, tortillas and prunes, enchiladas and prunes, frijoles and prunes and tamales—and prunes. For variety she served prunes.

John went out back of the house one day and built a covered pit. Working patiently, he got it filled with Gila monsters, lizards, vinagrones, scorpions, tarantulas and rattlesnakes. Estelle failed to fall into it, but this was simply because she was stronger than John.

The Last Straw.

John then moodily took to eating loco-weed. Cheered by its kindly stimulation he dragged Estelle out of the shack one scorching hot afternoon, hoisted her to the top of a candelabra cactus 25 feet high and tied her there among the thorns.

Late in the evening neighbors living two miles away heard her protests and cut her down; but Estelle was now convinced that her husband's affection for her was failing. She hired Lawyer Lucas and went into court.

John hired the other lawyer in Oatman—H. C. Topps, who used to be jigger boss on the graveyard shift in Death Valley's Funeral range, but who now owns and operates a ranch where he grows cactus spines for phonograph needles. Attorney Topps at once scored heavily by invoking an old French law that provides for three judges instead of one and getting two friends of John's on the bench.

The following jurors were selected: Rattlesnake Charlie Dix, Short-and-Dirty O'Connor, Hassayampa Krauss, Cactus Jasper (from Gila Monster Center), Holy-Roller O'Rourke, Silver Tongue Sam Bayless, Plug Hat Shank, Hula Hula Kennedy, Painless Hong, Doggy Newton, Chuckwall A. Pugh and Gold Tooth Nellie—formerly of the camp at Goldfields and now proprietress of Ye Olde Arts Shoppe.

Abduction of Starlight.

When court convened there wasn't an inch of standing room left. Mrs. Oatman had nine of her children on the benches, the tenth was at home listening to the radiophone.

The beautiful Starlight, named as the woman in the case, was called to the stand and charged with breaking up the Oatman home.

"I was abducted," she said.

"When?" asked Lawyer Lucas.

"Once in July," said Starlight, "and several times last February and March."

"I object!" yelled Attorney Topps. He was overruled.

"State concisely as possible the circumstances of your abduction," said Lawyer Lucas.

"Why," said Starlight, "I swam the Colorado river to have a conference with Oatman, and he abducted me."

The defendant was put on the stand.

"How much property are you worth, John?" said Judge Zadock Sheffield.

The defendant admitted that he had once owned mining claims, but had traded them off for a pair of overalls and a new straw hat, the claims subsequently produced $11,000,000 in gold. Pressed as to his present assets, he asserted that he still owned the overalls, but that his soreback pinto cayuse had eaten the straw hat. The only gold he possessed, he testified, was what Painless Hong had put into his false teeth to make them look natural.

John was sentenced to one month's work on the country highways, and after that to take a job at painting signs on the rocks along the road to read: "Where Will You Spend Your Eternity?"

The divorce application was dismissed, but as Estelle left the courtroom she was presented with a bouquet of mariposa lilies by the Ladies' Literary club of Oatman.

The jury was asked by Judge Zadock Sheffield what they wanted to do about Starlight. Rattlesnake Charlie Dix got the floor in a split second.

"If it please your worship," said he, "I aim to marry this gal."

"I object," shouted Attorney Topps. He was overruled.

Plug Hat Shank got under the wire first on the next heat. "There ain't none of us married on this jury," he said. "What's to prevent her from choosing any one of us?"

The question was put up to Starlight from the bench. "Do you want to marry one of these jurors," asked the court, "or be sent back to the reservation?"

"Me?" said Starlight. "Me go in heap big movies."

"Jury dismissed," said the court.

"I object," shouted Attorney Topps. "Who's going to pay the costs of this case?"

"Gentlemen of the jury," said the court, "all in favor of Attorney Topps paying the costs in this case will say 'Aye.'"

There were 11 "Ayes." Gold Tooth Nellie voted "No." It was carried.

ANTON LANG AS JESUS

Anton Lang, representing Jesus wearing the crown of thorns in the Passion Play given by the peasants of Oberammergau, Bavaria, for the first time in twelve years.

HAD LIQUOR STILL IN JAIL

Discovered After Prisoners Got Drunk and Engaged in Free-for-All Fight.

Wichita Falls, Tex.—When Cass Tarver, a county jailer, was called to quell a free-for-all fight among the prisoners in the jail the other night he discovered that the belligerents were drunk. For a time it was a mystery to him and other officers as to where the liquor that had produced the intoxication had been obtained.

A thorough search of the cells and corridors revealed in an obscure corner a home-made still. It showed much skill and ingenuity in its design and construction, but at the same time it was of such simple material as to make its total cost less than $1.

The biggest thing about the still was two one-gallon cans which had contained disinfectants and had been carelessly left in the jail. Connecting the two cans was copper coil only eighteen inches long.

The prisoners conserved portions of potatoes served at their meals, bits of corn bread, canned corn and anything else from which alcohol could be produced, and this mixture made a mash which was placed in one of the cans.

The alcoholic vapor was condensed and finally run through an old sock, partly filled with charcoal. The charcoal was secretly made in the jail by the prisoners from bits of wood which they managed to get hold of there. An old stove was used to heat the mash.

Dog to Get Medal.

Manchester, N. Y.—Jack, a dog owned by Miss Ruth Clair Laberge of this city, is to be awarded a medal for his heroism in attempting to save the life of another dog, the Animal Rescue league announced. Jack swam to the rescue of the other dog as it was overcome by a heavy current in a brook, but failed to reach the animal before it went down. Jack is part German police dog and part terrier.

How Oregon Cares for Its Women Jurors

This shows the cozy quarters for women serving on the juries in Oregon. Individual beds, a light, airy room the latest magazines and newspapers to read, are supplied for the women who have been doing jury duty in Oregon for several months.

TO THE EXTREMES IN PHILOSOPHY

Greek Sages Held Widely Different Views Concerning Life and All Connected Therewith.

Heraclitus, "the naturalist," a Greek sage of Ephesus, who lived about 500, B. C., was called the "weeping philosopher" because of the grim solemnity of his bearing and the utter hopelessness of his views of human life. He was, in fact, a champion pessimist. "He was the first to note," says James Wood, "how everything throughout the universe is in constant flux, and nothing permanent but in transition, from being to nothing and from nothing to being; from life to death and from death to life; that nothing is; that everything becomes; that the truth of being is becoming, that no one, nothing, is exempt from this law, the law symbolized by the fable of the Phoenix in the fire." "The Laughing Philosopher" was a name given to the Greek sage, Democritus of Abdera, in Thrace, who lived between 460 and 357, B. C., because of his satire at the expense of the human race. He showed much flippancy in discussing human life and viewed with supreme contempt the aspirations of man. "He laughed or jeered at the feeble powers of man," says Dr. Brewer, "so wholly in the powers of fate that nothing he did or said was uncontrolled." This ancient philosopher advanced a theory of the formation of the universe by atoms in motion, which was later developed by Epicurus and Lucretius.

Lure of the Dunes.

Much of the mysterious lure of the dunes is in the magnificent sweep of the great lake along the wild shores. Its restless waters are the complement of the indolent sands. The distant bands of deep blue and green, dappled with dancing white-caps, in the vistas through the openings, impart vivid color accents to the gray and neutral tones of the foregrounds.—Earl H. Reed.

MARRIED HIS EARLY LOVE

"My parents and I moved to a new neighborhood and when I started to school the boys made up their minds to have some fun with the new boy. They were at their sport during the noon hour when a girl who was older than they came to my rescue. I thought a great deal of her after that, but kept my thoughts to myself. She graduated from the grades that year and I saw no more of her for 14 years, as she went away to school and I to school, and to make my way. At the end of that time we met at a public Christmas tree in our home town. Five months later we were married in that same town. That was 25 years ago.—Exchange.

Wasting Time.

"You are wasting your life," said the parson to the young man. "I knew your dear father well. He prayed for you fervently day and night, and—"

"Can you blame him?" interrupted the young cynic.

CATS TRAINED TO KILL GOPHERS

They Have Cleared Fields of Pests in Washington in Many Instances.

Tekoa, Wash.—Farmers in this section of the state find that house cats are a success in their fields killing gophers. A. E. Hollister has probably a hundred cats which have been trained to hunt and slay the destructive pocket rat.

His method of training his killers is unique. An old tabby with five or six kittens last spring was kept hungry and thus forced to hunt far for her food. Soon she was taking the kittens into the fields and they learned to catch gophers. Kittens brought from town soon learned to follow their companions abroad hunting. This spring the natural increase of Hollister's cats has been phenomenal, but he is consoled by believing they are all destined to be gopher killers.

In several reports made by farmers a few cats taught to hunt in the gopher-infested areas soon rid the section of the pests.

Work on the vehicle tunnel under the Hudson river has been started at West and Canal streets in New York. The completed tunnel will be ready in about four years, and is to cost $19,331,723. The tunnel will have twin tubes.

Many Minor Planets

There continues the discovery of asteroids or minor planets, especially with the aid afforded by celestial photography. Among a vast multitude of stars, crowding a photographic plate one, perhaps, will be seen to have drawn a short thin line on the plate during its hours of continuous exposure. The astronomer knows at once that it is either an asteroid or a comet. Subsequent observations soon decide the point. Only the more interesting ones are afterward observed with attention, but once discovered they cannot be ignored, and the rapid growth of the flock becomes an embarrassment. Eros, which at times approaches the earth nearer than any other regular members of the solar system, except the moon, and asteroid No. 588, which at aphelion is more distant than Jupiter, as far as their orbits are concerned, remain the most interesting members of the entire group and are kept under constant observation whenever circumstances permit.—New York Herald.

Have Settled Plan for Work.

Some men are in a state of perpetual confusion. They are always apparently as busy as bees, but they never achieve anything. It is no use working unless there is a settled plan. The day's activities should be carefully schemed—so many hours for work, so many hours for study, so many for healthful relaxation.—Sir H. Woodman Burbridge.

Three-in-One Dress in Vogue

To have a convertible dress—you can't know the joy of that until you have owned one, notes a fashion writer in the New York Times. You may not like the sound of the "three-in-one." The idea may not strike you as possible for your particular needs. But just wait until you try it.

The time comes when that eternal question, "What shall I wear?" reappears. You are tired of all the old stand-bys. Your pocketbook will not bear the strain of further depletion. On a moment's notice you cannot reconstruct any garment. And your spirit simply demands, with an all-powering force, something new to recreate your appearance before the

Foundation Slip of Heavy Silver Gray Crepe Has Girdle of Brilliant Grapes to Transform It Into an Evening Dress.

world. Then why not take notice of the dress that makes three? Or it can make more—many more. And the foundation may carry on remarkably from season to season. You will like the sensation of having a frock which, merely by an addition, may be transformed into something that at least looks new. And after a while you will find yourself in that state of mind where you will automatically plan new portions of dresses instead of whole ones. You will find yourself slipping into this many-in-one idea so naturally that you will wonder you ever lived without so helpful a garment.

This is assuming that you have never owned one. But if you already have one, you cannot but welcome ideas to bring it strictly up to date. There are ways and ways of helping it to rejuvenate itself and live on to enjoy a longer and more useful life.

The Foundation Slip.

There is a foundation slip made of the softest of silvery gray crepe in the heaviest of qualities. There is the becoming bateau neckline duly corded for a finish. There are the long, graceful armholes, carded, too, which finish that portion of the modern and strictly accepted evening frock.

The girdle arrangement, to be sure, is of the handmade origin. It is beautifully designed, made and put together. Its color of vermilion, yellow, mauve and green are so artistically blended that it becomes at once the center of interest around which the rest of the gown seems to gather as a mere means of setting off the waistline trimming.

For a rather informal little afternoon dress, there is this same slip worn over a simple camisole of gray chiffon, with its wide, long and waving sleeves sliding through the wide armholes. The sleeves are embroidered in patches of vermilion, so that the heaviness of the trimming serves to give them extra weight and to add a certain gracefulness to the filminess of their texture.

Frock With Overblouse.

By the addition of this simple little underbodice the frock becomes suited for another set of occasions. It changes, in fact, from an extremely dress-up affair to one that is only partially dressed up. It takes its place, in other words, just as naturally among one class as it does in the other. And no one could imagine upon seeing the two dresses, one at one time, and one at another, that they had as their origin and the chief of their make-up one and the same foundation slip.

Then there is the other frock—the one with the overblouse of printed chiffon worn over the original gray slip. Of course, the mingled colors in the printed fabrics are chosen to accentuate the gray and to bring out the silvery tones. In this case they are soft pastel shades—almost all of those in-between colors—and the soft ribbons, crushed together to make the sash, are three in number, taken to match three of the pastel tones in the printing of the chiffon.

This makes a graceful and informal little frock that can be worn at almost any hour of the day, and for many and numerous occasions. The pointed ends of the peplum are provided with tiny weights so that they droop conspicuously. Everything must droop, and if it can manage to sweep down in points, why, just so much the better for its style.

Now, there is one objection to the gray toning of this utility garment, and that is the perishable quality of its delicate tone. But, of course, that can be handled by means of diligent cleaning. The supposed good quality of the material is destined to stand any amount of wear and tear, and sometimes it is a great relief to have a dress, not to mention a series of dresses, which is light in tone. It then gives no hint that the color may be a part of economy. Instead, it steps away from any mundane tendency just by reason of its lightness of color and its fragility of appearance.

Fresh-Looking Costume.

But if you should prefer something dark, then by all means construct it on the same lines and principles. Vary the designs as much as you choose; be free in your individual interpretation. There is no end to the joy you may experience by finding yourself so easily made the proud possessor of a fresh-looking costume. What matter if the foundation is not totally new? Who can tell the difference? You are the only one who is in on that secret, and there is a certain satisfaction in being able to fool the public so easily.

When the sharpest-eyed of your friends says "What a handsome new gown!" and you know that she has not recognized the old piece that makes the skirt, you feel that you have certainly accomplished an achievement of sorts. And so you have.

Women's clothes should not be an undue expense nor anything approaching a burden. It is right that their usefulness should be extended and the length of their lives drawn out to something approaching utility. And at the same time, who wants them to lose any of their beauty and charm and femininity? Surely not the woman who wears them. They would hang on to these attributes at all other sacrifices. They must be beautiful. But they can be beautiful and practical, too. They can be sensible to the tune of charm, if only their owners will study the ways and means by which to accomplish this end artistically.

In the New Colors.

It is an interesting feat to develop these many-in-one dresses in some of the newer colors with accompanying blouses and sashes chosen to contrast happily. Three of the noticeable new colors are mauve, cyclamen and orange. Orange appears strongly as a lining of a coat or as a blouse. Cyclamen and mauve are usually seen in trimmings and linings. Dresses and costumes, as a whole, are of neutral shades. Here and there a colored costume takes the eye. One is in mustard yellow cloth, with black satin and white organdie. The black satin shows as an under-petticoat and double sleeve. The organdie gives a touch of freshness to the throat and wrists. Organdie is seen on several coat frocks. It is crisp and spring-like, but the new fashion of swathing the throat with it is not so comfortable or practical as that which gave it to us as an open or round collar. A scarlet dress in crepe marocain is worn with a short black taffeta coat, which has two bands falling down the skirt from each hip to be caught up under the hem. The hat also is black.

A striking black and white costume shows a coat of black crepe marocain covered with silk soutache braid.

The Winsome Printed Chiffon Blouse With a Three-Toned Scarf Girdle Worn Over the Gray Silk Slip Has Many Advantages.

USE ORGANDIE AND DOTTED SWISS

Both Fabrics for Summer Wear Offered in Wide Color Range; Vogue Seems Assured.

In the line-up of fabrics that are frequently and effectively combined, plain organdie and dotted swiss may be mentioned for real summer wear, and both of these fabrics are offered this season in such wide color range in in so many interesting embroidered effects that their vogue seems destined to be greater than usual. Dotted swiss with overplaid or stripe in contrasting color are extremely pretty, and it is possible to match either the overplaid or the major color in the fabric in a plain organdie, when it is desired to make a frock combining the two materials.

Fabrics that contrast in color as well as weave are combined in the making of charming frocks, but in selecting a blouse to accompany a suit, the average well-dressed woman either chooses a white or else looks for material that matches or blends in with the color of the suit. The vogue for wraps that match either suit or dress continues unabated.

When a hat to wear with a special dress or suit is under consideration, the wisest plan is to select one that matches or blends with the costume or else go to the other extreme and select one in as vividly contrasting color as possible.

To Bleach Muslin.

It is better to bleach the muslin before it is made up into garments. Place on the stove a boilerful of strong bluing water. Having unrolled the cloth, put it in a boiler and let it come to a good boil. Take it out and hang it on the line without wringing it. Let it drip dry. You will want a good, sunshiny day for this. When dry, take it down and iron. It is then ready to make up into garments, and when washed again is a beautiful white. Linen may be bleached in the same way.

COULD NOT HIT A LICK FOR MONTHS

Petersburg Resident Says She Had About Lost Hope of Getting Better—Now Well and Happy.

"Tanlac has been such a blessing to me I can't help singing its praises," said Mrs. T. J. Archer, highly esteemed resident of 1147 Shepard St., Petersburg, Va.

"I had indigestion so bad I couldn't eat a thing without being in misery for hours, and the pain around my heart caused by the gas seemed all I could stand. I constantly had headaches and awful spells of dizziness. Then to make matters worse rheumatism in my arms, shoulders and knees almost drove me to distraction, and for three months I couldn't do a stroke of work.

"I had just about decided it was no use to take any more medicine when my husband brought me a bottle of Tanlac. Now I never have a touch of indigestion. Headaches and dizzy spells are a thing of the past, and rheumatism has left me entirely. I never have known a medicine to equal Tanlac."

Tanlac is sold by all good druggists.

Disturbed Slumbers.

My sister and her two young sons visited grandmother last summer. The elder one, who had a new toy dog, was much disturbed lest his dog's slumbers be disturbed by the noisy young brother.

One afternoon, shortly after their arrival, an elderly neighbor in answer to a persistent ringing of the bell, discovered my young nephew at the door with his woolly dog tucked under his arm.

"Would you please put my little dog to sleep in your bed?" he queried. "It is too noisy at grandmother's."—Chicago Tribune.

WORKING GIRLS LOOK HERE

Read What Mrs. Lucas Writes Concerning Her Troubles, Which May be Just Like Yours

St. Louis, Mo.—"I had troubles that all women are apt to have, with pains in my back, weak, tired, nervous feelings and a weak stomach. I had been this way about a year and was unable to work or stand on my feet for any length of time. My husband's aunt told me how much good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had done her and begged me to try it, so I did. All my pains and weakness are gone, my stomach is all right and I do my work at home and also work for Swift's Packing Company. I recommend your Vegetable Compound to my friends and you may publish my letter as a testimonial."—Mrs. LULU LUCAS, 719A Vandeventer St., St. Louis, Mo.

Again and again one woman tells another of the merit of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

You who work must keep yourself strong and well. You can't work if you are suffering from such troubles. Mrs. Lucas couldn't. She tried our Vegetable Compound and her letter tells you what it did for her. Give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a fair trial now.

Long Memory.

"I hear Sam Pruittfoot is down with th' rheumatism," remarked Squire Witherbee.

"Serves him right," snapped Deacon Benders.

"What have you got against Sam?"

"I've got a lot ag'in him. He swindled me in a hoss trade nigh on to thutty years ago."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Forget others' faults by remembering your own.

Help That Aching Back!

Is your back giving out? Are you tortured with backache and stabbing pains? Does any exertion leave you "all played out"? Feel you just can't keep going? Likely your kidneys are to blame. Overwork, strains, hurry and worry tend to weaken the kidneys. Backache is often the first warning. Headaches and dizziness may come, too, and annoying bladder irregularities. Help the kidneys with *Doan's Kidney Pills*—the remedy recommended by thousands. *Ask your neighbor!*

An Ohio Case

Madison Black, retired farmer, 311 S. Vine St., Van Wert, Ohio, says: "I had rheumatic pains and couldn't stand but a few minutes at a time. My back was weak and when I was able to work I felt tired and worn out. I had severe stitches in my back. My kidneys were weak and acted too often, but a friend recommended Doan's Kidney Pills and three boxes cured me entirely."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box

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FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

TO KILL RATS and MICE

Always use the genuine

STEARNS' ELECTRIC PASTE

It forces these pests to run from the building for water and fresh air. Rats, mice, cockroaches, waterbugs and ants destroy food and property and are carriers of disease.

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Directions in 15 languages in every box.

Two sizes 35c. Large size $1.50.

MONEY BACK IF IT FAILS

BETTER DEAD

Life is a burden when the body is racked with pain. Everything worries and the victim becomes despondent and downhearted. To bring back the sunshine take

GOLD MEDAL HAARLEM OIL CAPSULES

The National Remedy of Holland for over 200 years; it is an enemy of all pains resulting from kidney, liver and uric acid troubles. All druggists, three sizes.

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