NEWS FLASHES

Nation Wide Happenings Briefly Told

A gang of auto bandits murdered a man and robbed nine other people in Philadelphia one day last week.

A two million dollar fire destroyed a section of pier owned by the Morgan Steamship Line at Galveston, Texas, last week.

Thomas E. Mitten, President of the Philadelphia Rapid Transit Company has just become a naturalized citizen of the United States.

Declaring that "the Lord commanded me to," Clarence Murphy, of Kansas City, Mo., ran amuck in the dining room of the Southern Hotel at Baltimore, wounding the house detective with a revolver shot and shooting at a traffic policeman. Murphy said he saw the devil in a waiter.

Three stores and apartments were destroyed by flames last week at Wyncote, Pa., at a loss of $25,000.

T. Ellert Hodgskin, New York lawyer was sentenced to two years in the Federal Penitentary at Atlanta for violation of the trade-with-enemy act.

Miss Maria Tucci, New York, faces a penalty of ten to twenty years' imprisonment. She was convicted of the murder of her sister in an East Side apartment.

For quick action a pistol holster has been patented that opens its entire length when a weapon is withdrawn.

Dr. Paula Hertwig, who will lecture on "Zoology," is the first woman professor at the University of Berlin.

Gladstone firmly believed that Homer was a real man describing historical events.

Many Paris women of fashion are wearing diamonds in the heels of their shoes.

Miss Ada Summers, mayor of Stalybridge, Eng., is England's first woman magistrate.

The christening of a ship with wine is a survival of the old blood sacrifice.

It took from 1775 until 1819 for Maine to gain separate statehood from Massachusetts.

Investors say in Russia destruction has gone as far as it can go, and that construction now is inevitable.

"Worth," in proper names, as in Kenilworth, Edgeworth, etc., signifies that the town stands on a tongue of land.

How Can the Mystery of Existence Be Solved? is the Eternal Question of Man

Man Studies Many Lines But Learns Little; Life an Asset or a Liability

Who shall reveal the mysteries of this old world and of the life on it? We take pride in human achievements and imagine vain things. The wonders of science, art and nature enthrall us. One moment we reveal in the thought of the volume of knowledge we possess; the next are chagrined by our narrow limitations. In all our accumulated truths, painfully acquired during thousands of years, we have not yet attained perfection in any direction. Our learning has never yet reached to the beginnings of things nor to their endings. We delve into geology, astronomy and theology; into philosophy and science and human experience; and with all of it we do not yet know why a blade of grass exists, or a tree, or an animal or anything else on earth, under the earth, or above it. We look into the sky at night and are abashed. We see the ocean pounding the rock-bound shore, or thistledown floating in summer air, and cannot tell why or for what either exists.

We do not know why we are here nor where we are going. Brought into a world of contending forces and beliefs, of hardships, luxuries, pains, pleasures, joys, sorrows, vanities, humiliations, achievements and failures, we try to get what we want and to evade what we dislike, until the passing years lead us to a hole in the ground and that greatest of all mysteries—death.

Never are we able to tell the why or the what for of this world. We but nibble at the edge of things, with no definite, accurate, scientific comprehension whither our loves, hatreds and strivings are leading us. No father has yet been able to tell his son why he exists; no son has ever been able to tell his father what the future holds for him at the end of his years. Life comes and goes. Is it an asset or a liability? We have mental pictures of places for the righteous and the wicked, after judgment, from sources we believe divine, but they are visions of faith, not actual demonstrations of reality. We say our dead are in a long sleep, awaiting the Ressurection. Blessed hope! And the next moment we imagine them already in heaven.

A bit of music thrills us. Youth and spring and love bring us joy. Age and weakness and disease destroy our capacity for earthly pleasures, and we turn to the promise of Holy Writ for consolation. The wind sighs through the trees and our hearts sink. We grow weaker and weaker until the finish. What creatures of circumstance, of physical conditions, of environment we all are—to the very end!

We struggle for success, and when we win it find it not what we sought. Tangled in the web of mortality, dodging death daily, we are oppressed by the knowledge that we are dying, little by little, every day of our lives. Confounded by things we cannot understand, we finally come to know there is no escape from melancholy except by the cultivation of the spiritual side of our natures. Then a new realm opens to us. The everlasting joys of hope, faith and love beckon. Perchance the inspiration of a reasonable religion takes hold upon us. Happy are they whom this faith reaches, for it lightens their hearts, dissipates their anxieties, and satifies their souls. They are ushered into the promised land flowing with the milk and honey of religious trust in God and a happy life beyond the grave. The ages have brought no substitute for the Rock of Ages.—Omaha Bee.

Conservation of Our Village Youth

Community service as planned for Patchogue is merely organized effort to care for the boys and girls, the young people and the young men who have returned from the war, who are to be the coming men of affairs of the village.

As stated before that it was the belief of this paper that the time would come when communities like ours would hire directors to look after the youth of the village just as they now hire civic engineers to build up and keep in good condition the streets and sidewalks; and it is morally certain that the former is far more important than the latter.

Isn't it true that a few years ago the youth of the average village received about as much recognition, as much thought and care as the stray dogs? And is it any wonder that many boys and young men grew up with the snapping, snarling dispositions of the cur that is kicked about the streets?

When a community shows a real interest in its youth there is bound to be a ready response and appreciation and a deportment which will repay all that may be expended in money and personal service. The Boy Scout movement has proven this.

Next to the love and loyalty of young people for the home there is nothing so fine as their loyalty for their own home town. But unless the community shows by a generous and whole-souled service that it is deeply interested in their welfare, there will be but an indifferent spirit of loyalty; there is more apt to be a sullen opposition and an enmity to law and order.

With the youth of a village happy in the recognition of their right to the pursuit of happiness and all united in civic patriotism and pulling strong for everything that makes for a better home-town, what a wonderful community they would make.—Patchogue (L. I) Advance.

Young Genius is Sousa's Successor

Los Angeles.—The successor to John Phillip Sousa has been discovered.

He is Raymond Stuart Baird, the youngest orchestra leader in the world. Raymond is still a young man, barely five years old, in fact.

But—

For two weeks he directed a 40 piece Orchestra in Los Angeles, impersonating the famous Sousa.

He also has directed orchestras at Long Beach, Cal., and at Pasadena, and in Salt Lake City.

Young Baird is now living in Los Angeles with his mother, Mrs. Margaret J. Baird. Musicians say that his sense of cadence is marvelous. He directs any kind of time.

Raymond specializes on the saxaphone for his own musical entertainment. He says that this jazzy instrument is sort of a relaxation from strenuous classical pieces.

He has a string of medals on his jacket, presented to him by various musical organizations.

Feathers are believed to have evolved from the reptilian scale.

Harry Carey Recalls Frontier Days

Harry Carey, the Universal Western film star, and a number of his cowboys were among the main attractions at "The Stampede," a Wild West celebration held recently at Ascot Pork, Los Angeles, where some of the best riders in America competed for prizes.

Carey dropped work at Universal City, where he was engaged in filming his new feature, "Crossed Claims," and led a band of his star horsemen in a big street parade the day before the celebration took place.

Thousands of persons from all the Western States were present to see the popular "Ace of the Saddle" perform some of the daring feats of horsemanship they had seen on the screen. He was loudly cheered after the exhibition.

The enthusiasm "The Stampede" aroused among the people of Los Angeles demonstrated that the Western life, as portrayed in Harry Carey's picture, is still popular with the public. Automobiles and railroads may have brought civilization to all of America's frontiers, but the romantic days when men lived mostly in the saddle and carried their own law on the hip are still uppermost in the public mind when the west is mentioned.

The Universal screen favorite has been largely responsible for keeping alive public interest in life as it was a few years ago on the cattle range, in mining camps, on the desert, and in the lumber camps of the great Northwest. He has known this life intimately himself, having knocked around from Alaska to Panama before entering pictures.

His wide popularity has been attributed to his genuineness as a Western man, no less than his artistry as an actor.

Machine Makes Change

There is a demand at railroad and trolley line terminals for some means of automatically selling tickets so that passengers will not be compelled to wait in line at a window, and a very satisfactory device has been lately invented which does this work. It will take any coin up to a 50-cent piece and will deliver the ticket and the change. There are several slots, each one designed for a coin of different denomination, and when the coin is placed in this the ticket and the change fall into a receptacle at the lower part of the machine, to be removed by the patron. The most ingenious part of this apparatus is the unerring feature of rejecting spurious coins. It has a very delicate attachment which takes into consideration all the particular governmental markings of the coins by means of a series of points which bear upon both surfaces of the coin when it is presented and any which do not come up to the test are thrown out. These machines are operated by small electric motors which consume a very trifling amount of current.

War Memorial of Long Ago

The coming into existence of so many memorials of the World War calls to mind some of the war memorials of other days. The monuments of the soldiers of the War of the Revolution, the Civil War and other wars are to be found in hundreds of our towns and cities. Of all these memorals none is more unique than one to be found in the ancient town of Lexington, Mass., to which Paul Revere rode when he took his historic journey on the nineteenth of April such long years agone. This war memorial takes the shape of a cannon carved in stone. It marks the place where Earl Percy met the harassed British soldiers with reenforcements and covered their retreat to Boston. The cannon is carved out of one huge piece of granite, and is a representation of the type used during the War of the Revolution. Beneath the muzzle of the cannon is a tablet giving full information in regard to it. The storms of time have have had little effect on this ancient war memorial, so unique and at the same time so suggestive of the rugged strength and the firm courage of those poorly equipped patriots who fought and died to give us the American independence that is today our most cherished possession.

THREE DAYS T OEUROPE

We will soon see a great new trade route between America and Europe crowded with freight and passenger traffic. The nearest port in all Europe to New York is Vigo, Spain. America is building a great modern harbor at this point to cost $20,000,000 and the work is being directed by a great American engineering firm. The largest and fastest steamers may soon be crossing by this shortened route and we will have three-day boats to Europe. From Vigo fast trains will carry passengers and the mails to Paris, saving a day or more of time in travel between the two continents. —April Boys' Life.

Last of Philadelphia's Volunteer Fire Companies Passed Out of Existence

Had Unique and Honorable History; Furnishings and Equipment Sold to Highest Bidder

Philadelphia.—The Active Volunteer Fire Company, successors to the old United States Hose Company, at 423 Buttonwood street, and the last of the volunteer companies in this city, passed out of existence last week when the building, furnishings and equipment went under the auctioneer's hammer.

In this famous old building are housed the implements that extinguished many a flame of "ye olde days." Hose carriages, with their four-coil spring bells on the front and their glass rollers for the hose, a hand power engine, bearing the motto "Semper Paratus," or "always prepared," firemen's hats of the old type Leather belts with the names of the companies form a border for the room

The old-fashioned coal stoves still stand in their places.

On the second floor is the meeting room of the present association, where the original members slept while waiting a call to duty. In this room there is a large silk banner, painted by John A. Woodside and presented to the fire campany by the Ladies' Auxiliary in 1843. It pictures two beautiful women symbolizing fidelity and duty. This the painter declared to be his master piece.

Here also are more old-fashioned colorful lithographs and old leather capes which fire fighters of those days wore. There is also a framed set of resolutions, done on the old-time black paper and gilt print, expressing regret at the death of Abraham Lincoln Over the door is hung two of the nozzels used by the Heart to Heart Fire Company of 1736. Old-time fire axes stand in the corner.

The third floor contains much the same things as the second, with one exception. Arranged around the room is a row of chairs, on which are the hats of the deceased members. They are covered with dust and falling apart with age.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Tasting and Smelling By Ear

There are lots of things your ear is capable of doing besides hearing. It can taste and smell when those senses have been lost. Mr. Henry Fawcett, England's blind postmaster-general, declared that the sense of sound enabled him to see, in a modified form, shap and color. He could tell, for instance, by the sharpness of the sound, a lifeguardsman in scarlet blowing a trumpet from a horse-guardsman in blue playing on the same instrument.

The report of a bursting tire in the street suggests a different impression altogether to the report of a revolver shot and so on indefinitely throughout the whole gamut of sound and smells.

What is termed seeing, hearing, tasting, smelling and feeling may be ascribed as picturization on the brain, performed through the instrumentality of the eyes, nose, ears, mouth and the body generally.

Most persons are unaware that in many cases they recognize things by their smell when they think they know their flavor. Again, they do not know that they taste some things with one part of the tongue only and some with another, while some parts of the lose the finer perceptions of taste.

Prof. H. L. Hollingsworth has recently been making exhaustive experiments with a view to solving the mystery of taste. He has demonstrated that the sense of taste reaches the brain merely through the ear nerves.

Various nerves in the tongue communicate with a main nerve, which acts as a kind of telephone exchange to ring up the brain. The taste nerves for the tongue concentrate in the ear drum nerve. If this nerve is injured the sense of taste becomes dulled, and it is well known that deaf persons lost the finer perceptions of taste.

When the drum of the ear is stimulated mechanically, chemically or electrically, at the point where the nerves meet, taste sensations are aroused. Sweet, bitter and sour flavors may be detected, but strange to say, salt tastes have never been observed by the direction on the ear. Many sensations called tastes are merely odors Pinch your nose and shut your eyes, and see if you can distinguish between an apple and an onion.

World In a Death Dance

Disaster Certain Unless Farmer is Recognized

"The whole world is engaged in a dance of death with starvation—and does not realize it."

In these words Dean Davenport, head of the Department of Agriculture in the University of Illinois, sums up the food situation today. He says the era of cheap food is ended and that the time has arrived when it can no longer be taken for granted. In part he blames this condition to the lure of high wages paid to industrial workers in cities.

"The time is here," he says, "When the chief national and radical problem, next to free government, is the welfare of our lands and of the people on which society depends, and must depend, for their effective and efficient cultivation. The prevailing attitude towards agriculture has been one of commiseration or contempt This has been its roots in the glare of the city as compared with what men have been pleased to call the 'isolation of the country.'"

Dean Davenport believes a new day in agriculture is breaking, and that the time is here when the farmer must work for money, and for a good deal of it. He says the problem of heavy investment in a business with but one turnover a year is a problem of exceeding difficulty for the farmer, and that whatever solution he may find will involve food at a cost to the consumer beyond anything the American people have ever yet experienced or even imagined.

"We are going at a breakneck speed in developing America as an industrial country," he points out. "Every strike and every shift in the industrial program makes it increasingly difficult to retain upon the land enough workers to feed our population, not to speak of export, upon which we have always depended to keep the balance of trade upon the side of the ledger. We have already reached a point in our industrial development at which the farmer cannot work land enough with his own hands even by the aid of the most modern machinery, to insure him a labor income equal to that of the soft coat miner. On the farm long days of hard labor, with expensive machinery, managerial silk, heavy risks and large outlay for repairs, taxes, interest and insurance, are put over against unionized labor, with no experience, no risk and no responsibilty, and yet on even terms as to income.

"We all know what that will do within half a century or sooner unless means can be found to counteract the consequences of this wide spread discrepancy between our agriculture and our organized industry, which provides and controls the food

Unless some means can be found to increase the emolutions of the farm a considerable proportion of our lands will soon be deserted, and much that is left will furnish a greatly reduced yield by reason of lessened labor."

In this connection Dean Davenport calls attention to the fact that the great demand for clover seed has sent it up to $30, and sometimes more, a bushel—four times the pre-war price

"The only explanation for the current price of clover seed is a wide spread seeding down of land because of the impossibility of getting adequate labor. In the mining and factory districts many thousands of small farmers have left their farms to the women folks and the children and gone into industry or transportation because of the greatly increased pay they are liable to get there.

"This will be felt in the amount of food, for land in grass can yield but a fraction of what it would yield in grain. This will raise prices because of scarcity and tend to adjust matters. But if a farmer must get more for his labor it would be better all around if he got it for an adequate food supply than in the form of high prices for insufficient amounts of foodstuffs. Here is an economic problem calling for settlement. The farmer cannot strike, in the ordinary sense of the term, but he can quit the farm, as thousands are quitting it, and experience shows that once off the land the farmer does not go back."

Considered nationally, Dean Davenport contends that agriculture is no less a public than a private question He says, we are interested in the farmer for his own sake, just as we are interested in the banker, the merchant, the carpenter—as human beings and American citizens. He admits that perhaps we are even more interested in agriculture as a great national industry and as the source of the food whereby we live, realizing that we are truly independent nationally and safe only so long as we maintain an agriculture that can fully support us with all needful food; and he believes that the farmer as a man and as an exponent of our great national industry, and as a custodian of our lands should figure more in the councils of the nation than he has heretofore thought possible.

"Ecclesiasticus considered that the men who raised the food of the world would never sit in the councils of the mighty," said Dean Davenport. "He was mistaken, for there is no larger question, whether of peace or of progress, than the fate of that industry and that portion of our population of the people.

Unhappy Emu Family

"Because of the cold weather it was necessary to confine father and chick to the house for several weeks," says Lee S. Crandall, curator of Birds in the New York Zoological Park, writing for the March Boys' Life on the peculiarities of the emu. "When spring had really come, we turned the pair out with all confidence, thinking that a happy family reunion was about to take place. But alas for our hopes! The mother was utterly indifferent to her spouse and their offspring and looked at them with unseeing eyes. The father, on his part, was distinctly hostile. When his wife, actuated by chance rather than curiosity, happened near them the male rushed at her with feathers erect, and leaping high in the air, launched a kick which, if it had reached its mark, might have been fatal. The emus are practical fighters, and suddenly drawing herself erect and making a lightning side twist, she easily eluded the blow. Mother emu had no desire to quarrel; she asked only to be allowed to live her own life in peace. But her husband was now aroused and with a rattle of his war drum rushed after her in frenzied rage, the chick trailing after, squealing his protests.

"It was quite evident that there was to be no happy emu family, and fearing catastrophe, we hastened to let the female into an adjoining paddock. Even then the father was not satisfied and continued to rush up and down the fence, in the vain attempt to reach his now hated mate. To save the feathers of his neck and breast, which were not made to resist the pressure of heavy wire, we were forced to place the unprotesting mother out of his sight.

"Peace and contentment now reigned. Father and chick addressed themselves to the business of reducing the available grass in the field. Nature never produced a more solicitous parent. The chick was not allowed to go from the father's side, and if it attempted to do so, a rapping signal of the snare drum quickly brought it back, for it was a model of obedience. If separated from its parents, it piped unceasingly in its queer voice and ran contentedly to its father's side when released."

Mining for Tree Sap

The gum or rosin of the Kauri pine in New Zealand is much sought in the manufacture of varnishes, paints, oils and turpentines, and just as the visible supply seemed to be failing there has been discovered a great quantity of this material under the ground and it is now being mined in much the same manner as coal is mined, except that it is not necessary to go so deep. The explanation is that a forest of these trees was overwhelmed and buried at some remote time, and while the tree structure has largely disappeared the gum remained in the soil. There are several plants now in operation engaged in recovering the gum from the soil.

Source of Anecdote

The word anecdote is derived from three Greek words meaning "not given out." In other words, an anecdote meant something not to be told instead of the opposite meaning now current.



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