THE QUEENSTOWN NEWS

VOL. XLVIII. QUEENSTOWN, MARYLAND, DECEMBER 28, 1929. NO. 9.

EYE FOR AN EYE; TOOTH FOR TOOTH

(© by D. J. Walsh.)

JOYCE turned the corner into the avenue at about 28 miles an hour and zoomed up the hill toward the traffic station, her mind blurred and foggy with the pain in a decayed, aching wisdom tooth, her only thought to get to the dentist as quickly as possible and end the tormenting agony. She looked up at the lights, jammed on her brakes and slid ten feet almost to the outstretched hand of the glaring mountain of outraged law, and his bawl of rage and sarcasm was the last straw. Joyce dissolved into sheer tears of agony and despair. She couldn't, simply could not endure ten minutes more of this nightmarish toothache! Sauciness, freshness, madness, sulkiness, plain out and out acting Bruce Robbins could meet and handle, but a bundle of rusty-haired, adorable loveliness crying real honest tears was a horse of another color, and the worthy denizen of the law tipped back his snappy looking cap and, scratching his head perplexedly, inspected the weeping girl. She lifted tear-drenched eyes to meet his and her left hand scrubbed childishly at her cheek, raising a faint purple welt, as he found speech and inquired politely enough for a New York traffic officer just where she was going in such a hurry—she wasn't old enough to have a dying mother, he added with elaborate sarcasm.

"I bet you never had a toothache that was driving you cross-eyed!" she wailed, and then he noticed again the faint purple splotch on her jaw and took stock of the still scrubbing fist, and with surprising gentleness he said: "Scoot along, now, child—and I hope it doesn't hurt much!" Not so much as a scolding—nor a ticket—nor any racket whatever; just that simple admonition!

"It won't, much longer!" she said grimly, and skidded around his station on three wheels and was off across town to the dentist's in less time than it takes to write it.

The memory of the lovely girl stuck in Bruce's mind all the rest of his remaining half-hour of duty and throughout his tedious journey across town to his brother's office, where he was having some work done on some defective fillings. He wondered if she had had her tooth fixed and what she was doing now and if it hurt much, and what a plucky little mut she was to stand such a horrible nightmare as toothache and not yell and cuss at everybody and anybody!

"That you, Bruce?" called Doctor Robbins from his working room.

"Yeah, that filling's punk, Bert; she's gotta come out!"

"I think we can save it," counseled his brother, and he looked at his lovely patient in the chair, wondering if he had hurt her to cause her to jump so, little guessing that she was thinking gratefully that it simply must be he; nobody else she had ever known had quite the quality of voice of that wonderfully decent traffic cop at Fifty-ninth street and Broadway.

"I think you cannot!" replied the unseen speaker grimly; "it's coming out just as soon as you can tie into it!"

"Nonsense; we all must save our teeth if possible!" retorted the dentist as he carefully scraped Joyce's gum for any remaining root or adhesion.

"Great hat, Bert! I darned near bawled out the one and only girl today just because of that darned tooth! Think I want to get to be a crabby old jaw-cracker just because of a tooth or so?"

"Didn't know you had a girl, Bruce," answered Doctor Robbins, wondering why Miss Palmerson paled so; he was sure he wasn't hurting her.

"She wasn't my girl exactly; that is, I don't know her name or anything about her, you see," went on the reminiscent, gentle voice in the outer room, "but if ever I met the girl of my dreams, she's the girl!"

"Oh, come, Bruce; the heat's getting you! Falling in love with a girl you don't know," joshed Doctor Robbins as he continued his work on the quiet, still very pale Miss Palmerson.

"Well, I've always said that a dentist was pretty cold-blooded," retorted Bruce, by way of avenging the slur on his intelligence.

"Not to mention traffic cops," came back the pat answer of the smiling Doctor Robbins as he unclasped the towel from around Joyce's neck and moved the chair down and forward to allow her to step out.

Face to face, Bruce stood, staring with horrified eyes at the "girl of his dreams" as she stood quietly in the doorway a moment looking at him before getting into her wraps. He had raved like a silly ass, and she had heard it all! It was just his luck! Traffic cop for ten years and never once seeing a girl who could make him look twice, and now, after seeing her, to go and spoil all his chances like this! And the grimness with which he marched in to have the offending tooth removed was significant of the bleak, grim feeling in his heart as the door closed ever so softly, and he realized that there had been faint laughter in her lovely violet eyes as she shot a glance at him.

Before he left the chair Bert had removed three teeth and started work on saving a fourth, and Bruce staggered slightly as he came into the bright sunshine after the darkness of the elevator, conscious that he had not eaten since noon, and that only a light lunch, due to the troublesome teeth. He wished he'd brought enough with him to pay for a taxi; he felt little like walking to the sub and being banged about via that route homeward, when a voice hailed him.

"I'm going your way. Will you ride, Mr. Robbins?" and he swung sharply about to face the girl of the adventure, too amazed to even make a suitable reply as he climbed into her smart sedan.

"Do you live alone, Mr. Robbins?" she asked solicitously as they came to a halt, several blocks farther east than her own residence.

"Yeh; Bert's married. I'll be all right—just a bit dizzy from hunger and that stuff he gives us to haul 'em out with!"

"I'll send you up a tray in a jiffy—what's the number?" she answered.

"Three sixty-five—but I can't let you trouble so!"

"Nothing at all. You were decent to me."

And the tray she ordered sent up from the restaurant was but the beginning of a friendship that was destined to ripen into something much finer as the weeks went on.

Long in Mayor's Chair

William M. Reed, seventy-nine, mayor of Beach City, Ohio, may be the oldest active mayor in the state. He has served three times as chief executive of the city, and it is said that he is not going to be allowed to retire. In fact, he has never sought office, but the people have come to him. From 1890 to 1894 he served as mayor of Massillon, Ohio. Then, when he moved to Beach City, he announced he did not want the office of mayor. However, that made no difference. The voters merely wrote his name on the ballots and he was elected. It is said that when he was mayor of Massillon he made so much money for the city by careful management there was enough to run the city for six months after his term expired.—Indianapolis News.

Licensed to the Limit

A visiting Elk from Kansas came out to Los Angeles in his own car, so that after the big doings in Los Angeles were over he could make a motor tour of southern California. He got along all right in spite of the fruit fly quarantine and other little matters of routine until he got to Dagget. From then on he was stopped at almost every town. Finally, in Los Angeles he was grabbed once more.

"Let me see your license," demanded the officer.

"What is it this time?" asked Brother Bill meekly, "marriage, car, driver's camp fire, fishing or hunting? Open the license trunk, Ethel, and let the gentleman help himself."—Los Angeles Times.

Veteran Sailor

Capt. Walter M. Mallett, of Topsham, Maine, went to sea when he was a lad. At twenty-four he was a master and he followed his calling for 41 years. Although he had a license for steam he always stuck to sailing craft. Despite the superstitions that sailors attach to the presence of a woman on shipboard, Captain Mallet usually took his wife with him. She has rounded the Horn 28 times, while the captain has made it an even 40.

Variations in Weight

Average weights of human beings are usually compiled from insurance figures and are merely what the adjective implies. Ideal weights differ somewhat. Average and ideal weights are nearest together when individuals are between twenty and twenty-five years of age. As the years progress the average weight is higher than the ideal weight.

Many Relatives

Mr. and Mrs. Adrien Alix, of Greenville, are said to hold the New Hampshire championship for numerous nieces and nephews. Mr. Alix was one of a family of nine children, and so also was his wife, who was Angeline Thibeault. Mr. Alix is uncle to 43 children, and his wife is aunt to 33. The couple themselves are the parents of five children.—Indianapolis News.

Mechanism of Colored Light

Colored light may be made to sway, bend and sweep over displays or buildings by a control mechanism like a piano player roll, the perforated paper fed into the apparatus making the color combinations.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

TUNING IN ON CLOTH SUIT; FUR CAN BE GROOMED AT HOME

A Charming Outfit.

WHEN fashion tunes in on the suit as it is so enthusiastically tuning this season, it follows as the night the day that it must necessarily tune in on the blouse, for the two inseparable companions always play a co-star role.

A design may be ever so conservative in developing the suit itself, but when it comes the blouse imagination embarks on a thrilling adventure of color, fabric and styling, bringing into the picture the winsomeness of dainty femininity—which is especially true of this season's models.

There's nothing so carries the feminine touch as soft-tied bows, and these are being played up for all they are worth. The model illustrated multiplies its charm by two in that it adds to the soft-bow treatment a graceful jabot effect. This intriguing blouse complements one of the new suits of tweed (mixture of wool and rayon). The flared lines of the coat are very interesting and ultra. The beige fox collar blends to the eggshell tint of the satin blouse.

In mentioning the favored materials for the blouse, satin comes first, with flat crepe de chine, metals, chiffon, lace and sheer crepe all coming in for their share of glory. While both sleeveless and long-sleeved types are in fashion the latter claim major importance for general wear with the velvet, crepe or worsted jacket suits which everybody, who makes any pretense to follow the mode, is wearing this season.

According to the present ruling of fashion milady is expected to assemble a wardrobe of blouses along with her specialized wardrobe of shoes, hats and other costume units.

Speaking of colors for the blouse, the pale pastel tints are most in vogue, such as eggshell, string, beige, flesh, chartreuse, capucine and bright orange. The white blouse with the black suit or ensemble smartly carries out the popular black-and-white theme.

Ingenius fabric workings are resorted to in order to achieve the coveted molded hipline. These "dressmaker touches" include shirrings, fitted bands, tucks and intricate seamwork.

Along with myriads of bows and jabots, wide collars with plaited frills tend to elaborate the newest blouse types. One is expected to wear the plaited collar of the blouse over the jacket when the latter is collarless as it often is with unfurred models.

Fur That Can Be Groomed at Home.

Imagine science achieving anything like this—rendering fur "combable" and "ironable," and in a certain sense, washable—for a damp cloth is used in the process. But it has! An ingenious furrier has devised a method of ironing certain fur—baby sealskin as fashionists are pleased to call it simply and efficaciously. This scientific discovery is winning for this fur the attention of women for whom the upkeep cost of fur garments has always been a matter of concern.

The equipment necessary to give baby sealskin a beauty-parlor grooming so that it will look like new, in case it has been rain or snow-spotted, is ordinary household water, a comb, a cloth and an electric or sad iron.

The method of procedure is to first comb the fur as the young woman to the left in the picture below is doing, straightening it out perfectly in case it is matted or unkempt from hard usage or ravage of the elements. The fur is then ironed, the iron kept at a moderate and even temperature.

The handsomely fashioned cloth coat in the illustration is trimmed with the popular baby sealskin. The latest away-from-the-face collar is styled of the fur as well as the wide flare cuffs. The fur which in this instance is dark brown blends beautifully with the African brown of the cloth it trims, which calls to mind another notable feature of the now-so-popular baby sealskin, and that is this pelt makes a most harmonious trimming, for it is dyed to simulate sable, skunk and many other of the more expensive furs.

Coat With Combable and Ironable Fur.

Another item which gives the coat in the picture chic and charm is that of fabric manipulation as expressed in the scalloped side panels of this coat. Fabric treatments are accented throughout cloth coats, this season. A favorite handling is pin-tucking, still another is designful insets of the cloth. And yet another is using the cloth in both the up and down of the nap, the highlights playing in an interesting way so that the appearance is given of a luster weave used with a dull surfaced cloth in often an elaborately designful way.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

(©, 1929, Western Newspaper Union.)

Mongoose Not Immune to Poison of Snakes

Perhaps you have seen the portrayal of a fight between a mongoose and a cobra at a moving-picture theater, sometime. The mongoose is the cobra's deadly enemy, and this battle to the death between mammal and serpent is an absorbing photographic study. The contest between mongoose and cobra has been on the screen as a short subject by itself, and also as a part of a talking picture.

The full name of the cobra is "cobra de capello," which is Portuguese for "serpent of the hood." As Webster's New International dictionary points out, this snake is so named because of its power to expand "the skin of the neck into a broad hood—when suddenly excited or angered—by a movement of the ribs." The cobra dilates this hood when ready to fight. A native of Asia, and particularly common in India, the cobra is hated and feared as a fatally venomous reptile. Though sometimes subdued by snake charmers, the cobra causes as many as 5,000 deaths annually from its bite in India alone.

The mongoose and its name are both Indian in origin. The name of the animal is "manegos" in Tamil, one of the oldest of the Indian languages. It is, of course, in no way related to a goose! Though the animal has acquired the reputation of being immune to snake venom, because it so fearlessly attacks poisonous serpents, the mongoose has no such immunity. If the snake should bite the mongoose it would probably be the end of the little animal. The mongoose succeeds in attacking and killing such snakes as the cobra because of its remarkably quick sight and its lightning agility. It dodges the snake's thrusts and launches its attack with a speed almost invisible to the human eye.

In the animal kingdom, the mongoose is classified with the civets, all of which are long-bodied, short-legged mammals.

Milk freezes at about 29 to 31 degrees Fahrenheit.

Bags of Thin Wood Is Paris Winter Fashion

For the sports or street costume flat bags made of paper-thin wood with a beautiful grain are seen about the Paris boulevards. Bags and matching gloves of black antelope, worn with winter ensembles in sapphire or navy blue, bottle green or plum red are effective. Gloves in general match the stockings, however, and that means that they are usually beige. The smart glove this winter is at least six-button length, and many women are wearing mousquetaire gloves, with buttons to hold them trimly about the wrists.

Buttons are an extremely popular trimming for practical clothes this season, and Chanel uses them for her most attractive costume jewelry. Black buttons with rhinestone centers serve in the Chanel necklaces, these necklaces having four strands in front and one in back. Tripling and quadrupling of the strands of the smart necklace is seen everywhere.

WHY WE BEHAVE LIKE HUMAN BEINGS

By GEORGE DORSEY, Ph. D., LL. D.

Why the Body Stops Growing

WHILE life remains in the body, the duct glands furnish the necessary chemicals for heat and energy and for the preparation of materials for growth and repair. If they fail to supply fuel, the body dies; if they fail to furnish building material, the body stops growing. Let us assume that the duct glands do not fail. It then appears that the body which began as a fertilized ovum develops into a 9-pound infant in 9 months. Why does it not develop into a 90-pound child in 90 months, to a 900-pound prodigy in 900 months? Even if it only kept up its first two years' rate growth, it would weigh 500 pounds in 24 years. It does not grow so big. It stops. Sometimes too soon—it is dwarfed; sometimes not soon enough—it is gigantic, though rarely, if ever, surpassing the nine feet three inches of Machnow, the Russian. But it stops. Why?

Meanwhile the growing body keeps changing in size, shape, proportions. Certain parts or organs appear before others start to appear. For a while the brain grows faster than the motor mechanism; at other times the motor mechanism grows more rapidly. The teeth have their special periods for growth. The infant's thigh bone at birth has 2,000,000 bone-building cells. When that bone is a finished adult product it contains over 150,000,000 bone cells. Why step at so few? How do the leg bones know when to stop growing longer, the skull bones to stop growing larger?

Moore replaced a rat's ovaries with the sex glands from a male; her body and behavior took on decided male characteristics. By the same operation which converts the unruly bull into a docile ox and the stringy cock into a tender-fleshed capon, the Sistine chapel in Rome up to 1878 maintained its male sopranos. Why does the boy's voice begin to crack and his face, almost overnight as it were, begin to grow a beard where there was no sign of one? Is sex also, like growth and individuality, a whim of "heredity," or are our sex, individual traits, and physical growth under the control of definite regulators? Fifty years from now we shall begin to know the details, but enough is now known of the ductless glands and their secretions to open up not only a new chapter of life, but new accounts with life. They regulate sex, rate of growth of tissues and organs, and consequently physical traits.

The secretions of ductless glands are discharged direct into the blood, hence they are also called glands of internal secretion, or endocrines (endon, within; krino, I separate). There are commonly said to be seven endocrines proper: thyroid, parathyroid, and thymus, in the neck; pituitary and pineal, in the center of the head; adrenals and spleen, in the abdomen. But it is not yet proved that the thymus, pineal, and spleen are true glands. The liver, pancreas, and sex glands also function as endocrines.

Endocrine secretions are chemical in nature and are usually called hormones (exciters). They are also called autacoid substances; from acos, a remedy—they act like drugs. They are drugs, some of them of astounding potency. In fact, no man-made drugs are so powerful as some we make in our own drug store glands.

Mere regulation is not, of course, confined to the secretions of glands. For example, the chief regulator of the respiratory system is carbon dioxide, given off by every cell of our body; thus liberated, it functions as a hormone or "exciter." But, as Abel puts it, the hormones actually known are definite and specifically acting indispensable chemical products which modify development and growth of other organs, especially during embryonic life, and the entire metabolism, including that of the nervous system, during adult life.

Then, too, there is a collective operation of the endocrines, as yet not definitely known, but summarized by Barker as follows:

"More and more we are forced to realize that the general form and the external appearance of the human body depends to a large extent upon their functioning. Our stature, the kinds of faces we have, the length of our arms and legs, the shape of the pelvis, the color and consistency of our integument, the quantity and regional location of our fat, the amount and distribution of hair on our bodies, the tonicity of our muscles, the sound of the voice and the size of the larynx, the emotions to which our 'exterieur' gives expression—all are to a certain extent conditioned by the productivity of our hormonopoietic glands. We are, in a sense, the beneficiaries and the victims of the chemical correlations of our endocrine organs."

In short, the discovery of the hormones opens up anew the whole conception of heredity. We can now say that men are alike because they inherit the same kind of blood and similar sets of glands to secrete hormones for the blood to carry; but that men differ because they do not meet the same physical and chemical conditions during life and as a consequence do not develop the same catalyzers, the same immunity agents, or, the same regulating agents.

(© by George A. Dorsey.)

Progress in Turkey

Turks no longer name children, as the old Turks did, for the wives and followers of the Prophet. The Anatolian city of Kasla wins the prize for "modernization" with the bestowal upon a boy baby of the name of "Railroad." He was born on a train.

Fancied Boredom

The office never really bores a man. He grunts and sputters and wishes he had twelve months' vacation instead of two weeks, but at heart he likes it.—Woman's Home Companion.

The New Year and Evolution

By W. D. Pennypacker

IT WAS more than a quarter century ago that John, a young man then, saw the present century ushered in. As a man of mature years [illegible] looks back to that epoch [illegible] with interest.

It seems strang[illegible] Year's eve ap[illegible] any other in his [illegible] reason is not far to [illegible] be no other such midn[illegible] life.

No other century would [illegible] for him with such clamoro[illegible] bells and whistles.

* * * * * *

As he draws his chair [illegible] cheerful wood fi[illegible] which has given the [illegible] as of resinous incense [illegible] become remin[illegible] mental pictures [illegible] mind [illegible] which [illegible] winters [illegible] mers can nev[illegible]

* * *

For more thi[illegible] 1900, John, his pa[illegible] of you[illegible] older folk in a small town met for a social evening and remained to welcome in the New Year. It was in those old-fashioned times when young folks and their elders frequently spent social evenings together.

As John peers into the ruddy embers he wonders if such things could be possible now. He knows that parents and children are rarely if ever seen together now at social functions and that they are seldom seen at theaters or in church in the same groups.

"But we did it, anyway," he murmurs in a tone of somewhat suppressed wonder that it could ever have been possible!

And this is as he recalls it:

* * * * * *

The evening was cool and crisp; the sky bright and cloudless, the ground covered with snow, heavily crusted.

Consciously, he was not aware that this was different from any other night. Yet subconsciously he realized something was unusual. He might see many more New Year's eves—as, indeed, he has been privileged to do—but he would never again see the passing of an old century.

White, and unmarked, the page of [illegible] book—the year—spread [illegible] He was to be one of the [illegible] of people to have part [illegible] a new record.

[illegible]ght was impressive.

* * * * * *

[illegible] grin sweeps his face, un[illegible] by others in the room. The dim light and the crackling warmth of the fireside made all drowsy. Late hours and wild festivities are no part of the present life of one who had reached adult life when the bells clanged and whistles tooted, and horns blew, as 1900 was ushered in.

Children, and in some cases grandchildren are out in the wild jazziness of the night. Every one is doing it, he thinks, but himself. A world pleasure-mad is seeing a new year's arrival [illegible] gaiety and thoughtless frivol[illegible] all in the [illegible]s, to [illegible]ugh [illegible] of [illegible] one [illegible]ken [illegible] on his [illegible] grow, followed [illegible] of smoke. The curl[illegible] ending in the half light [illegible] fire give the appearance [illegible]lity, cause the full effect [illegible]

[illegible]ohn sleeps in the quiet [illegible] embers of his [illegible] a New [illegible] the op[illegible] man[illegible]. It's [illegible] suggest that a [illegible]r would it suggest [illegible]hing of a New Year [illegible]ty of 1930 being one [illegible] happiest New Years.

[illegible]ve for the clock, all is silent [illegible]

Then there is the outbreak of whistles, the din of tin horns and bells. For a moment, protracted into ten minutes or more the darkness of the night is rent with distracting noises.

John rouses with a start. His pipe has fallen to the floor, and the fire is out. He is still alone.

As he had dozed away John had, in fancy, been back in the old days. He had returned to his young manhood, and the big reception every one gave to the coming in of the new century. It is only another New Year now. Mileposts seem much closer than they did then.

* * * * * *

When Alice and Jack returned home in the wee hours the color was just coming into the eastern sky. They wished Dad a happy New Year—and they meant it sincerely—though, both were conscious that he belonged to a different epoch.

The breaking day, with an auspicious opening, was a happy one for the entire Ross family, and all were conscious that it marked more than a New Year—they sensed that it marked the beginning of another cycle in the evolution of the race.

(©, 1929, Western Newspaper Union.)

Paul Bunton's New Year

By James Lewis Hays

"OH, IF you could only crack a whole row of nuts at once!"

"That's too much efficiency, Bub," said Uncle Charlie opening another pecan. "I ought to tell you about Paul Bunton's New Year's resolve."

Bob and Jim and Bub shouted. Anything about the giant wood cutter!

"Well, it was on New Year's day like this, the winter of the blue snow. He resolved he wouldn't waste a speck of time or a single motion in the year to come. And off he hiked, a mile at a step, to fetch his big blue ox and get busy."

"Was that the time he plowed the Grand Canyon?"

"No, Jim, he had to log off North Dakota that year. He harnessed the ox to his big tree shaver and made a new blade for it by breaking off the top of Iron mountain and hammering it out with his fist. Away they went, mowing trees.

"Paul noticed whenever the blue ox rested it stood swinging its tail. So

he strapped a great ax to the ox's tail and stopped him, after that, by a tall tree.

"Back and forth went the tail, and whack, whack the great trees fell with a mighty swish. And they went on cutting trees and not wasting a motion.

"But the trees the ox cut down with his tail fanned him until he began to sneeze. Paul didn't think it would hurt the blue ox, but he didn't want such violent sneezes to waste. So one of his axmen carved a gigantic wooden windmill and set it in front of the ox every time they stopped.

"'Kerchoo! Kerchoo!' the blue ox would sneeze and 'whiz!' would go the windmill. Every time it whizzed it would make Paul Bunton's sawmill cut a hundred logs."

"How could it?" Bob asked.

"Oh, easy! Paul fastened it to the sawmill by radio."

"Sure!" scorned Jim.

"But," continued Uncle Charlie reaching for another handful of nuts, "the sneeze got worse and the blue ox had to be put to bed. Paul made his New Year's resolve over.

"He whittled a tall pine into a penholder, put in a fresh point, and wrote in letters ten feet high, in a book bigger than this house:

"'I resolve to leave well enough alone and not try to do everything at once.'"

(©, 1929, Western Newspaper Union.)

New Year's Feasts Other Countries Enjoy

New Year's dinner, which constitutes one of the most widely observed of man's feasts, is not a fixed feast. That is, it is not if you can put aside a notion all too easily acquired—that your way is necessarily the only way. As a matter of fact, there are four very widely observed New Year's days—those of Christendom, Islam, the Hebrews and the Chinese—and numerous others celebrated by smaller groups.

If a mean were struck of the various dates, what might loosely be called the world's "average New Year Day" would fall several months farther along toward the summer than January 1.

This briefly traces the gastronomic trail of New Year dinners and other feasts through a number of countries.

Dining in the homes of England and western Europe, the American abroad on New Year's day would find the chief dish a reminder of home. Turkey, duck, or goose the most popular roast in England, while plum pudding usually tops off the meal.

In France and Spain, our American explorer of the world's tables would again encounter the turkey, but there he would find the capon and the pheasant sharing its popularity. Methods of preparation and side dishes, however, would tell him unmistakably that he was getting farther afield. Truffles, chestnuts and olives are important ingredients of the dressing of the New Year's fowls in those Latin countries. In France snails might be numbered among the viands that supplement the piece de resistance, and in Spain the meal, starting, say, with almond soup, would be sure to include among the secondary dishes a sopa, rice cooked in olive oil, with tomatoes and other vegetables and perhaps bits of meat.

In northern Africa, whatever the date of the feast, it would be sure to have as its central dish cous-cous. This consists of wheat prepared like fine grains of rice, steamed with lamb or mutton, and vegetables, if the latter are obtainable. It is served in a large, almost hemisperical, basket-dish so closely woven that it holds water. About this container the diners sit, taking their food with their fingers. Olives, dates, and figs help to complete the meal; and on occasion there may be a dish of locusts—"grasshoppers"—prepared with wheat. The legs, wings and heads are removed before the creatures are cooked.

Three Observances Are Ordered in Palestine

Under a government decree Palestine will henceforth celebrate three official new year holidays annually.

The authorities recognized a claim submitted by the supreme Moslem council that the Mohommedan new year, the first day of the month of Moharrem, should be an official holiday. This usually occurs in June or July.

In addition, the Jewish new year, in September or October, and January 1 are already recognized. The council's demand is thought to have been prompted more by political than by religious motives.