Englishman at Rest in Odd Burial Place

Among the many curiosities to be found in Wimborne minster, in Dorset (England), is the quaint tomb of Anthony Etricke, the first recorder of Poole. He was for some reason offended by the Wimborne people, and so made a vow that he would not be buried in their church or out, under the ground or over. To carry this out he cut a niche in the wall and placed there his coffin with the date 1693 inscribed thereon, believing that he should die in that year. He did not die, however, until 1703, when he was buried in the chosen spot in such a way that his body was neither above the ground or below, in the church or out. The date 1703 was then written over the other in gold. He left £5 a year for the tomb's upkeep, which is still paid.

Canning Machinery

The most useful cannery inventions in recent years have been of machines for doing the work of the dressing gangs. The one commonly known as the "Iron Chink," now in general use in canneries where such machines are employed, was first used in 1903 at Fairhaven (now Bellingham), Wash. It removes the head, tail and fins and opens and thoroughly cleans the fish ready to cut into pieces for the cans. By the use of these machines the dressing gang is almost entirely done away with, dispensing with 15 to 20 men. This same machine is now so arranged that the fish, after dressing, are also "slimed"—that is, the thick mucus covering the skin removed and the inside of the fish cleaned.

Subscription to the Transcript $1.50 per annum.

"Break" Too Apparent Even for Englishman

This has been held back for obvious reasons but it's too good to keep. It seems that one of an English party who were recent visitors in Los Angeles, was quite taken with a movie girl, who pretended to be a star but wasn't. Nevertheless, she was very pretty, too pretty, in fact, for a devoted admirer to question.

She had him hooked, too, and then made one of those dumb slips which even an Englishman gets.

"Are you sure you love me?" she demanded, after they had held hands all through a talkie.

"My dear, you can bank on it," was the answer.

"Oh, goodie! Which bank, dearest?" she cried and it was all over but the regrets.

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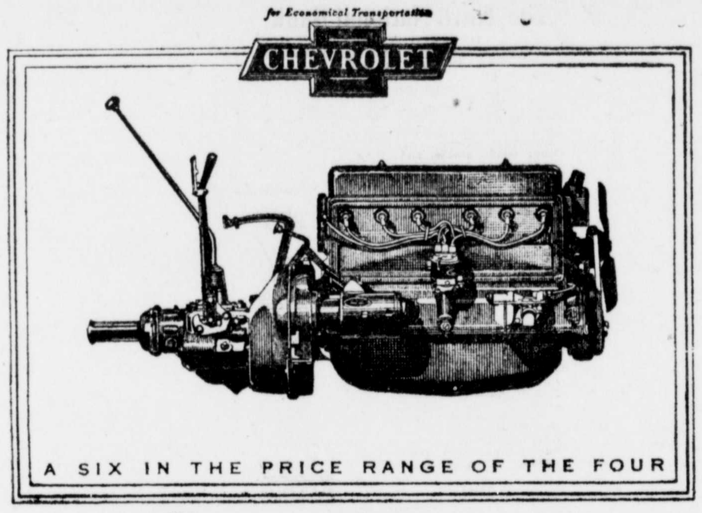

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QUALITY AT LOW COST

Centuries Unable to Dim Laurel Wreath

Laurel wreaths should be immortal, and it is appropriate that a laurel wreath recovered from an Etruscan tomb over 2,000 years old should still be green.

Who its hero was we cannot tell. His skeleton was wrapped in veils of white and blue. There were leather objects whose purpose is unknown, ornamented with geometrical designs, purses containing glass beads, belts with copper clasps and buckles, and the laurel wreath, but no name.

The tomb is one of a great number at Vulci, in Tuscany, Italy, whose existence was first discovered a hundred years ago. The wife of Napoleon's brother, Lucien, was watching a yoke of oxen plowing in a field when they suddenly disappeared, and it was found they had broken through into an Etruscan tomb. Over 6,000 tombs were opened in the next quarter of a century, their contents being distributed over Europe, after which the tombs were filled up.

World's Finest Opals

What is claimed to be the finest specimen of Australia's own particular gem, the opal, has just been discovered near Walgett, New South Wales. It is a wonderful stone, and when roughly dressed measured six and one-half inches by two inches, and weighed 790 carats.

Some of the world's most magnificent opals have come from the fields of New South Wales, and of all dressed stones perhaps the choicest is the "Flame Queen" which measures more than two inches by nearly two and one-half inches and weighs 253 carats.

Red, green, orange, blue, gold, and every known color are blended in the newly discovered gem, which is valued at more than $10,000.—Vancouver Province.

Home of Heroine Sold

Kingsbury, the home of Flora Macdonald, rescuer of Bonnie Prince Charlie, was recently sold, the mansion house and grounds bringing only $7,800. Boswell, in his immortal journal, tells of the visit which he and Dr. Samuel Johnson paid on September 13, 1773, to the then famous house at Flodigarry, Scotland. Doctor Johnson, in describing the visit, wrote: "We were entertained with the usual hospitality of Mr. Macdonald and his lady, Flora Macdonald, a name that will be mentioned in history, and if courage and fidelity be virtues, mentioned with honor." Doctor Johnson slept in the bed which Prince Charlie had occupied on the flight.

Hemaris Diffinis

The adults of this genus of humming-bird moths have wings from which part of the scales rub off so early that they are almost never seen and those portions of the wings are therefore described as transparent. These adults have the unmothlike habit of flying in the bright sunlight and when hovering at flowers, they closely resemble humming birds. When flying it suggests a bumble bee. The larvae feed on relatives of the honeysuckle such as snowberry and viburnum. They usually pupate in fallen leaves and generally make a queer sort of cocoon.

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On the Street of Stars

By LEETE STONE

(Copyright.)

RANDALL JACKS was funny with his feet and face. The way he could shuffle and patter was nobody's business. Sylvia, his wife, partner in the act, sang spirituals in a sweet, deep contralto.

Seven years of ups and downs on various circuits had strengthened Sylvia's love for Randall. He had beaten a path from newsboy to bellhop, from barking in front of the circus big tops to small-time vaudeville where his winged feet had kept him; but Broadway was forever a bright, beckoning name to him.

Broadway was Sylvia's world before she married her mountebank. Chorus trouping, posing for artists, tedious days on the set as "movie" extra, weary waiting for some manager's promised phone call—how familiar they were, these stepping stones to fame.

"Never saw you put it over better, Ran," Sylvia said in the dressing room the night their summer tour ended. But you're not so gay—and a rest ahead of you, too."

"Ah, Syl, I'm sick of the same gags an' the same towns every year—sick of it all. I'm only draggin' you down, too. Those pipes of yours would plant you in big time if I let you go."

"Forget it, Ran! You've been good enough for Broadway the last three years. I know!"

"Fat chance, Syl! Say, I'm only a hick hoofer. Not even funny."

"Listen, Ran, if I can watch you every night and get a kick out of it—after seven years—well, you're good."

In the morning Sylvia wakened with a forboding sense of loss and lonelness clutching her heart. Jumping out of bed, she searched the room for Randall's suitcase. Gone! Randall had left her.

* * * * * * *

Life was the same as of old back on Broadway. Sylvia was soon in the chorus of "Gotham Gaieties," and doing posing and "movie" work during the day.

She pinched herself awake one morning, dressed with care and taxied to an Astoria "movie" studio to answer a call. The set was sumptuous, supposedly Sovrani's, in London, a smart cafe frequently visited by princes. Letty Lansdowne, the star who had risen from taped, aching feet behind a store counter to giddy heights in the silver screen domain, insisted on extravagant settings for her pictures.

"Find me a girl to sing for this shot," said the director to an assistant, "it'll liven things up between dances."

Sylvia heard the low command from where she sat, and stepping to the director's elbow, she said simply:

"I sing."

"O. K.! I'll try you out."

"What'll I sing?"

"Anything—long's you get life and feeling in it. If you make good I'll give you a closeup."

"Ready! Lights! Action!" Sharp commands from the toy megaphone, and the camera, purred.

Sylvia sang. And how! She chose "Bye an' Bye," the spiritual, for her number and she gave all she had.

"Say, where did you learn to sing like that?" The director grasped her shoulders gently.

"I've sung spirituals since I was a baby," Sylvia replied.

"Well, I'll take you to Dick Boyer of the big circuit this afternoon," the director smiled, "and you'll sing that for him. You're a headliner if I ever picked one."

A year later saw the name of Sylvia Jacks in electric lights over the pick of Broadway variety theaters; but her success was not sweet without Randall to share it.

One afternoon just as the orchestra sent the curtain up with a blare of jazz the house manager poked a distracted face into Sylvia's dressing room:

"Your partner's jammed up by a taxi. Phoned from St. Vincent's. Just an hour to get some one else for you or you'll have to go on alone . . . rotten luck!"

Together they raced out of the stage entrance to the manager's office around the corner.

Sylvia hurried so that she collided with a man whose back was toward her. She knew the set of those shoulders, and he was staring up at her name in tall letters.

"Hello, Ran!" Simplicity that was characteristic of Sylvia.

The man whirled round and seemed to wilt within his clothes.

"Hello . . . hello, Syl! Gee whiz, it's great to see you. I was comin' in to hear you sing."

"And you were coming backstage to see me, Ran?"

"Ah, couldn't do that, Syl. I skipped out because I knew you'd do better without me . . . an' this proves it, I guess," he spoke wearily and pointed to her name above, "but I sure never knew I could miss anyone like I do you, Syl. Wanted you to have your chance."

"Ran, dear! My partner's been run over by a taxi You're coming straight in to Dick Boyer with me now. I'll tell him and you'll show him. Then you'll go on with me this afternoon."

"Say, Syl, I couldn't do it. Me? Say! Ole Ran Jacks dancin' for Broadway . . . ah, Syl . . . don't okid me!"

"Yes, Ran, dancing for Broadway! Dancing for me! You're on the Street of Stars to stay."

Mental Processes

A mother was cajoling her little daughter into taking some medicine that evidently was rather of unpleasant taste, saying:

"I don't like to take medicine any better than you do, but I just make up my mind to do it, and then I do."

"Yes, mother, and I just make up my mind that I won't take it and I don't." The little girl won her point.

Subscription to the Transcript $1.50 per annum.

Quail Die of Thirst

Dr. Joseph Grinnell, ornithologist, of California, believes that lack of water explains the disappearance of quail in many parts of that state. He has made investigations and finds that areas formerly supplied with water are now dry owing to climatic changes and reclamation work and have become uninhabited as nesting grounds for the quail.

Doctor Grinnell does not believe that vermin has accounted for the disappearance of the birds so much as the lack of water, as the species of wild birds and animals designated as vermin also have become scarcer during recent years in the same area. Young quail which are hatched more than 400 yards from water and where rain does not fall or heavy dews occur shortly after they are hatched will die from thirst, says a bulletin of the American Game Protective association.

Louvain University

The restoration of the University of Louvain was brought about by the various nations of the allies. To the United States fell the privilege of rebuilding the library. The University of Louvain was founded more than two centuries before Harvard. At the time of its destruction the library contained but a quarter of a million volumes, but these works had been accumulating for five centuries. The site of the present library is the finest in all Louvain, occupying one entire side of the Place du Peuple. The architect was Whitney Warren, who was chosen by an international committee. The corner stone was laid by Nicholas Murray Butler.

Bees Seldom Inactive

Honey bees do not go into a true state of hibernation during the winter but remain active within the hive, although they do not venture abroad, says Popular Mechanics Magazine. To keep warm, the colony practices a marvelous system of insulation and exercise. A large number of bees form a more or less spherical cluster, those on the outside having their bodies packed close to each other, parallel and with their heads up.

This formation constitutes an insulation shell. Inside, the other bees keep up a constant twisting and squirming motion to create heat. This is so effective that the temperature inside the shell seldom drops below 57 degrees Fahrenheit.

Passe

There was a little gathering in the church vestibule, waiting for the new baby to be christened and friends of the family were taking the opportunity to admire the tiny newcomer. Over in the corner, three-year-old Betty Lou sat in lonely state, a wee bit jealous of the attention being paid the baby brother. Finally an observant friend noticed it and cried out tactfully:

"What a pretty dress you have on today, Betty Lou!"

"Yes," sighed the child disconsolately, "but myself is old."

Creaking of the Stairs.

The creaking of the stairs at night is due to the change of temperature, which makes the woodwork contract or expand or something, but it's terribly hard to remember that when they creak.—Ohio State Journal.

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