L. B. Wilson Elected Telephone President

Heads Chesapeake and Potomac Companies in Md., Va., W. Va., and D. C.



Lloyd B. Wilson

Lloyd B. Wilson succeeds the late Albert E. Berry as president of the Chesapeake and Potomac Telephone Company operating in the District of Columbia; the Chesapeake and Potomac Telephone Company of Baltimore City operating in the State of Maryland; the Chesapeake and Potomac Telephone Company of Virginia, and the Chesapeake and Potomac Telephone Company of West Virginia. He has also been elected a director of these companies.

Mr. Wilson, who is a native of Nebraska, has had a varied and extensive experience in the telephone industry covering a period of more than thirty years. He entered the employ of the Bell System in 1899 in the capacity of night telephone operator at Plattsmouth, while pursuing his studies in the public schools during the day. Two years later he was working as installer and repairman, and in 1903 was appointed manager at Central City. In 1906 he received the appointment of district manager for the western part of Nebraska.

He became commercial superintendent for the states of Nebraska and South Dakota in 1913. Four years later he was appointed commercial superintendent for the states of Minnesota and North Dakota with headquarters at Minneapolis, and in 1919 was advanced to the position of general commercial superintendent of the entire Northwestern Bell Telephone Company, embracing the states of Nebraska, North Dakota, South Dakota, Iowa, and Minnesota.

In this enlarged field he demonstrated unusual executive ability and had an active part in firmly establishing the telephone business in that extensive area. In 1925 he was called to the staff of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, New York City, where he has been engaged in the development of the commercial phases of the telephone industry from a nation-wide viewpoint. Mr. Wilson assumed his new duties at Washington on September 1.

Facts and Figures On Your Telephone

By EDWIN F. HILL



Edwin F. Hill

Thrift is a virtue that brings its own reward. And employees of the Chesapeake and Potomac Telephone Company and associated companies are showing good evidence of thrift, according to John C. Koons, vice-president, who says that 76 per cent of the 12,245 employees of these companies are subscribing to 31,785 shares of stock of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, which has a present market value of about $9,376,600. This represents an annual saving of $1,145,000.

Industries generally now have relief plans maintained for the benefit of employees, the cost of which is usually borne entirely by the industry. The Bell Telephone System's benefit fund plan, which was one of the first to be formulated in this country, if not in the world, is borne entirely by the company. Under this plan in case of illness employees receive full pay for a certain number of weeks and half pay for a longer period. These periods increase with the length of service. The time for which full pay or the employee's regular income is allowed is usually long enough to cover an ordinary illness. In case of death a sum sufficient to provide temporary relief to the dependents is paid. Since 1912, the Bell Telephone System, of which the Chesapeake and Potomac Telephone Companies are a part, has paid its employees or their dependents under its relief plan more than $6,000,000.

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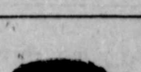
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The Charming Hostess

By LEETE STONE

NED EDGERTON was tired of Broadway. His nerves were frazzled to a fringe and his doctor told him to take a European tour or go jaunting in the Maine woods unless he wished to be sanitarium provender that autumn.

So Ned went to Monhegan island, seventeen miles out from Boothbay Harbor, Maine, where the presiding genius is Cass Brackett.

Edgerton had ensconced himself in the boat's stern when he heard a voice whose silvery ripple vied in charm with the murmur of the waves:

"Hello, Cass Brackett, dear! Here I am again, all the way from Macon, Ga. Start your Katie for our magic island. Reckon I'm your only passenger this time. My, it's good to be here again. . . . Oh!" The pretty girl with the soft Southern drawn caught sight of Ned Edgerton propped on one elbow in a corner of the cockpit, where he was nearly hidden by a pile of ropes and nets. She smiled brilliantly.

"So long as we're shipmates we may as well chat," she vouchsafed.

"Righto! And what a pleasure!" Ned returned.

The three-hour sail seemed over in fifteen minutes, speeded by the pleasant splash of ripples alongside, the mirth and humor of a lovely woman, and the quaint yarns of a rugged, blue-eyed seaman; or so, at least, it seemed to Ned Edgerton, who was fed up with Broadway.

"Children," announced Cass Brackett, "we've made such good time I'm just goin' to circle the island before landing an' give ye a sight for sore eyes."

"Great!" said the man.

"Perfect!" said the woman.

Monhegan's little sister, Manana, snuggled close to her across an inlet flecked with graceful sail craft. The Katie skirted Manana on the seaward side, past the Washerwoman, with the suds churning over her rocky washboard, past Lobster Cove where the gaunt salt and sun-bleached skeleton of a trim schooner lay rotting in the sands, past Gull Rock, specked with seabirds, past the queer, funicular Chimney, past Captain Kid's Cove, and Black Head. Last of all they skimmed by White Head Cave, whose majestic cliffs rise two hundred feet and scan the trackless sea Canary island way.

Ned Edgerton did not know that his destiny lay in wait for him at White Head Cave.

Interest claimed him at once as they walked up Monhegan Lane to the inn, past the post office and the ice cream parlor, the latter painted an appropriate hue of crushed strawberry. She pointed out to him the Haunted House, with its whole side torn away.

Far finer it was than a hundred midnight roof performances to sit after supper a-top a rock he found where an unbroken sea line met his eyes in all directions save one; there a far-off coast was marked with a diamond—Permaquid Light.

The weeks that followed fostered a very real friendship between Ned Edgerton and Gloria Fay, the girl with the warm heart and silvery voice. They breathed together the gusty salt air, listened to the deep, vibrant note of fog sirens, or read to each other in the hollow curl of some cliff nearby Cathedral Woods.

Often, too, he was alone, with his pipe and book as company, while Gloria was off playing with other summer companions of longer standing than himself.

The day arrived at last when Ned could not deny the claim of Broadway any longer. Fresh and new in body and mind, he felt that taxis could now scream their wheels off without an outraged response from a single one of his nerves. There was a sharp hurt in his heart as he spoke of returning to Gloria one October day.

Leaving him in the lobby of the inn she flashed him a bright smile and whispered:

"Come to the grotto in White Head Cave tonight at the rise of the moon and I will give you a farewell dinner." Her accents were mysterious with provocation.

At the first hint of the great, yellow moon, Ned picked his way through the damp grass and along the twisted lane, the shortest possible route to the ribbon of smoke that marked the banquet hall.

At last—the banquet! From over a crackling fire two lobsters served piping hot from a blackened pot, savory roasting corn and baked potatoes.

And Gloria presiding! The charming hostess—wearing a dinner gown of rose-colored gingham, almost hidden by a checked apron boasting a bib.

They feasted to an orchestra of wind and wave, and were lighted by a harvest moon.

As silence fell between them, near the end:

"Love and luck to you," the man said very softly, raising his Venetian goblet, which was really a cracked china cup. "Queen of Monhegan and my heart!"

"The same to you, kind sir . . . and may we both have many meals like this one!" Gloria's whisper was scarcely audible and for a moment she turned her eyes away from his.

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HOW

FERTILITY OF ARMENIAN LANDS MAY BE HELPED.—The droughty fields of Russian Armenia may have their crops increased by water from Lake Sewang, a great body of water with a surface area of 464 square miles. It has often been proposed to use this water for irrigation, but the authorities have always hesitated to take action, because of the general impression that the lake was of volcanic origin and comparatively shallow, and hence that its water resources were relatively limited. Recently, however, a special commission of the Russian Academy of Sciences has made a careful examination of the geology of the lake, and has discovered that it occupies a natural deep rock basin, similar to that in which Lake Superior lies. Its average depth is more than 300 feet, and since it receives not only numerous surface streams but also the discharge of large subterranean rivers, it is believed that it contains so much water that the removal of a part for irrigation will not seriously affect its level. The erroneous impression that the lake was of volcanic origin arose from the presence along its shores of numerous lava masses which have been proved to be of more recent date than the rivers that flow into and out of it.

How Ruling on Patents Affects the Inventor

After receiving a patent on an article while employed for a manufacturing concern, can that concern claim your patent if it will benefit thereby?

The rule is that in the absence of an explicit contract to the contrary such an invention belongs to the employee. If, however, the invention pertains to the work in which the employee is employed, the invention belongs to the employee, but the employer is entitled to a "shop right"—that is, the right to use the invention in his shop or factory. If the invention is outside the line of the employee's work and is made in his own time and without his employers tools or material, the invention belongs to the employee exclusively. If the employee is employed to work out a specific problem or to design a machine and the employee thereby makes an invention, such invention belongs to the employer. In many large establishments employees are required to sign agreements to assign to the employing company all inventions made relating to the business of the company. In each case application for patent can only be made by the actual inventor, if living, regardless of the ownership of the invention.—Washington Star.

How to Reclaim Sahara

Creation of a vast lake of salt water to change the climate of the Sahara desert and convert a sandy waste into a productive plain has been proposed to the French government by Dwight Braman of New York, with plans designed by John F. Stevens, who was engineer of the Panama canal, says Popular Mechanics Magazine. The idea is to dig a canal from the Mediterranean, connecting a series of small lakes which dry up every summer, and admit enough salt water from the sea to keep the lakes filled the year around. An area 265 miles wide would be flooded. The presence of so big a body of water would modify the climate to such an extent, it is claimed, that 210,000 square miles could be reclaimed for farming.

How Air Aids Diagnosis

That his system of pumping rarified air into the brain has been successful in determining the exact location of tumorous growths through X-ray photographs, is the claim of Dr. Max Ludin, director of the X-ray department of a hospital at Basel, Switzerland. The discovery is being studied by scientists of Europe. Dr. Ludin says that these pictures of the brain, after the air has been pumped out, show the healthy cells as white stains, and the diseased ones as black. In locating growths in the spinal column, Dr. Ludin injects, instead of air, a fluid that photographs well. The fluid runs down the spine until stopped by the growth.

How Dust Creates Beauty

The more dust, the more sumptuously the clouds are bathed in rose and gold and fiery red. Storms that raise tons of dust into the skies in arid regions sometimes seem a trying cross for the people to bear. But there is a wonderful compensation. High in the air the tiniest dust grains atone for the sins of their coarser fellows. Nowhere else do the skies burst into such a glory of color at dawn and sunset, nor does the approach of twilight cast such magical, soft-hued shadows that can transform bare, rugged mountains into fairylands.—National Geographic Society Bulletin.

How Famous Rose Got Name

The original name of the American Beauty rose was Mme. Ferdinand Jamin, and it was introduced by Ludechaux in 1875. It was renamed in America in 1886 from a specimen in George Bancroft's garden, from which the original label had been lost.

Shocked

At an Uplifters club luncheon some one happened to remark that polo had come to us from France and not from England via India. The informant declared that mention of it had been made by several noted French writers. Evidently in the hope of verifying her statement she turned to a young lady who at that moment joined the party and asked:

"Are you familiar with Victor Hugo?"

"I am never familiar with any man," replied the newcomer with dignity.—Los Angeles Times.

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The Haunted Room

By CLARISSA MACKIE

"GOOD night, my dear," said Miss Carow with a final glance about the large dim room with its fine old fourposter bed and other mahogany furniture. "Ah, don't open the east window, Esther . . . the shutters are fastened securely. Open the south window, it looks out on the garden."

Esther looked over her shoulder. "Oh, Aunt Fannie, I would like to open both windows!"

"I would rather you did not, Esther . . . the shutters are solid wood and cannot be opened."

"Very well, auntie, but I have been just longing to go to bed with the sound of little waves lulling me to sleep."

"I know, my dear—perhaps you can hear the waves in the inlet from the garden window." In her own bedroom the smile died from Miss Carow's lips and she shook her head dubiously.

"I should have made Esther come in here with me; the wind is in the east tonight, and she might be frightened!" Softly she stole down the hall and tapped on Esther's door. Esther was leaning from the open window, as if bathing in the fragrance of the moonlit garden.

She turned quickly at Miss Carow's light touch.

"Auntie, it is glorious!"

"The scent of roses is always delicious at night," sighed Miss Carow, who locked a dead romance in her warm heart. "I came back to tell you not to be frightened in the night—come to my room if you cannot sleep."

"Not sleep? I shall sleep like a baby on that inviting bed," laughed Esther, and when the door closed she put out the light and prepared for bed.

The next morning she met Ida Graham, a distant cousin. "Sleeping in the east room? The haunted room, Esther?"

"Haunted."

"Of course Aunt Esther wouldn't tell you, but no one wants to sleep there."

"Nonsense," laughed Esther, "I shall love it all the more."

But at night it was different. Alone in her room she regarded the closely shuttered east window with expectant eyes. A last glance into the garden revealed it to be a mysterious place of shadowy forms and scented darkness.

"Br-r-r-r-r!" shivered Esther, as she snuggled under a blanket. When she awoke, a clock somewhere was striking two, and on the blurred murmur of the last stroke, came the sound of a hollow groan.

Esther sat upright in bed, again she heard the groan as of some one in agony and immediately afterward she heard a sound somewhere close at hand, a movement and a little thump. Then silence. Then the groan repeated again and again. It seemed to come from the corner near the east window.

"That is the reason they keep it closed tightly," shuddered Esther, and just then some one rapped softly on her door.

"Aunt Fannie," thought Esther. "She is afraid I have heard it." Aloud, she asked drowsily "What is it?" and Aunt Fannie tiptoed quietly away, assured that her niece was sleeping through the disturbance of the night. Miss Carow had never believed in ghosts until the mystery of the haunted room came to confound all her past theories.

The next day Esther said nothing of the strange sounds she had heard, although one of the paying guests, a young artist who was painting the lovely Long Island shore, talked a great deal about a sleepless night due to the moaning of the wind.

That day Esther accompanied Pelham on his tramp through the woods, but they did not talk about ghosts. Esther was not sure whether she really cared for John Pelham; she had met him last year for the first time and this renewal of their friendship had brought a most disturbing flutter to her carefree heart.

A few days after this tramp in the woods, the wind came out of the east and howled around the house all night; and the restless "ghost" came to haunt the east room once more. Toward morning Esther, weary from loss of sleep, putting on dressing gown and slippers, skipped over the window-sill and walked around the corner of the house to study the closely shuttered east window. A slight sound warned her to look up and she saw John Pelham sitting on the slope of the roof, lightly attired.

"Oh, what is it?" he asked, sawing away at the long tree limb that sprawled across the roof. "The (saw) confounded (saw) thing (more sawing) kept me awake, I investigated and here it is!"

"How clever!" admired Esther, and she was still admiring when Miss Carow came, scandalized, and saw the ghost really laid. That night while they sat around the fire, where the "ghost" burned brightly, Aunt Fannie announced her niece's engagement to the young painter.

And one of Pelham's most famous paintings is one that he painted of the inlet, and golden shore from his seat in the open east window of the ghost room.

(Copyright.)

Sure Sign of Luck

A horseshoe once was supposed to bring good luck, but now you have to be pretty lucky to find one.—Dayton News.

Listen to This, Girls

A Nogales (Ariz.) minister preached on "Angels and Suspender Buttons" last Sunday. Oh, don't laugh; the two are closely related: A woman who watches the state of suspender buttons comes about as near being an angel as any woman we know; and she's almost as rare.—Buffalo Courier-Express.

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