Desert Conditions Common

Deserts, in the sense of great areas that are at all times hot, dry and nearly devoid of life, are comparatively rare. But desert conditions, in the sense of high temperatures and shortage of water arise at times on almost all land areas. Seasonal deserts, areas that for a part of the year have an abundant water supply accompanied by a luxuriant vegetable growth, and through the remainder of the year have no water supply and can show only dry masses of dead leaves and stems, are common. Illustrations of such conditions may be found along any roadside in midsummer. They are very common in places where there is but a thin layer of soil over bed rock.

Radium Prevents Fires

One of the hazards of the rubber factory is that as the sheets pass over rollers for compression, electric sparks are often given off and at the same time the air is filled with inflammable vapors. This combination is a dangerous one and often causes a conflagration. In a foreign factory it has been discovered that this menace is removed by the presence of a tiny capsule of radium in the presence of the rolling machinery. It is explained that the radium has some action on the air in its vicinity which enables electricity to pass slowly and harmlessly from the rollers and thus saves the factory from destruction.

Homely House Pet

On the island of Santo Domingo there is to be encountered a great variety of insects which, in one form or another, are active during the 24 hours of the day. The houses are kept reasonably free from these pests through the activities of the "gecko" which makes its home in the houses, but refuses to share hospitality with any form of insect life. The gecko is a terrible looking lizard which is perfectly harmless and it moves slowly about the house and gathers up insects of all kinds. It is slow until its eyes light on its prey and then it is quick enough to make a bull's shot and rarely misses.

Russian "Break Fast"

The Russian fasts religiously when his religion calls for it, but immediately after the fasting period he plunges into an orgy of food, elaborate preparations are made in advance for the break and tables are groaning under the weight of whole hams, ducks, turkeys, geese, chickens, sausages, walnut cakes, cathedrals made of sour cream, tall kulitch cakes, curd cakes, pirojkis, bortsh, bottles of kvass and champagne. The gathering surrounds this array of cosmestibles and struggle unably to conquer it entirely

GALENA

Mr. Earnest Towler and friend, of Richardson Park, spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. William Towler.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Caldwell, Mrs. Cornelious Jarvis, Mrs. Lon Vansant and daughter, Lena, of Chestertown, spent Sunday in Baltimore.

Mrs. Walter Hadley spent the week end with her sister at Warwick, Md.

The Alter Society of the St. Dennis Church held their meeting at the home of Mrs. Frank Huey, of Massey.

Misses Helen Vansant and Peg Boyd of Philadelphia, spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Vansant.

Mr. and Mrs. George B. Carroll and children, of Middletown spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. George C. Johnston.

Misses Elmina Woodall, Maria Williams and Kitty Bratton spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. Holt Woodall.

The Ladies Aid Society held their monthly meeting at the home of Mrs. George C. Johnston Tuesday eaening.

The Galena Base Ball fans gave a banquet in honor of the Galena team and officers of the Chesapeake Bay League on Saturday evening at seven-thirty o'clock, after which a trophy was presented by the President of the league, Rev. Mr. Byrd, to our boys, the winning team of the League.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Boyd, Miss Hilda Boyd and Mr. Raymond Mulford spent the week end with friends in Philadelphia.

Mrs. Robert Kent and son, Bibie, is visiting friends in Wilmington.

Mr. John Quinn and Burnard Cochran, of Philadelphia, spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Cochran near Massey.

Mr. and Mrs. Jeffers, of Wilmington, spent Sunday with Mrs. Linda Walls and son.

Mr. and Mrs. Latamus O'Neal, of Cape May, N. J., spent the week end with his father, Mr. Walter O'Neal.

Mrs. John Welch and Mrs. Howard Strong are visiting points of interest in and around Boston, Mass.

Mrs. Thomas Cruickshank and daughters, Miss Kitty Hyland spent several days with relatives in Baltimore and Washington.

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The Ready-Made Romance

By LEETE STONE

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MARTHA HALE wore no make-up. The four other stenographers in the large legal office looked and acted like show girls. Three of them were quite condescending and rather aloof in their contacts with Martha. The fourth, a resplendent blonde whose name was Nellie, always spoke to Martha in friendly fashion, and soon found herself desiring to help the plain-seeming girl make the most of really good features and luxuriant dark hair unbecomingly bobbed.

Martha had had to work at one thing or another ever since she was a small girl. She had been too busy helping support a large family ever to get time to practice the foibles of dress and make-up. Strict budgeting of the family income was a necessity.

Still, deep down, Martha longed for romance; for some clean, friendly fellow to take her to the pictures on Saturday night, one who would grasp her arm firmly and pilot her masterfully through the maze of Times Square evening traffic, and confide his dreams and ambitions to her in a deep, pleasant voice.

"Martha—you phone your folks an' tell 'em you're coming home with me tonight." It was Nellie speaking. "I want to make you up pretty." Martha's work-weary mind leaped out in warm response to Nellie's friendly command. When five-thirty arrived there was an eager, happy glow in her attractive eyes as she and her friend left the office together.

"Why'n't you ever use make-up—doll up some, Martha?" was Nellie's frank question, after they reached her tiny quarters.

"I never thought much about it, Nellie—and really, I'm afraid I don't know how."

"Well, my dear; here's where you learn. You aren't really plain; you've just refused to make the most of yourself. You've lovely hair and eyes and complexion; but that bob spoils them all. I'm going to surprise those frosty girls at the office, an' I'm going to make that good-looking typewriter repair man shine up to you instead of paying all his attention to that bunch of follies girls.

For an hour Nellie bobbed, massaged, waved, patted and powdered, and expertly fussed over Martha with her remarkable assortment of modern beauty aids. As she worked she talked:

"You see, Martha, I'm studyin' this business nights—workin' an' watchin' an hour in a swell beauty shop three nights a week. Soon I'll get through with this stenography. Maybe some day I'll have my own shop on the avenue. It pays, I tell you—nowadays—an' the woman I work with says I'm getting a peach of a knack at it."

Finally Nellie set the table light at just the proper angle, and, with a dramatic gesture, handed Martha a bright, round dresser-mirror.

"Take a look at yourself, dearie."

Martha looked, looked, and looked again. Her eyes devoured the new, charming reflection—smart, different bob; velvety skin—all a dream, surely!

Impulsively Martha jumped up and hugged her miracle friend, gasping:

"But Nellie? Can I ever do it myself?"

"Sure! It's simple. You must do it tomorrow morning yourself. I want that typewriter sheik to see you."

Martha, at home that night, sat a long time in front of her mirror staring at this freshly revealed self. Eagerness was in her whole expression, and her entire existence seemed to have suddenly changed from a drab routine to an inviting trail of infinite possibility.

Next morning at the office she was nearly a sensation. A stare of admiration from the office boy; a warmer smile than usual from the office manager; and a battery of catty glances from her three frosty fellow workers constituted her reception. Martha at once knew the triumphal taste of personal appeal and ready charm. Nellie's "leave it to me!" rang in her ears.

Sure enough! Nelile came over to her desk. Concealed in her hand was a small screw driver:

"Good work this morning, Martha!" she said. "Here—I'll stand so the manager can't see—now loosen the escapement screw on your machine. Got it? There! Now tell Jenkins and he'll send for this handsome playmate I've picked for you."

Not long afterward a tall young man entered, and was directed by the manager to Martha Hale.

"There's something wrong with it. I don't know what." Martha used the softly feminine accents that Nellie advised.

The repair man bent over her machine with a boyish grin, having first looked at her with admiration.

"Never mind—we'll locate the trouble!" Then, in lower tones, "I haven't seen you before, have I? Aren't you new?" And in still lower tones, "I know a peach of a picture on Broadway I'd like to take you to tonight. Come on! Won't you?"

Martha thought of the firm grasp on her arm and the Times Square traffic maze; and of other things. So she responded with an almost imperceptible nod and just the proper hint of a smile.

Old American College

In 1636 the General court of the Massachusetts Bay colony voted £400 for establishing an institution of learning. The first building was erected in 1637. This became Harvard university. The College of William and Mary and its antecedents reach back to the effort begun in 1617 to establish in Virginia the University of Henricopolis. The Indian massacre of 1622 brought this effort to naught. The charter for the College of William and Mary was issued in 1673 by the English king and queen for whom it was named.

Indians Outstrip Deer in Fleetness of Foot

The greatest runners in the world are the Tarahumare Indians, who have been known to continue 170 miles without stopping. A few years ago Thomas Zafiro and Leonicio San Miguel, members of this tribe, did a distance of 62½ miles on the highway from Panchuca to Mexico City in 9 hours and 37 minutes without any evidence of fatigue. Translated "Tarahumare" is foot runners. They are said to be insensible to heat and cold, using the same blankets summer and winter. They love to tell how their forefathers were the couriers of the Aztec monarchs. Today the Mexicans employ them to run wild horses into the corrals. The Tarahumare prove the expression poets love to use, "fleet as a deer," to be true, for when they are on the chase they outstrip their antlered prey.

Running is not confined to the men of this tribe; the women enter into it with the same zest. As with the Zuni, there is much preparation for the sporting event. The priests practice many kinds of sorcery; human bones are hidden along the course, and woe to the runner whose foot unearths one! Each man taking part is rubbed down by the "shaman," or priest, to protect him against evil influences.

Old Custom of Telling Bees of Owner's Death

A reader in the United States sends me a cutting from an American newspaper telling how the late Dr. Charles James, chemist and mineralogist, owned 14 hives of bees, and how after his death one swarm disappeared and was found buzzing about the flowers on his grave more than two miles away, Peter Simple writes, in the London Post.

Apparently, we are told, the bees had not been informed of his death in accordance with the ancient custom, which is still religiously fulfilled in country places.

I am afraid I can not enlighten my correspondent, who passes on to me the query of the journal in question: "Who first thought of telling the bees of the death of their master?"

As far as history carries us back we have some record of the keeping of bees, and the custom of telling the bees is very likely almost as old as bee-keeping. It has all the appearance of a rite which originated in very early times, and the fact that it still survives is a touching proof that we still cling, in some things at least, to the wisdom—or folly—of our ancestors.

Paper's Varying Qualities

Philatelic nomenclature includes the adjectives wove, laid, granite, quadrille and pelure as applied to postal paper. In a general way the distinctions are these: Wove paper is of the plain, even texture used for books and newspapers; laid paper is watermarked with parallel lines close together; the lines may be either vertical or horizontal; quadrille paper is watermarked with both vertical and horizontal lines, which thus form squares or oblongs; granite paper shows colored fibers in its texture, the fibers are tiny pieces of silk thread, and the reverse of the stamp has a mottled appearance; pelure paper is thin like tissue paper, semi-transparent, but tougher and harder than the tissue texture and usually grayish in color.

Those "Good Old Days"

Although there were few roads and little traffic in Colonial days, traffic laws were rigidly enforced. Sunday traveling was illegal in some of the Colonies, the statute defining Sunday as lasting from sundown Saturday until sundown on the Sabbath. It is related that a traveler, about to resume his journey, once left the tavern on Sunday evening, and standing beside his horse, waited until the sun, as he thought, had retired for the night. Then he mounted and rode off. Just then a last sunbeam pierced the clouds for an instant, whereupon he was arrested by the vigilant town constable and fined.

Sheriff Gets His Orders

Some strange communications come daily to the desk of a sheriff. The following one arrived recently from a woman in a small Washington city:

"Will you please go out and see how everything is in the house and how is the yard and fruit trees? Try all windows in basement, also, and let me hear about the place. I left a box in the pantry with dishes in and furniture in other rooms and left a list of all."—Portland Oregonian.

Not Loose Yet

Robert was facing the unpleasantness of an impending tonsil operation and like most every one else, when in trouble, wished for some one to keep him company. So he suggested that his little sister, Jae, age four, accompany him and have her tonsils removed also. "No, I won't," retorted little Jae, "because they aren't loose yet."

Carrying Off the Gate

Beatrice, a tiny farmerette, was viewing the cows in the pasture from the back porch. One cow was carrying a wooden yoke around its neck to keep it from jumping fences. Beatrice exclaimed: "Oh, look! That cow put his head through the gate and is carrying it off."

Slow, but Steady Growth

The diary of a student of Upsala university, Sweden, written during the latter half of the Fifteenth century, was recently found in the library of that university. Astronomy was the main study and the text was written by Sacrobosco. In the Fifteenth century Upsala had six professors and 100 students; today there are 200 professors and instructors and 3,000 students.

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