Hot Weather and Star Sirius Unjustly Linked

Dog days is the name given by the ancients to the hottest and most unwholesome part of the year, lasting from July 3 to August 11. The name comes from the star Sirius, the great dog which follows the mighty hunter Orion through the heavens.

The Greeks early noticed that at that season Sirius, which is the brightest star in the heavens, rose just before the sun. Consequently the star was held responsible for droughts and plagues which were most frequent during its period of early rising. The Romans named this period the Dies Caniculares, a name which comes down to us as the dog days. Roman writers tell of dogs sacrificed to appease the wrath of the "Syrian star" who "barks from afar, and with his sultry breath infects the sky."

Modern meteorology points out, however, that poor Sirius is a victim of coincidence. He has nothing at all to do with the weather. The scientific explanation is that heat in a way follows the sun, just as the hottest part of the day is not high noon but an hour or two later. In the same way the hottest part of the summer is not midsummer, but slightly later than the solstice.

Mankind Might Do Well in Copying Humble Hen

Hard work means nothing to a hen. She just keeps on digging worms and laying eggs regardless of what the business prognosticators say about the outlook for this or any other year.

If the ground is hard, she scratches harder. If it's dry, she digs deeper. If it's wet, she digs where it is dry. If she strikes a rock, she works around it.

If she gets a few more hours of daylight, she gives us a few more eggs, but always she digs up worms and turns them into hard-shelled profits as well as tender broilers.

Did you ever see a pessimistic hen? Did you ever hear of one starving to death waiting for worms to dig themselves to the surface?

Did you ever hear one cackle because work was hard? Not on your life. They save their breath for digging and their cackles for eggs. Success means digging! Are you?—From Thom McAn Inside Talks.

Facts About Lightning

The Weather bureau says that when lightning is about to occur between a cloud and the earth (it usually occurs between different parts of the same cloud) there is a great accumulation of electricity of one kind, usually the negative, at the surface of the earth and of the opposite kind in the lower portion of the cloud. This imposes an electric strain on the medium between the two. The break, or discharge, consisting essentially of a flow of negative electricity, or electrons, toward the positive charge, may begin at any point in midair along the path and progress (this break progress) in both directions at the same time, or it may begin at either end and from there progress toward the other.

Knocking the Magazines

Aldous Huxley, novelist and short story writer, said on his last visit to New York:

"A magazine must come down to the popular taste, or else it must go up. That's why most magazines accept the worst and reject the best.

"A talented author recently wrote a short story.

"'There,' he said to his wife, after he finished reading it out loud to her. 'There, that's the best thing I've ever done. It's equal to Poe or Ambrose Bierce.'

"'Yes, darling, it is,' his wife agreed. 'And now I'll go and make out a list of the 12 likeliest magazines for you to submit it to first.'"

STEPHEN R. COLLINS, Attorney.

ORDER NISI

William W. Coleman, et al.
versus
Howard Coleman, et al.

In the Circuit Court for Kent County
In Equity, No. 2558.

Ordered, this 10th day of September, 1929, by the Circuit Court for Kent County in Equity, that the sale of the Real Estate mentioned in these preceedings, made and reported by Stephen R. Collins, Trustee, under and by virtue of the authority contained in a Decree of the Circuit Court for Kent County, in Equity, dated September 3, 1929, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 15th day of November next; Provided, a copy of this Order be inserted in some newspaper printed and published in Kent County, once in each of four successive weeks before the 14th day of October next.

The Report states the amount of Sales to be $800.00.

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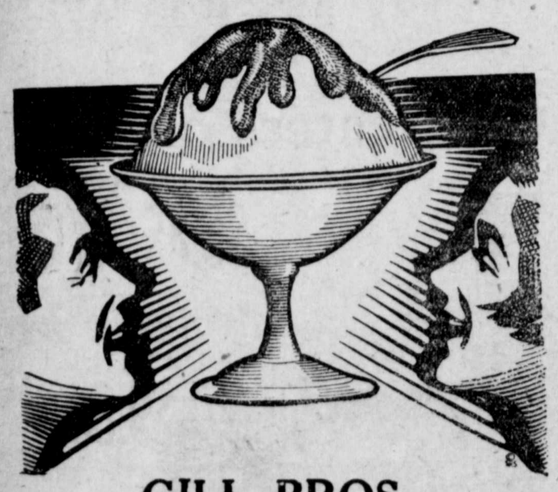
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HUGO KEELT

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Lost on a Lone Peak

By H. LOUIS RAYBOLD

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BRUCE GRAHAM felt exceedingly foolish. He had done the very thing he had so scored Ann Berkley for saying she was going to do in a discussion over the Mountain Inn dining table yesterday. He, who was not as much of a mountain climber as Ann herself was, had attempted to climb Lone Peak without a guide. And now, here he was—lost!

The instant he realized that his exact whereabouts were a dark secret to him he had done the approved stunt. He had sat down on the nearest fallen log to consider the situation. While considering the situation, he recalled the argument.

"I don't believe," Ann had declared, "that it would be possible for any intelligent person to become lost on these mountains. It is too easy to orient oneself by familiar peaks and furthermore, once you got down to the Beaver river, all you would need to do would be to follow it to the very hotel grounds themselves!"

Yet here—stupid fool that he was—sat Bruce on the slopes of Lone Peak, unguided and without food, compass or adequate protection from the chill of approaching night.

He had not set out to climb Lone Peak. Bruce was a fisherman, an angler in the truest Waltonian sense. He had left the hotel that afternoon to fish Crooked brook, a stream emptying into the Beaver.

The fish had not responded to his efforts, however, and he had turned back when his eye was caught by what appeared to be a trail along the nearest shoulder of Lone Peak where no trail was reputed to be. He saw that it apparently started not many feet away and, idly curious, he laid down his creel and rod and proceeded to a casual investigation.

There was no question that something had recently gone that way. Broken twigs, a trampled juniper—such were unmistakable indications that told of reasonably recent contact with a moving body.

Bruce kept on farther than he intended or realized, lured by the thrill of finding out just what was ahead. Suddenly, however, it occurred to him that he had no intention of ascending Lone Peak to the summit, trail or no trail. He turned abruptly and would probably have had no trouble retracing his way had not one of those sudden drenching showers so common in mountainous regions poured violently out of a passing cloud.

In an effort to avoid a complete soaking, Bruce left what slight path he had made and sought the protecting lee of a rock on a distant ledge. When the rain ceased as sharply as it had begun his efforts to relocate the vanished trail proved useless.

He was still sitting on a fallen log when he was roused by a faint "halloo" from some spot higher up on the mountain. For a moment it seemed to him an imaginary mocking note from Ann evoked by his recollection of their conversation.

At its repetition, he leaped to his feet, made a trumpet of his hands, and returned the call. The response was immediate.

He had no wish to climb higher but felt an impulse to join himself, if possible, with whatever other human being was wandering about on this miserable mountain. Gradually, he found himself nearing the person who was doing the calling. The "halloos" were louder and continued absurdly to remind him of Ann.

With one final crash through the underbrush that caught at his golf stockings and made him lament the absence of his wading boots, he burst out into a small clearing and stopped short.

There, sitting on a fallen log, sat Ann with an expression of surprise on her face as great as he felt there was on his.

"Thank goodness, you've found me," said Ann crossly. "You can say 'I told you so' and get it over with. I don't mind at all. It's a horrid feeling being lost. All on account of one mean little shower."

* * * * * *

They found their way out eventually. A rising moon and patient hours of following one path after another brought them to the hotel just in time to forestall the search party which was being made up to hunt for them.

Their explanations, however, had sounded rather inadequate to their would-be rescuers, cheated out of the one thrill the vacation seemed about to bring them.

"I wanted to prove I could climb Lone Peak and not get lost," said Ann, somewhat inanely under the circumstances.

"I didn't want to prove anything, but I came across Ann's trail, not knowing, of course, it was Ann's—" But Bruce paused here, aware of a certain atmosphere of skepticism emanating from his audience.

Later, left to themselves for a minute, Ann tried to have the last word in the matter. "After all, we did find our way back, Bruce!"

But suddenly Bruce snared her in the curve of his arm. "It took the two of us to do it. What d'ye say that hereafter we do our mountain climbing, as well as everything else, together?"

And, at Ann's reply, the moon considerately disappeared for an instant behind a cloud above Lone Peak.

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Italy Makes Good Use of Vast Water Power

One after another the great waterfalls of the Alps and Apennines have been placed in subjugation by Italy, their water guided into huge, high pressure conduits and forced to turn giant turbines, writes Henry Kittredge Norton in World's Work.

Before the World war these turbines were already producing two billion kilowatt hours per year; during the war, because of the shortage of coal and the need for power, this capacity was increased by another billion kilowatts. After the post-war turbulence had settled down into the Fascist regime, a new impetus was given to electrical development, and by the end of 1926 the actual consumption had reached 7,500,000,000 kilowatt hours per annum.

Since then it has continued to mount. More than 7,000 of Italy's 9,000 communes are now supplied with electrical energy. The per capita consumption runs close to 200 kilowatt hours.

As was to be expected under the circumstances, by far the greater portion of Italy's electrical energy is used in turning the wheels of her factories. Lighting is a secondary consideration. Sixty per cent of Italy's electrical energy is used for motor power; 15 per cent for light and heat; 14 per cent in the metallurgical and chemical industries, and the remaining 11 per cent for the electrified railways.

Old Inscription Shows "Horse Age" Beginning

To the learned, century-old Academy of Inscriptions of Paris, Professor Hrozny, of Prague, has communicated his long-expected translation of what is perhaps the most ancient Hittite inscription. It is the first in any language that became European and was cut in the rock of Asia Minor not far from what is now Angora, the new capital of Turkey.

The value of the inscription—what we might call its curiosity—is that it gives the date very nearly when tame horses first appeared so far to the west. It was the beginning of the Horse age in civilization and is of melancholy interest to us who, 4,000 years later, are careering with our automobiles into the Horseless age.

It was supposed that horses were first brought to Egypt, mother of Civilization, about 1,500 years before Christ by the Cassites from Babylon. That was some 500 years after Abraham passed through the Hittite peoples on his way from Ur of the Babylonian Chaldees to the Promised land. —Boston Globe.

Zinc in Industry

Starting with the Nineteenth century the increase in the use of zinc was decidedly accelerated. During the first decade the production was estimated at 6,000 tons. In the fifth decade the output had jumped to 367,000 tons, and for the half century the total was 635,000 tons. The output of the second half century reached the amazing total of 12,100,000 tons, or an increase of 1,800 per cent. The acceleration has continued, and in the year 1927 the output was 1,444,000 tons, a total equal to the production of the first 60 years of the Nineteenth century.

Nearly one-third of the entire world's output of zinc has been produced in the United States.

Starting Early

Wee Kathryn Lois, age five, has a "calory-counting mother" who quite often "slips," and has not yet attained her goal of a "perfect 38." Kathryn Lois has heard much talk about foods that make one fat.

One night mashed potatoes were served at dinner. Kathryn Lois pushed her plate back and said, "I don't believe I want any potatoes."

"Why, what's the matter, Kathryn?" asked her father, "Better eat your potatoes like a good girl; they will help you grow up big and strong."

"That's just it," retorted this modern miss, "I don't ever want to get to be as fat as mother."

Mother is counting calories in earnest!—Indianapolis News.

The Homestead

Brown—I shall do just as I like. If I want to smoke in the drawing room, I shall smoke in the drawing room. And that's that!

Silence.

Brown (warming up)—What's more, the carpet is good enough ash-tray for me. Quite good enough. So please understand in future!

Silence.

Brown (continuing)—And if you think I'm going to spend the whole afternoon standing about loaded up with parcels, you've made a mighty big . . .

Problem: How long had his wife been deaf?

Expressed

An Irishman entered his local post office and told the young woman behind the counter that he wanted to forward an express letter.

He placed the usual fee on the counter, but was informed that an additional sixpence would be required as the addressee lived some considerable distance outside the delivery area.

The Irishman seemed rather puzzled at this request, but after a moment's hesitation, ventured:

"Well, you let the letter go as it is. I don't want to pay the extra sixpence, but Oi'll write to them an' tell them to go to the office and collect it."

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Term's Meaning Changed

Originally the term "Salic law" was only to a codification of the laws of certain Germanic tribes, including the Salian or Merovingian Franks. These laws were codified in Latin in the early Middle ages. They related chiefly to property and penalties for various injuries.

The term is often applied exclusively to a section which relates to inheritances, and provides that only males inherit property. Since the Fourteenth century a further restriction in application has attached it chiefly to those laws, in whatever country found, which forbid female inheritance of the throne.

The Rose in History

Roses and romance have been kin through the centuries. They have been flung to knights in armor, have been worn beneath the coat of mail as heroes entered battle, have been strewn at the feet of returning conquerors, have lain in quiet peace on the biers of the dead, have softened the contours of tombs and burial mounds, have marked the confident pathways of brides, have been thrown at the feet of idols. Wherever man has sought to express what words cannot say, the rose has played its part.

Make Sure of Their Men

There is no flirting among the native married men of Tasmania. Capt. Kilroy Harris, an Australian visiting in this country, says that as a part of the Tasmanian wedding ceremony the bride's father knocks out one of the bridegroom's front teeth as a sign to the world that he is married. Not satisfied with that the wedding guests cut gashes in the poor devil's back and fill these with mud to make sure the scars will be visible for life. And he can't wear a shirt for that would arouse suspicion.—Capper's Weekly.

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Sunnyfield Pancake or Buckwheat FLOUR 3½ pkgs. 25c

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Ivory SOAP medium size 3 cakes 20c

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Lean Plate Boiling Beef lb. 19c

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