WHY

Uncovering the Head Is a Mode of Salutation

It is believed that the custom of uncovering the head as a mode of salutation originated in military practices of the ancients. In the days when men wore heavy armor a man would take off his helmet or headgear to show that he was not afraid to stand with head uncovered in the presence of another; it was an act expressive of confidence. Later it became customary to remove the headdress to show deference to a superior or as a mark of respect to a person of distinction. It was only a step further to lift the headdress to ladies as an act of politeness and gallantry, and finally this became the general method of saluting or greeting ladies. The practice still retains some of its earlier significance, and many people still take off their hats to salute distinguished persons, and respect for the national flag is shown in the same manner. Quakers do not believe in raising the hat. According to George Fox, says Macauly, a Christian was bound to face death itself rather than touch his hat to the greatest of mankind, male or female. "When Fox was challenged to produce scriptural authority for this dogma, he cited the passage in which it is written that Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego were thrown into the fiery furnace with their hats on."—Pathfinder Magazine.

Why Chautauqua Salute Is Waving Handkerchief

Remember the first time as a child when you became aware of the "Chautauqua salute," which means handkerchief waving? Chautauqua, as an educational and inspirational idea, was evolved by Lewis Miller of Greensboro, Ohio, fifty-five years ago. And Chautauqua recently celebrated the one hundredth anniversary of his birth, says World's Work. The Greensboro idealist was inventor of the Buckeye reaper and harvestor. Henry Ford used to set up these machines back in 1885. William Jennings Bryan advanced the cult of Chautauqua saluting when he spoke over the United States, and Maude Adams adapted it to her famous portrayal of Peter Pan. Over in England when Peter and Wendy reappear each Christmas holiday season you do not wave handkerchiefs to show that you believe in fairies—you clap.

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This Week

by Arthur Brisbane

HENRY FORD'S NEW PLAN.
A BATTLESHIP, HARDLY.
IF RUSSIA GOT REALLY MAD.
OGDEN L. MILLS' FIGURES.

Henry Ford may send 100 million dollars establishing schools that will enable students to "fit into life" when they come out at eighteen years of age He says:

"The reason we have so much crime and racketeering is because schools do not teach our young men how to fit in the world. Racketeering is nothing but a revolt against the present improper ineffectual system of teaching."

Schools at present are better than they were fifty years ago before racketeering became a science. Students shoud all learn to use their hands, effort should produce tractors of the using their heads. It would be waste of time for men of the type of Valtaire, Milton, Moliere, Beethoven, to learn a trade, but they are scarce.

Mr. Ford should modify his resolution to "devote the rest of his life to educational undertaking." Part of his ecort shoud produce tractors of the caterpillar type. Plenty of power with the traction "track." Fully enclosed. Protected from dust.

He ought especially to push ahead the aviation work in which he has already rendered great service. Until he has built his plane to carry 500 passengers, and his pursuit plane to go 500 miles an hour, Mr. Ford's most important work will remain undone. Many can teach trades, few can build machinery for hundreds of millions of people.

The British possess the greatest fighting ship in the world, the Rodney, built and paid for.

Innocent Senator Borah and Representative Britten suggested that the British should scrap that ship in the interest of lovely worlld peace. At that British statesmen smile politely and say they really can't quite do it.

This guileless nation, after the Washington Conference, destroyed and threw on the junk pile splendid new battleships, including some not completed.

And the British destroyed some pretty blueprints.

They probably would oblige us by preparing and destroying some more blueprints. But when it comes to destroying a finished batteship costing millions of pounds—that is something else.

Failure to reach an agreement concerning the Boulder Dam improvement shows the need of a change in control of any water power that possesses national importance. The va-rious States interested in the Colorado River act in good faith, as do their Congressmen, each seeking to protect its citizens' interest. Meanwhile the water and power go to waste unused.

It is as though a family of children, inheriting a great estate, should let it lie idle indefinitely through failure to agree on a division. The nation is interested, and unselfishly. And the nation should settle all power and water disputes when States fail to agree after a reasonable time. The settlement might not be perfect, but it woud put an end to foolish waste.

Mexico imitates Britian, raiding private offices of the Russian Government in Mexico City, seizing papers, etc. As in the case of British raiding, Russia protects violently against the "unspeakable violation of diplomatic rights."

At present Russia's protect is not important. But later flying machine development might make it important. Russia could resent such incidents by sending raiding parties through the air striking at great population centres of other nations. Retaliation by the other nations would be difficult. Russia is made up chiefly of two hundred thousand villages. Bombing ten thousand of them would produce no decisive effect.

Moscow and Leningrad amount to little as cities, and attacking them would not mean much to Russia. But if you destroyed Paris or London, you would subdue France or England. And if you destroyed New York, you would convince some boyish bankers that their foolish loans to the Czar were not as important as they thought.

Ogden L. Mills, Assistant Secretary of the United States Treasury, in a few words convinces you that this country has genuine prosperity, if prosperity consists in getting more of life's good things than anybody else gets.

The United States has only 7 per cent of the world's population, and yet, says Mr. Mills, "that 7 per cent consumes approximately 48 per cent. of the world's coffee, 53 per cent of the tin, 56 per cent of the crude rubber, 21 per cent of the sugar, 72 per cent of the raw silk, 36 per cent of the coal, 42 per cent. of the pig iron, 47 per cent of the copper and 69 per cent of the crude petroleum.

"Out of nearly 32,000,000 automobiles in the world on January 1, 1929, more than 24,000,000 were owned in the United States."

We certainly get our share. Perhaps the World Court will tell us we get too much.

The Political Secret

By LILLIAN MOSSELLER

(Copyright)

BILL CASSIDY put the cover on his typewriter and closed his desk. Tomorrow the whole world would be let in on what had been a political secret and his paper would be the first to divulge the news because he—Bill Cassidy—had been quick witted and on the job.

Only Bill knew the secret. Only Bill? Well—not quite. He had told his girl in the strictest confidence. She would never tell. Wouldn't she? Sampson had trusted Delilah. Well, this girl was not that sort. She was not a vamp—she was not tricky. She was just a simple, sweet, beautiful—but he was beginning to feel a little uneasy

Well, he had told her, and that was that. She had not invited his confidence except by her habit of reticence—yet the words of his secret had poured into her ears. She had beauty without vanity—charm without guile—could she keep a secret? Tomorrow the world would know, but today no one must know. A political secret divulged to a woman! A scoop for the press—his scoop! What inherent weakness in him had made him respond to that impulse to tell? He had always been so absolutely sure of his strength where women were concerned

Yet Sampson had been sure of his strength until Delilah cut of his hair! Was Margaret—lovely Margaret—his Delilah? No. She had not wanted his secret. She was not to blame—she had protested that she did not like secrets—they were a burden to her. Perhaps that was a trick to get it out of him—women—even the best of them—were full of tricks—they were born that way! Well she had gotten it out of him—shame to her! He would go to her. His secret must not be divulged this night! When morning came the news would be broadcast, but he must somehow, some way, keep her from seeing anyone tonight. She had had time—even now to let a word slip—just a few words and he would be ruined. His imagination traveled dark highways.

He had wanted to marry her. He had planned to ask her when the Big News—his political scoop was flashed over the world. Then he would get a raise—then they could marry. But she was a reporter, too. She was on an evening paper—perhaps she had used his—no, he couldn't think that of her—she might let it slip in a feminine, stupid way—but she wouldn't use it to advance herself—wouldn't she? Sampson had trusted Delilah!

He hurried to Washington place where he must walk up six flights of stairs before he could reach her apartment. He stood panting and out of breath as he rang the bell. She did not answer. The bell must have been out of order. He tried the knob. The latch had not caught and the door opened. He stepped into the corridor and paused.

Margaret was in the next room, talking. Only some heavy portieres separated them. He had not intended to stand there and listen but her words electrified him—suddenly there was murder in his heart!

"He told me a secret," he heard her say quite distinctly and she laughed delightedly. "He told me a secret." There was a pause. "Tomorrow, the whole world will know," her voice was so low he could scarcely hear—"and tonight, only you and I know—except—"

So she had divulged it! Perfidy, thy name is Woman!

"Darling," she continued in a warm resonant voice. "It is you, I love—you only!" There was a sound of a long kiss. He clinched his fists.

"A wordless thing of beauty, that comes to fill the soul of me, in love. Love that is brought to me by you, dear. Love came not to me until you came. For only you could bring me love."

Bill groaned audibly. She had said the same thing to him with her eyes—that very day.

"Who is there!" she cried in terror.

He flung aside the curtains. She was seated upon the rug in front of the fireplace with the firelight shining on her hair. She was alone. Bill glanced around the room quickly. Had the devil escaped? He looked at the girl who was as still as though she had been turned to stone. She was clasping something to her breast and looking at him in consternation. He stooped and snatched it from her. Then he wilted. His anger left him. He was filled with shame. He knelt beside her. She had been holding his photograph—she had been talking to him.

"Oh, Bill, you heard?" She hid her face on his shoulder. He raised it to his. Her beautiful mouth was soft and responsive and her hair was a golden halo about her head.

"Bill, dear," she told him, when she was able to speak, "I discovered I really loved you when you told me the secret. Most men think women are capable of nothing but seduction and guile. Bill, it thrilled me through and through to learn that you really trusted me!"

"Oh, Margaret!" Bill looked at her with adoration in his eyes. "Oh, Margaret!"

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NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned has obtained from the Orphans' Court for Kent County letters of Administration on the personal estate of

RICHARD C. LEAVERTON

late of said county, deceased. All persons having claims against said deceased's estate are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the proper vouchers thereof, to the undersigned on or before the 16th day of May, 1930, otherwise they may by law be excluded from all benefit of said deceased's personal estate.

All persons indebted to this estate must settle at once.

Given under my hand this 12th day of November, 1929.

STEPHEN R. COLLINS,
Administrator.
n16.

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