Prizes for Contribution to Uplift of Mankind

The Nobel foundation (Nobelstiftelsen) was established in pursuance of the provisions of the will of Alfred Nobel, who was born in Stockholm in 1833 and died at San Remo in 1896. By this will, dated November 27, 1895, Alfred Nobel bequeathed the whole of his fortune (more than 30,000,000 kroner) to a fund the interest of which shall be annually paid out to those who during the immediately preceding years "have conferred the greatest benefit on mankind." The interest is divided into five equal parts, to be allotted as follows: "One part to the person who shall have made the most important discovery or invention in the domain of physics, one part to the person who shall have made the most important chemical discovery or improvement, one part to the person who shall have made the most important discovery in the domain of physiology or medicine, one part to the person who shall have produced in the field of literature the most distinguished work of an idealistic tendency and one part to the person who shall have done most to promote the fraternity of nations, the abolition or diminution of standing armies and the formation and propagation of peace congresses."

Caverns Under Lookout Mountain Cut by Water

Investigations by engineers indicate that Lookout mountain is a sort of peanut-shell shaped mound covering a system of caverns extending from one end to the other, with runs branching off to both east and west brows every few miles. There are at least one, and perhaps two, large rivers and many smaller streams running under the mountain at a level of about 1,500 feet below the surface. These streams run up and down the mountain and across it. The water in these streams is as clear as a crystal and has no life in it. The streams run both north and south and some of them run north a distance, swerve around some weird formation and flow back southward. The openings under the mountain have been cut by these streams and are corresponding in number and direction.

That's That

It is annoying when one goes to the theater and has one's view obstructed by the hat of a woman seated in front.

Nobody has much sympathy for those who choose to wear their largest hats while seeking amusement, but, on the other hand, there is the crusty old man who finds fault with everything, and pretends he is unable to see the stage even when the hat in front of him is of the smallest variety.

One of these was at the theater when, after fidgeting for some time, he growled in a loud voice to the girl in front of him: "Do you mind removing your hat? I can't see through wood."

Thea girl turned and looked at him quietly for a moment. Then she said, calmly: "Very well, change seats; I can."

Musical Milkmaid

The piping of the goatherds is one of the novel experiences of those persons who take occasion to spend a little time in the mountain towns in the Pyrenees mountains in the south of France. This music fills the early morning air, the milk people appearing soon after the break of dawn. These early morning visitors present a picturesque appearance. The pair consists generally of a lad and a maid, leading a herd of goats, and the lad is equipped with homemade pan-pipes, and his music serves to call the housekeeper who appears in the door with a crock or a heavy brass pitcher, and into this the milk is drawn directly from the animal.

Tactful

A policeman at a busy corner held up a large car for nearly four minutes when there was no need.

The driver of the car, a middleaged woman, was indignant.

"Good gracious me, officer!" she cried. "Do you realize that you have delayed me unnecessarily for four minutes? I want to know at once why you held me up, otherwise I'll report you!"

The policeman had an immediate answer.

"I beg your pardon, madam," he said politely, "but at first I thought you were too young to drive a car."

Currying Favor

From an old French allegory of the Fourteenth century we have inherited the expression, "to curry favor," writes Elizabeth Hawes Ryland in the Boston Transcript. The star character of this old fable was a chestnut or fawn-colored horse called "Favel." This picturesque animal typified Hypocrisy. Therefore, "to curry Favel," as the English of Spenser's day had it, was to "curry the fawn-colored horse," that is, to employ deceitful means for selfish ends "Favel" easily passed into "favor."

Meal Is Prescribed

There is a restaurant in Paris where you cannot order what you want. The waiter positively refuses to take your order. You may notice him standing and studying you closely. Possibly he calls the head waiter and the two converse in low tones, glancing at you every now and then as if they were doctors diagnosing a patient's case.

That is exactly what they are doing. They are not doctors, but food experts and they are discovering from your appearance and your personality exactly what dishes will make the strongest appeal to you. They will eventually give you, not what you think you want, but what they know you will find most delicious.

THREE TUNES DAILY

Teacher: "Name an organ of the body."

Small Boy: "The teeth."

Teacher: "The teeth? What kind on an organ would that be?"

Small Boy: "A grind organ."

Apache No Match for Larry

By LEETE STONE

(Copyright.)

IT WAS one of those days in spring when Sunny Paris was not sunny. A misty drizzle had been falling since morning. It took more than rain, however, to dampen the ebullient spirits of those two genial young Irishmen, Michael Flannagan and Patrick Murphy. They were spending a short time in Paris before returning to Ireland to visit their aged mothers whom they had not seen for many years. Day by day they rambled about together, exploring the beauties and drinking in the charm of the loveliest city in the world. This day, a mite weary from walking from their hotel near the Madeleine all the way to the Left Bank and Boulevard Raspail, they spied the Cafe Dome on its inviting corner, and sat down at one of the sidewalk tables beneath the great protective awning. Over a warming aperitif they conversed idly. Finally, from Pat:

"Whatever's become of Larry Shane, Mike—our old side kick?"

"Didn't I tell you long ago, boy? Why, he came over here an' got married an' from what he says is livin' happy ever since. I had a letter from him not so long ago. Haven't I ever told you the story of Larry?"

"No, shoot! Perhaps the rain'll stop while you're talkin'."

"This is how it was, boy. Ye'll remember when Larry worked with us he was always hankerin' for a white collar job an' some book learnin'. 'Twasn't long before he'd saved enough to take him to business school. He studied hard, he did—typewritin' an' bookkeepin' an' such. Kinda funny, too; wasn't it? A big tough guy like Larry!"

"Never saw him bested," Pat interpolated.

"Well, anyway, Pat; he no sooner got through his schoolin' than he got a job with some rich gentleman who did nothin' much but travel an' take care of his jack. This one wanted a secretary. He picks Larry out of a mob at his office door—prob'ly because he liked Larry's face an' wanted a bodyguard as well. This was three years ago.

"Their first crossin' landed them here, in Paris. You remember how the girls all went wild over Larry? Well, 'twasn't a week before Larry was datin' up a little French girl that worked in a hair dressin' parlor. They was together all his spare time. From what Larry said, Miss America was a washout beside this one. Right away he wanted to throw up his job, get a steady one in Paris an' marry the kid. She was wild about him, but she wanted to wait awhile.

"Thinkin' about the girl, an' havin' a date to meet her in front o' one them little cafes one night, Larry gets into one of his tough moods, suddenlike.

"'The French have some pretty tough guys themselves, them apaches,' Larry says to his boss on his way out ahead of time.

"'Larry, my son,' the boss says, quite gentle, 'whatever you do, do not hit a Frenchman. If you do, they'll put you in the bastile, and I'll let you rot there before I lift a finger to get you out.'

"Meditatin' on these wise words, Larry goes to the little cafe to wait for his girl an' have, maybe, a glass o' this red ink we're havin' now. A froggie crowds up beside him and tries to steal his change that's still lyin' on the bar. The fun begins!

"There was twenty o' them apache guys, an' one o' him. Larry grabs a Rhine wine bottle; an' say Pat, what a lovely weapon that is—long an' slender, with the weight an' the bottom an' the feel of a shillalah. He lays about him sure reckless. Catches one guy on top o' the head. Down he goes. On the upswing he gets another one on the jaw. So it went until the floor was covered with 'em; they doin' a Yale chorus. A lad comes at him with a knife. Larry gives him the hand an' foot, shootin' him through a window.

"In comes a pair o' johndarmes, we call 'em cops; in speedy French they yell something that might have been:

"'In the name of Liberty what are you doing?'

"'I don't parleyvoo,' roars Larry, but don't interfere with an ancient diversion. I got a lot left,' says he, as the Johnnies try to get hold of his collar which they could hardly reach. Just then there's a bit of a scream an' in rushes Larry's girl straight into his arms.

"'I see it all,' laughin' an' weepin' she is, and it is that you are so brave. The Apache, he is no match for you. Larree, Larree; you would fight for me like that? Oh, yes, I love you and I weel marry you when you say!'

"The cops stood watchin' as if they were lookin' at a show. Then, Pat, this French sweetie o' Larry's, turns an' reads everybody a riot act, includin' the cops. She might o' been this Sarah Bernhardt, the big French actress that died, you know."

Pheasants Pay Their Keep

The pheasant has been acquitted of the charge of devouring grain, and its trail has developed the fact that it eats 100 different kinds of insects, most of which are of the nature of pests, and it also eats the seed of a number of vegetable pests and in the gizzards of 285 birds which were examined only a few grain seeds were found.

Origin of Common Expression

The expression "to put a spoke in the wheel" would suggest adding strength to a wheel, although actually the saying is used to indicate that somebody's progress has been barred. It has its origin, no doubt, in the far-off days when vehicles had solid wooden wheels. Holes were made in some of these so that the driver who wished to put on the brake could do so by pushing through one of the holes a piece of wood, called a spoke, and thus prevent the wheel from revolving.

As "Man in the Street" Sees Shortage of Gold

Harvard professors are doing fine teamwork. One scares us half to death and the other comes along and reassures us. Professor Gay, at the Institute of Politics, predicted a serious gold shortage in years to come, unless there are some more strikes like Klondike and South Africa. Now Professor Carver says there is no danger. There is plenty of gold in the earth, but not all mines can be worked profitably when gold is cheap—that is, when a gold dollar purchases a small volume of commodities.

As the purchasing power of gold rises it will become profitable to go after the gold in them thar bills. Thus the economic law will operate to provide the world with what gold it requires.

Now if a third Harvard professor would tell us how to make that economic law work the same way for individuals the picture would be perfect. Speaking personally, we have long been convinced that the gold shortage started some time before we were born.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Simple Old Method of Evading Penalty of Sin

Every one unacquainted with old English customs is interested by the story of the Sin-eater in Mary Webb's novel, "Precious Bane." Sin-eaters did not constitute a religious sect. They were employed in some counties of England and in Wales in connection with funeral rites. Their office was to eat bread and drink ale which had been placed on the bier, and thus symbolically take upon themselves the sins committed by the deceased person. Having done this, the sin-eater pronounced the "ease and rest" of the dead person and asserted that to procure this he had pawned his own soul. There were not wanting men to perform this rash office, but it was not so rash as might appear; for the sin-eater could see to it that the same means of acquiring impunity was invoked for him at his decease, so that no matter what accumulation of sin he had made himself responsible for, the whole burden would be lifted by a subsequent sin-eater. The custom seems to have lingered in Wales until the forties of last century.—Montreal Family Herald.

Ancient Stockings

At Vienna, among the earliest coronation robes of the emperor, are a fine pair of Thirteenth-century stockings which were made for William II of Sicily. They are made of red damask in two parts, the foot and leg being joined. The leg is embroidered and the foot portions are made of plain material.

The inventories of St. Paul's in London mention Thirteenth-century stockings embroidered with roses, eagles, lions, and in the upper part, wine leaves. In museums in England, France, Germany, Italy and Hungary, many royal and pontifical stockings of the Thirteenth, Fourteenth and Fifteenth centuries are exhibited.

Wool From Camel

Camel's hair is a textile material made of hairlike wool from a camel, generally light brown in color. The value depends upon the quality of the fibers. A good grade is very light and soft. The cloth is usually twill. The finer underhair of the camel is about one inch long and is soft and silky. The long, coarse hairs from the camel are three-fourths of an inch long. In the shearing process they cannot be separated and are baled and exported in a mixed condition. When spun the hairs are sometimes separated but more often are woven together, giving the material the rough, shaggy appearance.—Washington Star.

Bad All Round

Apropos of Prime Minister MacDonald's efforts to secure a world peace, a prominent manufacturer said at a meeting of the Society for Universal Peace in Pittsburgh:

"We should all lend a hand in this peace movement. We should do so not only to prevent our young men from being sacrificed, but also for our own benefit.

"Warring nations," he continued, "suffer in lives lost. We suffer in our business, our pocketbooks, and, by consequence we suffer, too, in all our luxuries and conveniences.

"In a word the fighters trench, the noncombatants retrench."

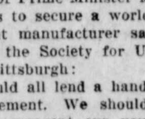
Sealskin Production

Sealskin is obtained by dressing, which necessitates the removal of the coarse water hairs which grow beyond the fur. It is accomplished by shaving down the flesh side of the skin to cut off the roots of the hair, which grow deeper than the fur. The hairs are then pulled out, and the fur, originally a rusty brown, is dyed black, the process requiring seven dippings. Both these processes are trade secrets, and they require great care and skill. Experienced and successful work at once doubles the value of the skin.

Miles of Hens

The largest poultry plant in the world, operated at Reseda, Calif., sells more than 150,000 old hens each year and maintains a flock of 500,000 hens, says the United States Department of Agriculture. The statistically minded can calculate that if these 500,000 chickens were marching in a line a foot apart, the parade would extend more than 90 miles.

DR. JULIAN T. POWEL



OPTOMETRIST

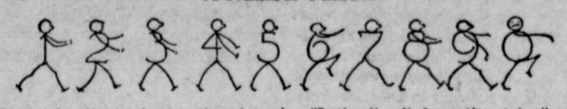
Chestertown, Maryland.

In office at Chestertown every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday; office hours 9 a. m. to 4 p. m.

The Children's Corner

Edited by DOROTHY EDMONDS

A Number Jumble



One night the numbers gathered together for a jolly meeting. For once they decided to have a thoroughly good time. They were tired of causing frowns to appear on children's faces. Every single one of them arrived on time.

When they felt extremely gay they



took partners and danced. Of course, when they took partners they immediately became larger, more important numbers and changed their names.

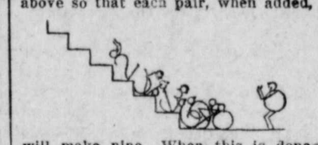
Twelve danced a jig; forty-six did a fancy polka; fifty-three swayed gracefully; seventy danced a rather stiff waltz and not always in time; and eighty-nine, because its two parts both wished to dance in the same direction, tried to please each, by skipping merrily forward in a barn dance.

All went well until some number, perhaps it was roly-poly zero, spied an interesting staircase.

"Let's all roll down the stairs," said he.

Not wishing to appear disagreeable the other numbers agreed. It was easy enough for zero who had no joints to bruise, but dear, dear what a heap and a jumble of uncomfortable numbers landed at the foot of the stairs a few moments later. Alas! There they must stay until the children will straighten them out.

Stand them in pairs on the lines above so that each pair, when added,



will make nine. When this is done, it is possible they may feel comfortable again.

Samo San's Toothbrush

At night or in the morning or right after meals, or any other time you brush your teeth to keep them pretty and white, look at your toothbrush, and think of children in far away lands.

You'd never guess what kind of a toothbrush boys and girls of old Japan used hundreds of years ago. Just a small stick of bamboo with the fibers at one end frazzled out like a brush! With this funny affair little Samo San of old Japan would rub and polish her teeth until they were as clean as she could get them.

Gahiz, the Arab boy, uses a toothbrush, too. His is a queer little stickbrush somewhat like that of Samo San of old Japan. But Gahiz's "toothcleaner" is made of a twig of sweet-scented myrtle, or a lily root or a strip of palm wood. In Arabia it is considered so important to have clean teeth that it has become part of these people's religion. Little Gahiz not only brushes his teeth morning and evening and after meals, but also before he says his prayers. That's a custom, don't you think so, to sweet mouth with which to say one's prayers? So fond are the people of Arabia of their sweet-scented toothbrushes (siwaks, they call them) that they think them very nice presents, indeed, and often give each other cunning packets of them tied up with gay ribbons of gauze and silk.

Away down in Africa lives black Mahdi who is a caravan runner, and makes his living by carrying packages strapped to his naked black back, or balanced on top of his woolly, black head. He is strong and sturdy, and can trot for miles and miles down the jungle trails and can bear great loads. Because it's so hot in Mahdi's land he doesn't bother to wear any clothes. But two things he always carries with him—a big gourd for drinking water and his "msuaki" or toothbrush. Mahdi's toothbrush is made from a piece of reed or a stalk cut from the bullrushes along a stream. As it doesn't cost him anything at all, he gets a new one often, and always he keeps his teeth clean and shining.

All over the world children are keeping their teeth clean and white; are you?

—Alice Alison Lide.

(Copyright.)

ECONOMY PLUS

"Here comes the parade, and your Aunt Helen will miss it. Where is she?"

"She's upstairs waving her hair."

"Mercy! Can't we afford a flag "

CORRECTION

In copying the poem, "The Blue Bird," the name of the poet, Mrs. Alice Mathews, of Philadelphia, was inadvertently left out. We apologize to her and our readers as well.

LOVE OF ANOTHER STAMP

Teacher: "Leander swam the Hellespont every night to see Hero. That is the strongest proof of love we have."

Pupil: "I know a better."

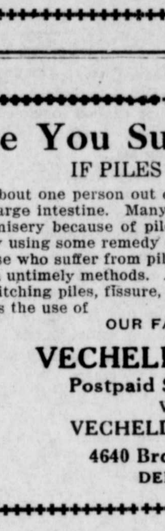
Teacher: "What is that?"

Pupil: "Our maid loves the postman, so she writes a letter to herself every night to make sure he will come the next day."

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