Columbus Young When He Discovered America

Documentary evidence that Christopher Columbus was only twenty-eight years of age when he first set foot on the soil of the New world comes from a Spanish historian called Ulloa. This upsets the conventional history which has it that Columbus was fifty years old when he landed in America. The Canadian National railway has pointed out in a bulletin that the announcement of Ulloa does not say whether the fault lies in the date of discovery or the mistaken age of Columbus. At any rate, the official date of the discovery of America is likely to stand as October 12, 1492, when Columbus is said to have set foot on the island of San Salvador, known also as Watling's island, which is one of the group known as the Bahamas, with Nassau as its capital.

French and English Cooking

The theory has been advanced, that the superior skill of the French and Scotch in the culinary art may have been inspired by the fact that those countries were torn by civil wars and invasions, and the inhabitants were compelled to make the best of the victuals they could secure.

One writer comments in this connection that the English, who had more peace and better food, with no such pressure to teach them to make the best of it, are even today accustomed to despise and to throw away portions of animals esteemed as dainties in Scotland; and that there was (and probably is) a greater variety of vegetables found in French than in English kitchens.—National Geographic Society Bulletin.

Botanically Speaking

The out-of-town guest was showing some snapshots of her little granddaughter, and among them was a charming picture of the little girl standing in a bed of tulips, which reached quite above her head. Sonny was a very interested onlooker, and when some one remarked, "Just see! The flowers are taller than the child," Sonny drew up to his full stature, and announced importantly:

"Well, if they wanted to get flowers taller than I am, they'd have to take hollyhocks!"

Poor Underpinning

British pirates threw their gin jugs and gambling chips in a sea-level swamp, then built up a city, Belize, which a hurricane, helped by a tidal wave, recently demolished. Says Time: "It would have been better if the city's fathers had thrown in a few more pots and chips, for Belize is only a few inches above sea-level." It might still have been better if they had thrown their "foundations" on higher and drier ground.

Yawn in Therapeutics

In sleep people do not yawn, because their neck muscles are relaxed and the body is in a horizontal position, permitting the heart to pump to one part as easily as another.

Every animal, bird and most reptiles yawn. The insects probably never yawn, because nature removes fatigue toxins in some other manner.

The yawn is probably one of the oldest of nature's simple therapeutics, and we have yawned all the way up the evolutionary family tree.

Hard for Humanity to Meet These Conditions

There's a halo, a pair of wings and a through ticket on the heavenly express, countersigned by St. Peter, general passenger agent, all ready and waiting for:

The husband who has never wished he could get back the amount he paid for his wife's engagement ring.

The man who can preserve a light heart with a heavy liver.

The girl who marries for love and can honestly say that she has never wished she had married for money.

The man who, in time of drought, can pray for rain when his own roof leaks.

The bride who promises to obey without having her fingers crossed.

The man who can stand up for his own rights without sitting on everybody else.

The real estate agent who tells the truth about that walk to the station.

The man who can turn the other cheek when he finally gets his enemy in his power.

The married woman who has never complained that all men are alike.

The man who can forget an injury without forgetting he has forgotten it.

The man who is as perfect as his wife thinks he ought to be.—Town Topics.

Lord Nelson's Charmer

Lady (Emma) Hamilton, contrary to the impression gathered by popular stories, was not totally repudiated by her husband, Sir William Hamilton, on account of her liaison with Lord Nelson, by whom she had a daughter in 1801. On the death of her husband, says the Washington Star, she received a life rent of £800 and the furniture of the home in Piccadilly, London. She then lived with Nelson openly at his home in Merton, which he left her at his death with an annuity of £500, as well as the control of the £4,000 he left to their daughter Horatio. Her gambling and extravagance, however, left her poor, and in 1813 she was put in prison for debt, remaining one year. She then went to Calais to escape creditors, where she died January 15, 1815.

"Nine Points of the Law"

The old saying that "Possession is nine points of the law" is merely a saying, and does not refer to any actual principle of law. It means simply that in a dispute over real estate, actual possession is an advantage equal to a great majority of the legal points involved; and by extension it figuratively signifies the enormous advantage those in power or possession have over those resisting them. The number nine is not particularly significant in this connection. In fact, the original phrase was "possession is eleven points of the law." Nine and eleven are favorite numbers in folklore and popular phrases and sayings.

The Real Spaniard

He who wishes to become acquainted with the genuine Spaniard, must seek him not in seaports and large towns, but in lone and remote villages, like those of the Sagra. There he will find all that gravity of deportment and chivalry of disposition which Cervantes is said to have sneered away; and there he will hear in everyday conversation those grandiose expression which, when met with in the romances of chivalry, are scoffed at as ridiculous exaggerations.—George Borrow in "The Bible in Spain."

HIS COMPENSATION

The Story of a Music Master

By FANNIE HURST

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)
(WNU Service)

LIVING in the machine-age should in some measure have prepared the director for what was coming; hundreds of the more astute had seen it in the offing for years, before it actually happened, and in many instances had run for the cover of kindred professions or occupations.

Klinger, however, had stuck, as the saying goes, like a captain to a sinking ship, until the inundation of "canned music" was something that even his stubborn kind of resistance had to reckon with.

No doubt about it, the day of the theater and moving picture orchestra was gone. A man had not a chance to earn any sort of decent living for himself and family, if he depended upon a profession that had literally died in its tracks.

In vain the perishing vocation fought for its life. An organization was formed, of which Klinger was vice president, to combat, by newspaper and magazine advertising, this demise of an honorable profession.

DO NOT PERMIT CANNED MUSIC TO BE SERVED UP TO YOU. THE BEST IS NONE TOO GOOD. PUBLIC, DEMAND YOUR RIGHTS!

Of course the public did nothing of the sort, the sound-screen became its own orchestral effect, orchestras died out of the theater, and at fifty-seven, Otto Klinger, for thirty years director of an orchestra in one of the city's largest temples of entertainment, found himself, incredible as it might seem, out of a job.

There was the alternative, desperately clutched by so many of his men, of rushing to the picture studios of California, but even had such an opportunity presented itself, Klinger was not the man to subject his dignity to any such flagellation as that.

Playing on a motion picture lot! Otto Klinger, graduate of a Berlin conservatory of music, one-time concert meister of a Nurnberg orchestra and now, for thirty years, director of an aggregation of thirty men, going Hollywood. Never!

Fortunately, it was at a time of his life when his family, containing grown sons and daughters, had agreed among themselves it was best for him to retire.

Rearing three girls and three boys on a scale of decent and substantial living had, of course, not enabled Otto to accumulate, but when the catastrophe of the dissolution of his orchestra came along, there were fortunately, three out of his six children who were earning. Firmin and Max, the two elder boys, steady and showing the results of the spartan rearing that had been theirs, were both draughtsmen drawing substantial wage. Mathilde, the third, daughter, a staid, careful, uncoquettish girl, who so far as the modern flapper was concerned, did not exist at all, was confidential secretary to the German consul.

So, all in all, while in the heart of Otto calamity had descended, his family, including his wife, was of an opinion, secret from him, that considering his age and gouty constitution, it was just as well for him to retire.

The Klingers owned their little home on the outskirts of New York. There were only three children left at a school age. Mrs. Klinger, twenty years younger than her husband, and of firm heroic build, was a housewife of impeccable and amazing capacity for economy.

The Klingers could make out all right.

But the effect upon the morale of Klinger was what troubled them. Prepared as the family was for the let-down that inevitably must take place in the somewhat Bismarkian figure of their father, who for thirty years had ruled thirty men, to say nothing of a household, the actual happening was nothing short of appalling.

He became a household tyrant, domineering over the daily routine, interfering in his wife's capable regime, exercising even more discipline with his children.

There came a time, in that little home, when so far as the members of it were concerned, the idea of sending Otto off to a private hospital at some quiet seaside resort actually began to present itself.

That project never took form. The Klingers were too compact a group for that; too grounded in certain rudiments of family solidity, but it does go to show the extremes to which they were pushed, by the overflow of their father's chagrin into the household.

Then Bertha, the fourth child, hit on a scheme that, while it was to increase the household tyranny in many ways, was nothing short of stroke-of-genius.

Secretly, so that not even his wife or children knew it, there had always smoldered in Otto bitter disappointment that not one of his children had followed in his musical footsteps. They were a practical, sensible lot, youngsters any parent could be proud of, and for that matter each and every one founded in a musical education.

But among them, with the exception of Edith, who was too young to reckon with, not one of the girls or boys had exhibited outstanding musical talent.

Bertha's idea, however, was founded on this rather casual musical equipment of the family.

Father must form a family orchestra and they could practice evenings. Mother at the piano, the three boys at the violin, flute and viola respectively, Bertha and Mathilde at the harp and 'cello and little Edith, who was now eight and taking her first lessons, at the violin.

Well, somehow, the idea caught with Klinger like wildfire and catching, and some tantalizing things to family life, curtailing the outside activities of the grown boys and girls to such an extent that their souls or their evenings could no longer be called their own.

Bad as was the evening after evening practicing of the group, under the surveillance of Klinger, it was offset by the fact that once more clenched by an interest, something of the old good humor, and normal geniality of the man revived.

Life in the Klinger household was once more livable, as the Klingers put it.

And then there began to develop the aspect of it all that made the idea of Bertha seem to blossom into something that was nothing short of genius.

Time and time again, conducting this little group of his family orchestra, Klinger began to find himself amazed and delighted by the musical precocity of the mite of a girl playing the third violin.

Within two months, trying to keep down within himself the rising hope and the rising excitement that here in this child was talent, he saw the thin little wisp of a girl superceding her delighted first violinist brother, playing in his place.

Six months later, by arrangement made by Klinger, Edith was taken to the conservatory, there to play before the great Eicher, who pronounced her of outstanding and amazing virtuosity.

That busted up the Klinger orchestra, so to speak.

Six hours of each day, Klinger, who has no more time for his family orchestra, interested to his fingertips, tender of her youth, adoring of her talent, teaches his youngest, and plans for her musical future.

Systematic Hunt for Priceless Old Papers

Quit recently a London workman was cutting out a piece of old parchment into segments for making into a lamp shade when he noticed some old and faded writing on the piece he had cut. A close examination revealed the parchment to be a deed of the period of James I. Here was a valuable old document that should have been preserved in a museum being ruthlessly cut up to gratify the passing whim of fashion, and when it had served its purpose to be cast aside on a dust heap, a loss to history and the severing perhaps of a valuable link with the past.

Hundreds of priceless old documents are being cut up in this way, but thanks to that distinguished scholar and antiquarian, Mr. William le Hardy, a public appeal has been made to end this needless sacrifice of historical documents for the sake of a craze. He is asking to be allowed to examine the archives of old-established solicitors' offices in London, where many of these old documents are to be found, in the hopes of discovering deeds that will throw some light on the history of some famous county families. One firm has already given Mr. William le Hardy permission to go through their archives, with the result that many important facts concerning the histories of ancient manors have been revealed.—London Mail.

Automatic Mixer

One concrete mixer has an automatic control system operated by photo-electric cells that can be depended on to measure out the different ingredients with unfailing precision and dispatch. These cells are built into dial scales in such a way that the pointer of each scale swings between an associate cell and its exciting lamp. Each ingredient is brought to the mixing plant by conveyors that feed into weight hoppers. The charging goes on until the pointers pass through beams of light focused on the electric eyes, when sensitive relays stop the flow. With the eyes on watch, concrete of a uniform grade can be produced regardless of the number of batches made up.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

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"Ah, my dear," said her homely relative, "you will find that Time is a great healer."

"True, auntie," the girl replied, "but he's certainly a mighty poor beauty doctor."

Possibly Some Truth in Tales of Vampires

There has come out of Trinidad a tale that would have stirred Bram Stoker, says the New York Times. Men and cattle had been dying from some mysterious disease. It was finally traced, according to the dispatches, to the bites of mad vampire bats. What makes the story more uncanny, if true, is that the victim does not feel the bite, "the bat settling on his toes and fanning its wings to produce local anaesthesia."

Peter Martyr, writing soon after the conquest of South America, declared that in the isthmus of Darien there were bats which sucked the blood of men and cattle when asleep and sometimes killed them. When in Central America, the author of the article in the old Encyclopedia Britannica, who quotes this early authority, "had many accounts given him as to the attacks of these vampires." Most of them were said to prefer gray horses.

For a long time no naturalist ever caught a blood-sucking bat in the act, and it was not until Charles Darwin himself did so that doubts were dispelled. He was bivouacking late one night near Coquimbo, in Chile, when his servant, going to see what was the matter with a restive horse, "suddenly put his hand on the beast's withers, and secured the vampire."

State Birds

While a few states have adopted certain birds officially, the following birds are identified with particular states: Alabama, flicker; California, California quail; District of Columbia, wood thrush; Florida, mockingbird; Georgia, brown thrasher; Illinois, cardinal; Kansas, Western meadowlark; Kentucky, cardinal; Louisiana, brown pelican; Maine, chickadee; Maryland, Baltimore oriole; Michigan, robin; Missouri, bluebird; Nebraska, Western meadowlark; Oregon, Western meadowlark; Oregon, Western meadowlark; Texas, mockingbird; Virginia, robin; Wisconsin, robin, and Wyoming, Western meadowlark.

Two Educations

There are two sorts of education. There is the education where you get your knowledge and the education, which is equally important, of friction with other human beings, and that you cannot get as long as you sit by yourself in your lodgings. You only get it through rubbing your brains with those of other people. You get the corners knocked off, you learn toleration, and you emerge an infinitely better fellow, able to get at work at once amongst your fellow men. Work will be infinitely better done if you have gone through that process of friction and massage with other human minds and men.—Stanley Baldwin.

Effect of Sunspots

Some ornithologists contend that migratory birds are "pulled" south in the fall by a yearning for ultra-violet light. When the fall light loses its glare, birds turn toward the brighter sunshine in the South—like moths to a flame. That's the theory.

Since biological light affects animals and parasites oppositely, the study of zoology is very complicated. In one way or another, the whole world of life seems to be affected by sunspots. Different organisms in different ways all have their ups and downs, which apparently run in cycles.—Los Angeles Times.

The Really Happy

There is only one kind of happiness worth while or possible—that which comes by growth. This can be achieved by any human being. Some have the opinion that people who merely vegetate are truly happy. Such people are pictured as being free from the hurry and bustle of the more complex civilization. It may be a pleasing picture, but it is not true. The men who achieve real happiness are those who grow, feeding on the best, exercising their powers, and pushing upward against the opposing forces.—Exchange.

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