American Indians Not Lacking in Good Ideas

With particular respect to fishing, the American Indian methodology was especially interesting. The harpoon was a favorite implement for taking large fish, the spear or simply a sharp-pointed stick for smaller fry. But the net also was used, and a kind of fish corral was frequently employed on the tidal beaches—a circle of sticks driven into the sand. In the New England region torch fishing was common; the fish, attracted by the light, were speared or netted by the Indians in canoes or actually wading in the water. No better evidence of the natural economy of the race, so frequently denied, can be cited than the custom of fertilizing corn hills with the remains of fish. This was the trick taught to the settlers at Plymouth by Squanto, and a little thought on the subject will suggest that it was an example of pure primitive genius on the part of the inventor. Another exhibition of the same type is to be found in the custom of using mild vegetable poisons to catch fish, but in this case the origin may well have been of the nature of a discovery rather than of an invention.

Eye Care Saves Much Bodily Nervous Energy

Six of the twelve sets of nerves in the head lead to the eyes, according to M. J. Julian of the Better Vision Institute, utilizing more of the available nervous energy than is required for any other one organ of the body. One authority has estimated that one-half of the energy required by the five senses is absorbed by the eyes alone, moving the eyelids, shifting the eye, dilating the pupil, recording the visual and color images and transmitting them to the brain.

"Eyes that are out of adjustment require even more energy," says Mr. Julian. "It is even worse if one eye is normal and one subnormal, for then there is a conflict between the effectiveness of the images that are registered and the corresponding messages sent to the brain. Eyesight specialists, in normalizing sight, are in reality conserving the resources of energy of the body, balancing the budget of 'current' that the various organs require. No one has estimated the amount of energy which a pair of glasses saves in a lifetime, but it can be easily guessed from the headaches and general tiredness that weak eyes invariably lead to."

Artisans All

A group of professional men had gathered in the lobby of a hotel and proceeded to make themselves known to one another.

"My name is Fortesque," said one, extending his hand. "I'm a painter—work in water colors chiefly."

"Indeed," chimed in another, "I'm an artist, too. I work in bronze."

"Well, this is fine," a third broke in. "I'm a sculptor—I work in stone."

Then the quiet little fellow who had been inclined to keep apart stepped up, with a dry smile. "Glad to make the acquaintance of you gentlemen, for I have a common interest with you. I'm a college professor, I work in ivory."—Forbes Magazine.

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Western Electric Contract Benefits Telephone Users

Merchandise Sold Last Year Averaged $670,000 Daily. Goods Distributed From Thirty-Two Branch Houses

Gainful employment in the United States is divided into numerous classifications, but it will surprise many people to learn that one-eighth of the population, according to the last census, is engaged in wholesale and retail distribution of merchandise.

Experience has shown that these functions can best be performed by people specializing in them and manufacturers have usually found it desirable to let wholesalers perform this service. Regardless of whether such functions are assumed by the manufacturer, jobber or chain store, no way of eliminating the operations has yet been found and they remain substantial elements in the cost of living.

The Bell telephone system, a large consumer of merchandise, is an example. The maintenance and extension of its plant throughout the United States requires the use of tens of thousands of different articles, according to the Bell Telephone Quarterly. The problem of assembling in the proper place the wide variety of material required by the associated Bell telephone companies does not differ materially from the general problem of distribution. It does differ from the general custom, however, in that through the distribution branch of the Western Electric Company, the Bell System has developed its own wholesaler which does for the associated companies the work of the so-called middlemen.

This arrangement came into being with the development of the supply contract between the operating telephone companies and the Western Electric Company. Under this contract the latter company agrees to manufacture or purchase material which the telephone company may reasonably require for its business and to maintain distributing store rooms at points mutually agreed upon; also to receive, store, repair, and re-issue or otherwise dispose of surplus material which has been removed from the plant. This system, started in 1901, has developed into the establishment of distributing houses in thirty-two of the principal cities in the United States serving all of the operating units of the Bell System.

Western Electric distributing houses purchase, store, carry investment, sell, extend credit, and pack and ship merchandise as required by their customers. Last year the value of the goods sold by these branch houses averaged $670,000 each working day.

Ordinarily, the object of a distributor is to make money, and the degree of accomplishment is shown by the rate of return on the capital invested. While it is important that the Western Electric Company's distributing business earn a reasonable return, the objective is not primarily to make money, but to have available when needed the material required by the Bell System for carrying on its operations.

For these reasons the Western Electric Company is free to devote its attention mainly to the control and adjustment of production and to refinement in methods and management, rather than to the usual problem of making sales. Since the corporations comprising the system could not individually get these advantages for themselves, the development of a Bell System distributor is clearly of economic advantage to the telephone companies and, assists them materially in their efforts to provide "the best possible service at the lowest possible cost."

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Twin Tips

By DOROTHY DOUGLAS

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CONNIE pulled on her sensible little hat and glanced down to see that her low-heeled walking shoes were clean, and tidy, put her check book into her bag with a little flutter of the heart and started off to inspect a small farm in New Jersey that had been advertised in the morning paper.

And in a tiny flat, at the opposite side of the city, a sturdy, well set-up man, cast a swift look at himself in the mirror to see that his tie was straight, felt in his inner pocket to make sure his check book was safely placed and went out with a slight feeling of elation. He was going to New Jersey to inspect a small chicken farm that had been advertised in the morning paper.

And these two from the opposite ends of the city caught the same ferry boat across the Hudson, boarded the same train for the suburban village on the outskirts of which lay the farm and arrived at the local station at the same time.

As a matter of fact there was only one snorting taxi beside the wooden platform, and both Connie and John McGuire went swiftly toward it.

"I want to go to Orchard farm," said Connie and looked up and into the steady eyes of the man whose words almost echoed her own.

The taxi driver scratched his head.

It was McGuire who sensibly settled the question. "I'll sit outside with the driver if you don't mind—since our destination is the same."

Each hoped the check book, so joyously brought on this trip, would be sufficiently indicative of wealth to allow the purchasing of Orchard farm—should it prove the ideal spot.

"Oh," exclaimed Connie to herself as the taxi stopped, "What a heavenly place!"

"Ideal" was McGuire's inward comment, "but a bit far from the station. I'd have to motor everything in." And by "everything" McGuire referred to the hundreds of dozens of eggs and chickens he hoped to be producing for the city restaurant.

"I suppose you want me to wait," said the taxi driver.

The situation was certainly funny but somehow Connie and McGuire took it all very calmly and entered the old farmhouse and asked the price.

Connie's face fell and so did McGuire's when they heard that price. Five thousand dollars was more than either had bargained for. Each had saved three thousand five hundred dollars.

"I wanted to raise poultry and make butter and jams to sell to the tea-room where I work," lamented Connie. "I have it all fixed up with the owner—she will buy all I can supply."

"And I had fixed up with my boss," confided McGuire, and tried not to show his keen disappointment.

"I'm so fed up with carrying trays of food to people that I don't see how I can go through with it," moaned Connie, "and this farm is simply the place I've had in my dreams for years. Some one else will surely get it before I save enough to make up the difference.

"You've said it," groaned McGuire. "I've gone to bed nights just planning a place like this and thinking of getting up at dawn while the dew's on everything and the sun coming up behind that hill and feeding the chickens and the cows and lighting the kitchen fire. Instead of that it means carrying dinners to business men for another year or two."

They both agreed and sighed heavily as they emerged from the house after giving the caretaker a tip for showing them all over the small farm.

"If you don't mind I'll sit inside on the way back," said McGuire, "perhaps we can cheer each other up a bit."

And inside the taxi there was a tremendous amount of conversation going on. The two farm seekers had become very intimate regarding their financial status.

"If we could just have pooled it," laughed Connie, "it would have been easy, and we'd still have two thousand dollars to buy stock and carry us along until things got going properly."

McGuire turned and looked very steadily into Connie's honest eyes and had a brainstorm.

"How would you like to pool in with me? I'll buy the farm, start it going and get everything in fine shape in a month and maybe—maybe—" McGuire hesitated a bit and Connie's eyes fluttered downward, "we might sort of get better acquainted and—well, you never can tell, we might—"

Connie laughed softly because he was getting so mixed up with a problem that was as plain as the nose on Kathie's face.

"Don't be silly," she said laughingly. "I don't think there's any 'might' about it. I liked you the very minute you were so thoughtful about sitting outside on this taxi."

"And I liked you the minute you let me come along—it almost looks like what folks call 'love at first sight.' My name is John McGuire," he added, "what's yours?"

"Connie—Connie Weldon."

"I say—Connie—shall we tell this driver to take us back so we can put down a deposit for—our farm, and what do you say to calling it Twin Tips Farm?"

"Fine," said Connie, and McGuire called out to the driver.

REASSURING

A lady was seated with her little girl in a railway carriage when a frowsy-looking individual entered the compartment.

A few minutes before the train started the lady, perceiving that she would have to travel with an undesirable companion, thought of an excuse to rid herself of him. Leaning forward, she said: "I ought to tell you, my little girl is just getting over an attack of scarlet fever, and perhaps—"

"Oh, don't worry about me, madame," interrupted the man, "I'm committing suicide at the first tunnel."

Bargains in Brides on Island in South Seas

If you are feeling lonely there is no need to indulge in melancholy "blues." Invest part of your savings in a passage to Rennell Island in the South seas, and take care to arrive with $40 in your pocket. You can then take your pick of the local belles, who are stated to be very handsome. They are quite European in appearance, since they are light-skinned and have lovely wavy hair.

Rennell is really an excellent place, not only for the lonely, but also for the hard-up. If you settle down there with your $40, your taxes will run to only $1.25 a year. The staple industry of the island is the export of Kauri wood to South Africa, where it is in considerable demand. Steamers call four times a year to collect the logs.

Rennell Island has a wireless station of its own, but it is not found of much use owing to the fact that atmospherics of the most violent kind seldom cease. You cannot, therefore, expect much in the way of news or dance music. If, though, you feel that we have too many rules and regulations in this country, Rennell island might suit you, for the whole police force consists of one white man and ten native constables.—London Tit-Bits.

Stock Exchange Seat Held a Tool of Trade

The laws of most lands have recognized the sanctity of tools of trade. Usually the carpenter's saw, plane and hammer may not be seized for debt, nor the piano tuner's kit, nor the plumber's furnace and soldering iron. The same may be true of the surgeon's knives and dentist's forceps. But there are further extensions of this thought that lead us far, as, for instance, in an action at law in the case of Worrall versus Worrall that was tried in the New York Supreme court before Justice Frederick P. Close.

There was trouble in the Worrall family and when the split-up came, failing to lay legal hands on other property to satisfy her alimony decree, the lady sought to sequester hubby's seat on the New York Stock exchange, brokering being the gentleman's business. No, not business, trade! To that effect was the judge's ruling. What the shovel is to the navvy and the trowel to the bricklayer, so is the exchange seat to the stockbroker. Take it from him and his means of livelihood is at an end. So wife had to look elsewhere, ruled the judge.—New Orleans Times-Picayune.

Usual Red Tape

A few weeks ago an official in one department of the civil service made an inquiry about a certain case to a subordinate official in another section, who allowed the matter to slide.

Last week the first official addressed a complaint to the subordinate's superior, and the superior passed on the minute to the subordinate with the query, "Has nothing been done?"

The minute was returned marked "Yes," and was sent back to the subordinate with a laconic "What?"

"Nothing," was the subordinate's comment on the minute.—London Tit-Bits.

Pitfalls for Criminals

In a recent case where a safe had been rifled two men were suspected, but no evidence sufficient to convict them could be found until—the dust on the sleeves of their coats was examined under the microscope. The examination showed that this dust was tiny particles of the fireproof cement used for the packing of the safe. A man's occupation can be discovered by the minute particles of dust taken from his ears. Flour shows the baker, minute particles of wood the carpenter, and tiny threads the weaver.

His Proper Place

Annoyed by the charge that what was needed in the pulpit was better preaching, a Scotch minister invited a layman to take his place the following Sunday. When the layman had announced his text, "I am the Good Shepherd," he was smitten with stage fright and couldn't say a word.

Presently an old lady in the congregation stood up and said, "Come away doon, ma laddie, and content yoursel' with being a sheep."—Boston Transcript.

King's Coach in Dublin

The city of Dublin possesses a lord mayor's coach which was presented to it by William the Third, and also a mayoral chain which was given by the same monarch in 1688. Dublin, however, is not the only Irish city which received a mayoral chain from the king. He presented one to Londonderry, whose inhabitants rendered his cause such good service by holding the forces of James at bay outside the walls of their city. He also gave the corporation the right to use his colors of orange and blue.

Lightest Wood a Mystery

From time to time pieces of a strange variety of driftwood have been cast up on the beaches of Luzon and of other Pacific islands. Native Filipinos call it "gumaan," meaning "very light." It has only half the weight of balsa, the lightest known wood. Authorities have been unable thus far to find where the gumaan tree grows. If it can be located it may prove of great value in airplane construction, for which balsa is now used.—World's Work.

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This appetizing syrup is made from fresh laxative herbs, active senna, and pure pepsin. One dose will clear up almost any case of headache, biliousness, constipation.

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Give the children a little of this delicious syrup two or three times a week. A gentle, natural stimulant that makes them eat and keeps the bowels from clogging. And saves them from so many sick spells and colds.

Have a sound stomach, active liver and strong bowel muscles that expel every bit of waste and poison every day! Just keep a bottle of Dr. Caldwell's syrup pepsin on hand; take a stimulating spoonful every now and then. See if you don't feel new vigor *in every way.*

Wake Up Your Liver Bile —Without Calomel

And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

If you feel sour and sunk and the world looks punk, don't swallow a lot of salts, mineral water, oil, laxative candy or chewing gum and expect them to make you suddenly sweet and buoyant and full of sunshine.

For they can't do it. They only move the bowels and a mere movement don't get at the cause. The reason for your down-and-outside feeling is that 2 pounds of bile your liver should pour into your bowels daily.

If this bile is not flowing freely, your food don't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You belch, have sick headache and your breath is fetid. Your skin often breaks out in blotches. Your whole system is poisoned.

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