Collar Buttons and Pretzels

By UNO DONTCHA

I was walking along Baltimore street the other day deeply meditating upon such weighty subjects as are known only to a youth under 20, when upon coming into sudden and painful contact with a lamp-post my meditations came to an abrupt end, and to my dismay I discovered that I had lost my back collar button. Putting my hand in my pocket and drawing forth my wealth, which consisted of two nickels and a penny, I figured out that I could purchase a collar button, and allowing a nickel for car fare home I would still have a cent to "blown in."

Crossing the street to a haberdasher's I was just about to enter when I was approached by a young girl, who at first glance appeared to be a foreigner, and such proved to be the case, for she handed me a slip of paper on which was some writing in bad English which, after much squinting and conjecturing, I found out was the name of Mrs. Honsmeier at an address on the outskirts of Baltimore. I turned to direct, and was just in time to see her totter and fall in a dead faint. Much surprised at this sudden and unexpected development, I whistled to the policeman who was standing on the corner looking the other way. Together we caried her into a nearby drug store, where, upon application of restoratives by the druggist, she speedily recovered consciousness. The next thing to do was to get her home. She couldn't understand the direction we gave her and we were in a quandary as to what to do for her until I happened to remember that the only thing I had pressing upon my time was the purchase of a back collar button, so I volunteered my services as an escort, and shortly after we were on a car heading for the outskirts. I soon took notice of a foppish young man in the seat ahead who turned his giraffelike neck every few moments to stare at the girl, who plainly appeared nervous and ill at ease. Finally he said in a fatherly sort of way: "Young man, that lady is sick." "I know," said I. "What seems to be the matter with her?" "She's sick," I replied, whereupon he gave me a hard look and pointed his nose in the opposite direction, soon becoming absorbed in staring at all the pretty girls who happened within his range of vision.

Alighting at the street designated on the paper we walked down a narrow thoroughfare lined on both sides with dirty and ill-smelling residences, which had plainly been in need of paint and repair for at least a decade or longer. The inhabitants of these places seemed to have a sixth sense, which told them we were coming down the street, for at our approch the doors and windows became lined with women and children, who stared at us in undisguised astonishment. Well, thought I to myself, the folks might call me a nut at home, but I'm the whole show here, and with this bouyant thought buzzing in my bonnet I led the girl up the steps of the second house from the corner. "Does Mrs. Honsmeier live here?" I asked the lady of embonpoint lines who answered my knock. "Yah, I vas her. Vat do you vant?" But before I could answer she caught sight of the young lady who was with me and cried out: "Ach, himmel, but it's my little niece, Helena," and in tearful jubilation she folded her in a grizzly bear embrace which would have broken the ribs of any ordinary poet, but Helena was not a poet; she was a healthy, prosaic German girl. I wos going to take my departure immediately after the reunion, but Mrs. Honsmeier would not hear of it, so I had to go back in the kitchen and meet Mr. Honsmeier and relate to them all how I came across Helena and guided her home. When I had finished Mr. Honsmeier went out and got a "scuttle o' suds" and some pretzels. I don't drink beer, but they forced a pretzel on me with the remark that it was "goot und fresh wit plenty of salt on it." I had about half finished it when a booming voice from somewhere down the street balwed out: "Hey, Honsmeier, kin I cook a pot o' soup on your stove?" Mrs. Honsmeier without rising from her chair shouted: "Vat's the matter vit yourn? You been usin' mine two days." "Now my Plymouth Rock hen is settin' in the oven and I don't want to disturb her," replied the voice. "She's got 12 eggs under her. I got another hen settin' in the garbage box with 10 eggs. Kin I use your stove?" "Yes," replied Mrs. Honsmeier, "but bring your own pot. Mine's dirty." I now decided that I had partaken of their hospitality long enough, so I rose to take my departure, having thrust the remaining half of my pretzel under the pillow of a baby carriage which was standing near.

The Honsmeiers were profuse in their thanks for the help I rendered "little Helena," and asked me to come and see them if I was ever in that part of the city again. Promising to visit them in the near future I took my leave and made my way back to the car line and boarded a pay-as-you-enter. Putting my hand in my pocket I discovered that I was "broke," with the exception of a penny. Making a hasty apology to the conductor, who grinned like an ape at my discomfiture, I got off the car at the next stop. Seeing a peanut vendor I spent my last cent for a bag of peanuts. With a long-drawn-out sigh and a sad shake of the head I turned my head to the east and commenced my solitary journey of 47 long city blocks. Chivalry might be all right in books, but it's mighty expensive in real life, thought I as I gloomily shelled a peanut.

To Impudence.

Thou servant of the Living God,
Thou sanctified and set apart,
May holy angels guard thy path
And ever spotless keep thy heart.

May wisdom, knowledge, faith and love
Be guiding stars upon thy way,
And may their holy, hallowed light
Turn darkest gloom to brightest day.

When trials sore beset thy path,
And when defeat seems strangely near,
Oh, trust thy God! Look up, and say
I will not know defeat or fear.

It may be thou'lt be called to quaff
The cup of dark Gethsemane.
It may be that thou, too, wilt pray,
O, that this cup may pass from me!

Think then on Him whose child thou art,
And in thine agony of soul draw nigh
Unto the Christ—the Crucified—
Who for a sinful world did die.

He will sustain thee and will place
Beneath thee everlasting arms.
He will uphold and thou shalt be
Secure and safe from all alarms.

Clothed with the power of God's great love.
Thy victories shall be grand and sweet
When thou in adoration lay
Thy trophies at thy Saviour's feet.

ENGLISH LASSIE.

Two credits.

Some Daily Thoughts.

"Everything happens for the best," is a grand consolation to the sufferer—an invalid, a cripple and other such unfortunates, and to those that it appeals it is amazing how comforting, what a blessing it is and how wonderfully it mends their broken hearts. But, alas! sadly, though only too true, everything does not happen for the best—only some things happen for the best. * * * And what we should let appeal to us is the hope that whatever misfortune has befallen one of us is one of those something that do happen for the best.

* * *

While it is not best to "try to cross a bridge before coming to it," it is a better policy to at least look at the bridge before you cross it, then wait until after you have crossed it. Too many are inclined to think that the first policy renders the last worthless. But no amount of amplification can make it do so; it requires out and out distortion. And then—one, having accurately defined these two policies and perceived their usefulness, can realize benefit from them only in having the faculty of knowing when the bridge is reached.

* * *

A man is never so blind he cannot hear, nor is he ever so deaf he cannot see—a verification of that while all of the people can sometimes be fooled, they can be fooled only on certain and not all things, even then.

JACK SHEPPARD.

One credit.

Farewell to Mother.

Farewell to mother; yea, farewell. What does it mean? Such infelicity! What inexpressible thoughts! How many times have we said farewell to mother, possessed by that unchanged, indescribable feeling, that sad yet kind and loving feeling! If at any time in our life we aspire to be more than we are it is then; if at any time in our life we feel emulous of all mothers' sons it is then; if at any time in our life we aspire to be more than the ordinary it is then. And why? Just to please mother. It is then we realize that a Longfellow can be, that a Whittier can be, that a Lincoln can be; it is then we realize what that beautiful Commandment, "Honor thy father and thy mother," etc., means; it is then we realize how significant those words are; it is then we feel the need of them. We may bid farewell to our best friends and be possessed by that almost unbearable feeling; yea, so unbearable that we break down and weep before them.

And yet, how different is it when we say farewell to mother! How different those tears! How different that feeling! If it is almost unbearable before our friends, it is unbearable before mother; if we feel grieved before our friends we feel more than grieved before mother; if our heart aches before our friends our whole body aches before mother; if we feel as though we are losing most everything before our friends, before mother we feel like we have lost everything; if we feel as though God is forsaking us before our friends, before mother we feel like God has forsaken us.

Oh! that gentle grasp of the hand! That touch of the lips! That sorrowful, tear-stained face—of mother! How agonized our feelings!

How many times do we count the figures in mother's loosely, though comfortably fitted wrapper, the pales on the porch, the dishes in the cupboard, the figures on the papered wall, forming all kind of optical illusions (images of different animals on land, fishes in the water, birds in the air, and even creatures unknown to mankind) in seeking refuge from the awful agony of farewell to mother—and all in vain.

The figures in her dress are all too familiar to us to believe it is any other than mother's dress; between the pales on the porch a hand is grasping a brush, industriously scrubbing away—that is all too familiar to believe it is any other than mother's dear hand; the dishes, one by one, go through the process, involving two hands and a towel, that are all too familiar to believe they are any other than mother's tender hands, while on the papered wall, amidst the fantastic creatures and various figures, beams forth from among them all a sweet, loving, yet sad and sorrowful looking face that is none other than the face of mother.

We listen at the patter of raindrops on the roof and hear mother's footsteps; listen to the chirping of birds and hear mother's voice; we close our eyes and we see mother—until at last, our cumbered mind, overburdened with grief, our heart melted within us, combined with all the physical strength left in us, unite in one accord, My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?

JACK SHEPPARD.

Two credits.

From Jack Sheppard.

Dear Friends: I had not wholly determined to write a letter to the Page this week, intending to occupy myself in writing a small essay, something I take great pleasure in doing. However, when my letter appeared in this morning's issue (February 16) it appealed to me that I would be doing the Editor an injustice not to write and thank her for the kind welcome. I thank you very much, my dear Editor, and now that I am a Member of the Y. F. P., let it be said I am going to try to make myself worthy of the honor.

Hoping my essay will meet with the approval of all and congratulating the members on this morning's paper, I wish all bood-by.

JACK SHEPPARD.

One credit.

A Busy Lad.

Dear Folksies:

Once more your old friend Denmore comes back asking forgiveness for his seeming disloyalty. It hasn't been that friends—for wasn't he with the Page in its darkest days—but you have no idea what a busy little fellow he has been for the last few months. Faf could easily tell you that people in our line don't have much time for writing. Faf, old man, I sure am sorry to see you leaving us, but I'm sure you have good reasons, and I know what you are up against.

It does my heart good to see the Page wearing at least a semblance of its former glory. Gee, but those days just between Thanksgiving and Christmas were dark ones. (For the Page, of course.)

But another thing certainly hurts. It seems as though this once familiar name is almost forgotten. Well, let it go at that. I haven't forgotten you, and never shall. And now that I expect to have time, I intend to make this name more familiar than it ever was.

Thanks, Little Colonel, for remembering me. You see above the reason for my not continuing my old habit. I did have, at the beginning of the contest, an idea of trying for the highest number of credits, but circumstances prevented it. It is now too late to try this term, but let's see what we can do between now and July.

I am going to let you all in a secret—a dark, awful secret. I know the Launahrun Banshee. I've even seen him a few times. And I know I'm right this time, because I am he. Yes, Members, I confess I am that awful something. Having seen several inquiries for that person, and not being able to keep up both, it came to a question of keeping one name and telling you who the other was, so I decided to keep "old faithful." It has served me four or five years, and I hope it will serve me as long again.

Glad to see so many old familiar names on the Page again. And especially glad am I to see a letter again from English Lassie. Shake hands, friend, and let's reassure each other that the old friendship is still there.

By the way, Editor, couldn't we have an extra Reunion Day this year? The Page has had, since last reunion, one foot in the grave, and has been pulled back from it only by the work and zeal of a few untiring Members. And now that it has been rejuvenated, now is the time for a grand reunion. What do you think of it?

The Robin's Nest, by Ragged Robin, is something novel and ought to get over strong. Shake, old friend, and let's pull together for the good of the Page.

Members, it feels so good to be back, that I would like nothing better than to shake you each one, new and old, by the hand, and say Howdy! But, of course, such a thing is impossible.

Well, friends, this was only intended to be a note, and here it's growing into an epistle. If I didn't think the "Ed" would fire me, I try one like in ye old days—one column or more long—but that don't go now. With best wishes, and a hearty welcome to all new Members, and regards to the old, believe me as ever yours fraternally,

DENMORE.

P. S.—Will my old Page friends kindly let me know who they are? I want to see if my list is complete. D.

The Editor should be glad to have a reunion, but there does not seem sufficient interest to warrant one.—E.

This Hard (?) Winter.

Many of the most unobservant of you have noticed the following "winter scenes" in your daily walks of life:

"Let's go skating, Mickey?" Alright; wait until I go home and get my skates."

The above was transferred between two young boys, and the said Mickey, suiting the action to the word by hastening in the direction of his home. The time was when winter should have had full sway over all other out-of-door elements.

Mickey returned with his skates, but they were not of the type that the season would picture in one's mind. Bright and shining, he displayed a pair of roller skates dangling at their straps' length. Instead of heading toward the nearest park's lake they headed for a square of cement pavements. This was the only source of skating that the present winter offered to the two sportingly inclined boys.

This is not the only incident that might take hold of your attention in a mild winter like this which has been bestowed upon us.

Little Johnnie had patiently and anxiously awaited the coming of Santa Claus. The source of his anxiety and its relation to Santa was that his one great desire was for the above-mentioned spiritual philanthropist to bring him a sled.

His great aim had been realized at last. Santa had come and gone, leaving in his wake the usual joy and gloom.

Now, to Johnnie's dislike, the weather and his cherished Christmas gift were not in accordance with each other. The little boy spent much time in setting and gazing at his brightly painted gift. Then his thoughts would rush to another channel as a casual look through the window or an occasional draft of air would strike him.

"Just like spring," he would grumble. "I won't be cheated out of all of it, though!" He then started to enact a means for using his sled, which was made possible by the existence of an old pair of skates with solid wheels upon them.

Johnie went to work on his new idea with heart and soul. After a continuous hammering and splitting of wood, through the cellar window was pushed a bright-colored sled with four rusty iron skate wheels attached.

This young gentleman soon joined Mickey's skating tournament on the square of hard, smooth cement, this being the only use for skates and sleds that the severe winter of the present year afforded.

HULLY GEE, JR.

Three credits.

One Pageland's "Slump."

Come take a trip to Pageland
And roam 'mong unknown friends,
To talk with the old; the new members
And a welcome hand to lend.

See! standing so unobserving;
That is the Page's Old Guard;
That one mending his trusty pen
Is the Page's popular Bard.

Let's go on somewhat farther,
Pageland's sphere is quite large,
The old ones are back in seclusion,
Quiet, they want, they are tired.

What is all of this flurry
This hurry, what does it mean?
Ah! just as I had expected
New talent coming in.

Let us join in the welcome,
One word of greeting gives courage.
If the old ones have lost interest
New talent should be encouraged.

Ah! what a congenial throng
Old Pageland does present,
When all are working in one accord
Without any difference wrent.

Now gather around you Members,
Dispose of this dreary slump,
Get back into real action
And keep things "on the jump."

If the Old Guard is "sleeping"
Let them rest in peace;
We have their old "Commander,"
Why should be retreat?

HULLY GEE, JR.

Two credits.

Packs of Fun.

Dear Folksies:

Here I am again. I just simply can't stay away from you all. Listen, Maxine, I have an idea. Don't you think it would be heaps of fun if some one would commence a story and then right in an interesting part tell some one else to continue it? I wonder if the Editor would mind us having a continued story like that? Just have one running at a time, you know, and keep it up a long time, so as to make it wildly exciting. I am simply crazy to go over for the inauguration, but no danger of my ever getting there, because none of my family is going, so poor little me! I will have to stay home too. They let the crowds scare them away, but that is what I like, honestly. I think it is packs of fun to get in a jam. By the way, where is Jam and Chauffeur? Probably the latter was too busy with the automobile show, but then that has been only one week. Then we haven't heard from the Snip for a while, have we? And Torchy. Well, Torchy isn't doing Swell Ford very much justice. But please, you all, excuse me. I don't mean to be "cross" at all, only I just am contemplating (I seldom do this). Two more now, I am sorry to say. Hoping to hear from the unknown quantities soon, as ever, your devoted but

SAUCY SISTER.

1 credit.

The continued stories have been tried on the Page without success. Editor.

The Robin's Nest

Edited By RAGGED ROBIN

A hearty welcome to all new Members and best wishes to all our old standbys.

When the Robins' Nest welcomes you into the Young Folks' Page it is the same as if each Page Member came to you individually, and with a warm grasp of the hand, wished you hearty welcome.

THREE AGES.
Quantity, not quality.
Quality, not quantity.
Quality and 500 words.

Welcome, thrice welcome, to our happy circle, Dorothy, and right glad we are to have you in our midst, and thankful will we be to have you relate to us your experiences in the far, that dear old golden West.

A training, such as the Young Folks' Page gives, is as valuable as a priceless jem.

Uno Dontcha, no, I do not know, but nevertheless I welcome you with outstretched arms and feel proud to tell you that the Page is even better than a picnic, theater party or a taffy pull. Cling to it and you cannot regret it.

Mysterious He's letter brings to light an explanation which I myself have often wished to explode, but as I never had the time I am glad to see that Mysterious He did. I hope every Member understands same, and that in the future the bad word "disloyal" will never again be applied to "loyal" folks, who have been forced to stop for a time only, simply on account of more important matters.

Philip, your poem was excellent.

Then, when the storm had ceased, Maxine appeared on the scene.

Glad to have you join us, Bookworm, and I know you will find us even more interesting than your books.

Ah! June Bug, why not write a series of little letters to each of your old Page friends.

The curtain arose, and there stood Critic II.

I am quite glad that you found the door of Pageland open, Jack Sheppard, and that the electric bell was not out of order.

I tickled myself in the ribs, squinted at the Page again, but, yes, it was so, no other than Military Maid of West Point. Come again, fair maiden, and tell us more of that beautiful, that dear, old Wissahickon. So long Folks.

Lovingly,
Three credits. RAGGED ROBIN.

Likes Baltimore, Too.

Dear Pageites:

You can't imagine how I felt when I saw my letter in print. I thank the Editor and the Pageites for their dear welcome.

Western Dorothy, your description of the West is fine. I always thought it very lonely to live on a ranch. I do hope you like Baltimore as I do. New York is nice, but I think nothing can excel dear old Baltimore.

The weather here is more like May than March. There has been only one snow good enough for sled riding and snowballs. I think it a shame. Papa kept us all up last night until midnight telling us Arizona stories. He lived there when he was a young fellow. Would you like to hear one? If it wouldn't bore you I will tell it.

One day he started out to see a friend who lived on a ranch. The way was rather difficult, as he had to cross a desert, but that didn't bother him, as he thought he knew the way well. After paying his friend the visit he started out for home. He rode on for some time, but found to his dismay that he was lost! Lost on the great Arizona Desert! He could hardly explain to us how he felt. Just think, Folksies, lost on a desert! The sun scorched him and he had no water or food. He would surely die if help didn't come in time. Would help come? that was a perplexing question. An idea struck him he would let his horse free and, perhaps, if the horse was recognized my father's people would surely think that something was wrong and would get help. He let the horse go and walked on not knowing where he was going. Suddenly he came to an Indian tribe. He told them what the trouble was and with a few Indian guides he started for home. As he was approaching his home, he saw his horse amidst a crowd of cowboys just starting in search of papa. Wasn't he lucky? Surely there are 500 words in this letter so I must stop. Yours sincerely,

A BOOKWORM.

Three credits.

[The members of the Y. F. P. are not allowed to use their real name. That is one of the charms of the Page.—Ed.]

All Have Ups and Downs.

Friends, Pageites, Fellow-members:

Lend me your ears; I will return them to you. Having thus opened my letter, I will proceed with the proceedings of business.

It is extremely interesting to note the progress which the Page is making. In every life there are ups and there are downs. Today a man may be worth a million; tomorrow this man may be penniless. In this way the Y. F. P. gets along. When I first joined the Page—that was two and a half long years ago—it was in all its glory. The weekly Page was filled with letters, poems and stories. It was a magnet to those who read it, and they were forced to join. Every week's issue contained letters of those who wished to become Members. Pictures of the Members were printed. Some Members even spoke of having two pages instead of one. The Page was growing every week, and Members said to each other: "Truly this is a wonderful Page!"

Then the Page declined. Just as the leaves in autumn drop from the trees, so the Members, slowly and singly, dropped from the Page. There were no longer any applicants for membership. The Page began to appear every other week, and sometimes two weeks would elapse between two issues of the Y. F. P. The Editor became ill and the flock of sheep were left without a leader. The pride of the Members in their Page was gone.

But—conditions soon changed. The Editor, much to the gratification of the Members, became well. The lost sheep were assembled. The spring rains came and the bare trees were again covered with foliage. Members returned to the Page. Many good reforms were instituted. A contest—the credit contest—aroused the Members. Short, breezy letters filled the weekly Page. Interesting stories and poems appeared. The Page was again a Page.

This is the condition of the Page at present. May it long continue!

Three long, loud cheers for the Y. F. P.
Three hurrahs for the Editor!

Regards to all my Page friends. Be not surprised when you see at the end of this letter the name of

4 Credits. JACKANAPES.

Another New Member.

Dear Peoples:

I em noboddys, but that Krazy Kat. Cen I joins your Spage? You know me, so ken I be a Members? I em tired to let Ignatz soak me with somes brick. Somesbuddy else do it.

KRAZY KAT.

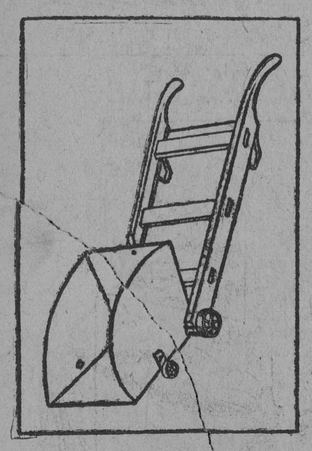
Two credits.

LATEST INVENTIONS FROM THE PATENT OFFICE

SCOOP ON TRUCK

Has Wheels on Bottom, or It Can Be Hooked Up to Arms.

A truck that has a scoop attachment has been invented by a Pennsylvania man. Incidentally this device comes from



WILL CARRY BIG LOAD.

the same town as does the governor of the state. The frame of the truck is the same as in the old style, but it has not the iron strip across the bottom. In place of this a metal scoop is pivoted at the lower ends of the arms. At the top of this scoop are hooks by which it can be fastened up so that the back lies along the arms of the truck. Midway along the bottom of the scoop are wheels, so that it can be trundled along the floor when that method of progression is more satisfactory. The scoop has several advantages. In the first place it provides a much broader base for freight than the average truck has and in the second place it is not necessary always to do more than roll the load along with the scoop down.

STOVE ON GAS JET

Attachment Acts as Heater or as Miniature Cook Stove.

An ingenious gas jet attachment has been designed by an Englishman. It can be used both as a heater and as a cook stove and will do anything that an ordinary kitchen gas range will do. The apparatus is made in four parts that are easily separated for cleaning and screws on any gas jet without changing the tip.

CAN ROAST BIRDS ON IT.

According to the claims of the inventor, the heat of the flame is increased 500 times, yet the flame is entirely confined within the heater and there is no danger of fire nor of the flame being blown out by the wind, no matter how strong the latter may be. There is also no danger of asphyxiation. Any dish that can be prepared on the chafing dish can be cooked on this heater at practically no expense. It will even roast birds, the dome-like top acting as a cover and converting the apparatus into an oven. Baking, boiling and frying are also possible.

NOVEL UMBRELLA

Stick Designed So That It Will Cover Biggest Hat.

With the big hats that have been in vogue for several years, women have had difficulty in protecting their headgear from the rain. In the first place, a woman's umbrella is of lesser circumference than a man's and in the second place she can only get half of it over her head, as the hat brim keeps the central staff at a distance. A Pennsylvania man has designed an umbrella that will cover the biggest "merry widow" ever built. Instead of one straight stick the staff is in two sections that are connected by links pivoted to each. When the umbrella is closed these links fold up parallel to the stick, but when it is

STAFF HAS HORIZONTAL LINKS.

open they hold the cover some six or eight inches to one side of the handle and can be locked into that position. Thus, a woman's hat brim may strike the section sets in over her head and comlower section of the staff, but the upper pletely covers her.

HANDY BLACKING BRUSH

Has Reservoir Attachment Which Supplies Blacking to Brush.

An ingenious blacking brush has been patented by an Illinois man. There are two brushes in the one implement and

EVERYTHING IN ONE TOOL.

they are fastened on braces extending from a stock. One of these is to supply the blacking and is quite small. The other is much larger and is for polishing. Fastened along the side of the stock is a reservoir consisting of a large tube like those that contain paints or tooth paste. From this reservoir a small feed tube leads into the small brush and keeps it continually supplied with blacking—which the reservoir contains. If it is liquid blacking it will drip into the brush as needed and if it is paste it can be squeezed out by pressing the fountain tube. The implement, therefore, contains in itself the source of supply, the means to apply and the means to put the polishing touches on either the stove or the boot, accordingly as it is used.

WINDOW-SASH HANGERS

Can Be Used Either for Storm Sashes or for Fly Screens.

A Minnesota man designed the hanging and fastening device shown in the illustration, and he claims it provides the easiest way to hang storm sashes or full-length fly screens. At each of the upper corners of the frames are plates with holes, which fit over the hooks. At the lower corners of the frames are either bolts or loose hooks of the type that engage staples in the window sill. To hang the frame, lower the window from the top and thrust it out horizon-

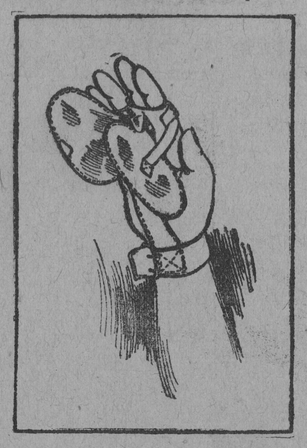
CAN BE HUNG IN FEW MOMENTS.

tally. Hook it first on one spike and then on the other, and let it drop and fasten it at the bottom. These hangers, as has been said, can be used either for the storm sash or the fly screen, providing, of course, that the latter is of the full length variety.

AID FOR SWIMMERS

Pair of Wings on Each Hand Increase Power of Stroke.

The power of a swimmer's stroke is due not only to the amount of muscle back of it, but to the surface presented to the water. A Wisconsin man has taken this into consideration and devised an aid to swimmers by which they may convert their hands into veritable paddle-



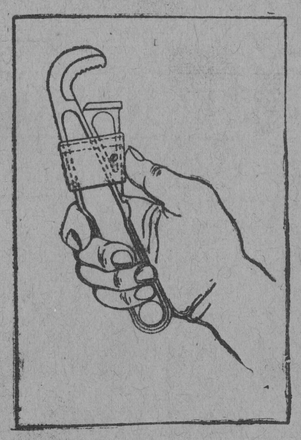
CANNOT CLOSE ALTOGETHER.

wheels. A wrist band has a palm band running up inside the hand to a point at about the middle of the fingers. Hinged to this are two broad flaps and at the back of the flaps are straps that run over the back of the hand and prevent the wings from closing altogether so that they wou'd not spread. With one of these devices on each hand the swimmer can present a broad surface to the water and propel himself forward with greater force than ordinarily. In drawing the arm forward again the wings fold in and offer no more resistance than is presented by the back of the hand.

PIPE WRENCH

Movable Jaw Is Held in Position by a Strong Spring.

A pipe wrench that works on the spring principle, instead of having a screw, has been devised by a Massachusetts



LOOSE JAW ACTS LIKE WEDGE.

man. The handle of the tool has a fixed jaw, with teeth in it, and a tapering main bar that widens as it leaves the jaw. There is also a loose jaw with a tapering shank, but tapering in the opposite direction to the main bar. A yoke encloses this loose jaw and the main bar and inside the yoke is a strong spring, lying in a groove. The loose jaw slides back and forth on the main bar and is held in any fixed position desired by the spring. The tapering piece, too, acts like a wedge, and once the wrench is set around a pipe or nut it is not apt to slip, as the extra pressure only serves to tighten the connection. A raised portion toward the back of the handle prevents the loose jaw from sliding off that end when it is free.

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