FAIR AND WARMER TODAY;
PROBABLY FAIR TOMORROW

Norwich Bulletin

1790 1922

NORWICH, CONN., MONDAY, MAY 29, 1922.

FULL ASSOCIATED
PRESS DESPATCHES

The Bulletin

Norwich, Monday, May 29, 1922.

THE WEATHER.

Conditions.

A disturbance of considerable intensity was over the eastern Gulf of Mexico Sunday night and another was in the vicinity of Bermuda, while pressure was falling rapidly over eastern Canada and New England. Over practically all other regions high pressure prevailed Sunday.

There have been showers within the last 24 hours in the southern states, portions of the plain states and the Rocky Mountain region, while fair weather prevailed in all other parts of the country.

The temperature was lower Sunday in the South Atlantic and East Gulf States, and in North Dakota and Manitoba.

A disturbance over the eastern Gulf of Mexico will cause unsettled, showery weather in the east gulf and South Atlantic states Monday and Tuesday, and probably in Tennessee Tuesday. Elsewhere east of the Mississippi river generally fair weather will prevail until Tuesday night.

The temperature will be slightly higher Monday in the Middle Atlantic states and southern New England.

Winds—

North of Sandy Hook—Moderate to fresh southwest and west and fair Monday.

Sandy Hook to Hatteras: Moderate to fresh south and southwest over north and moderate easterly over south portion and fair Monday.

Forecast.

For southern New England: Fair Monday and probably Tuesday, warmer Monday.

Observations in Norwich.

The Bulletin's observations show the following changes in temperature and barometric changes Saturday and Sunday:

Saturday—

	Ther.	Bar.
7 a. m.	45	29.80
12 m.	58	29.90
6 p. m.	46	30.00

Highest 58, lowest 45.

Sunday—

7 a. m.	53	30.00
12 m.	64	29.80
6 p. m.	56	29.90

Highest 64, lowest 53.

Comparisons.

Predictions for Saturday: Fair.

Saturday's weather: Fair, cooler, east wind.

Predictions for Sunday: Cooler.

Sunday's weather: Fair, some warmer, south wind.

SUN, MOON AND TIDES.

	Sun Rises	Sun Sets	High Water	Moon Sets
	(Standard Time.)			
Day.	a. m.	p. m.	a. m.	p. m.
29	4.11	7.12	11.55	9.46
30	4.11	7.12	12.46	10.32
31	4.12	7.13	1.41	11.16
1	4.14	7.14	2.37	11.52
2	4.14	7.15	3.37	Morn.
3	4.16	7.16	4.36	0.28
4	4.16	7.16	5.33	1.05

Six hours after high water it is low water, which is followed by flood tide.

TAFTVILLE

Rev. Joseph Selden of Norwich preached at the Taftville Congregational church Sunday morning.

Many cases of ivy poisoning are reported in the village.

William C. Kendall and daughter, Mrs. Theodore Goodrum of Norwich avenue, and Mr. and Mrs. George J. Meyer and son George Meyer, Jr., of Lisbon, were Sunday visitors with friends in New Bedford, Mass., making the trip in Mr. Kendall's motor.

Miss Hildegarde Crowe of South A street spent the week end at "Kill Care" cottage at Ocean Beach which her parent, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Crowe have taken for the season.

Miss Anna M. Reardow of Providence street has opened her summer home "Pine Knoll" at Pine Grove, Niantic, for the season.

Miss Rose Murphy of the Willimantic State Normal school spent the week at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Murphy of South A street.

Eight members of Ponemah Council No. 34, K. of C., attended the degree work of the Mystic Council in Mystic, Friday evening, making the trip by auto.

George L'Hereux has resigned his position with the J. B. Martin company.

Dr. David Sussler of North A street is spending a few days with relatives in New York.

Harry Mills has resigned his position with the J. B. Martin company and has entered the employ of the Norwich State hospital, where he will also play on the baseball team.

"Hank" Dresser, the noted shortstop of the 121 Taftville baseball team spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Fredgander of Union street.

Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Hindle and Edmund Hindle, Jr., of North Slater avenue are the guests of friends in Providence, R. I.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Laramie of Plainfield spent Sunday with Mr. Laramie's brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred Smith of North B street.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander E. Reeves of Portland, Me., are the guests of Mr. Reeves' parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Reeves of Providence street, making the trip in their auto.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Young of North Slater avenue are spending a few days on Cape Cod.

Edward Bergeron of Bristol, Conn., spent the week end with his brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Adam Bergeron, of Bliss'ville road.

The carnival operated by the K. of C. in Baltic drew a large crowd from the village Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Earle M. Wood of North Slater Avenue and William H. Whitehead of South Fourth Avenue were guests of friends in Brooklyn Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Allan Bogle of Providence street spent the week end with friends in Worcester, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Leon Norman have returned from their wedding trip and are at their home on Pratte avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. George Muddeman of South Front street spent the week end in Worcester, Mass., making the trip in their auto.

Socialist Party Nominations.

Martin F. Plunkett of Wallingford, state secretary of the socialist party, was nominated for governor on the socialist ticket for the fall elections, at the state convention in New Haven Sunday. Other nominations were: For United States senator, L. Polski, New Haven; for lieutenant-governor, L. Krahl, Meriden; for state treasurer, William Morgan, New London.

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PATRIOTIC SOCIETIES HEAR SERMON BY TRINITY METHODIST PASTOR

Memorial Sunday was observed by patriotic societies of the city attending the morning service at Trinity Methodist Episcopal church, where the pastor, Rev. Robert L. Roberts, Ph. D., preached an appropriate sermon for the day.

Members of Sedgwick post, No. 1, G. A. R., Sedgwick Woman's Relief corps, No. 18, Sons of Veterans, and Clara Barton tent, No. 4, Daughters of Veterans, with the Boy Scout troop of the church, Troop 6, were the guests of the church for the service and occupied special seats reserved for them.

The flowers on the altar table were furnished by the Daughters of Veterans tent in memory of their fathers of the G. A. R.

Memorial Day Sermon.

The minister took as a text 2 Chronicles 20, 15, and said in part:

Jehosaphat, king of Judah, is here facing forces of Moab, Amon, Mt. Seir and is badly outnumbered by this triple alliance. Judah's soldiers fear to risk battle against overwhelming odds. Jehaziel, the prophet, exhorts them to courage and faith for "the battle is not their's but God's. In this faith they engaged the enemy and routed him.

We are gathered this morning to commemorate the heroes that fell or fought in another battle that was not simply the nation's, but God's. If war can be justified the one that shook America for four "black, purgatorial years" can be. It was not for territorial possessions, not for love of bloodshed, not for glory of conquest, not because the nation believed in war and thought it necessary for highest national welfare. It was primarily for the establishment of right, oneness and preservation of liberty and union. It was one engagement with material weapons in the age-long, irrepressible conflict between truth and error, light and darkness, right and wrong, slavery and liberty that is ever waged in the human soul and in the life of nations. The leaders saw it as such. Lincoln felt himself the agent of God in the struggle and depended upon God to give victory to his armies. Witness his wrestling with God in prayer before Vicksburg and Gettysburg for example.

Veterans, it is your proud distinction to have been not only participants in this conflict but victors. The men in gray endured the hardship, fought the battles, and met all the grim circumstances of the war as did you, but how different the result. They saw their armies in rags and hunger. They saw only defeat and the loss of all for which they had sacrificed. They went back to ruined homes, desolated cities, a broken and dispirited people. You saw the fruits of victory. You returned to unmolested homes, flourishing cities, a cheering and triumphant people; to you was given all the rewards that come to victors in a conquering crusade. You brained rebellion with a musket butt. You crowded slavery off the edge of this continent into oblivion with a bayonet thrust in its heart. You shot the Confederacy into shreds and battered it back into the pit out of which it was dugged. You helped your comrades living and dead to save the Union and sustain freedom and you have so identified your country with freedom that she glows in the western sky like a star of hope for all oppressed peoples of the world. They crowd her shores like eager pilgrims pressing to a shrine.

But, comrades, we are not here to eulogize the living but to memorialize the equally honored dead. Did we say the dead? How can we forget that noble men never die. Lincoln, the leader, is more alive and wields more influence today than on any day when he walked the earth. Grant walks abroad in power as of old. The old comrades in arms also live in example of heroism, in hearts of their countrymen, in lives made better by their deeds. Their imperishable monument is this wide-flung nation on whose scrolls their names shine with luster that does not dim. They also live unto God on fairer shores than ours.

On Tuesday we gather to put flowers on their graves and scatter blossoms on the sea as fragrant symbols of living love. We come not so much in sorrow as in unpressed triumph. Since a glorious death is fitting climax of a useful life who does not envy them the manner of their going! Some died on the field where their only requiem was the boom of cannon, the clash of slippery steel or the martial music that cheered them to their last battle — they never saw the banner of victory float over the smoking field. Others closed their eyes with friends weeping by their bedside. To them it was given to see and perhaps enjoy the fruits of conquest. They heard the cheers of thousands who delighted to do them honor. They lived to see a united nation spring out of the warring states that met in mortal strife on the memorable fields of Cold Harbor, Vicksburg, Gettysburg and the Wilderness. No matter when or where they passed they went shrouded in glory and left the nation light with the luster of their deeds. Patriots were they who laid life itself on their country's altar, and the victor's reward is their's. For the battle was also God's.

What better time than now to remind ourselves that freedom's battles are not all fought. That eternal vigilance is still the price of liberty. That the inheritance secured by the fathers is not secure unless perpetuated and enlarged by the generations that inherit. The great conflict is still on. God calls daily for volunteers. His bugles are blowing for advance all along the line.

It looks as though right were still on scaffold, wrong still upon the throne. Liberty needs defence. The red flag of anarchy is flung to the sky the principles of a false democracy are taught in so-called Sunday schools in our great cities. The overthrow of this government and our American institutions is the proclaimed creed of no meaner mob. The profiteer, the highway robber, and the gun-man figure prominently in the news of the day. Graft and greed seem to have usurped some seats of the mighty. Social evils lurk no longer in the shadow but boldly face the day as marks of the "new freedom." Movies drenched with indecencies seem our most popular amusement. Ancient sanctions seem outgrown. Morals are "mere conventions" to be flouted by the forward looking people of scant brains but full pocketbooks. A western town was recently visited by an epidemic of illegitimacy as a protest against the "conventions" of marriage and morality. Our most popular screen heroes and heroines are persons who change wives and husbands as our fathers used to swap horses. The brands of the barnyard, the jungle and the brothel are on that form of social amusement called the dance, and the public press has taken the place of the preacher in pouring well merited anathemas upon the prostitution of this form of social recreation.

Reverence for law seems to slacken in the wave of social unrest. Authority and restraint are slipping their moorings. The 18th amendment for example has revealed a widespread lawless mass insurgent in certain strata of our life. Prohibition has not created disrespect for law, it has simply revealed it. The person who breaks the prohibition law would break any other part of the Constitution if it pinched his special appetite or desires. The bootlegger is not the only outlaw in this business he is merely the go-between of a class that think themselves respectable citizens even though they are no less outlaws than he. They buy and drink his smuggled liquor and this is as much a breach of the law as bootlegging. He is simply prominent in a line in which they all stand. The prominent press, the literati, the churches that pride themselves on hanging to the hind legs of antiquity, the political parties, the labor organizations never were friendly to the prohibition movement and cannot be expected to be pleased with it now. As Frank Crane says it was "The Little Church on Main Street that brought it about." It was a movement born in the conscience of the common people, and written into the Constitution by their votes, and woe betide the society or political or any other so-called leaders and moulders of public opinion that will saddle that blighting curse once more upon our people. Some of the great New York and Chicago papers, some of the blue-blooded relics of Europeanized American society, some men and women in the public eye, are conducting a pernicious propaganda in favor of the beer bottle, the wine decanter, and the brandy jug, but when the stars fall, when the preamble of the Constitution is repealed, when the United States becomes a monarchy, they may get those things but please God not before. The war with lawlessness in high places is on. Let us meet it like loyal men, not forgetting that among our worst foes are many smug, "best people" whose ancestry or wealth were substituted for loyalty.

All this is not the wail of a pessimist. It is merely a rapid glance at facts known to all. These conditions are not as bad as have obtained in other nations in other ages. They are nothing compared with old Roman society, nor the social conditions in any European country as late as the 8th century. We have not reached any lower stage in human behavior than people have reached before and we have resources for recovery they never had which resources hold life and power in their hands. One mighty encouragement is that crime is now news, iniquity is branded as such. The mark of the beast is recognized on its head. Its fine garments or its fancied aristocracy no longer cloak its infamy. War is being waged against it by the brawniest elements in our modern life. The ground is parting beneath its feet with the earthquakes of righteous wrath. The forces that wrought the revolution against alcohol are still on the move and the forces of reaction and aristocracy will be weak as water in their hands. God is on the side of goodness. The battle is His.

These evils are not new to the world but they are imports that should find no friendly welcome in this new world. They are the same enemies that crowded other civilizations into dishonored graves. They sucked the sap from Greece's roots and left her to die in her glory. They undermined that "greatness that was Rome" and left her maladorous on the slime pits of history. It was luxury, licentiousness, immorality, in many forms, that sent every perished civilization out into the "outer darkness."

Then there is the battle with self. Who has not waged it? Who can conquer alone? It is won only in alliance wit hthe Lord.

As final victory in Civil war so in this.

If you are fighting for the right, victory will surely come. Your foe will surrender also. If the flag that floats over you is the standard stained with blood; if Jesus Christ is your commander, you belong to the hosts of righteousness, and your leader is unconquerable. Soon or late His bugle notes shall herald the day when sin's last stronghold is annihilated, if a brave Boy is in the dust and word passes round the universe that The Lord, God, Omnipotent reigneth. All enemies are under his feet, the last kingdom of earth has become the kingdom of our God. The last fight fought, the final victory won. If we are permitted to be on hand then nothing else will matter. Loyalty now assures gladness then, and the honors and rewards of the veteran for truth shall be ours. Soldiers of the Grand Army, members of the Relief Corps, Sons of Veterans, Daughters of Veterans, Scouts of America, I hail you as comrades in this battle against wrong which is the Lord's and ours.

MISS MARSHALL DONATES INTERESTING WHALING RELICS

There has been a good attendance during the past week at the New London County Historical society's whaling exhibit in the old Shaw mantion, New London, which closed Saturday.

As a result of the exhibition, a number of articles have been donated to the society to augment the collection which it has built up, while the hope has been expressed by visitors from out of town, as well as residents of the city, that the Historical society was be enabled to build up its present collection as the nucleus of a larger one that may eventually be housed in a permanent museum along the lines of that maintained at New Bedford.

Miss Helen Marshall of Norwich has contributed a cutting-in spade and deck scraper to the permanent collection, while double line harpoons have been given by the Whaling bank, through Harold G. Fond. The harpoons were from the estate of Joseph Lawrence.

Several articles have been given by Capt. eGorge Comer of East Haddam, including hand harpoons, with complete bomb lances attached, hand lances, a hand lance complete and a sea elephant spear complete, which was re-rigged by Captain Comer, who had used all of the maritime implements himself on the schooner Era.

Harry Stoddard of New London gave the society a long piece of whalebone which reached from the floor to ceiling.

The society has received as a gift from Mrs. Ambrozia Tinker of New London seven charts, dated from 1849 to 1857, in memory of her husband, Capt. Joseph Gifford Tinker, who had used them in actual whaling service, sailing out of that port.

Two bomb lances of a type that is getting to be very scarce were donated to the society for permanent keeping by Mrs. Lewis B. Crosby of New London.

Mrs. B. B. Gardner has given the society the collection of whales' teeth which she had turned over for use in connection with the exhibit, while the figurehead of the whaling ship Flora, sent to the mansion by Joseph Smith, 2d, has been given outright to the county association for permanent keeping. The figurehead, which is a particularly fine specimen of hand carving, was taken from the whaler Flora, sailed by Captain Ward, which was built at Gales Ferry in 1840. Mrs. Joseph Smith, 2d, was born on the craft while it was en route for the Pacific coast during the gold rush to California in 1849, and was named after the vessel. Mrs. Smith bequeathed the figurehead to the society to returned over to its keeping when her husband, Joseph Smith, 2d, should so elect.

Don't undertake to make the other fellow sorry unless you are willing to be sorry yourself.

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30x3 TIRE.. $8.25 | 30x3 TUBE, General. $1.85
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AUTO TRAFFIC HEAVIEST IN MIDDLE OF AFTERNOON

Automobile traffic on Connecticut highways is lightest Tuesdays and Wednesdays, it is shown by records of a traffic census made public by the state motor vehicle department. Such traffic is at its lowest point between 2 and 3 p. m. It increases slightly from 3 to 5 a. m., and from that hour until 11 o'clock in the morning it climbs steadily. A reaction from 11 a. m. to 1 p. m. is followed by renewed activity up to 3 p. m., when the traffic is heaviest. Ninety per cent. of a day's traffic passes over the roads between 7 a. m. and 9 p. m.

"It is obvious," Commissioner Stoeckel pointed out, "that the middle of the afternoon is the time when accidents are most likely to occur, there being more cars then on the road." This is about the time also that children are going home from school, many of them playing in the street on the way. The department takes the position that drivers should not count on the judgment of children who are playing in the street or who are on the curb ready to dart out in the street. The toot of a horn is common, and they often do not notice it. It is the driver's responsibility to exercise care in such places. Drivers' licenses are being promptly revoked in cases where it is found that operators have insisted on speeding through streets where children were playing.

There is no set speed limit in Connecticut. It has been brought out repeatedly at hearings that many operators misconstrue the law which provides that the operation of a motor vehicle along any highway faster than 30 miles an hour for a distance of a quarter of a mile, or faster than 20 miles an hour through the thickly settled portion of a town or city shall be deemed "prima facie evidence of reckless driving." The department is emphasizing with all means at its command tha tthis provision of the law does not permit drivers to maintain such speeds under all conditions. There are cases when a rate of 15 miles an hour in the thickly settled portion of a town would be unlawful on the ground that there were circumstances which made such a speed at that particular time "reckless."

The law requires a driver to use his discretion within limits. It prohibits the operation of a motor vehicle on any public highway recklessly or at a rate of speed greater than is reasonable and proper, having regard to the width, traffic and use of the highway, the intersection of streets and weather conditions.

GROUP IN UPPER ROOM MODEL FOR US, SAYS PRIEST

Yesterday, the Sunday after Ascension, was also called the Sunday of Expectation in the Catholic church, the epistle for the Sunday, Peter 4; 7-11, and the gospel, John 15; 26-27, and 16; 1-4, having reference to the coming of the Holy Ghost at Pentecost. Choosing for his text the opening sentences of the epistle, "Be prudent and watch in prayers; but above all things, have a constant mutual charity among yourselves," Rev. M. H. May, rector of St. Patrick's, spoke to his people at the high mass on the preparation which each individual Catholic should make for this coming of the Holy Spirit.

The group gathered in the upper room, the eleven apostles, Mary and the other holy women and devout men, waited in prayer and confidence this coming which the Saviour had foretold. The preacher laid stress upon the importance not alone of watching in prayers, but of perseverance in prayer, after the soul has been purged of sin. Following the advent of the Holy Ghost in the form of tongues of fire, the former timid, vacillating apostles went forth bold and fearless to preach Christ crucified; the same strength will be given every soul which prepares for the reception of the Paraclete, the Spirit of Truth, who proceedeth from the Father. Every circumstance and condition of life, every trial and cross, may be turned into preparation for this coming of the Holy Spirit at Whitsuntide, which is a pledge of the everlasting happiness promised by the Almighty to those who serve Him. Mary was with the group in the upper room; she will unite our prayers with hers, to insure the grace and strength and favor of her Divine Son, who refused her nothing during His earthly life and will refuse her no request now, if we invoke her aid and protection in making our hearts worthy to receive the Holy Spirit at the coming Pentecost.

One of the interludes of Organist Frank L. Farrell during the service was the Schubert Serenade, to the melody of which a hymn has been set.

Fifty farmers in the devastated area of the Aisne have won prizes for restoring shell-torn land to its pre-war condition.

Girls! Try Howard's Buttermilk Cream

An old-fashioned beauty recipe brought up to date contains true buttermilk in the form of a wonderful vanishing cream. Keeps face, hands and arms in exquisite condition—soft, smooth and beautiful. Remember the name—Be sure you get

Howard's Buttermilk Cream

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23-25 WATER STREET NORWICH, CONN.

HANDELMAN'S HORSE KILLED WHEN BARN COLLAPSES

Without warning an old barn on the easterly side of Forest street, near West Main, toppled over sideways Sunday afternoon about 6 o'clock, killing a horse which was tied inside the shaky structure and tearing down several Postal telegraph wires. A telegraph pole prevented the old barn from falling down into North Cove street, 25 feet below.

The barn is owned by Peter Davis and has been used by David J. Handleman as a storehouse for second-hand automobiles and tires. The foundation was none too strong and the walls of the barn itself were weak and shaky. The barn, in falling, carried away part of the street railing.

Mr. Handleman was in the barn when it collapsed. He was pulled out of the wreckage by bystanders in a fainting condition. As it was thought he was badly hurt a hurry call was sent for Dr. Harry E. Higgins of No. 21 Fairmount street. Dr. Higgins responded immediately but Mr. Handleman had recovered when the doctor arrived.

Shortly afterwards Mr. Handleman collapsed on the sidewalk in a fainting spell. Deputy Chief Henry R. Taft, who was called to the scene of the wreckage by telephone, and several others succeeded in partly reviving Mr. Handleman and he was taken to his home on North High street in the deputy chief's car.

Suffield.—The guarantors of this year's Chautauqua in Suffield met the other day in Union hall and elected George Peckham chairman.

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POETRY

ROGATION.

Holy spirit, by whose aid
All the heavens and earth were made,
And the deep of ocean laid:
We beseech Thee, hear us.
All the worlds are in Thy Hand,
All revolve at Thy command;
Leader of the starry band:
We beseech Thee, hear us.
Thou who dost the seasons fall—
Winter, summer, spring and fall—
Serving Thee, the Lord of all;
We beseech Thee, hear us.

Where Thy children, unafraid,
Till the ground with plow and spade,
Plant, and tend; what Thou hast made;
Send Thy holy blessing.
Grant the timely sun, and shower,
Breezes tempered by Thy power,
On the blade, the leaf, the flower,
Send Thy holy blessing.
As we toil in noonday heat,
Let us find Thy teaching sweet
In the stones around Thy feet;
Send Thy holy blessing.

Let Thine insect life abound,
Food for all Thy birds be found,
All the earth be holy ground;
Holy Spirit, hear us.
Bless the tree, whose unseen root
Draws the sap that builds the fruit;
Send Thy life to twig and shoot;
Holy Spirit, hear us.
When the autumn days begin
Help us bring the harvest in;
Praising God for plenished bin;
Holy Spirit, hear us.

Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
May it be our only boast
That the least share with the most
All that Thou hast given.
—M. M. F., in The Living Church.

WHERE I LIE.

Plant purple lilacs where I lie,
And valley lilies fair,
That passersby may smile, and turn
To breathe the fragrant air.

And hear the softest, sweetest bells
Ever fell on mortal ear,
And hark back to the days again
First made the lilac dear.

Plant valley lilies over me,
So when my spirit roam,
They, 'neath the lilacs' royal bloom,
May guide me safely home.

I wonder if the flowers of Heaven
More fair than these may be,
One thing I know, if they were there
'Twould seem like home to me.
—Elizabeth Thomson Ordway, in Boston Transcript.

HUMOR OF THE DAY

Mother—You should learn to make things go as far as possible.

Johnny—Should I stretch the truth, ma?—Boston Transcript.

Pleasant Polly (entertaining big sister's beau)—"Oh, Adolphus, guess what father said about you last night!"

Adolphus—"I haven't an idea in the world."

Pleasant Polly—"Oh, shame! You listened."—Oral Hygiene.

"My husband," complained the young wife, "is so puritanical. He doesn't believe in theatres, dancing, bridge or any of the modern forms of amusement."

"Indeed!" said her confidant—then soothingly, "but remember, my dear, you took him for better or worse."

"I know," was the reply, "and I can't help thinking how much better it would be if he were worse."—Boston Transcript.

"Some jokesmiths seem to think it is funny to yap about intellectual Boston.

"The stuff is in poor taste. Boston has won as many baseball and pugilistic championships as any city.—Courier-Journal.

"My favorite bootlegger died this morning," remarked Mr. Jagsby.

"Are you going to attend his funeral?"

"That very question is troubling me. Would I be regarded by the assembled mourners as merely a disinterested friend or a bereaved patron?"—Birmingham Age-Herald.

"And to whom does this beautiful violin belong, Mrs. Gibson?" inquired the visitor.

"That's my husband's, mum; 'e wouldn't rest 'appy till 'e 'ad one."

"Dear, dear; but I was not aware that Mr. Gibson could play the violin?"

"'E can't, mum. Why, 'e don't even know ow to wind it up yet."—London Tit-Bits.

Would-Be-Actor—"The typewriter is too prosaic an instrument for me. My instrument must be attuned to my mood. When I feel fierce and aggressive I write with a steel pen; when I describe beauty, riches and power, I write with a gold one."

His Girl Friend—"I suppose, then, you use the quill of a goose for your personal letters?"—London Answers.

"Do you remember the old stories about the boy who went to the great city and came back home just in time to pay the mortgage off the farm?"

"Yes," replied Farmer Cornfossel. "It's different now. When a boy leaves the farm the home folks have to hold themselves in readiness to go to town and help him out with his rent and his grocery bill."—Washington Star.

"How did Finbody get such a reputation as a musician?"

"By blowing his own horn, I imagine."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"A newspaper paragrapher was carried off to a sanatorium the other day a complete wreck."

"Overwork?"

"You might call it that. He made a solemn vow to go a week without writing a paragraph about Lloyd George, Lenine and Trotzky or anyone of the reigning movie stars. At the end of the fourth day he broke down and wept like a child."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

KALEIDOSCOPE

Approximately 10,000 former service men of all denominations are enrolled in the correspondence school system of the Knights of Columbus.

The holothurian or sea-slug is a snail-like creature, which can throw off its vital organs when frightened and replace them all within a few weeks.

Some 250 years ago children in England were sent to school with pipes in their satchels, and the schoolmaster called a halt in their duties while they all smoked.

Indo-China is covered with a complete radio telegraphic system, comprising fifteen stations equipped with the best high-powered apparatus. The country receives every night from the Bordeaux station in France full market and financial reports and the news of the day.

An amusement device has made its appearance in Japan which gives nearly all the thrills of flying but with the element of danger practically removed. It consists essentially of a tandem biplane carried on a float and propelled by an airplane motor. It has a seating capacity of about twenty persons, and instead of rising from the water, it glides over the surface at a fair speed, it is described in Popular Mechanics.

Preserved better than many an Egyptian mummy, a shrunken body of an Indian chief who died nearly 400 years ago has been brought to the United States by Jaun Kratiel, a Peruvian engineer. The mummy is only 28 inches high, for the body was shrunk and preserved by a secret "pickling" process known only to the South American Indians. Tradition records that this is the mummy of Karruba, a Peruvian chief who led his tribe against the Spaniards in 1535. The beads worn by Senor Kratiel were found with the shrunken warrior.—Detroit News.