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Now that Japan has formally apologized for the attack made on Americans in Tiensin, China, in March last, the incident may be regarded as closed. It will not do however, to have the distressing "incidents" between Japan and Uncle Sam continue with increasing frequency.

While we are rejoicing over the crossing of the Atlantic by the gigantic dirigible R-34, it is interesting to learn that the British are building dirigibles that are twice the size of the successful craft and that will go twenty-five miles an hour faster. The British seem to be rapidly out-Zeppelining the Germans in aerial navigation.

We believe Representative John S. Butties of Brandon, who has just been appointed commissioner of industries to succeed Robert W. Simonds of St. Johnsbury, will make a faithful and efficient public servant. He has many friends in Burlington, where he received his university degree, who will wish him the fullest success in his new field of endeavor.

The "great" fight proved to be a great fizzle. Those people who traveled thousands of miles going and coming and paid hundreds of dollars to see the championship exhibition of the "manly art" must feel deservedly indignant over the nine minutes spectacle presented. From every point of view it was a cheap exhibition of brutalizing character, and it is to be hoped the American public has thus seen the last of this kind of fake fistic shows. The prize fight must speedily take its place with the long discarded duel as a relic of the Hun age.

United States Senator Phelan of California is disturbed over the rapid increase in the Japanese birth rate in the Golden State. He says the Japs are rapidly winning California through their women. In support of his statement Senator Phelan says that outside of incorporated cities and towns in Los Angeles county one third of the births are Japanese. The State board of health reports that during the past ten years Japanese births have increased 3,000 per cent while white births have decreased about nine per cent. If these figures are correct, the Californians have abundant reason for being disturbed.

A FISTIC FARCE

One of the best characterizations of the Dempsey-Willard farce we have seen is that made by the ring-side observer of the New York Post. He says:

"About 50,000 fully qualified to membership in the famous clan of the type born every minute journeyed to Toledo at the rate of three cents a mile; paid from $10 to $50 each for a seat in the arena there; sweltered for hours watching some better bouts between more or less unknown quantities under a sun that drove the temperature up to about 120 degrees, and then saw a miserable exhibition—miscalled a boxing match for the heavyweight championship—which really lasted a very few seconds, and then degenerated into as contemptible an affair as a brawl between two longshoremen on a street corner, in which a bigger man was unmercifully pummeled and manhandled by a smaller but more active bruiser.

"Those qualified as experts through their ability to condition men were convinced before the alleged contest that Jess Willard was in no condition to win from a well-trained athlete such as Dempsey was, but they mercifully (?) withheld their opinions in order that the gate receipts should not fail to a minimum, and the promoter of the bout should not lose on his investment, and Willard should not lose that $100,000 he was to get for defending his title won four years ago in Havana from the then back-number, Jack Johnson. Of course, the public which was willing to pay half a million or more of money to watch the contest did not count."

If the same thing were to happen tomorrow, however, it would find the same number of gullibles, although there would be more of them. Since this was the most largely attended of any similiar event, it must follow that more of them are born every minute than ever before.

Now that Bethmann Hollweg and Hindenburg have each claimed responsibility for all the crimes of the Kaiser, it remains to be seen whether Hohenzollern on trial will admit that after all he was the "All Highest."

FEDERAL ROAD DEVELOPMENTS

The prevailing attitude of a host of people is one of utter helplessness in the matter of providing good roads in the face of the multi-ton truck on the one hand and the interstate tourist scorcher on the other. In this contingency we do what Americans have done from the very beginning of our national career, stifle our protests against paternal government, and ask Uncle Sam to help us. Senator Proctor who warned Vermont against any move to force the States like Vermont with good roads to help the West and South to make up deficiencies in this direction under the federal road law, would be scandalized if he could see the avidity with which people welcome a federal appropriation for good roads, overlooking the very essential fact that we are all helping to pay that tax as individuals, the only difference being that we pay it to Uncle Sam instead of to our own State treasury.

According to the Washington correspondent of the Boston Transcript over two score bills have been introduced in the present Congress, looking in one way or another to a more complete control of expenditures on roads by the federal government.

Chief among these in interest is the measure of Senator Charles E. Townsend of Michigan, providing for a national system of highways, a Federal highway commission and a thorough study of the principle governing transportation. This bill was first introduced at the last session. Since then it has been subjected to a nation-wide criticism, with the result that numerous powerful organizations have gone on record favoring it as a bill, which treats the subject in the broadest manner and with due consideration for the varying needs of the respective States.

The present bureau plan of Federal road administration apparently does not now meet with country-wide favor, as aside from the Townsend measure several others have been introduced which would create a radically different form of control. For instance, Senator Wesley Jones of Washington calls for the creation of a department of public works, which would, among its other duties, include all that is now done by the Bureau of Public Roads. Representative Osborne of California would create a department of Federal highways and establish a national highway system.

There are various bills for military roads along the Mexican border for the Pacific slope. Representative Robison of Kentucky asks for an increase of $1,000,000 to present Federal Road Act appropriations; while Representative Farris of Oklahoma believes that $400,000,000 should be added. Many of the Rocky Mountain States' representatives have fathered measures which would provide for the sale of public lands for use in road improvement.

Vermont and other States are in danger of allowing the prospect of federal aid to paralyze their own efforts for the promotion of improved highways. We may not be able to do the big things some of us would like to see accomplished, but that is no reason why we should neglect utterly to do the smaller things manifestly within our reach.

The short stretch of hard surface roadway constructed a number of years ago in the village of Essex Junction under the direction of H. M. McIntosh of Burlington, now State engineer, is a sample of what may be accomplished in any progressive community where a special piece of road work is needed. Spots where roads are in a soggy condition can be given a heavy stone filling after suitable drainage has been provided, and small holes filled and ruts eliminated by the road drag and patrol work. What Vermont needs most is that road authorities get busy and do the things nearest at hand.

RETURN OF THE PRESIDENT

We are all glad President Wilson has returned to America. If you hold that he never should have gone to France, then surely you are pleased to have him once more on American soil. If, on the other hand, you believe he did right in going, then you are glad to have the benefit of his services at home again. Whether you are against him or for him we must all recognize the fact that he is our President, and that our nation for the present is inseparably bound up with his acts and influence.

It has been well said that President Wilson now faces the most critical period of his career. He has staked his political all on the securing of the founding of the League of Nations as the crowning achievement of his career. If he wins, he wins gloriously. If he fails, he fails miserably, and with practically the whole world united against his proposition, for Europe is said to regard the league as simply America's share of the spoils of war. This being the situation the coming months mean everything to Woodrow Wilson.

CAN GOATS TAKE THE PLACE OF THE DAIRY COW

(From the Rutland News)

It is suggested in some communities where milk prices are soaring that each family buy a goat.

The goat gives about the quantity of milk needed by the average family, and its feed problem will never harass the family purse.

Likewise the milk of the goat is the ideal for babies, and many a child that can be nourished on no other food is saved by goat's milk.

As an indication that the housewives are discovering some of those things we note that one goat breeder recently shipped three cars of goats to Portland, Ore., the heart of a great dairy country, and sold the three cars to the women of the city in two days.

But dad's worn out galluses and ma's antique corsets are not considered the best maintenance ration for the modern milk goat. A goat will eat anything, if it must, but rich, clean food pays in a goat's system as in a cow's.

The old argument against goat's milk because of its odor and strong flavor came entirely from the brush, weeds and can heaps that most goats browsed upon. A goat is a genius, all right, but even a genius needs something more than an empty catsup bottle to build a quart of cream on.

HIS REPLY

A fresh young man was pressing an old gentleman, who evidently felt bored, to give him an illustration of the transmigration of souls, showing how a person's identity might be maintained. At last the old gentleman replied: "Supposing you should die, your soul might appear in a canary bird; when the canary bird died it might appear in a lion or a tiger; again, it might appear in a jackass—and I might stroke its ears and say, 'My dear fellow, you have not changed a bit.'" Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

THRILLS OF A RIDE IN A FLYING BOAT

Water Birds Shriek in Good-Fellowship as Passenger in Curtiss Hydroplane Gazes Entranced at Swiftly Changing Panorama Spread Underneath

The coolest people in Burlington Friday were the fortunate few who had the pleasurable thrills of the ride in the Curtiss flying boat. Several times during the day, the boat taxied up to the shore of Burlington beach, fanned a large crowd of bystanders with its propeller blast, discharged a breathless passenger, and took on another who was trying his best to keep from displaying his excitement.

The gulls on Burlington breakwater shrieked in good-fellowship as this new water and air creature slowly motored out to deep water. Then, tail up and throttle full open, the boat gave a burst of speed which excited the envy of the gulls. The roar of the motor quite drowned the rush of the water so that the passenger never knew quite when the machine began to mount from the water. Soon Juniper island and the Four Brotheres began to take on a sharp distinctness, as when seen from the Old Mill tower or Ethan Allen tower. And then a hasty glance at the horizon showed one that he was getting well on top of the world and, without any disagreeable feelings, he was getting to a point where he had three dimensions at his disposal instead of merely two.

"What could be more natural," thought the passenger; "when college professors and bright young scientists are talking about the fourth dimension, isn't it high time that most of us were making some practical use of the third dimension?" Then he was forced to quit musing, for the beauties of the scenery demanded his attention. Here was the most beautiful panorama in America and he had a rapidly moving, slowly climbing, grandstand seat. Looking back, the Green Mountains were dimly visible over Burlington hill. To the south, Shelburne Bay was clearly outlined in its every point and indentation. To the north, South Hero and its small island satellites were plainly seen and the railroad fill leading to it from the mainland was a ribbon of white. Craning his neck further, he could see the green intervale and the silvery streaks of the lower Winooski. And on the railroad track was a toy train, ridiculously small.

And now the earth began to tip at an angle, and it soon appeared that the pilot beside him was executing the simple maneuvre of a left hand bank, turning to the left with his right wing tip higher so that the planes would get a firm grip on the air in turning. "He did that well," thought the passenger; "if this were a racing auto, we would have to have a steep bank all made for us on the turns. But now we're in the air; we pick our own road and create our own banks when we turn."

The pilot explained above the roar of the motor that he was not going to do any acrobatics. "They can't be done with boats or seaplanes because they have a heavier and more cumbersome body than a land machine and they haven't the excess motor power which is necessary for stunts. This is a good deal safer than motorcycle riding, in my opinion," he added.

The plane then gained altitude toward the south and the passenger drank in the beauty of the Winooski valley and the beautiful farming country between Burlington and the Green Mountains. The pilot was a bit blase about the scenery. "I know it's beautiful," he yelled, "but this haze takes the edge off of it for me. Why, we could see four times as much or as far if the haze would clear away." Then he began to look at an indicator which he said gave the R. P. M.'s so that he knew just how much motor power he was getting. And the passenger, cool and calm and happy for the first time during the day, hoped that the pilot wouldn't ever glance at the clock, but would fly and fly until the air got thin or gas gave out.

Then the plane circled over Burlington, which looked like a very trim and flat little toy town with its streets pretty well hidden in the trees, and the parks and the college campus like tiny, well-kept garden plots.

Then the roar died down, the pilot had throttled down the motor. There was little sound except the whistling of the wires. The plane glided down a gentle grade over busy North avenue, which was full of people ,all gazing upward, swept by smoke stalks and cleared trees until the passenger was again over the water. Then at a height of fifteen feet or so the pilot began to pull back on the controls, and slowly settling down, the plane glided for what seemed to be a long period. Then it gently sheared off the top of a ripple and threw up a little spray, and came to a halt.

As the passenger climbed out at the shore a minute later and realized that there was a hot and solid earth upon which he must spend most of his existence, he said "Well, that won't be my last flying boat ride. Yes, it was the sensation of a lifetime, and if my money will stretch that far, I don't see why I shouldn't enjoy many such." And the crowd who watched the flying boat decided that they liked to see such craft around and hoped that a lot of them would soon come to be considered as regular features of the Champlain Landscape.

THE MELTING-POT

(From Leslie's)

The Hungarian population received with flowers the Roumanian troops who freed them from the Bolsheviki. The latter had ordered all churches transferred into moving picture theatres.

Twenty-five bakers in a congested district of New York were recently boycotted by women who demanded that the price of bread be reduced from 9 cents to 8 cents a loaf, and rolls from 20 to 18 cents a dozen.

Chinese students in Tokio signed with their own blood a petition calling upon Chinese students in Europe to return to China to protest against the peace conference decision granting Shantung to Japan.

The Mayor of Contreras, Mexico, has issued a public order making it obligatory for male residents and visitors to wear pants. He specifies that the use of underwear will not be in compliance with the order.

Five hundred leading women of Tampa, Florida, have organized a protective league to operate a bureau to stamp out vice, and give any young girl information about the behavior of the young man of her choice.

Congressman Dallinger of Massachusetts says that returning soldiers report that the only reason hundreds of thousands of them in Europe are not discharged is because their officers "want to hold their jobs."

Women in France are petitioning for suffrage on the ground that women vote in Great Britain, Denmark, Norway, Finland, Germany, Austria, Poland, Bohemia, the United States, Canada, Australasia and New Zealand.

On May 24, when Ohio closed its saloons, bartenders in Cleveland had to shoulder their way through crowds of early risers waiting at the door at 6:00 a. m. In one saloon in three hours the sales aggregated $3,700.

Claims for damages against Germany have been filed in the State department at Washington, aggregating $800,000,000, but it is said that we will ask no money indemnity from Germany, and that our taxpayers will have to foot the bill.

A Massachusetts soldier killed in France made his will on two sheets of Y. M. C. A. paper two days before his death; and mailed it to his mother, writing, "If I do not come back then you will get $5,000." The court disallowed the will because of a technicality.

Chairman Henry P. Davidson of the Red Cross, just returned from Europe, says: "I would not give a damn for all the peace treaties in the world if something was not done to relieve the incredible, the unbelievable distress that exists in the world to-day."

The authorities at Winnipeg served notice on union labor workers, when the city was tied up by the recent strike, that either the alien extremists in the union ranks must be ousted, or every force of law would be concentrated to rid the Dominion of this element.

Henry B. Endicott, the well-known Bostonian, said at a patriotic meeting in Tremont Temple: "The plain 'nuts' are not the most dangerous. The most dangerous ones are the people with plenty of time, plenty of money and nothing above the collar. They are the faddists."

Columbia University has added the English Bible to the subjects on its entrance list. The requirements are based on the recommendations of 15 Biblical instructors in colleges and secondary schools.

First-class cars are to be abolished on Japanese railroads, because they are not justified from a business point of view, and cause hard feelings from a social point of view. Third-class cars are being made more comfortable.

At their own request 3,000 workers in cotton mills in three Connecticut towns have returned to a 55-hour week after an experiment with a 48-hour week. They found that they can increase their earnings by working the longer period.

A Long Island City preacher, belonging to the United Christian Church in America, has organized a baseball team among the young men of his congregation, which he will personally manage, and he proposes to play games on Saturdays and Sundays.

Major George W. Simmons, special commissioner of the American Red Cross, who recently returned from Siberia, says that those who oppose Bolshevism by word or deed are shot. Some victims were killed because they lived in brick houses; others because they owned their shops or stores; one because he had formerly been a policeman; others because they were teachers. Many priests have been killed and the churches turned into theatres.

Let the people think!

THE STORY TELLER

NO MONEY NEEDED

Mr. Jones loved his better half dearly, but was unfortunately more lavish in love than money.

Starting one day on a long business trip, he left Mrs. J. short of money, but promised to send a check, which, needless to say, did not arrive. When the rent became due his wife telegraphed:

"Stone broke. Landlord in the house. Wire me money."

Mr. J. answered.

"Am short myself. Will soon send check. A thousand kisses."

Exasperated, she wired back:

"Don't bother about money. Gave landlord one of the kisses. He was more than satisfied."—London Answers.

WISHED HIM LUCK

It isn't exactly a common occurrence to find a man standing in a public highway holding a ram by the horns and the passerby was interested.

"Will ye please hold on to this beast while I climb the fence and open that gate?" asked the man politely.

"Certainly," replied the stranger. And he did so.

"Thanks," said the man, from the other side of the fence. "The brute attacked me an hour ago and we've been struggling ever since. But so long as ye hold his horns he can't hurt me. And I wish ye the same luck as I've had."—London Answers.

JUDGING FROM HER MOTHER

Two store girls were interested spectators when "The Heart of Wetona," an Indian picture, was being screened.

Wetona, played by Norma Talmadge, was pretty enough to win the admiration of any hero, but one old squaw in the picture was a sight.

"I wonder if that is Wetona's mother," One of the store girls said.

"I don't know, but if she is I can tell you one thing."

"What's that?"

"Wetona's heart may be in the right place, but if she takes after her mother I wouldn't give much for the future of her waist line."—Youngstown Telegram.

UNCLE BEN'S WATCH

Uncle Ben was a bachelor, but was full of enthusiasm for his married friends, and when his brother-in-law invited him to come and spend a few days and see his son and heir, he gladly accepted. It was an education to watch the old gentleman's efforts to amuse the six-months-old child. Just for fun he would snatch its bottle away at feeding time and wonder why the youngster yelled. Then he would tickle it till almost in convulsions. Finally he gave it his watch to play with. Then peace reigned. And thus the mother found baby and bachelor.

"Good gracious!" she exclaimed, excitedly. "Look! Baby's got the watch in his mouth. He'll swallow it. Take it out or he'll choke."

"Don't be alarmed," replied Uncle Ben, smiling placidly; I've got hold of the chain. It can't go far!"—Buffalo Commercial.

CONSOLING THOUGHT

"I don't see how these motion picture actors can put up with the treatment they receive from that director."

"When they spoil a scene he talks to them as if they were no better than the dirt beneath his feet."

"Oh, that might hurt the feelings of an ordinary person, but when a movie director raves, the actors can always maintain their composure by thinking of the salaries they get."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

NOT CAUGHT

A professor at Princeton is a foe to the purist and pedant. He who insists on saying, "To-morrow will be Tuesday," gets no encouragement from this scholar.

On one occasion, while on vacation, the professor gazed out across the lake one gray and sultry afternoon and remarked:

"It looks like rain."

A purist was rocking in a chair nearby.

"What looks like rain, professor?" he chuckled. "I've got you there! What looks like rain?"

"Water," answered the professor coldly.—Everybody's Magazine.

THE STATE

CLEMENT IS 73

In a quiet way, surrounded by some of his children and by a number of grandchildren who planned the celebration, Gov. Percival W. Clement Monday observed his 73rd birthday anniversary at his home at "Brookside" in Rutland, says the Rutland Herald. The State's chief executive received many telegrams of congratulation. In the evening Governor Clement was a guest at a "surprise party," arranged by his grandchildren who are summering in the city and held at Brookside in the evening. A feature of the occasion was a birthday cake, mounted on a structure, banked in ferns, and bearing 73 candles lighteed, with one candle on top of the cake, "to grow on." The house was made beautiful by wild flowers and ferns, which had been collected from the nearby woods and fields by the children during the past few days in which they have been preparing for the occasion.

BENNINGTON MAN HELD UP

Frank Somerville of Bennington, proprietor of a cigar store, was held up by two highwaymen on his way home from his store early Sunday morning and relieved of nearly $275. Mr. Somerville left his store shortly before one o'clock Sunday morning and started for his home in the east part of the town. He had with him an unusually large sum of money, a fact that was probably known by the men who lay in wait for him. As he passed up one particularly dark street, two men appeared from the darkness. The shorter of the two, who wore a soldier's uniform, pressed two guns against Mr. Somerville, requesting him to hold up his hands. The other man was back of the victim and relieved him of his roll. Mr. Somerville was then told to cross the street with his hands and proceed to his home.

WOODSTOCK ROAD OUSTS EXPRESS COMPANY

Richard Billings, president of the Woodstock Railway company, has announced that the company had decided to withdraw from the American Railway Express company the privilege of doing business over its line and that the express service would be discontinued on or about October 1. This action had been taken, Mr. Billings said, because Edward C. Niles, assistant manager of the United States railroad administration, had refused to allow the Woodstock Railway company the same increase in pay for the express privileges as that granted the St. Johnsbury & Lake Champlain Railroad company and other subsidiaries of the Boston & Maine Railroad company. Mr. Billings said that the railroad administration had given no reason for its refusal. The Woodstock railway is a 14-mile line running from White River Junction to Woodstock.

POSTMASTERS TO MEET

The annual meeting of the Vermont State League of Postmasters will be held in Barre two days this week, the sessions being called to order at two o'clock Thursday afternoon and concluding the following day. One feature of the convention will be a trip to the granite quarries under the direction of the Barre board of trade.

THIS AND THAT

Rutland is to have a new county jail.

Rutland has not had a single arrest for intoxication since July 1.

The Rev. J. W. Crippen has begun his duties as pastor of the Community Church at Putney.

Miss Mary S. Davies, 25, of South Londonderry, committed suicide by jumping into a small pond.

Edson R. Berry, 99, formerly of Island Pond, dropped dead at Newburyport, Mass., while starting to his work, July 7.

Arthur Bliss of East Montpelier had one finger caught in the pulley while using a hay fork, crushing it so badly that it had to be amputated.

Edward A. Blomfield, educational editor of the Minneapolis Journal, is with his brothers and sister at the Berlin Corner parsonage in the family reunion commemorating the 50th anniversary of the marriage of the Rev. and Mrs. Frank Blomfield.

IN CIVVIES

Where are the girls that used to smile
And the rides I used to get,
And where is the crowd that was very proud
To pass me a cigarette?
Time was I danced with maidens fair
And captured their hearts by storm,
But I've lost my pull with the beautiful
Since quitting the uniform.

I've sunk my shoes into Turkish rugs,
That only the rich can own,
At tables fine I've been asked to dine
In the heart of the social zone.
In the cushions deep of a limousine
I have rested my manly form,
But I've lost my graft with the tony craft
Since quitting the uniform.

I've been a king on the ball-room floor,
An ace in the social whirl,
I could show my face in any old place,
And never a lip would curl.
I could walk right up to a rich man's door
And be sure of a welcome warm,
But I've changed a lot and they know me not,
Since quitting the uniform.

Now I walk down-town and the autos pass
And nobody says "get in,"
And the girls are shy when they pass me by,
And they give me the tilted chin.
And nobody knows and nobody cares,
Whether I eat or how,
I must buy my chuck for I'm out of luck,
I'm wearing the civvies now.

NO HORSES ON WORLD'S LARGEST FARM

A 200,000 acre farm, the largest in the world, which is the direct result of the government's efforts to stimulate the growing of wheat, is described by Robert R. Moulton in Everybody's for July.

"The farm is devoted entirely to wheat, and if it produces somewhere around the country's average of twenty-eight bushels per acre, which is practically certain, it will add approximately five million six hundred and fifty-six thousand bushels to the 1919 wheat crop.

"All of the work is being done with tractors. Last fall, when the first ground was broken, there were fifty monster machines at work tearing up the prairie sod. This spring others have been at work. They plow on an average of one acre a minute for the working time. A record was made one day of eighteen hundred and eighty acres turned and broken. All the seeding, harvesting, etc., will also be done by tractors, and then, of course there are the threshing-machines. Hence the absolute no-account-ness of horses about this place."

FREE PRESS WANT ADS PAY BEST

OUR KALEIDOSCOPE

ONE EXCEPTION

"Everything that we eat is up."
Said silly Billy Brown.
"Except the fuzz upon the peach,
That, I'll admit, is down."
—Boston Transcript.

TOO BULKY

"I can't do the family washin', ma'am," said the new girl.

"Why, not, pray?" asked the lady of the house.

"The family's too large, ma'am."

"Why, there's only my husband and myself, in the family."

"Yes, ma'am; but look at the size of yours!"—Yonkers Statesman.

AMPLE PROOF

She—"Of course I like you Why, haven't I danced with you six times tonight?"

He—"But I don't see any proof in that!"

She—"You would if you knew how badly you dance!"—The Passing Show.

CHOCOLATE FLAVOR

"What's this?" said Elsie's mother, as the child handed her a familiar looking quart box.

"That's what you sent me to the drug store for, wasn't it?"

"I said cold cream, child."

"Well, that's the coldest I could get mamma."—Boston Transcript.

"Oh, Jones," said the botanist, "I see a pair of overalls working in the field. I wonder if it's a man or a woman?"

"You say it's working? Then it's a woman!"—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

CURIOUS ARTILLERY EXPERIMENTS

"One of the many curious experiments made with the purpose of securing long range and reducing air resistence resulted in a 'flaming' shell," writes J. H. Van Deventer in Everybody's for July.

"The fore part of the shell contains a mixture of phosphorus and copper oxid, which is ignited as the shell leaves the gun; not, strange to say, for the purpose of setting fire to the enemy's works or trains, but simply to increase the range. Experiments have shown increased ranges of almost twenty per cent., for these flaming shells. The explanation seems to be that the gases given off coat the shell with a sort of frictionless gas film. Wind-tunnel experiments show that air resistance is cut down almost seventy-five per cent., by these gas films."

TWO STRANGE METALS

But perhaps the most interesting metals of all are sodium and potassium. They are usually mentioned together because they act in almost the same way. If a piece of either is placed on water it does not sink but spins over the surface and often, in the case of potassium, bursts into flame. After the metal has dissolved in the water, it will be found to be soapy. If the metal is placed on water colored with red litmus, the water will turn blue. If the metal is placed in pure concentrated sulphuric acid nothing will happen, but if a drop of water is added there will be a violent explosion.—Boys' Life for July.

The shortest road to a sale of that real estate is through the classified.

Tell the returned soldier what kind of a job you have for him—through the classified.