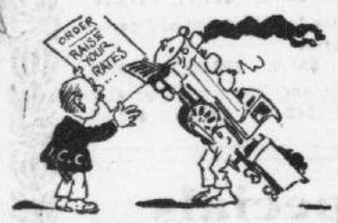
WASHINGTON GOSSIP

Supreme Court May Have the Last Word



WASHINGTON.—In a far-reaching decision vitally affecting railroad rate control in the several states, the interstate commerce commission has held that New York state passenger fares are discriminatory because they are lower than interstate fares and ordering the institution of the higher interstate rates.

The decision, the most vital since the celebrated Shreveport rate case as affecting railroad control by the interstate commerce commission, means a 20 per cent increase in all passenger fares in New York state, as well as increases in baggage charges, milk and cream rates and sleeping car fares. Action upon commutation fares was postponed pending further inquiry.

Orders entered by the interstate commerce commission overrule the public service commission of New York, which refused to approve or put into effect the higher fares, and override the New York state law which limits passenger fares to three cents.

Commissioner Eastman, in a long dissenting opinion, set forth the view that the interstate commerce commission had stepped beyond the bounds of its powers and limitations in the majority opinion. He brought out sharply the issue of state rights involved in the question of state control over interstate commerce.

It is probable that the case will be carried before the Supreme court for decision, as all of the state utility and public service commissions joined with or stood behind the New York public service commission in fighting the issue of national power or control over state transportation affairs.

When the interstate commerce commission ordered a 40 per cent increase in freight rates and a 20 per cent increase on passenger fares last August all of the state commissions were asked to make similar increases.

Eight Years of a Republican Senate?

CLOSE analysis of the results of the recent senatorial election discloses the fact that the Republicans have clinched their hold upon the senate for at least eight years, according to party experts. It is doubtful whether even in 12 years the Democrats can win a sufficient number of seats from the Republicans to give them a majority, unless there should be a complete landslide in states now solidly Republican.

This is due to the geographical arrangement of the senators in the order in which they retire. Those who retire in 1923 and 1925 happen to be from states so situated that all the Republicans who come up for re-election are practically certain to succeed themselves, it is claimed, while the retiring Democrats are from states in which the election of Republicans to succeed Democrats is not unlikely.

In the 1923-1924 elections the Republicans have a better chance than the Democrats to hold all the seats they now have and perhaps make further gains.

The big shakeup, if it comes at all, will be in the 1926 election, when 25 Republicans and seven Democrats, winners in this year's election, must fight again for their seats.

The parties are evenly divided as to numbers in the 32 senators whose terms will be filled in the 1922 election. Of the 16 Republicans whose terms expire it is difficult to figure how a single seat can be lost, while the Democrats will have a hard fight to retain the 16 on their side.

The 16 Republicans are Calder, New York; France, Maryland; Frelinghuysen, New Jersey; Hale, Maine; Johnson, California; Kellogg, Minnesota; Knox, Pennsylvania; LaFollette, Wisconsin; Lodge, Massachusetts; McCumber, North Dakota; McLean, Connecticut; New, Indiana; Page, Vermont; Poindexter, Washington; Sutherland, West Virginia, and Townsend, Michigan.

Horsefly Jars Soko's Company Manners

SOKO soaked 'em. When an off-season horsefly lit on the nose of Soko, educated chimpanzee in the Washington zoo, he forgot his eight years' training in parlor manners.

Soko was enjoying a sumptuous Sunday dinner when the horsefly intruded, whereupon Soko heaved his water glass, knives and forks at his man waiter, and smashed his chair and table into kindling.

When Soko arrived at his present home his keeper started in to bring him up in a gentlemanly manner. He was carefully tutored in table etiquette and high-class deportment.

It was scarcely any time until he learned how to function at the dinner table as gracefully and nonchalantly as any Beau Brummel.

Tucking his napkin in his shirt front, he would intelligently gaze at the menu and scrawl an elaborate order on a pad of paper. The use of spoons, knives and forks seemed second nature with him.

But the conventionalities of civilization lately have displeased the restless Soko, and after this misbehavior it has been decided to let him go back to his every-day life.

Soko has as much strength as two husky blacksmiths, and therefore it was no effort to do a little smashing.

New Kind of Corner on the Wheat Crop

PLANS for a gigantic combine to control the domestic and export business in wheat, tentatively formulated by the committee of 17, appointed by the national farm bureau's federation, at a recent meeting in Chicago, will take the form of a co-operative association similar to the Citrus Fruit Growers' association of California. Unofficially, the federal trade commission has been advising the committee of 17 to organize the new wheat trust.

In broad outline, the plan is to form a huge combine in which the individual farmers, or their various organizations, shall be the shareholders. The laws of California are said to be particularly favorable to such an organization, and a committee has been sent there to study the situation. The wheat combine expects to be ready for business in time to handle the 1921 crop. The scheme is to contract with the farmers, individually or through their co-operative elevator companies, to purchase their entire output for five or seven years.

It is estimated that the new combine can control 51 per cent of the wheat in the first year, and subsequently be able to contract for a larger percentage each year as farmers find they can obtain better prices.

Objection was made at the Chicago conference that such a monopoly might run counter to the federal anti-trust law. To overcome this objection the suggestion was put forward that government should be made an ex-officio member of the co-operative association as the representative of the consuming public.

Pacific Fleet Is to Burn Alaskan Coal

THE Pacific fleet of the navy is to be made self-sustaining, so far as fuel is concerned, as the result of orders given by Secretary of Navy Daniels following his recent visit to Alaska.

Heretofore all fuel for navy vessels operating in the Pacific has been transported from eastern coal fields by colliers—a tedious and costly process. No coal fields along the Pacific coast yielded fuel of sufficiently high quality for navy uses.

In addition to the heavy expense of carrying coal from Atlantic ports to vessels stationed in the Pacific, there existed also the objection that in time of war operations of the Pacific fleet might be crippled by the cutting off of supplies.

Up in Alaska, however, along the line of the government's own railroad, the Chikaloon coal fields yield a fuel of excellent quality. Naval tests, made prior to our entrance into the great war, proved its efficiency, but war delayed any development.

Now, however, work is going actively forward to get this Alaskan coal out of the ground and to naval coaling ports to be developed in Alaska.

Working with the Navy department, the Department of the Interior is constructing a washing plant for both commercial and navy uses. Commander Dowling of the navy has been assigned to direct naval coal production, with orders from Daniels to "Dig when you are ready, Dowling."

"We hope and believe that the quantity of coal produced from the Chikaloon field will shortly be adequate to the needs of the Pacific fleet, and more," says Secretary Daniels.

Looking Like a Million

By WILL T. AMES

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When Beth Bedell came back to North Gilead, after two years' absence in the metropolis, the clothes she wore produced exactly opposite impressions in the minds of Hugh Silsby and Imogene Dart.

Imogene, though she had but a fleeting glimpse of Beth as the "jit" from Gilead snorted through the village, exultantly reported to Amy Austin that "Beth Bedell is home, wearing about a dollar and a quarter's worth of dress and forty cents' worth of hat!"

Hugh, however, experienced a sudden sinking sensation around the heart when he made an errand over to the Bedells' that afternoon and found Beth looking, as he told himself, "like a million dollars."

Beth's face lighted as the tall young farmer came through the gate, and if Hugh had been less stunned by the luxurious aspect of the homecomer he might have noticed that the rose of her cheeks grew deeper as she shook hands with him.

What really absorbed Hugh's mind to most melancholy effect was the conviction that it had all worked out with Beth precisely as it always did in the Gilead theater movies—Beth had become a regular fashionable city girl, quite unattainable for a plain fellow like himself. Why, her clothes alone must cost a lot more in a year than he could clear on his place even with the best of luck!

Dispirited, vaguely but keenly disappointed—for he had been thinking a deal, and with secret hopefulness, about Beth ever since he heard she was coming home—Hugh followed the well-blazed trail of ingenuous youth in such case made and provided. He sulked, and his sulks took the guise of stiff formality.

"Glad to see you home, Miss Bedell," he said solemnly.

"Miss Bedell!" laughed Beth. "Since when? Don't be silly, Hugh. It's awfully good to see you. Why don't you tell me I'm looking well?"

"You look mighty nifty, if that's what you mean," replied Hugh with elaborate ungraciousness; "but you look like somebody else—somebody that flies high. Guess you perch on a different tree from old friends nowadays, don't you? Your father in?"

For an instant Beth stared amazed. Then the rose in her cheeks died till in either a tiny red spot remained. "He's out at the barn," she said, and without further word walked straight into the house.

North Gilead was a very small place. It boasted of only one rich man, and of him it boasted not greatly. Merton Phelps at twenty-five was a shade stingier than his father had been at seventy-two, when after a lifetime of miserliness he left a trunkful of beloved mortgages and securities to his only son.

Young Phelps dressed showily, if with infinite regard for a bargain, for he was vain. He cultivated the manner of a village beau, for he had a keen eye for feminine loveliness, but no North Gilead girl could truthfully maintain that Merton had ever spent a nickel on her. Still there is a certain glamour to a hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and girls were not wanting to welcome his inexpensive and insinuating flatteries.

On the afternoon of Beth's homecoming, within an hour after Hugh's brief visit, she met Phelps in the post office. And when, spurred by the fascination of beauty exceptionally groomed and fetchingly gowned, he asked if he might "drop around and set on the porch" with her that evening, Beth granted him the privilege with a condescension quite new to his experiences.

Two evenings after that North Gilead was shaken to its foundations by the news, spread like wildfire, that Merton Phelps had actually hired Ed Godfrey's new roadster and taken Beth Bedell to ride, leaving his own second-had flivver idle in the garage. And when, next day, it transpired that he had taken her to Lake Chemung and paid four dollars for something to eat at the Chemung pavilion, the community almost became speechless.

That was the beginning. For two weeks Merton Phelps belied his reputation and his antecedents at a ruinous rate. The dark-green roadster was at the Bedells' door daily. And when it wasn't carrying Beth off on some frightfully costly excursion or other it was chasing into Gilead after chocolates and, finally, for a box of orchids especially ordered from the Gilead florist.

Meantime Hugh Silsby had suffered agonies of remorse for his churlish behavior toward Beth—and continued to sulk the deeper. Not again did he see Beth, save at a distance, except once when she waved at him from the green car and was gone like a flash with "that d—d monkey of a Phelps" grinning at her side.

It was the morning after the orchids. Hugh was disconsolately going about his "chores" in his big barn when there came a light step on the floor and a laughing "Good morning, Hugh." It was Beth.

"Good morning. Isn't this a queer place for a city—"

"Now Hugh, you stop that," interrupted Beth. "I'm not going to let you take that tone with me again. It isn't fair to me—nor to yourself. I've come to tell you something. Do you want to hear it?"

It was the old Beth. He could see it now, even if there was something different about the clothes and the way her hair was done, and such small matters. But it only made Hugh's sense of loss the more acute.

"I'm mighty sorry, Beth," he said, "that I was—well downright nasty the day you came home. But I guess it isn't going to be easy to hear what you have to tell. Maybe we'd better take it for granted. I hope he'll make you happy. I honestly do."

Then Beth laughed—a very real, hearty laugh, but with a little catch at the end.

"Hugh," she said, "Mert Phelps is a horrible little cad. I wouldn't marry him if every dollar he has were a million and he'd spend it all as I wished. Listen to me, goose. I knew in a minute, that day, what was the matter with you. You thought I had grown luxurious and extravagant and so grown hopelessly away from hominess and everything like—like this. And all because I had caught a little of the knack that so many city girls simply have to acquire—of making a lot of appearance on next to nothing. Hugh, I didn't succeed very well in town. I've had a pretty hard time. Right now I'm the most cheaply dressed girl in North Gilead. But I didn't like it anyway. I wanted home and the old folks. And I missed you, Hugh. I've never forgotten what you said just before I went away—and I looked forward to your liking me. And then you had to go and jump at the notion that I had gotten to be a swell—and would think only about loads of money for clothes and things!"

"Beth, I—"

"Wait a minute, Hugh. Last night Merton Phelps offered to make over half his money to me, absolutely, if I would marry him. It made me a little sick to make him make that offer, but I did—though he doesn't know I did. You know why I did, don't you, Hugh? So I could refuse it, of course, and then come and ask you how much figure you really think money and luxuries cut with Beth Bedell—you old silly-" There were tears in her laughter now.

"You chucked all that money—and came to me? Beth! Say, girl, I said you looked like a million. You're a million million yourself—of pure gold."

And the tears that trickled through the laughter were dried on blue denim while more blue denim held her tight.

MAN OF BUSINESS INSTINCTS

Luckily for Bankers, All Customers Are Not as Shrewd as This Individual.

The other day a stranger entered the Indiana National bank and asked to borrow $5. He was told that the bank did not lend such small sums.

"But," he went on, "lending money is your business, isn't it?"

The banker admitted that it was.

"Well, I have good security," said the stranger, "and I want to borrow $5."

Finally the banker, half from fatigue and half from amused curiosity, agreed to make the loan. When the note was all drawn and the interest of 35 cents paid, the stranger drew from his pocket $10,000 worth of government bonds and handed them over as security. Before the banker could express his astonishment, the stranger said:

"Now this is something like it. Over at this other bank they wanted me to pay $10 just for a safety deposit box to keep these things in!"—Indianapolis Star.

New Talking Glove.

An ingenious glove by means of which the blind may converse has been invented by a physician of Ansonia, Connecticut, who is himself rapidly becoming blind and deaf. It is a thin glove, with all the letters of the alphabet upon it, distributed over digits palm and back. Dr. Terry himself has learned the precise situation of each letter, so that when a friend spells out a word by touching the several spots, he can follow by the feeling. The beauty of Dr. Terry's invention is that it enables him to receive communications from persons who are unacquainted with his system. Any deaf-blind person could have such a glove made, and, of course, it does not matter how the letters are arranged upon it, for he alone needs to know without looking where they are situated.

HE SAID IT WITH FLOWERS

But the Florist Had Not Exactly Understood Just What Greetings He Wanted to Convey.

C. E. Dittmer, editor of a Wabash newspaper, was hurrying to his office the other day when he glanced at the window of a local flower shop and saw the sign: "Say It With Flowers."

"Great," he thought to himself, and rushed into the building.

"Send some flowers up to my house," he told the florist.

"How about a nice spray?" the florist asked.

"Good, send it right up," the editor said.

When the work of the day was over the editor hurried home to celebrate his wedding anniversary. His wife glared at him.

"It may be a joke, but I do not appreciate it," she said.

The editor was puzzled. He had not tried to be funny. Then he looked around for the joke and found it. It was a "nice spray," bound with a black ribbon to which was attached a black-rimmed mourning card. The florist had misunderstood the occasion.—Indianapolis News.

Foxcraft Is Unique.

Osgood P. Martin of Foxcraft, Me., has received a letter from his son, Dr. Selden O. Martin, in England, in which the doctor says that he can cable to Foxcroft for 60 cents less than to New York, because he needs to write only "Foxcroft" in the address, since it is the only place of that name in the world. It is not necessary to add either "Maine" or "U. S. A."

His Next Move.

"The last girl I tried to kiss called her father. Would you do that?"

"Yes, I think I would. But father is in Chicago just now and it would take me some time to get him over long distance."

To Dream of Hanging.

To dream of hanging is said to signify that a serious illness threatens someone you love, or it may be great danger is lying in wait for them.

MODERN BARN IS GOOD INVESTMENT

Insures Quality and Quantity of Production in Winter.

CUTS WORK TO A MINIMUM

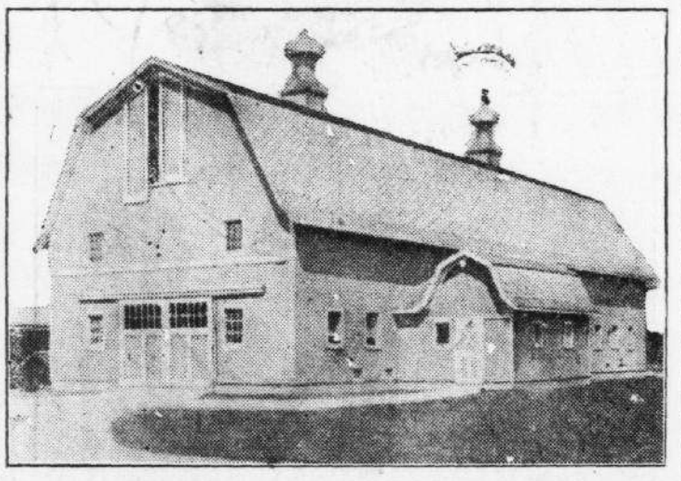
Design for Barn That Will Accommodate 30 Cows With Their Feed for the Winter—Has Labor-saving Conveniences.

By WILLIAM A. RADFORD.

Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF COST on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building work on the farm, for the readers of this paper. On account of his wide experience as Editor, Author and Manufacturer, he is, without doubt, the highest authority on all these subjects. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 1827 Prairie avenue, Chicago, Ill., and only inclose two-cent stamp for reply.

Winter is the time when farmers, dairymen especially, appreciate the value of a modern, weather-tight barn for their herds. For in the modern barn the animals are kept as healthy and productive during the cold weather as when they are in pasture. They have fresh air to breathe, are warm and produce as much milk under the present-day method of feeding as they do in the summer.

In years gone by any structures that provided shelter against the winter storms and cold was considered good enough for the dairy cows. Now,



however, dairy specialists know that poor housing means increased expense and decreased production. Feed that formerly was utilized by cows to maintain their body heat now produces milk. Drafty barns promoted sickness and loss of animals. Inconvenient barns meant spending hours caring for the animals, while the modern barn cuts the work to a minimum.

For the reasons given, progressive dairymen look upon good barns as paying investments. Also barn planning experts have taken the results of scientific investigations into consideration and have designed dairy barns so that the animals are maintained in a healthful condition and by increasing production in quality and quantity, more profits are returned.

A dairy barn planned along the most modern lines is shown in the accompanying illustration. This barn is of a size that will accommodate 30 cows and the herd sire, together with enough feed, both roughage, small grain and ensilage, to carry the animals through the winter. It also is planned so that modern barn equipment can be installed—equipment that greatly lessens the work of caring for the animals and keeps the stable clean and sanitary.

The barn is of plank frame construction, a method that eliminates all posts in the mow and cuts the construction cost materially. The barn is set on a concrete foundation and has a concrete floor in the stable. The cut of the roof gives it a fine appearance. Adjoining the barn at the side is a milk house, while at the rear is a 14-foot silo. The main building is rectangular in shape, 36 feet wide and 76 feet 6 inches long.

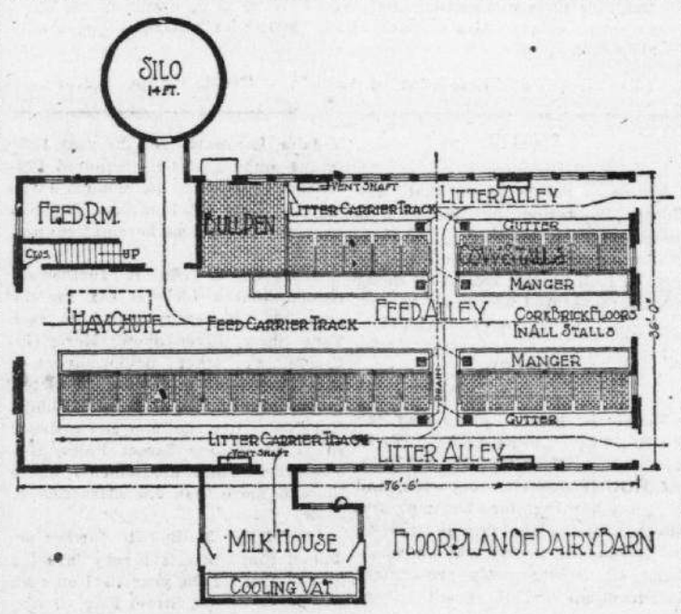
How the interior of the stable is arranged and equipped is shown by the floor plan that accompanies the exterior view. Through the center runs the feeding alley, with the cow stalls facing it. Along each wall is a litter alley. Over the feeding and litter alleys is an overhead track for the carrier, which takes the feed to the mangers at the stall heads and removes the litter. This feature alone saves at least two hours of labor a day. It will be noted by the dot-and-dash line that the carrier track connects all parts of the barn, so that feed may be loaded into the carrier in the feed room and transported directly to the mangers. The litter alley track runs out of the barn to the manure pits or sheds at the rear.

Fresh air without drafts is another important feature of this barn. On either side of the building there are foul air vent shafts near the stable ceiling. These tents are connected with the suction ventilators on the roof. The ventilators draw the foul air out of the stable without creating a draft on the cows.

Set into the concrete floor are sanitary steel stall partitions, swinging stanchions and manger partitions. The manger itself is of concrete, with a slight pitch to one end, so that it may be flushed out with hose and kept clean. At the rear of the stalls is a concrete gutter sunk into the floor. The gutter also is pitched to a drain for washing. Shown on the floor plan are cork brick floors. Cork bricks are made of cork compressed into the shape of a building brick. These bricks are laid into the floor and are desirable because the animals will not slip, neither will they cause sore feet or sore sides when the cows lay on them.

Taken all in all, this is a most modern barn—one that will house the dairy herd comfortably, keep the cows healthy and increase milk production. Its size is such that the owner pays for no waste space, while at the same time there is plenty of room for the animals, and to do the work necessary in the most economical way.

While building operations in the northern part of the country are at a standstill until spring comes, farmers who will need a new barn before another year rolls around should begin to make their plans. By carefully considering the size of barn needed to accommodate the dairy herd, plans may be secured and a contractor engaged so that the work of building can begin early in the spring. Building costs have been reduced materially during the last few months and, those in the business assert, will not be lower for a number of years to come.



ENGLAND SWEPT BY LEPROSY

Dreadful Plague Took Horrible Toll in the Days of the Twelfth and Thirteenth Centuries.

In the Twelfth century leprosy swept England from one end to the other. The most horrible sufferings and scenes took place as a result of the ignorance of the population in the care of the disease and prevention of its spread. Lepers were treated with inhuman cruelty and driven with whips from town to town. They were ordered to wear a gray gown and ring a bell wherever they went, to warn passers-by of their presence. As garlic and leeks were supposed to be beneficial, they were forever eating them, and their presence was thus further advertised.

St. Lazarus was their patron saint, and from that fact came the name "lazar," meaning one diseased. Churches forbade their attendance but left holes in the wall through which the wretches could watch the celebration of a mass. Both men and women were made to wear knee-high boots to prevent the rubbing of their limbs against chairs or benches where a well person might contract the disease.

The plague persisted until well into the Sixteenth century, although its greatest visitation extended only to the Thirteenth century.

Timber Land Inspection by Airplane.

Traveling 200 miles in 144 minutes, part of the time circling low to note the destruction done by forest fires in the Yakima district, Washington, Aviator R. I. Ehrlichman of a local lumber company, accompanied by the vice-president of the company, recently inspected the timber holdings of his organization by airplane. The aerial inspection is reported to be a highly satisfactory means of making a rapid yet sufficiently complete survey of timber holdings.—Scientific American.

What Makes a Book.

If a book come from the heart, it will contrive to reach other hearts; all art and authorcraft are of small amount to that.—Carlyle.

LIFE'S LITTLE JESTS

Takes His Choice.

Mrs. Styles—I want one of those new military bonnets, dear.

Mr. Styles—How much are they?

"About $35, I believe."

"I can't afford that, and, besides, I don't see why you want a military bonnet. You're not going to fight, are you, dear?"

"I am if I don't get that bonnet."

No Good, Anyway.

Mrs. Fussybody—I think it's an outrage that Mrs. Kaynyne should keep those four mangy dogs when so many people are doing without meat.

Her Husband—Oh, well, the mutts are old and tough enough and probably no one would care to eat 'em, anyhow.

Different Procedure.

"People don't shove their money over the bar for drink the way they used to."

"No," agreed Uncle Bill Bottletop. "Instead of shoving the money over the bar you have to give it to the cashier for a bunch of soda water tickets."

Inferential Greatness.

"Senator Sportsworthy made an impressive speech."

"A masterly effort."

"While he didn't go so far as to say he wrote the Declaration of Independence, I inferred from his remarks that if he had been living 144 years ago he might have written it."

Defined.

Willie—Paw, what is the difference between an engaged girl and a married woman?

Maw—A married woman personally attends to the work of putting on her rubbers, my son."

BACKWARD IN HIS STUDIES

"How's yer boy down at college?" "Not very good, I guess. He wrote he was halfback an' now he tells us his fullback."

Proof.

A true philosopher is one
Who lives his gloomy day or two
And bears his bit of trouble in
The way he says you ought to do.

Backwoods Knowledge.

Mrs. Dibley (with newspaper)—Says here that D. W. Griffiths invented the closeup.

Dibley—Who's he—dancing master?

Gloomy Uncertainty.

"The train pulled out before you had finished your speech."

"Yes," replied Senator Sorghum. "As I heard the shouts of the crowd fading in the distance I couldn't be sure whether they were applauding me or the engineer."

At Par.

The Pretty Applicant—I've done a good deal of chorus work and small parts. Would you care to see my press notices?

The Producer—Never mind the press notices. We take the girls at their face values.

Mother's Mistake.

Father—No, my son, I don't know the Latin of "people."

Johnny—Popuii.

Mother—Johnny! How dare you accuse your father of lying?

Of the Chavannes School.

Dauber—This is my last picture, "Wood Nymphs." What do you think of it?

Critic—Best imitation of wood I ever saw.

The Idea!

Newpop—The Declaration of Independence says that all men are born equal.

Mrs. Newpop—How absurd! The idea of assuming that the Cheapleys' baby next door could be compared to ours.

Such a Pity.

"Say, look! I believe that chap is drowning!"

"Oh, this is too bad! Here I've just used the last film in my camera on a just medium pretty girl!"

Proof.

Mabel—I know he broke his promise not to make cigarettes any more."

Phyllis—Why?

"Because he flamed up so when I accused him of it, and I'm sure that where there is so much fire there must be some smoke."—London Answers.

Heard at the Movies.

She (viewing film)—Isn't that dog the cleverest thing? Wonder what pay he gets?"

He—Oh, a couple of bones a day, I guess.