

BREAKS THE RECORD

Production of Bauxite and Aluminum Greatly Increased.

Growth of Aluminum Industry Shown by Fact That Production in 1914 Was 150 Pounds, and in 1904 8,600,000 Pounds.

Washington.—The production of bauxite and the consumption of aluminum in the United States in 1914 were the largest ever recorded. The report prepared by W. C. Phalen of the United States geological survey shows an output of 219,318 long tons of bauxite, valued at \$1,069,194, in 1914, against 210,241 long tons, valued at \$997,698, in 1913. The states which produced bauxite in 1914 were Alabama, Arkansas, Georgia and Tennessee. Arkansas produced more than 80 per cent of the output and the output was larger in 1914 than in 1913. The production of Georgia, which held second place in both years, and of Alabama and Tennessee was considerably less in 1914 than it was in 1913. The imports of bauxite amounted to 24,844 long tons, valued at \$96,500, or 3,888 tons more than in 1913.

Bauxite is used in the production of metallic aluminum and in the manufacture of aluminum salts, of bauxite bricks, and of aluminum. The use of bauxite in the production of the metal aluminum is by far the most important one, and the largest part of the bauxite produced in Arkansas, as well as most of that imported, is used in the aluminum industry.

Aluminum, which is used extensively as an abrasive, is made at Niagara Falls, N. Y., by fusing calcined bauxite in an electric furnace. Aluminum is especially efficient for the grinding of steel forgings and castings. Only the best grades of bauxite are used in the manufacture of such chemicals as alum, aluminum sulphate and aluminum salts, as freedom from oxide of iron is desirable for such purposes.

Another use to which bauxite is adapted is in the manufacture of calcium aluminate, which gives a quick set to plaster compositions.

The quantity of aluminum consumed in the United States in 1914 was 79,129,000 pounds, against 72,979,000 pounds in 1913 and 65,607,000 pounds in 1912. The growth of the industry is shown by the fact that the production was 150 pounds in 1884, 550,000 pounds in 1894, and 8,600,000 pounds in 1904.

The value of the exports of aluminum and of manufactures of aluminum amounted to \$1,546,510 in 1914, as compared with \$966,094 in 1913.

Aluminum is the most abundant of metals and ranks third among the elements which compose the crust of the earth, being exceeded only by

oxygen and silicon. It is an important constituent of all common rocks except certain sedimentary rocks, as sandstone and limestone. It is never found native, or in elementary form, but occurs as an oxide, hydroxide, fluoride, phosphate, sulphate, silicate, or other compound. The only source of the metal so far commercially utilized is bauxite, an ore that contains 50 to 60 per cent of alumina (the common oxide), which corresponds to a metallic content of 26.5 to 31.8 per cent of aluminum.

The consumption of aluminum is constantly expanding, and aside from its use in the manufacture of cooking utensils, it is being employed in the construction of automobile castings and of welded tanks used by brewers, preserve manufacturers, and fat renderers and for wire for power-transmission lines. Other uses which are important in their adaptability and efficiency but which absorb only a small portion of the domestic product are the manufacture of powdered metal used as a paint pigment and in making aluminum foil. Aluminum foil is gradually displacing tin foil, which heretofore has been used for wrapping cheese, candies, tobacco, tea and other products.

CAVE MAN TEACHES

Tells California University Students of Primitive Life.

Half Starved Indian, Captured in the Woods of California, is Now an Instructor at State Institution.

Oakland, Cal.—A naked, half-starved Indian, knowing less than the children in the first grade in Oakland schools and captured only when treed by dogs in the wilds of the hills near Oroville, is today a college professor. He can't read, in fact, he can hardly speak, but he's taught scientists something they have been groping for through many years, and "Ishi," as he is called, is now one of the notables of the University of California, one of the most famous of professors, and probably will give lessons to boys and girls in Oakland when they grow up and go to college, that is, if they take up the study of anthropology.

"Ishi" is employed daily as an instructor at the Affiliated Colleges, the medical school of the university, and, besides teaching men how the Indians chopped wood and rubbed sticks to make fire he has shown them how men lived long before they knew the things we know now, for "Ishi" is the last of the cave men, or the men who in ages past lived in caves almost like the beasts of the field.

"Ishi" isn't a cave man any more. He's a gentleman now, and in his "store clothes" and with his top hat he's very proud of himself, all except the feet. He won't wear shoes because he says they hurt his feet, and besides, what's the use of being a professor if one has to wear shoes? "Ishi" lectures tall of the mode of life of his people, of whom he is the last. He tells of his explorations in the hills and of his hunting and fishing. He never tells of those who went before him, because he believes that to call them by name would mean that they could come back and ask who called, and his religion won't let him speak of the dead.

"Ishi" was, and perhaps still is, the most "uncivilized" man in the world. Until he was captured by the university scientists in 1911 none of his tribe had been seen since 1850. The little tribe lived near Mill creek, in the forests, where they stayed in hiding, avoiding traders and keeping away from the railroad track where engines rumbled by them. They thought the locomotives some strange sort of demon, in fact, "Ishi" is just a little nervous about them yet.

MAN LIVES IN TWO COUNTIES

Parlor in One Congressional District in West Virginia, Bedroom in Another.

Washington.—After moving his bedroom across the hall so he will sleep in Cabell county instead of Wayne county, James A. Hughes of Huntington, W. Va., has announced his candidacy for the Republican nomination for congressman from the new Fourth district.

Mr. Hughes recently completed 14 years of service in congress, having represented the Fifth district ever since it was created. Foreseeing a

possible change in the districts, he built his home with the county line running through his hallway.

Heretofore his parlor has been in Cabell while he slept in Wayne county, in the Fifth congressional district. But the legislature recently redistricted the state, putting Cabell county into the Fourth district, in which Mr. Hughes preferred to run. Consequently he shoved his parlor into Wayne and his sleeping room into Cabell to make him eligible to run in the Fourth district.

MONSTER SEARCHLIGHT



Thomas A. Edison inspecting his latest product, a searchlight capable of any volume of light up to 3,000,000 candlepower. This new light, which is portable, may be used on airships, battleships and motor cars.

Bee "Worthless Lot."

Los Angeles.—Hugh McGinty claims the bees he bought from H. H. Ames were a worthless lot—wouldn't work—and when they did work made mighty poor honey; therefore he wants his money back. To collect it he filed suit in the superior court for the revision of the contract. He alleged he purchased an interest in Ames' bee ranch in Baldwin park for \$550 and paid down \$200.

LEGAL SERVICES, 40 CENTS

But Rural Lawyer Found Just "Some Expenses" When Settlement Was Made.

Daly City, Cal.—A new record for the size of a legal fee has been established here. City Attorney J. H. Morris filed a claim of 40 cents for services rendered. This bill was an item of a claim filed with the trustees for opening the safe deposit box of George N. Smith, the city clerk who mysteriously disappeared. The claim follows:

Charge for opening box.....	\$2.50
Notary fees, phone messages.....	2.50
Publishing summons.....	10.00
Attaching bank account.....	9.50
Legal service.....	.40
Total.....	\$25.90

COWARD BECOMES WAR HERO

Man Sentenced by Court-Martial Shows Bravery at the Ypres Battle.

London.—The story of a convicted coward who turned hero during the fighting around Ypres is told by Prof. J. H. Morgan, who spent five months at British headquarters and whose investigations were summed up in the Bryce report on German atrocities. He has just returned to London. He says: "There was a sergeant who had lost his nerve and had been sentenced by court-martial to five years' penal servitude for cowardice. Before the sentence could be carried out the Prussian guard made their famous attempt to break through our line, and the sergeant, in the fighting which ensued, fought with such bravery that, but for being nominally under arrest at the time, he would have been awarded the Victoria cross."

Shocked His Dog.

Flint, Mich.—Because a bulldog failed to recognize his master in nature's bathing suit, William O. Reynard, traffic manager for the Weston-Mott company, is nursing several injuries. Mr. Reynard was passing from the bathroom in his home to a bedroom and stepped over the dog. As he was dressed only in a pair of slippers, the dog evidently did not know him. Tower grabbed him by the ankle and then slipped his left side and little finger.

HIS MOUNTAIN GIRL

By RONALD ROSS.

Marvin was in his later thirties. College bred, he had gone West after making a failure of his life. He had no ties. Nobody in the world cared for him. He wanted only to bury himself in the heart of the forest and to forget.

One day, as Marvin rode through the woods, he came upon a slip of a mountain girl bending over a brook. Her bare feet were as brown as berries, her arms nut brown, her face flushed with confusion as she raised it to his.

They fell into an easy conversation. Her father was a small sheep rancher living in the valley. She had no other relative or friend except—Jim.

Jim was her lover, Marvin gathered. He rode on, vaguely disconcerted. The thought of the girl recurred to him again and again.

He met her once more, twice—then the day came when he rode down to the valley to buy his supplies. And he saw the girl at the door of the ranch building.

"Joe Cooper's gal," the storekeeper told him. "She's sort of queer. Old Jim Bates is crazy to marry her, but he's in his fifties and the gal don't care for an old man. Guess her father will make her, though. He's eager to get rid of her—shiftless lot, them Coopers."

Marvin, returning, saw a group of three at the door of the house. The two men were arguing angrily with the girl. Marvin thought he saw tears on her cheeks. He pulled in his horse, then slowly rode away. It was no business of his; he could not interfere.

But the days hung drearily on his hands, and he felt a vague longing to see the forest girl again. About a week later his wish was gratified. She was coming along the trail, sobbing, and when she saw him she stopped dead and hid her face in her hands. Marvin was at her side in a minute.

"You are in trouble," he said. "What can I do to help you?" Then in sudden realization, "You were coming to me?"

She nodded dumbly. "I can't stand for it in the valley," she said. "I won't marry Jim Bates. I won't. I hate him. All my life I have wanted to live in the mountains, away from folks."

The stammered, foolish words were almost inarticulate. Marvin understood the passion behind them, the soul longing for freedom, groping for refuge from the petty tyranny of life. He placed his arm around her. She looked up at him, and their lips met.

"I, too, love the mountains," he said. "Would you come and live with me—I mean, if we were to be married?"

She nodded. They strolled together along the trail, and at last both had found happiness. Before she left it was arranged that she was to meet him and they would ride to the nearest town and find a minister.

That night he dreamed that he was pursuing Laura through a vast, smoky land, a wilderness with no other living being in sight; yet she was running from him toward some unknown danger, and he pursued, eager to save her.

He gasped and sat up. Through the window of his cabin he saw a lurid light that seemed to fill the sky. The room was filled with smoke.

He hurried into his clothes and ran to the stable. The horse was whinnying, fearful of the fire that seemed to be creeping nearer. Marvin saddled him and rode at a gallop into the woods. At the edge of the crest he saw that the whole valley was ablaze.

He tethered his horse securely and ran down the valley. He saw smoldering homesteads, fallen trees, blackened rooftops of deserted houses. Then he was at the Cooper ranch. The house was still blazing.

He ran through the little irrigated patch and hammered furiously at the door. It fell crashing beneath his blows. The interior was empty. Thank God for that!

The girl must have joined the fugitives in the mountains at the other end of the valley. There was no more to be done. Marvin turned slowly away—and then he was aware of the girl crouching beside the little trickles of water, as she had crouched by the brook that day. She was crouching, weeping, and in a moment he had her in his arms.

"You are not hurt?" he cried. "Where is your father? Your—?" "I don't know," she sobbed. "When I awoke the house was beginning to burn. I dressed and hurried out here. I think—I think they have gone with the settlers toward the mountains."

"They left you to burn!" exclaimed Marvin, in horror. She laid her hand on his arm. "I heard them calling for me," she said. "But I hid here. Tomorrow I was to have married Jim."

"And now?" asked Marvin, bending over her. "Now, I just can't. I can't. Leave me to die."

He caught her in his arms and carried her up the valley, over the smoldering ruins of the little settlement. When they reached unburned ground he set her down and walked beside her, holding her to him. Her hair, unloosed fell over him. They were together and content, immeasurably content, and nothing else mattered. (Copyright, 1915, by W. G. Chapman.)

MISS DREW'S SECRETARY

By JEANNE KILBY.

Carlotta Drew pushed away the account books that littered her desk and sighed wearily.

"Oh, dear, I never can make these books balance," she panted. "I wish Miss Smith had not been so stupid or Miss Hart so slovenly. I simply can't get along without a secretary."

"You might try one of the secretarial schools," suggested Mrs. Marsh, bending over her embroidery.

"I will—I must have someone at once."

Carlotta poked up the receiver and telephoned her wishes:

"Send along anyone who is fairly intelligent," she called at last.

"There," she said, looking defiantly at her aunt, "they are sending up a young man."

"A young man!" echoed Mrs. Marsh. "Are you crazy, Carlotta?" "Only desperate, Aunt Anna."

"I shall send him away again." "Not until he has straightened out my accounts. I make them say that I have spent just four dollars instead of five hundred in the last month, and yet my checkbook shows I have overdrawn my account."

"What a muddle!" sighed Mrs. Marsh. "You really ought to marry a good business man, my dear, someone who can look after you and your property."

"I met a man last summer," she began. Then, biting her lips to keep back a secret she had not dared confess to anyone but herself, she added gaily, "I'm going out, Aunt Anna. If the young man comes tell him to straighten out my books. I'll be home before he leaves."

It was an hour after Carlotta's departure when Biggs brought in a card. "Mr. Anthony Lester."

"Humph!" sniffed Mrs. Marsh, looking coldly at the tall, self-possessed young man who regarded her so affably. "My niece is out at present. She wants you to wait until she returns. No use wasting your time, though. Miss Drew said you might straighten out her books—there on the desk—find out what the trouble is."

Lester smiled and sat down at the desk. Presently Mrs. Marsh noted that he was working busily over the offending accounts.

He worked so steadily that Aunt Anna's heart warmed toward him. She would reward him with a little amiable conversation.

"Are you married?" she asked abruptly.

"Good heavens—no!" he laughed. "I was married for twenty years and I never had one single regret. My husband has been dead for ten years. Ours was a perfect marriage," sighed Mrs. Marsh, now on her favorite topic, "and I dislike to hear young people laugh flippantly at matrimony."

Lester colored. "I assure you," he said gently, "I had no intention of laughing. It was the idea of your thinking I would be here—" His voice trailed into embarrassed silence.

Aunt Anna Marsh sat up stiffly and regarded him over the tops of her eyeglasses.

"Young man," she said sternly, "when you came here this afternoon did you know that my niece, Miss Drew, is very, very rich indeed?"

Lester had the grace to blush quite perceptibly.

"Yes," he said at last.

"I thought so," she said. Lester got up and paced the floor. Now he was scowling in a most unpleasant manner, but even the black look didn't mar his handsome face.

"Can't a man marry a rich girl without being asked a fortune hunter?" he suddenly asked.

"No!" exploded Aunt Anna indignantly. "Does your niece share your views—that every man—no! I won't doubt her for an instant!" He turned toward the desk.

The door flew open and in came radiant Carlotta, her blue eyes aglow with the glad light of surprise and her cheeks aglow.

"Anthony! Anthony! you dear!" she cried, and she went straight into the arms of the "secretary young man," who held her closely.

Aunt Anna shut her eyes upon this terrifying sight.

"And there is the poor secretary waiting in the hall," cried Carlotta, releasing herself from Lester's arms.

"The secretary! Carlotta Drew, who is this young man?" demanded Mrs. Marsh in a tragic tone.

"Why it's Anthony Lester, the man I almost told you about—it's a secret that we love each other, and I suppose now our engagement must be announced. Who did you think he was, auntie?" she asked curiously.

Lester gallantly came to the rescue and Aunt Anna never forgot it. She took him to her heart even before she discovered that he was considerably richer than Carlotta.

"Why, who did you think he was?" repeated the girl curiously.

"Mrs. Marsh asked me to help straighten out your accounts," he interposed tactfully. "I've brought order out of chaos, but there's still one more thing to settle."

A small, dapper-looking youth, with owlish, spectacled eyes, entered the room meekly.

"This is Mr. Mook, the secretary, Aunt Anna," said Carlotta. (Copyright, 1915, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

DRUGS HAVE AN ATTRACTION

Remarkable How Many People Will Take Almost Any Remedy That Is Offered to Them.

A very interesting phase of human psychology in its relation to the taking of drugs is illustrated by a series of poisoning cases in the middle West. A number of persons received "free samples" of a remedy through the mails and quite a few of the recipients proceeded to take doses of it, some of them with fatal results.

There are a great many persons who will take any remedy that is offered or recommended to them. Free samples of drugs of which the recipients know next to nothing are swallowed in large quantities every day in this country. It seems impossible, but it is true.

When a colored maid of all work presents herself to a doctor with a large bottle of medicine to ask him whether he thinks there is anything the matter with her for which that medicine might be good it seems a joke. Such things have been known to happen more than once, and there are a large number of persons supposed to be far above the colored maid in mentality, and still more in common sense who present the same attitude of mind toward free samples of medicine that may come into their hands. Could anything be more foolish?

TERRIER IN 24-HOUR VIGIL

St. Louis Dog Guards an Empty Basket Whole Day Without Yawning.

St. Louis.—Ignoring all blandishments, a skye terrier guarded an empty basket for 24 hours, until finally a boy made friends with the dog and coaxed it to his home, to which he also took the basket.

Persons living in the neighborhood first observed the dog at its vigil the previous afternoon. It refused to let anybody touch the basket, and could not be lured away by tempting offers of food.

Mrs. J. J. Wilkins carried food and water to the dog and gave it a sack to lie upon. King Ambler, fourteen-year-old son of Arthur Ambler, made overtures to the terrier for a long time before he won its confidence sufficiently for it to permit him to take the basket.

Who owned the dog and the basket could not be ascertained, and young Ambler said he hoped the owner would turn up.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH
REV. S. HITCHCOCK, Pastor
Morning Worship... 11:00 a. m.
Sunday School... 12:00 m.
Men's Bible Class, held in The Pioneer Building... 12:20 p. m.
Evening Service... 8:00 p. m.
Strangers Welcome

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DOINGS OF THE VAN LOONS

LADIES I HAD BEEN APPOINTED YET TO IN DIS NEIGHBORHOOD A CHAPTER OFF THE NEW SERVANT GIRL UNIONS TO ORGANIZING VOT IS THE PLEASURE LADIES

FROKEN CHAIRMAN JAG SKULLS SAGA ATT NAR JAC VAR I SVERIGE VI ALDNG HADDE NACON UNION

SI SIGNORINA SPACHETTI ANDANTINO DONNA ET MOBILE JAMEMBERT

SZECNY DOMBROSKA SZKRYKSKI POLSKI KOSCIUSKI

FANANAD CARARARA MARRO CARABELLA PINTA CARARARA MARRO SAKERNETS STANDEKUR

DIS MEETING ISS ADCHOURNED ON ACCOUNT OF TOO MUCH LANGWIDGE!

BANG!