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TUESDAY, MARCH 7, 1922.


The bird responsible for the annual cry of a summer ice famine seems to have been asleep on the job this year.

Germany is to build for the United States the largest airship in the world. And you can wager that the one Germany builds will stay up, too.

Twenty thousand suicides occurring in the United State in the past year are attributed to reaction after the war. It doesn't seem right to ignore alcohol entirely.

Your congressman can't send you any more free seeds from Washington, the appropriation having been cut off. But he'll probably be able to send you something just as good—as a reminder that he expects you to vote for him.

## Wall Street Logic.

"Prohibition finally establishes whisky as the national beverage," flippantly observes the Wall Street Journal, which is opposed to prohibition. We accept that at its face value, as they would say on Wall street. Whisky is national because it is prohibited, as a beverage, by constitutional amendment and is becoming harder to get, as is evidenced by hooch and other nasty substitutes. As the same paper says: "No business in the world can meet all its liabilities at an instant's notice. It must have time to collect its assets. No savings bank in the world can meet such demands. The federal banking system could not meet its obligations if called upon to do so at an hour's notice."

Logical, and as true as it is logical. The same logic, the same argument, is applicable to the prohibitory amendment and prohibitory laws. What great business was more strongly entrenched, financially, politically and in the human appetite than the liquor traffic? It believed itself impregnable, and it has not yet recovered from amazement that public opinion finally overcame all opposition and put into the fundamental law of the republic the final, permanent decree of the people as to intoxicating beverages. The innovation upon precedent, personal habits and pecuniary profits is so revolutionary that it is not surprising that complete and absolute prohibition is not yet fully attained. In the language of the Wall Street Journal, "No business in the world can meet all its liabilities at an instant's notice." If that is true—let us keep it in mind. Prohibition has great assets, but it must have time to collect them. And it will do so.

## Investigate Before You Invest.

When times are a little slack many are willing to take financial risks they would not take at other times. Conscienceless fakers are always ready to capitalize on people's credulity. Sharpers are willing to sell anything from a United States battleship to certificates for Liberty bonds, if they can get quick money. Comes now a warning from the national vigilance committee of the Associated Advertising clubs that promoters in various parts of the country are pushing the sale of worthless shares in air transportation companies, promising large returns. In some cases these promoters set up actual machinery that will enable them later on to sell stock. In other cases they play upon the community spirit and induce chambers of commerce to invest in schemes to put their cities on the air transportation map. These men are quick to cash in when stockselling time comes around. They often claim to be backed by large capitalists and they are handy with the technical jargon of aeronautics.

Public confidence is thus enthused and imperiled. Commercial aviation, as the committee points out, has a bright future in this country. But haste would mean waste, and the public needs to guard against wild-catters as well as against dreamers with good intentions. Both types are perfectly willing to put their time against anybody's money. Commercial aviation in this country does not need to be pushed by promoters. It is in the hands of aeronautical experts and of experienced, safe men in the automotive industry. Before venturing too far in any such scheme it would be well to take counsel with well established men in the automotive and air flight business. As the committee suggests, investigate before you invest. A little precaution in time is better than much regret when it is too late.

## Back to the Bible.

At the recent convention of the National Education association one of the speakers undertook a tilt at William Jennings Bryan, terming him a medieavlist because of his opposition to the Darwininan doctrine of evolution and his advocacy of and conformity to the doctrines promulgated by Jesus, the Christ, from whose birth the civilized world of today measures the progress of time. Mr. Bryan has adopted the phrase of "Back to the Bible" as the slogan of his campaign against Darwinism, an appropriate one, every one will admit, and one that should assist the Christian people of today in defense of the Bible against its enemies, among whom seem to be distinguished members of the National Education association and probably many of the professional educators of the country. The speaker referred to as having attacked the defense of the Bible at the convention of the association favors the teaching of Darwinism in our public schools, because it was a production of science, so-called, and was indifferent at least, if not opposed to the use of the Bible in the schools, although that book is the foundation of the religious belief of all Christendom the world over.

As a book of the greatest merit of pure literature as well as one of the wisest and most accurate in historical value, the Bible has a claim on Mr. Bryan's defense, and he does himself honor in appealing to the world not to reject it for Darwinism, and to return to the Bible as a guide to right living and right thinking. The Bible, no matter what version, ought to be recognized by the educators of our country and, of course, of the world, as a book to be studied by the rising generation, as an inspiration to better lives and higher ideals. It is too much neglected today in our homes and in our educational institutions, while intelligent people are taking up with fads and fallacies that are of no benefit to them or any one else, but rather injurious, not only as destroyers of time, but deterrents to spiritual life and all that high ideals in life mean. Science, of course, is all right in its place. It is broadening to men's lives and stimulating to men's activities. Science is doing great things for the advancement of the world by inventions and discoveries, and the development of many things for mankind's comfort and happiness, heretofore unknown or but feebly guessed at. The study of science should be encouraged, but not to the neglect of an acquaintance with and study of the Bible, the spiritual guide to right living, right thinking and the elevation of the soul as the guide to the care of the body. Go back to the Bible and learn from that book how to live and how to die. This knowledge is not be found in Darwinism.

## On Getting Rich.

Mary Pickford's income for two years was $1,123,625, according to court testimony in New York. The president of the United States receives that much in 15 years. The average unskilled day laborer in eastern steel mills, receiving 20 cents an hour, would have to toil 2,265 years to earn as much as Mary gets in two years. Salaries of movie stars are almost as great marvels as the actual moving picture invention. The tremendous incomes of movie stars illustrates a point that should be indelible in the brain of any one trying to get rich. This is the point: If Mary Pickford, for instance, appeared on the stage and had only one person or a few for an audience her income would be only a few dollars a day. Such performers were the professional story tellers of mediveal Bagdad or modern Japan. Then a theatre is built and Mary can play to a couple of thousand people at each performance. Her income increases, abreast of the number she serves. The invention of the moving picture has enabled Mary to appear before an unlimited number of audiences simultaneously. Each member contributes his mite. The total of mites swells into an enormous salary for the performer.

The principle behind all this is application of mass production to human service—the performing of service for the greatest number of people. The more people you assist or entertain the greater your income. Often you comment along these lines: Einstein, a super-scientist of the sort that appears only once in a century, makes less money than the inventor of some trifling thing like the Eskimo pie, ice cream cone or safety pin. The answer to this is that Einstein serves only a small and limited number of customers—scientists—while the other inventors serve millions, each contributing his mite to the inventor. In any scheme to get rich don't forget the importance of doing something that will serve a great multitude. There is infinitely more wealth in inventing a shoe lace with a tip that can't come off than in originating a costly fashion or anything else that can have only a limited number of customers. Greatest profits come from serving the greatest number. Henry Ford found that out long ago.

## Cox Violating His Promises.

Washington reports tell of a dinner given by Joseph P. Tumulty, secretary to President Wilson durnig his two administrations, to James M. Cox, 1920 presidential candidate, at which plans for preventing ratification of the four-power treaty were discussed. These reports indicate that Mr. Cox will exert his influence against ratification of the treaty. Prior to this dinner Senator Hitchcock, who led the fight in the senate for ratification of the Versailles treaty, announced that he would not support the four-power treaty, unless reservations were attached that would meet with his approval. These reports are interesting in view of the efforts made by both Messrs. Cox and Hitchcock to secure ratification of the Versailles treaty without reservations and particularly in view of the statements made by Mr. Cox following the election of Mr. Harding that the Democrats should assist and not place obstacles in the way of constructive work of the Harding administration.

After fighting to the limit for ratification of the Versailles treaty, Messrs. Cox and Hitchcock have placed themselves in anything but a favorable position before the country by opposing ratification of the four-power Pacific treaty. After contending so violently for the Versailles treaty there certainly is no good reason whatever why they should not support the four-power treaty. The Wilson Democrats have criticised severely the action of the Republican senators in preventing the ratification of the Versailles treaty and this creiticism was, in a large measure, justified. Now those Democratic senators who seek to defeat the four-power treaty from the same motives that they attribute to the Republican senators in reference to the Versailles treaty are even more to be criticised than were the Republicans. If Mr. Cox, particularly, is working against ratification of the four-power treaty, as appearances seem to indicate, the country is entitled to a full explanation of his after-election statements.

# Foreign Comment

Special Dispatches to The Argus from Paris bureau of The Consolidated Press, 10 re de l'Elysee.

## *Will Caillaux Return?*

March March 6.—Is Mme. Joseph Caillaux, who on the eve of the war in 1914, shot and killed Gaston Calmette, about to become director of the newspaper which Calmette edited—the Figaro?

Certainly she will not have the title, but it is becoming more and more likely that she and her husband, now banished from politics by decree of the French high court, will be the real powers behind the paper's new policy.

The Caillaux case created an international sensation in the summer of 1914, and there are many today who believe it was a major factor in precipitating the war. The Figaro had published a series of letters written years before by Caillaux to his future wife. They contained phrases never intended for publication. Mme. Caillaux, driven to desperation, went to Calmette's office and shot him dead.

After a long trial which led into the widest political ramifications, the lady was acquitted. The jury decided that her action was justified.

Subsequently Caillaux was sentenced to banishment for "communications with the enemy" during the war. The trial of Caillaux—a former prime minister and a man of tremendous political influence—was eagerly followed in America, where undoubtedly the weight of opinion was against him. However, there was so much internal French politics entangled in the affair that it is doubtful if the true story of the Caillaux affair has ever been told abroad. Caillaux is a pacifist, a liberal, an enemy of "big business" and "high finance," and has always upheld a policy of peaceful understanding with Germany. Naturally this attitude was not popular in the midst of war and its passions.

Calliaux has been in banishment—that is, he is deprived of political rights and forbidden to visit Paris—for four years. There are evidences that he is planning to "come back." He has a large and faithful following. The latest move in his favor, it is believed, is the purchase by the perfumer Coty of a controlling interest in the Figaro. M. Coty has not yet divulged his purposes, but he is a member of the radical-socialist party, which is the party of Caillaux. (The party is neither radical nor socialist, but liberal and anti-clerical.)

Figaro, the "Barber of Seville," is turning perfumer, says the wits.

Coty has been buying Figaro shares for five years, much to the discomfiture of the editors of the paper. Two of them, the political and literary directors, Alfred Capus and Robert de Flers, abruptly left the paper a few weeks ago and went over to the Gaulois, which is another conservative and clerical paper. But they are now faced with another dilemma, for Coty and his associates have obtained control of the Gaulois also and intend to consolidate the two sheets.

The present editor of the Figaro, M. Louis Latzarus, is now writing daily, under the caption "The Money-Changers in the Temple," vigorous editorials against M. Coty, denying his right as mere owner to dictate the paper's editorial policy. But M. Latzarus has not many more days ahead of him in which to continue this campaign, for the "reorganization" of the paper's staff is impending.

It will be one of the strangest events in the history of journalism if the Figaro, that Gibraltar rock of every principle that is hostile to "Caillautisme" should become the organ of the exiled pacifist. Yet that is what seems most likely to happen. After disposing of the hostile editor by the powder-and-shot-route, Mme. Caillaux is apt to find herself ruling in his place.

Unhappy Paul Deschanel, carried for a brief moment to the pinnacle of power in France has fallen to the point where he is not even permitted to speak on the floor of the senate of which he is a member.

PAUL DESCHANEL.

The circumstances of Deschanel's resignation from the presidency in favor of Millerand a year and a half ago are familiar to everybody. First, he fell out of a train window at night and escaping unhurt, by some miracle, he turned up at the hut of a switch tender and had difficulty in establishing his identity. Next, he was found by an early fisherman standing waist-deep in the canal at Rambouillet. A few days later he was driving in the woods, and expressed a desire to get out of the machine and go for a ramble. He returned to the car after half an hour, soaking wet, and gave no explanation.

He succeeded in getting elected to the senate the elections are indirect, and can generally be arranged in favor of any prominent politician under the "rotten borough" system) but his colleagues among the Conscript Fathers have done everything possible to keep him in the background. When the Poincare ministry took office, Deschanel gave notice that he wanted to interpellate on foreign policy. He was persuaded to desist for a time, but finally he became insistent. The senate was obliged to vote the adjournment of his interpellation.

"Everybody says I am crazy," he complains bitterly, "but I am not and I want an opportunity to prove it. I promise that if allowed to take the floor I will be extremely restrained in everything I say."

One day, exasperated by the pressure brought to keep him silent he exclaimed, "They will drive me crazy with all these maneuvers."

He admits that he was extremely ill the last few weeks in the Elysee, but adds, "I am cured now. My worst symptom was that I had a positive terror of seeing people. In the trip I took to the Riviera as president I first began to notice it. I felt a wave of misanthropy. The sight of people frightened me. I gave orders for a compartment all to myself on the train, and instructed the railway officials to have the station cleared of people when I arrived in Paris.

"There was nobody there but my wife and children when I arrived, and I burst into tears. But today I don't feel any terror at meeting people. I receive visits; I even pay them. I am cured."

Somebody mentioned M. Pichon, former minister of foreign affairs. "Poor man," said Deschanel. "He won't get well. He has a cerebral lesion. That is the difference between him and me."

He seldom speaks of the railroad accident, but one day he remarked to a friend:

"It was a tragedy. I will explain it all some day."

Leon Bourgeois, president of the senate, was asked what he thought about the efforts made to keep Deschanel from speaking.

"His health is as good as can be expected," M. Bourgeois answered. "I think he could make a pretty good speech. The main thing is not to let him get too excited."

# HEALTH TALKS

By William Brady, M. D.

Noted Physician and Author.

**Breaking Up Pneumonia.**

At a certain age or, rather, a stage of human life, the mind becomes set like plaster of paris, and after that, according to the psychologist James it becomes difficult to make new impressions upon the mind or change the individual's views or beliefs.

Before the mind sets it is comparable in many cases with India rubber, very plastic indeed and susceptible to new impressions, but the new ideas or thoughts are likely to bounce off again without any lasting effect on the mind. A man with an India rubber mind sent me a letter the other day calling me a lot of interesting but unprintable names and inclosing an item telling how some prominent citizen suffered a chilling while on a 20 mile automobile trip in very cold weather, as a result of which according to the item, he developed pneumonia and died. The correspondent expected this item would put a quietus on all my teachings about the harmlessness of cold weather aside from the chance of frostbite. The India rubber minded man failed to bear in mind that mine is plaster of paris mind on this subject.

Can a person almost, yet not quite have pneumonia? Can he be threatened with pneumonia yet not develop the disease? Can a doctor or healer of any kind break up or abort an attack of pneumonia? Does pneumonia occur without exposure to cold? Is pneumonia a mechanical state purely, or is it an infection by germs?

The layman's own notion that he is coming down with pneumonia or that a "cold is settling in his chest" is based on his own unreliable sensations. Every doctor knows that nine cases out of ten in which the layman imagines the trouble is seated in his bronchial tubes or in his lungs are in reality cases of upper respiratory diseases, such as laryngitis, adenoid body inflamation, throat infections and the like. But to the layman the soreness and cough seem to come from the depths of the chest. This common misapprehension gives rise to a deal of maltreatment, mostly ill-advised self-treatment, and the "cures" resorted to are often a factor in retarding or embarrassing the natural healing processes and thus favoring downward extension of the infection or inflammation or perhaps in some cases bringing about the pneumonia which the "cure" purports to "ward off."

One can't almost have pneumonia and yet not really have it. Nor can any healer seriously claim that his remedies or mode of treatment will "break up" or "abort" an attack of pneumonia, once the condition has been diagnosed by a competent physician.

Pneumonia is as certainly an infectious disease, a fever, as is typhoid or diphtheria, and so far as the evidence goes it is no more tangibly associated with exposure or cold than are typhoid and diphtheria.

**QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.**

**The Girl Who Drinks.**

I am a girl 20 years old and I drink 12 glasses of water each day. My parents think this is too much. Please tell me whether it will injure my health in any way. Why is it bad to eat fish and milk at the same meal?—(M. O. C.)

Answer—Twelve glasses of water daily is not too much to drink and can do no harm. It is not objectionable, save in the imagination of some who have no knowledge of physiology, to take fish and milk at the same meal, if you want them.

**Which Way?**

Is there any truth in the theory of having your head toward the north when sleeping? Some people argue that it is more healthful to sleep in this position on account of the magnetism.—(J. W. K.)

Answer—There is no magnetism concerned and it is immaterial which way your head is directed.

**Cut It Out.**

Is it better to remove cancers by cutting them out or burning them out?—(Worried.)

Answer—Well, if it were my cancer, I'd prefer cutting, being something of a coward about pain and peril.

# The Daily Short Story

**THE GAME OF "STRANGERS."**

**Cora M. Fickett.**

(Copyright, 1922, by Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.)

She came through the doorway of the seaside hotel and swiftly went down the steps leading to the shore, unconscious of the admiring masculine eyes of the group on the veranda enjoying their after-breakfast smokes.

In a few moments a man arose from his seat and sauntered slowly toward the pier.

"Lucky dog! He was born with the proverbial gold spoon, all right," remarked young Craig, a recent arrival, as he gazed after the well-knit figure. "Young, plenty of money, and all that goes with it."

"You would not have said that a number of years ago, Craig," remarked one of the older men.

"You knew him, then?"

"Somewhat, as he was in my class at Harvard. You are passing through with not a thought of the wherewithal which takes you along. John Duncan had only his hands and plenty of grit. And he was the main support of a mother who was a partial invalid. He worked every inch of his way through and graduated with honors at the end of three years."

"Doubtless married money as well as a handsome face," continued Craig. "I saw his wife last night. She doesn't look a day over 24."

"This is not your morning for conjecture, Craig, and I am not going to gossip with you any longer. I'm going down for a swim, but I will tell you that John was married shortly after he graduated and opened his office. Nell Heath was his stenographer, bookkeeper and confidential clerk, as well as his wife. She persuaded him to submit plans in the contest when the R. and K. bridge was built. He won, and since then—well, he has simply forged ahead. She deserves credit as much as he does."

In the meantime the object of their conversation had strolled down the boardwalk and disappeared around the bend in the shore. Just as he had done so, a gust of wind caught the sunshade from the hand of the lady who had left the hotel a short time before, and sent it rolling over and over, almost to his feet.

He caught the errant sunshade and hastened to meet its fair owner, who was running down the beach in pursuit.

"Thanks for retrieving my property," she said, as she received the article. "I fear that it has caught my mood—rather a reckless one this morning."

"Pardon me," he hastened to say, as she turned away, "if you are in a reckless mood, won't you then waive convention and allow me to accomjany you on your morning stroll? Really, I am awfully lonely. You see, am sort of celebrating my wedding anniversary—alone, and" — hesitatingly — "you might need to be rescued as was your sunshade."

She gave him a sidelong glance, noting the strong figure in immaculate flannels, the firm, strong chin, and the hair, fast graying at the temples. "He is a handsome brute, anyway," was her mental comment. Then, aloud:

"How very interesting! I think I will accept, only you must promise to tell me your views on matrimony. They doubtless are interesting, since you say you are celebrating alone."

"Granted, "he laughed, "only confidence for confidence. Is it a bargain?" With a significant glance at her left hand. "We will go up to the old wreck, as it is a favorite spot of mine."

The hulk of an old schooner which the winds of the previous winter had washed far in on the beach was soon reached and she seated herself on a spar, motioning him to a seat near her.

"Great place for a tete a tete, or 'confidences,'" he remarked, as he stretched himself on the sands at her feet. "May I smoke?"

"It is lovely here," she returned. "Smoke all you wish, and now for the promised confidences."

"Ladies first," contentedly puffing away at his cigaret.

"Please do not think the chains of matrimony have anything to do with my reckless mood this morning," and the dainty color rose to her cheeks. "Jack (so funny all absent husbands are called Jack) is the best pal ever, but doubtless in about all cases, after a few years, there are little things which get on your nerves at times, things which we could not or would not see during the first months of our married lives. Only trifles, but they get our nerves, just the same. But, really, we are very congenial.'

"You said 'congenial,' not 'still very much in love.' Tell us one of the little things you refer to."

"Oh, well, at our ages, we should have passed the sentimental stage, of course, and maybe the thing that gets on my nerves most is the fact that Jack will prop the morning paper up in front of him during breakfast and really is dead, to all intents and purposes, till it is time for him to snatch a kiss and bolt for the car. What, doubtless, most men do, really ought not to annoy me, for I probably do things which annoy him."

"Right," he ejaculated. "Now, my—but that reminds me; I just met an old flame of mine on the boardwalk. Fancied myself madly in love with her long ago."

"Presume that was the reason for your reckless mood; your wishing to accompany me this morning," she interrupted.

"Hardly." He grinned boyishly. "She had grown—fat——" with an approving glance at her shapely, silken clad ankles. "Her husband was with her, acting as nursemaid to a 'peke' pup. He looks worried. Jove, but I bet she has developed a temper."

She smiled faintly. "But the little things you said your——?"

"Oh, yes. One thing she just loves to do, and that is to dangle one of her pumps from the tip of her toes when she is reading or sewing. I watch the performance, have for years, and make wagers in her mind how much longer it will balance before it falls to the floor. She——"

"Dad, mother," breathlessly exclaimed a girl of 10, accompanied by a sturdy boy of 8, as they came running around from the back of the old boat, "where have you been? Did you forget that you promised to go bathing with us this morning? I told Miss Weston I bet you were here. Run back, Heley, and tell nurse we have found them."

"Come on, Nell," said the man, as he sprang to his feet and commenced brushing the sand from his clothing. "I completely forgot that we promised the children we would go bathing with them. Get your bathing things on, kids; we will join you in no time."

"Jack, dear," she said, as they raced toward the hotel, "you are the best old pal and husband ever. And you may prop that paper up before you every morning for—well, centuries. I'll never say a word."

"Listen, sweetheart; dangle that blamed pump all you want to. Gee, but I am glad it was you whom I promised to love, honor and cherish instead of the one on the boardwalk, 15 years ago."

"But, Jack, was it not a coincidence that my sunshade was blown to your feet just now, instead of a real stranger's after we had agreed to play the game this morning? And remember the word was not 'cherish,' but 'obey.'"

"Splendid, dearest; but the 'obey' was for you. Now 'obey' and hustle into your bathing clothes."

# Frederick Haskin's Letter

(Special Correspondence of The Argus.)

## *Changing Names.*

New York City, March 6.—One of the convenient features about living in the United States is that you can change your name here as often as you like without getting into legal difficulties. No one has to go through life squirming under the burden of a ridiculous name because his parents were unkind enough to bestow it upon him. He can simply discard it and take another—two or three others, at intervals—if the spirit moves him. No one will object, except perhaps the parents whose judgment has been questioned. Certainly the law will not stop him.

There is a great deal in a name. Will Shakespeare to the contrary notwithstanding. A rose would unquestionably lose some of its beauty if it were called a turnip, and there are names which obviously detract from the glamor of a human personality. A woman would have to be extremely beautiful to live down the effect of the name Lizzie Buzzard—which is one selected at random from the telephone directory—and a man would have to be scintilating indeed to overcome the general impression created by the name Peter B. Dull, another telephone subscriber. Business men, especially retailers, cannot afford to have long and complicated names; which explains why so many immigrants eliminate a syllable or two from their names after residing in this country awhile.

It is not uncommon for people to apply to the courts for permission to change their names, but it is not compulsory. They do so only as an extra precaution in case distant relatives should leave them legacies, and it should become necessary for them to prove, beyond the question of a doubt, that they were once the owners of the names mentioned in the wills. This privilege of repudiating a displeasing cognomen is one of our many inheritances from English common law, and one which is not enjoyed by most European nations, where a change in name is certain to excite the suspicion both of the police and the passport authorities.

**Unaware of Privilege.**

Many people keep the names they have inherited not because they have any special affection for them, but because they do not realize how easy it would be to get rid of them. They are under the impression that they would have to take the matter to court when, as a matter of fact, all they would have to do would be to make the announcement. The possession of the name-changing privilege was definitely confirmed in New York state in the case of Smith vs. United States Casualty company when Judge Vann, who handed down the opinion, quoted some historical examples to substantiate it.

"A predecessor of Honore de Balzac," he wrote, "was born a Guez, which means beggar, and grew to manhood under that name. When he became conscious of his powers as a writer, he did not wish his works to be published under that humble name, so he selected the surname of Balzac from an esetate that he owned.

"Voltaire, Moliere, Dante, Petrarch, Richelieu, Loyola, Erasmus and Linaeus were assumed names. Napoleon Bonaparte changed his name after his victories had lured him toward a crown and he wanted a grander name to aid his daring aspirations. The Duke of Wellington was not by blood a Wellesley, but a Colley, his grandfather, Richard Colley, having assumed the name of a relative named Wesley, which was afterward expanded to Wellesley."

Further instances of interesting adopted names are contributed by another authority, who writes:

**All Actors Were Vagabonds.**

"In the days when actors were legally classified as 'vagabonds' it was customary for every player to assume a 'stage name' and the custom continued well into the present era. But in these days, when actors and actresses are invited to tea in the best houses, they generally take their real names to the stage with them. Lou Tellegen, however, was originally Isidor Louis Bernard Edmund van Dominelen. Sir Henry Irving, who did more than any other actor to bring about the social recognition of his profession, aided by the good will of that Prince of Wales, 'the first gentleman of Europe,' who afterward reigned as Edward VII., was born Broudribb and adopted Irving as a stage name.

"Artemus Ward and Mark Twain were literary examples of adopted names. Henry M. Stanley, the African explorer, was originally John Rowlands. For euphony in authorship, James B. Taylor became Bayard Taylor, and James B. Matthews became Brander Matthews. Ulysses S. Grant began as Hiram S. Grant, Grover Cleveland as Stephen C. Cleveland and Whitelaw Reid as Jacob W. Reid.

"There is also the historical case of Thomas W. Wilson, president of the United States as Woodrow Wilson."

One of the most difficult things about changing your name, of course, is in getting your family and friends to accept it. Long after you have become accustomed to yourself under the name of Phillip Surratt, there will be friends who will tactlessly call you Philippi Steenstrupt and thereby try to prove to you that your new cognomen is nothing but an affectation. Yet people become reconciled to a change in name for human beings much more quickly than they do to a change in the names of places.

Not long ago, for instance, the Welfare department of the city of New York decided to change the name of historic "Blackwells" to "Welfare Island." Accordingly, the change was recorded on the city maps and files, but New Yorkers have never accepted it, and even after a long campaign of urgent publicity, they still say "Blackwells Island."

Likewise, they have sternly resisted all efforts to change the name of the Bowery to any of the insignificant appellations at various times suggested for it, including Central Broadway, Grand avenue and Hewitt avenue. These were thought to be more genteel by their originators but the opposition declared that the name Bowery connects the thoroughfare with old Dutch days and has come down through the centuries a memorial of all that was interesting in the history of this important street, and that it should never be discarded.

**Cannot Change Herald Square.**

Herald Square is another point that is constantly in danger of having a new name thrust upon it unawares, but so far the suggested substitutes—Roosevelt Square and Bennett Square, for the founder of the Herald)—have not won the support of the public.

New York, in fact, takes rather more interest in names than most cities, and once having given its endorsement to one, remains thereafter wholly faithful. Thus, it would seem to a mere visitor that a favorite name is sometimes a bit overworked, as in the vicinity of Amsterdam avenue and 110th street where every other shop or so bears the name of "Cathedral."

"It's all right to have a Cathedral lunchroom," remarked one amused observer, "for men of the cloth must eat. I suppose the Cathedral Barber shop is not incongruous either, because cleanly shaven faces are seemly in the pulpit. The Cathedral soft drink palace would also pass, but the Cathedral delicatessen offering kosher meats exclusively does seem to be overworking the name a bit."

It is possible, therefore, that the changing even of a personal name may prove more troublesome than might be supposed in view of the indifference of the law on the subject, for one's friends and neighbors may refuse their cooperation. Perhaps that is why so many people patiently endure the undesirable names listed in every city telephone book.

# Argus Information Bureau

(Any reader can get the answer to any question by writing The Argus Information Bureau, Frederic J. Haskin, Director, Washington, D. C. Give full name and address and enclose two-cent stamp for return postage. Be brief. All inquiries are confidential, the replies being sent direct to each individual. No attention will be paid to anonymous letters.)

Q. When is Easter Sunday? W. J. C.

A. Easter is the first Sunday after the first full moon after the 21st of march. This year it will fall on April 16th.

Q. How many miles of territory did France gain in the late war? E. K.

A. France gained 5,605 square miles of territory and also 580,595 square miles in colonies and dependencies. France, with all her possessions, has a population almost equal to that of continental United States.

Q. Is it true that the proportion of weight to height in men should be two pounds to the inch? V. W. D.

A. The surgeon general's office says that average statistics are based on 2,097 pounds to the inch, but that the army used two pounds to the inch up to 67 inches. Over that, seven pounds to the inch is added.

Q. Is there an airship which does not use gas for inflation? L. L. O.

A. The air service says that an invention has been reported in Italy by which the ship rises by the rarefaction of the air within the machine. It is a dirigible which can carry 90 pasengers and a crew of 23. The machine is built of duralumin, and consists of concentric chambers, enabling the air to be rarefied in each until the machine is able to rise. This is accomplished by machinery connected with the motors, and can be varied, enabling the ship to rise, fall and move at varied speeds.

Q. Is Zane Grey a man or a woman? R. M.

A. Zane Grey, the author, is a man.

Q. Who was Calamity Jane? L. J. R.

A. Calamity Jane was an American army scout and mail carrier. She was an aide to General Custer and General Miles in numerous campaigns and carried mail between Deadwood, S. D., and Custer, Mont.

Q. Is trade with the Philippines called domestic or foreign trade? M. T. W.

A. Our trade with the Philippine Islands is called foreign trade.

Q. How old is the present Shah of Persia? L. E. J.

A. Ahmed Mirza, the Sultan or Shah of Persia, is 24 years old. He ascended the throne in 1909.

Q. What are drop biscuits? R. S.

A. Drop biscuits are made just as other baking powder biscuits are, except that more liquid is used. The biscuits should be of such consistency that they may be dropped from the spoon upon a baking sheet or tin, but not thin enough to cause them to spread.