

THE ARGUS THE DAILY UNION... FRIDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1922

EUROPEAN FINANCIAL TANGLE. Europe may leave it to the United States to decide how much Germany must pay in war damages to the allies.

THE CLOSE OF AN ERA. "They are buckling them in Boston." Like the shot fired nearby which was heard around the world, the tidings that they are buckling them, flashed by wire and wireless, reach to the remotest parts.

HEROES OF LIFE. Outstanding events tell the world of most of its heroes, and it enjoys acclaiming them, even sometimes rewarding them. But now and then there is a search for a hero that results in recognizing some of those priceless virtues by which the world struggles upward.

BUSINESS OUTLOOK GOOD. As 1922 draws to a close, men prominent in American trade affairs naturally are talking a good deal about prospects for next year. Almost without exception they speak very hopefully. They do not look for a business "boom," and it's just as well they don't, because "booms" have a tendency to burst, and careful financiers, manufacturers and merchants, though they may make the most of them while they last, don't like them.

WIZARD'S WORK. The "absolute zero," lowest degree of cold possible in our universe, has been artificially approached within less than one degree. This is a sensation in the scientific world. It is the work of Professor Onnes of Leyden, Holland. What is the "absolute zero"? Not the same as our thermometer. Scientists use a special thermometer, by which boiling water has a temperature of 273 degrees and ice forms at 273 degrees Centigrade. So 273 degrees colder than ice is "absolute zero."

For at the "absolute zero" all movement of the molecules would stop. Add one degree of heat, molecules begin moving, the principle of life (motion) appears. When we reach "absolute zero" in our laboratories, we may find the mysterious secret of life within grasp.

THE RADIO IN THE HOSPITAL. The rehabilitated service men of Minneapolis planned a novel Christmas gift for their sick buddies. Each hospital-fast veteran was provided with a receiving set. He may be confined to a bed or to a chair, he may be blind or broken in limb, but the world, in speech and song, will be brought to him.

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Tom Sims Says

In Mount Pleasant, Pa., bandits bit off a man's thumb, proving you must watch a man with an open mouth.

The king of Spain banished garlic from his kitchen, so the king of Spain's neighbors are tickled.

A New York boy lived three weeks in a water tank and all the other boys will sympathize with him.

In spite of expert predictions of good times in 1923, the outlook is decidedly better.

In San Jose, Cal., a cop used an airplane to chase an auto speeder, so he probably was a fly cop.

A fire in a Persian temple has been burning 1,000 years, showing our fire department is not the worst.

Wire says the 30-odd White house cops will get new uniforms, but these 30-odd are not the only odd ones around there.

It is much more blessed to give than receive bills.

A new machine takes a picture of your voice. Some smart guy will say it must be perpetual motion to take a woman's voice.

United States ship scrapping program is halted and we may be unable to get a battleship for a park ornament.

A little man always hates to start an argument because he usually gets yelled a liar.

We are against divorce, but living apart often saves a man or woman from living a part.

A toothpaste mine has been opened in Nevada and they don't have to keep their mouths shut about it.

"How do you eat?" asks an advertisement. The answer is "On credit."

Did you know spring bathing suits were being made now?

Jim Scanlon of Shenandoah, Pa., went to great pains to get a girl off his hands. She was tattooed on, so he cut his arm off.

West Virginia railroad is giving \$5 to every baby born to an employe, which will make the baby's first words, "Gimme them five bucks."

Only a few more shopping months before light underwear.

The Daily Short Story

COALS OF FIRE. By Elizabeth R. Greene. (Copyright, 1922, by Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.)

Salome trotted angrily up the garden path. The sermon that Sabbath morning had not pleased her; indeed, she wouldn't have gone a step to have heard it if she had suspected that the text would be Romans xii, 20.

She despised sermons and texts about one's enemies—they always reminded her of Lobelia Bascombe. From the rocker on the porch Salome gazed frankly at the Bascombe house across the road.

From time immemorial, she reflected bitterly, Lobelia had always had everything that made life worth while.

Painfully Salome's mind reviewed the past. Back in school days, she remembered, Lobelia had always won the most favors from indulgent teachers and admiring schoolmates. Even in those days Lobelia had had "a way with her" that had somehow carried her triumphantly through school with but little book knowledge.

Later, that same "way" had dashed the cup of happiness from Salome's lips—dashed and broken it into a thousand fragments.

Unconsciously the woman on the porch clenched her slim, white hands at the remembrance. "Lobelia always had everything," she muttered miserably, "even—John."

But she, Salome, could have borne it patiently had there not been the memory of a summer. True, there was not much to remember, but Salome had clung to the little there was. The Sunday evenings John had walked home from church with her; the circus they had gone to together; and the time he had brought her the strings of beads.

Salome knew that other women would have forgotten these things long ago, but she was different. John Bascombe had been to her the "one man." Once she had dared to dream that she might be to him the "one woman."

But that was before the coming of Lobelia. Salome's lips tightened now at the remembrance of it—Lobelia's coming. It had crushed and humiliated her; it had robbed her of love and happiness; and the day Lobelia had married John it had planted the seed of hatred in her heart.

It was several days later, while she was busy with her jelly-making that Salome heard of Lobelia's trouble.

Selina Hawkes, a neighbor, had come in, obviously to borrow some sugar, but in reality, as Salome knew, to tell "the news."

"I s'pose you've heard little Harry Bascombe can't live?" queried Selina eagerly.

"No!" Salome's hand, stirring the jelly, trembled.

"The doctors give him up this morning," continued Selina. "They've had three doctors and a nurse, you know," she added, "but it's double pneumonia, and there ain't no hope. Lobelia's most crazy—"

"There's that black hen out again!" exclaimed Salome, glancing from the window. "I declare, she must fly over the top of that henyard. I'll have to go right out. Selina," she added hostilely, "and get her in again."

But Selina was not to be side-tracked. She had come over that morning resolved to find out, if possible, how Salome regarded Lobelia's trouble, and it would take more than a mere hen now to lead her off.

So, following Salome to the door, she briskly assured her that she would help "ketch the critter."

But just when this feat had finally been accomplished, Selina found it hard indeed to resume the

HEALTH TALKS

By William Brady, M. D. Noted Physician and Author.

Beef, Iron and Wine. The doctor says my little girl is anemic, writes a mother, but he doesn't seem to help her. Would beef, iron and wine be all right to give her?

The mother spells it beef, iron and wine. I should spell it beef, iron and wine, because I haven't so much respect for the stuff as the correspondent has.

This famous "tonic" is a concoction of the three big "strengtheners" of domestic medical lore.

All the beef food energy value in a pint of this concoction would not keep a hummingbird alive long enough to fly around his nest.

A man may be a mighty fine writer or a very prolific publisher and even own a beautiful yacht, although incapable of making a solution of the food, energy or strength of beef.

Any energy, the human economy can derive from beef must be obtained from the meat itself; no soup, extract, juice, broth, solution, wine, elixer or other liquid preparation can carry the strength, energy or nutritive value of beef, though plenty of pretty nostrums purport to do so.

There's some iron actually present in most of the beef, iron and wine sold to the public, the child-like public. About as much in the average daily allowance of the stuff as one would obtain by eating an average daily ration of onions, peas, prunes, spinach, oatmeal, lettuce, almonds or eggs.

Why feed a child the "stimulating" but non-nutritious extractives of meat and the intoxicating wine in order to insure a sufficient amount of iron for her needs, if she will eat any of the iron containing foods?

The alcoholic content of beef, iron and wine is or was so great that the United States commission of internal revenue listed the concoction as a "dracer" and declared it was insufficiently medicated to render it unobtainable for use as a beverage.

There are still plenty of alleged "medicines" that serve fairly well as intoxicating beverages for persons unable to obtain more potent booze.

I say the alcoholic content of the preparation "is or was," because it was so in 1912. It may have been

Adventures of the Twins

BY OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON. Scramble is Robbed



Many of the wood folks and meadow folk go to sleep all winter. But many of them only sleep for a week or so at a time.

One of these is Scramble Squirrel. Scramble sleeps awhile, then wakes up long enough to get a good meal out of his tree pantry. Then he goes to sleep again.

After one of these sleeps, one day Scramble opened his eyes, then he yawned and stretched and finally sat up.

"My oh, my, but I'm hungry!" he exclaimed, jumping out of bed and running over to his pantry door. "I must have slept 10 years!"

"Tut, tut, tut!" said a voice beside him. "Don't exaggerate, Scramble. You've only been asleep since last Wednesday morning. I just came to see if you wanted any magic sleeping powder. I've got a bagful."

"Sleeping powder!" laughed Scramble. "Not I, thank you, sir, with all my nice sweet nuts to eat. You see I know just where to put my hand on every one of them. This barrel is full of walnuts, this one is full of hazelnuts and this one—Scramble had been raising all the lids one by one and now he happened to glance down.

Suddenly he gave a gasp. "I've been robbed!" he cried. "There's not a nut left! It's my rascally cot in Rustle the Red Squirrel's hand. He's been here while I was asleep. Oh, oh, oh! Winter here and no food. What shall I do?"

"Take a little of my sleeping powder and go to Dreamland," said Dusty Coat softly.

"I'll do it," declared Scramble. "Give it here at once." Dusty Coat shook a little on his tongue.

child. At the touch of his little lips something warm and sweet stirred within her, crushing the bitterness in her soul.

Holding him from her, she drank in his baby loveliness hungrily. He was little and soft and fair like—like Harry Bascombe.

She rose unsteadily, sending Bobby home with his pet. Then, athrill with the miracle wrought in her by a baby's kiss, she hurried to the house.

There wasn't a moment to lose. Salome knew. With feverish haste she prepared the homely poultice that her mother had taught her was a never-failing remedy for pneumonia.

That the old cure might fail, Salome well knew, but she prayed as she worked.

Her task completed, she took the bowl of steaming mixture and the poultice bags she had prepared and started for Lobelia's.

Until now she had not stopped to question Lobelia's acceptance of her aid. Nearing the Bascombe door, doubt began to assail her.

She had not spoken to Lobelia for 20 years. Suppose now Lobelia should refuse her admittance.

John Bascombe opened the door for Salome himself.

"Salome!"

Breathlessly she made known her errand, and he motioned her into the kitchen, where Selina and several other neighbors had gathered.

It took courage to face their criticism, but a miracle had been

Daily Poem BY BERTON BRALEY.

SPEAKING OF ATMOSPHERE The fresh air fiend, the fresh air fiend! Oh, there's a guy that should be feared. No matter where he may appear, He always says, "It's close in here!"

Outside, he will Proceed to open windows, thus Refrigerating all of us.

The fresh air fiend, the fresh air fiend! When from the cold we're nicely screened, And when the room is good and hot, He's content? No, he is not.

He pants for air And then, and there He schemes and plots, with deadly craft, To sweep us with an icy draught.

The fresh air fiend, the fresh air fiend! So vigorous, so ruddy-miened, Within a barn he should be kept, A barn by frigid breezes swept; But here, I guess, He'd feel distress— And for more air he'd loudly shout Until the horses kicked him out.

I dearly love the out-of-doors, I love the wintry wind that roars. But, though the fresh air fiend deride, I do not like outdoors inside.

So I repeat, Turn on the heat, And let the fresh air bimbo go And hob-nob with the Esquimo.

was under a bombardment of hits and suggested a change he did not fear that the pitcher would be angry and quit. He wouldn't have cared if he had. The game was simpler and compensation less; but the playing was not any worse than it is now.

At Lausanne, Switzerland, the conference on the Turko-Greece war settlement continues to cause a good deal of anxiety to everybody.

The real difficulty is that three or four different groups are struggling each for advantages over the others, while the Turks are quite successfully "playing both ends against the middle."

TINY TYPEWRITER. Cambridge, Mass., Dec. 22.—The American Association for the Advancement of Science, was shown a vest pocket typewriter weighing one ounce.