

RESEARCH URGED FOR ENGINEERS

DEAN GOETZE ASKS VAST LABORATORY WHICH WILL HELP INDUSTRIAL CORPORATIONS

NEEDS \$500,000 TO START

His plan Based on Famous Schools of Engineering in Germany

New York—Research laboratories, the equal of those of Germany, are under consideration by Columbia University according to the report of Dean Frederick A. Goetze of the graduate engineering school.

After outlining the successful research work accomplished by Dr. Walter Rittman and Profs. Armstrong and Pupin in the field of wireless telephony and telegraphy, Dean Goetze's report says:

"There is no doubt that much could and should be done to extend our engineering research and to make it of even greater value to the university and to the industries of our country.

"Many of us are firmly convinced that this can best be accomplished by establishing, on a site of ample area, easily accessible to the university, but among neighbors who will not be too particular as to the smells and noises which we will create, laboratories adequately equipped for all branches of industrial engineering research and administered by the heads of four engineering departments, to which manufacturers and practicing engineers could turn for the solution of problems which are beyond the scope of their equipment or the capabilities of their force.

"In my mind these laboratories should be patterned after those of the German Reichsanstalt, connected with the Technische Hochschule at Charlottenburg, and located in the outskirts of Berlin.

"If Columbia were to establish laboratories of this kind, equipped with every facility for experimentation and research with the staff of our technical schools available for consultation and advice manufacturers and individual experts would be glad to avail themselves of these facilities and to establish research fellowships for solving their industrial and engineering problems.

"These laboratories should be developed around a special technical library, the business of which should be to collect, compile and classify in a way to make it best available every scrap of information bearing upon the special problem to be investigated. At the present time our technical library facilities are rather meagre for a school of our standing.

"The cost will depend largely upon the site, which should be close to tide-water and railroad facilities. The site at the northeast corner of 116th street and Broadway has been tentatively assigned for the next applied science building. A building on this site would have to conform with Hamilton, Kent and Journalism and would cost at least \$500,000. With the same amount of money we could buy a site with railroad and water facilities within five minutes walk of the university, erect on it a building twice the size of a modern factory construction and have about \$150,000 left for equipment.

"We should however, make provision for extension and endowment as well, and from \$2,000,000 to \$5,000,000 will be needed. It would not all be required at once, but in installments as the work developed and justified the expenditure. No greater or more enduring monument could be erected by the public spirited persons who would equip and endow laboratories for this purpose."

STUNG BY THOUSAND BEES

Falls Unconscious From Tree and Breaks Three Ribs.

Beaver, Pa.—William Scherm is in the hospital here suffering from at least a thousand bee stings. His condition is critical. Scherm climbed a tree and started to saw a limb on which the bees had swarmed. The limb broke and the angry bees attacked Scherm covering his head and ankles.

Fighting to save himself from the stinging of the insects he lost consciousness and fell to the ground, breaking three ribs and otherwise injuring himself.

Rescuers tried to reach the injured man, but were driven back by the bees. A hose was finally attached to a near by hydrant and the bees were driven off by the stream of water.

"MOVE UP" ORDER NO GOOD

Street Car Passengers Not Pawns, Supreme Court Decides

Washington, D. C.—Railroads which take on more passengers than a car can seat have no right to move such passengers about "like pawns on a chess board," according to a decision by the District of Columbia Supreme Court.

A judgment of the lower court was affirmed, awarding \$1,000 damages to William A. Morgan from the Capital Traction Company, whose motorman tried to enforce a move up front order.

BARN LIKE RESTAURANT IS 'FRISCO SHOW PLACE

Dining at the Manger is Quite the Proper Caper Just Now—Humorous Italian's Idea.

San Francisco, Cal.—One of the most unique places to be found in this city is a restaurant known as "The Manger," run by an Italian. The entire interior of the place is built and furnished like the inside of a barn, with hay mows filled with real hay, sickles and scythes hanging on wooden pegs, old lanterns, horseshoes, horns of cattle and other animals, stuffed roosters and birds and dried roots and plants hung at every conceivable point.

Most marvelous of all are the beautiful candlesticks formed by allowing the colored wax from alternately used red and green candles to drip down the sides of tall wine bottles, forming a bright and heavily fringed covering for the upper part of the bottle, which projects out several inches all around and gives the appearance of a palm tree after its branches have become dead and bent down around the trunk.

Many curious signs are hung about the establishment. At the foot of the stairway leading up to the restaurant is a sign roughly painted on a board, which bears the queer injunction: "Drive your horses right up and turn to the left for the barn." The door at the bottom of the stairway is a heavy wooden one of stout planks and beams, with a long wooden catch which must be lifted before the door can be opened, and a cobweb attached to the door loudly announces each visitor.

Another sign attached to a gate leading into the grill, forbids shooting, camping and cutting trees, starting fires, etc. Still another sign reads: "When you open the gate close it. Again. Don't let the bull out of the Corral."

The waiters have a unique method of adding local colors to the scene by dressing in the full regalia of a cowboy. Some of the ladies visiting the place for the first time get quite a thrill out of being waited upon by a cowboy whose six-shooter brushes their elbows every now and then.

BUILDS AN AUTO OUT OF CANS

Only a Toy, but Cripple Boy Displays Genius in its Making.

St. Paul, Minn.—Kenneth O'Brien of this city is 13 years old, an orphan and a cripple, but he is the sole maker of an automobile, the like of which has never been seen in the whole Northwest. It is a tiny auto, to be sure but it is the real goods for all that.

Kenneth's home made auto has a body made from tin taken from a coffee can. It is enameled black. The doors are made of wood taken from a grape basket. The chassis came from the same grape basket. The mud guards, running board, gasoline tank and tool box are also made from tin cans. It is as neat a toy as any boy could desire.

"Took me two weeks to make this auto," says Kenneth, who is suffering with a bone disease and his left leg is crippled.

Woman Has Fiance Pinched

Chicago, Ill.—For two years Steven McBeth had been trying to get up his nerve to get a marriage license. After numerous attempts he and his fiancee, Mrs. Maria Alphonso, got to the city hall door before he weakened.

"Wait till I get a drink," said McBeth, ducking through a doorway and starting at top speed up the street.

"Stop, thief; he's got my pocket book," cried Mrs. Alphonso, and started in pursuit.

McBeth collided with a traffic policeman who permitted no explanations until they reached the Central Police Station.

Before the desk sergeant the woman broke down. "He's no thief," she confessed, "but I knew if he got away now he'd never get this close again."

McBeth pleaded for delay, but with the companionship of the crossing policeman he and his fiancee got the license. When they started for a marrying judge McBeth's pleas for a priest's services prevailed and the pair disappeared.

This is One Good Boy

Chicago, Ill.—Mrs. Atherton had tried to impress upon her young son, Eugene, that he should play only with good boys.

"Mother," said Eugene, as he came in one day, "you don't want me to play with wicked boys do you?"

"No, indeed," said the mother pleased that her son had remembered her teachings.

"Well if one boy kicks another little boy, isn't it wicked for him to kick back?"

"Yes, indeed, it is certainly very wicked," was the mother's reply.

"Then I don't play with Richard Whitney any more," said Eugene; "he's too wicked. I kicked him this morning, and he kicked me back."

Balky Mule Causes Suit

Pittsburg, Pa.—A balky mule in a mine is a defendant in a suit filed in the district court here. Joe Dimarco of Franklin insists that a coal company pay him \$4053 because of injuries received in a mine when the mule refused to do his duty. Three cars of coal were being hauled. When the mule stopped a timber was put under the wheels of the car. Finally the driver got the mule in the notion of going and told Dimarco to pull out the timber. Dimarco did so and was crushed so badly by the car that he cannot work any more.

INDIANS RETAIN OLD NAMES

Picturesque Titles Brought to Light by Reservation Sale.

St. Paul, Minn.—That Indian names still possess their early strength and picturesque quality is shown by those which figured prominently in the recent sale of Indian lands in the Standing Rock Reservation in North and South Dakota.

An inspection of the list reveals such names as Kate Good Crow, whose nearest neighbor is Barney Two Bears Mary Yellow Fat adjoins Melinda Crow-ghost while Mrs. Crazy Walking, on the southeast quarter of section 19-23-25, has probably reached the condition indicated by her name through being in the same section with Elk Ghost.

Mary Lean Dog rather envies Agatha Big Shield for her aristocratic name. In like manner, Jennie Dog Man and Mary Shave Head may be all too willing to assume on short notice the heroic name borne by Morris Thundershield, heir apparent to Long Step Thundershield.

Mrs. Did Not Butcher, judging from her name, is in no condition to supply the wants of her nearest neighbor, Mrs. Frosted Red Fish, who lives on a half section not far from Helen Difficult.

SEES HUMAN GROWTH CONTROL

Science May Dictate Size and Weight of the Race

Philadelphia—That science is on the threshold of discoveries which will make it possible to retard or hasten the growth of human beings was the statement made by Dr. M. W. Jacobs. He asserted that experiments with rats have proved that animals fed on certain proteins for extended periods maintain a constant weight, but as soon as other necessary constituents are added, growth is resumed. He cited one instance in which a rat was kept stunted for 522 days, an age corresponding to about 47 years in human life. By changing the diet growth was permitted to develop that would normally have taken place in youth.

"We have it in our power," said Dr. Jacobs, "to say whether animal shall do its growing in youth or old age or whether it shall have several periods of growth. This being true, it is not too much to expect that the ultimate outcome of such work will be the scientific control of the forces of organic growth even in human beings."

RECOVERS LONG LOST WATCH

Eighteen Years in Mill Race and Still Running?

Penn Yan, N. Y.—One day eighteen years ago W. Henry Townsend, county superintendent of the poor, lost a watch from his pocket. He worked at two tasks that day—assisting in cleaning out a mill race and unloading straw. He searched the straw without finding the timepiece. The mill race was soon full of water so that further search could not be made.

A few days ago the race was cleaned out and a watch was found. Townsend examined it and found in it his old timepiece. It was in excellent condition after its long rest under the water.

One of the official's friends asked him if the watch was still running and Mr. Townsend gravely replied that it surely was. It was a stem winder, he said and very likely the action of the swiftly running water kept it wound up all these years.

DISPLAYS HIS HAPPY FAMILY

Printing Firm's "Zoo" Proves Real Attraction.

Perry, Okla.—In the front show window of the Southern Printing Company's office here is a "Happy Family" that attracts the attention of hundreds of people. Living happily together and eating from the same dishes are many beautiful canary birds, guinea pigs of different kinds, squirrels, white and spotted rats, horny toads and a pair of beautiful Persian kittens. It is a sight worth looking at.

Back of the office is a garden of beautiful flowers and cages in which are tame possums, pet coons that will follow visitors around like dogs, over a hundred guinea pigs of many kinds pigeons and other birds and animals. "Wish you could all enjoy them with us," is the company's message to Blade readers.

COCKEREL STEALS DIAMOND

New London, Conn.—Lloyd Hallenbeck of Greendale, N. Y., had a diamond stolen from his scarf pin while acting as judge at a poultry show here, the thief being a cockerel in a pen of Rhode Island Reds on exhibition. Hallenbeck values the stone at \$100.

The cockerel attracted by the sparkle of the gem as Hallenbeck stood close to the pen, removed the stone from its setting with a well directed jab of its beak and swallowed it.

As the owner of the diamond does not know which of the exhibits has his jewel it may be necessary to kill a number of them to find the right one a proceeding which, it is said, promises complications with the owner of the poultry.

There is an element of success in every man but it seldom begins to operate until some woman comes along and treads on his heels.

A man can usually manage to keep himself busy by attending strictly to his own business, but some men have a mania for working overtime.

YOUNG BRIDE IN JAIL WARNS GIRLS OF DRUG

Tells Tragic Story of Ending of Romance and Her Fight Against Morphine.

Los Angeles, Cal.—A little wanderer in the gray land of drugs tossed and turned on a cot in a cell at the matron's department of the city jail.

"Never take the first dose," she sobbed. "It's grip is terrible."

She was Mrs. James Dellarocca, 19 years old, and a bride of but three months.

In a separate cell on the floor below was her husband, facing a charge of forgery.

But even in the torment of her soul, that "little wanderer" sobbed that her next fight against the use of morphine would be a successful one, and with tears rolling down her cheeks told the story of her life in the clutches of drug habit.

"When I did start" she sobbed. "Oh, that is the worst part of the story. It was a woman who started me—a woman who said she was my friend. That was about four months ago. I knew that she was queer—that is, she was a drug user."

"One day I was very sick. I had been ill for several weeks. I was suffering terribly. Then this woman came to me and told me she could relieve my suffering. I knew what she meant and I refused."

"She kept right after me. I was in agony. She said I could take it once and then not again. Finally I gave in. The pain was numbing."

"Oh, it's the same old story from then on. I could not stop."

"I was compelled to increase the dose every day. Inside of a few weeks I was taking a grain and a half."

"Then I met Jimmy—Dellarocca. It was love at first sight. I loved him. He asked me to marry him. I was foolish and told him yes. He did not know I was taking morphine. I decided it was best to tell him before we were married and I did so—two days before."

"I remember he put his arm around me and said, 'Never mind, little girl, you and I will fight it out together. You'll be all right in a little while.'"

"We were married and we started to fight. We began saving our money so that I could be cured. I could not stop. So, I would take a little each day. But we fought hard and we smiled as we fought, because we were going to win."

"Then his business went broke. Our money went fast. He could not bear to see me in agony without morphine. He would buy it altho it hurt him to do it and give it to me."

"I became worse. The fight seemed hopeless. I was taking two grains 3 or 4 times a day. Then we were arrested."

"I am glad I have been arrested. I will have another chance to fight morphine. They tell me I can be cured and I am going to try, oh, so hard, for Jimmy's sake and my sake."

"Oh, tell girls never to touch drugs. Tell them to run from it. Tell them to stop their ears every time it is mentioned. Please do, 'cause it may do some good."

The "little wanderer" declared that her husband was innocent of the charge of the forgery of counter signatures to nine \$100 checks.

"I will stay by him until the end," she sobbed as she turned her face to the wall.

GOVERNOR GETS SHOCK WITH EACH HANDSHAKE

Iowa Executive Puzzled Over the Repetition of Sensations—Discovery Is Made.

Des Moines, Iowa — Governor Clarke's dynamic personality was much more so than usual the other day, so much more so that the Governor shocked himself and kept on shocking without knowing what was the matter.

As visitors came and went during the afternoon, every time one received the gubernatorial handshake, the executive winced a bit and drew back his arm. Finally he decided to see what was wrong.

"Say, Gus, what's going on here?" he demanded of A. C. Gustafson, his secretary. "Every time I shake hands with somebody I get a shock."

A brand new thick velvet carpet had just been placed on the floor in the Governor's office.

"Ah," exclaimed the secretary. "I'll bet that's it."

Gustafson dragged his feet over the heavy carpet as children used to do in the evening in the parlor before the gas was lighted. From the ends of the secretary's fingers the sparks of static electricity shot out.

"That's it," the secretary announced. "This new carpet is dried thoroly now with the radiator heat and all you have to do is walk across it to stir up the current."

Visitors in the office experimented and succeeded in making vivid electric flashes come from their fingers on contact with some other individual or with something leading to the ground. In the course of an argument arising from the governor's experience, one man in a downstairs office succeeded in lighting a gas jet with a spark which came from his fingers after dragging his feet over a heavy carpet.

The man who boasts of being able to spell every word correctly may not be much good at anything else.

Some music is given out by the choir but the drummer dispenses it by the pound.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

When J. O. Curwood writes a story about the wilderness he knows, about the grandeur and the glory of Arctic woods and Arctic snows, about adventures super-human, the epic struggles of the strong, why does he drag in lovely woman, where cultured females don't belong? Why must there be a lot of wooing, the wearied reader's soul to vex, and why are lovers billing cooling, when they're in snow up to their necks? Alas, the moldy superstition that love must light up every tale, whatever the scene or the conditions—the iceberg or the forest trail.

There was one dauntless story teller, who laughed the ancient rite to scorn—that gifted Robert Louis feller—and "Treasure Island"—then was born: there are no misfit damsels in it, no lovers walling in the sun; and when the readers once begin it, they do not eat until they're done.

The publishers, to Robert Louis, when they beheld the manuscript, no doubt exclaimed, "Great Scott! Beware! Your intellect has surely slipped! The sales would never pay the carriage; the whole book world would stand aghast; there's not a word of love or marriage in this romance, from first to last! Ring in some maidens, blithe and merry, and let John Silver marry one; then it will be delightful, very, and we will sell it by the ton."

There's Randall Parrish who is writing some splendid stories of the days when whites and Indians were fighting in dark and solemn ways. If he'd defy the old tradition that love must cumber every tale, we'd have the book for which we're wishing—an epic of the lonely trail.

But no; to scenes all red and gory, he introduces Sarah Jane; she hangs around throughout the story, and fills me with a pale pink pain. Where blood is deep and scraps are sorest, she with the hero gaily flirts, and though a hundred leagues of forest she trails her long bedraggled skirts I bless the woman and her daughter; they are the savor of this life; but they are fishes out of water in Berserk tales of force and strife—By Walt Mason From Judge.

CULTURE

Culture is the faculty of reading books with appeal just as much when perused from the last page to the beginning.

It is the ability, in a man, to wear delicate whiskers and talk indeterminate things about incomprehensible topics.

In a woman it is the ability to wear flowing garments and speak softly and knowingly about airy symptoms of inapplicable impossibilities.

The great charm about this kind of culture is that neither the talker nor the talkee need bother to try to understand what is said.

Yet both are benefitted, for each feels himself or herself understood at last.

Culture, therefore, is bestowed upon people in the proportions each is best able to carry.

The common or garden variety of culture, which has to do with a gentle regard for the thoughts, opinions and wishes of others, and with an ordinary enjoyment of the human side of books, pictures and the world in general, is too easily attained to be of interest to the folk who adopt the other form of culture.—From Judge.

FACTS YOU MAY NOT KNOW

That agreements of sale or purchase powers of attorney authorizing another to sell or any other contract regarding real estate must be in writing. No verbal agreements are binding.

That if Smith succeeds by fraud or misrepresentation in buying a farm from Jones at less than one half of its value, Jones may, by refunding the purchase price, annul the sale.

That one who pays the taxes on the property of another acquires no other right on same than a lien on the property for the repayment of the amount paid.

The Perfect Man.

Oriental cloth merchants call in the sun as an expert witness in determining the quality of the finer products of the loom. Servants of the seller pass the web slowly between the purchaser and the sun. If no blemish is revealed by the flood of light, which this incorruptible witness pours through warp and woof, the piece is passed and paid for as perfect. Most lives will go as currency in the measurement of some men. A few will endure the scrutiny of their intimate friends. Some men do not seriously violate their own conscience. But how very few there are who are pure in the white light of the Gospel, whose lives are blameless by the searching standards of the Sermon on the Mount!—Home Herald.

A Wise Caution.

It is important to wait the moment of God to correct others. We may see real faults, but the person may not be in a state to profit by being told his faults. It is not wise to give more than one can receive. This is what I call preceding the light, the light shines so far in advance of the person that it does not benefit him. Our Lord said to His Apostles: "I have many things to say to you, but you cannot hear them now."—Madam Guyon.

THE GREATEST HEALTH INSURANCE IN THE WORLD

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T. P. TAYLOR

"The greatest health insurance in the world is the simplest," he said. "I never could quite understand why people are so negligent in the use of the simplest of all preventives of illness. It's all a matter of keeping the bowels open. The man who carries a little box of Resall Orderlies has got a good health policy in his pocket. I believe they are the best laxative ever prepared, and their pleasant taste appeals to men, women and children alike."

We have the exclusive selling rights for this great laxative—

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A woman has the same ambition to get into society as a man has to keep out of jail.

WOMAN 81 YEARS OLD

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