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A KIND WORD FOR GOSSIP

Who are the greater gossips, men or women? Don't try to answer. You Can't.

The fact is that nearly all grown people are gossips. Men are right when they say that all women are gossips, and women are equally right when they retort that there is as much gossip in the smoking car, the billiard room and the business office as there is in the sewing circle.

The one thing that people can never know enough about is what other people are saying, what they are doing, how they got the way they are.

And why not? The world will never come to an end nor will it cease to improve as long as folks are interested in one another.

The newspapers had a story the other day that Queen Mary was getting stout. In fact, she had taken on flesh so rapidly lately that she had begun to "reduce." Mrs. Lloyd-George had told Queen Mary about some sort of patent chair that one could sit in and by applications of electric current take off several pounds a week.

More women read that story than could tell you who were the Four Powers that signed the Four-Power Treaty or what the treaty was all about.

Men are exactly the same. Let Charles M. Schwab write an article on "Future Trends in American Business" and one man in a hundred will glance over it and one man in a thousand will plow through it.

But suppose Mr. Schwab writes an article headed, "Why I Never Hire a Man With a Small Nose." Every man with a big nose, every man with a little nose, and every man with a plain, average, unimportant nose, if he knows somebody with a small nose, will read what Charley Schwab has to say about noses.

That's because there is gossip in the article. We may not all know or care about business trends, world trade and international politics, but when it comes to fat and noses we stand on common ground.

Gossip did not always have a bad name. In Shakespeare's time it was a pet name, as "pal" or "buddie" is today. It meant your intimate friend, your pot-companion, the chap you confided in and who confided in you.

Gossip isn't necessarily vicious, nor back-biting. It is just easy, pleasant, half-confidential chat about people we know or people doing the sort of things we do every day.

It is the gossip quality that make the things interesting that we read or hear. It is the human side of life, which is the only side we can all understand a little.

Queen Mary always carries an umbrella, rain or shine, and lately has had to have her dresses let out at the waist. John D. Rockefeller is a Baptist and wears a wig. President Harding plays cards and golf in his shirt sleeves. Thomas Edison wear shoes so loose he can take them off without touching them with his hands and from collar to socks will not have a tight thing on his body—all that is gossip and is interesting.

Old Samuel Pepys' Diary was all gossip. Boswell, who "Life of Johnson" marks him as the greatest biographer of all literature, did nothing but gossip and not always with the kindliest motives.—Pub. Auxiliary.

DESIRING ACCURACY IN NEWSPAPERS, HE SENDS THEM HIS OBITUARY

Paris, Sept. 6.—Correctness was a life passion with Dr. Jacques Bertillon, for thirty years director of the statistical bureau of the city of Paris and the uncle of the founder of the Bertillon system, who died four years ago.

Especially was he insistent that facts about him or quotations from him published in newspapers should be absolutely precise. He was the more severe on this subject in that he was a former Parisian newspaper man.

Editorial desks of local dailies were astonished to receive from Bertillon recently his own "obituary," together with a note in his handwriting "When you receive this I shall no longer exist."

Wonderingly several editors telephoned his home.

"Monsieur Bertillon just died-" a hushed voice told them.

NOTED BRITISHERS WILL VISIT UNITED STATES

London.—Representatives of the British branch of the Sulgrave Institution will leave England on September 2 to visit the United States to be present when President Harding unveils in Washington a statue of Edmund Burke.

Members of the British delegation will include Sir Charles Wakefield, ex-lord mayor of London; Lady Wakefield, Sir Arthur and Lady Haworth, Sir William Letts, Harold Spender and H. S. Perris.

PORTRAY BRAZILIAN INDUSTRIAL METHODS

Washington, Sept. 8.—Officials of the American commission to the Brazilian Centennial Exposition to be held at Rio de Janeiro beginning September 7, today announced that Brizilian government authorities had decided to hold an elaborate individual exposition in connection with the commemoration of the first centenary of the political independence of Brazil. The exposition, it was explained, will be designed to portray the principal industries of Brazil and their methods.

The exposition will be held in the building of the old war arsenal (Arsenal de Guerra) and its dependencies. Foreign government or industrial organizations which propose to erect, on their own account, pavilions for the exposition of products of their country, will have space reserved for them in an area adjacent to the national exposition area. Title to thees lots, it was said, will oe ceded by special favor.

MAN ON JURY WATCHES THIEF STEAL HIS CAR

West Frankfort, Ill., Sept. 6.—Confined to a jury room deliberating a case, Neal Lampley, a juror, looked out of a window to see his Ford car being driven away from where he had it parked. Unable to give chase, the thief got a good start, but was captured during the night. The youth who took the car had been given a "lift" by Lampley early in the morning and evidently became attached to the purr of the motor.

"HOBO KING" STABS MAN IN LOBBY OF P.-I.

Stranger Who Protected Woman From Man's Insults Proves to Be Captain John J. Roche, Canadian War Veteran.

YOUNG WOMAN HIS BRIDE OF TWO DAYS

Wedded to Fiancee at Seattle While on Long Hike for for Wager of $38,000

Seattle, Aug. 26.—A stranger calling himself the "hobo king," who stabbed a man in the lobby of the Post-Intelligencer for alleged ungentelmanly conduct toward a young woman proved to be Capt. John J. Roche, a Canadian war hero, and the young woman his bride of two days. She was the widow of Capt. Lewis Sidney Jordan, commander of the U. S. S. Dauntless, who was killed in the World war.

Roche has been walking around the continent on a $38,000 wager and took a sudden notion to marry Mrs. Jordon, his fiancee, who lives here.

PHIL TELLS STORY OF HIS DOWNFALL

New York, Aug. 29.—Suddenly aged, broken in spirit and abed, the victim of a nervous breakdown, Phil Douglas, erstwhile star pitcher of the New York Giants, told the story of his faithfulness in a sobbing recital.

In the course of what he insisted was the true tale with nothing withheld, he disclosed the fact, hitherto carefully guarded from the public, that his letter which ended in his permanent banishment from organized baseball, was written to Leslie Mann, now of the St. Louis Cardinals, but a firm friend of Douglas' in Shuffin' Phil's old days with the Chicago Cubs.

Had Won Eleven Games

Douglas pitched his last game for the Giants on July 30, when he was defeated by the Pittsburgh Pirates, 7-0, giving way for a pinch hitter in the seventh inning. It was but his fourth defeat of the the year and he had won 11 games, but that night, according to his own story, he drowned his troubles, breaking seven kinds of training rules.

While he was sleeping off the effects in the apartment of a friend, he asserts, two detectives broke into the place and attempted to drag him out. He resisted. Threatening to blackjack him, he says, the detectives dragged him, half dressed, into a taxicab in which were three other strong-arm men. He was taken to a police station for the purpose of frightening him, he thinks, and then to a sanitarium on Central Park West, where his clothing was taken from him and he was kept prisoner five days.

They Gave Him the Bill

When he returned to the Polo grounds he learned he had been fined $100 and five days' pay (about $188) and was presented with a bill of $224.35 for his sanitarium treatment and taxicab fare. Angry at Manager McGraw, that same day, he says, he wrote Mann, then in Boston with the Cardinals, the letter which Judge Landis made public in Chicago.

That same night, after talking matters over with Mrs. Douglas, Phil says he telephoned Mann in Boston, but could not reach him until the following day when he asked him to destroy the letter. But Mann already had shown the letter to his manager, Branch Rickey, known as "the Sunday school man of baseball," and Rickey had convinced Mann the only course to follow was that of turning over the letter to the New York club management.

TAILORS ABANDONING OLD "HOOK AND EYE"

London, Sept. 8.—The last "hook and eye" manufacturer in London has gone out of business! Think of this, all harassed husbands whose recollections can go back twenty years!

"Where we bought hundreds of thousands of hooks and eyes ten years ago," said the manager of Harrod's stores, "we don't buy five thousand in a twelvemonth. The poor old hooks and eyes have been superseded.

"The first thing to take their place was the press-stud (commonly known as the 'popper'). This is remaining increasingly popular bequired.

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COIFFURES OF MANY LANGUAGES

Our "Flapper" Has Nothing on Fiji Islander.

ODD AND WEIRD STRUCTURES

Fiji Beau Brummel Trims His Mop Into Ragged Halo and Then Bleaches It to Sickly Yellow—To Further Enhance His Charms He Scents It and Sticks Flowers in It—Hopi Maiden Indicates Matrimonial Designs by Arrangement of Locks.

The "flapper" who spends hours curling her bobbed locks to make them stand out three or four inches from her face has nothing on the Fiji islander, according to a bulletin of the National Geographic society issued from its Washington headquarters, for the Fijian makes his hair stand on end on the top of his head to a height of six inches.

"The Fijian dandy wears at night a compressing band, which is probably as uncomfortable as curling-pins, to train his thick, stiff and wiry bush to this remarkable feat," the bulletin says. "When it becomes long and erect he takes a looking glass, entrusts his scissors to a trusty friend and under his personal supervision the mop is trimmed with wonderful skill into a ragged halo that stands out in pompous array around his shiny black face.

"To add to the grotesque impression, the beau brummel bleaches the coiffure to a sickly yellow with lime made from coral or dyes it red with annatto. To further enhance his charm he rubs in scented coconut oil and then sticks varieties of red flowers into it. One traveler reports that his guide turned up one morning with 'his mahogany bush of hair adorned with two kinds of red flowers, three kinds of white, a bunch of green-and-white ribbon-grass and an aigrette of fern.' And when it rained a little later he held a giant taro-leaf about four feet by three over it umbrella-wise for protection.

"When the Hopi maiden decides to conquer, instead of announcing her debut in the newspaper, she parts her hair in the middle and screws it into two whorls just above the ears. Whereupon young men who prize their liberty take to the woods.

Make Their Hair a Utility.

"South of Mahamanina in Madagascar the women do their hair in two rows of little balls, while behind their heads they place a piece of hollow wood ornamented with brass-headed nails and fastened into the hair. In this cylinder they keep all their pins, needles and small valuables. Near the coast on the same island the women plait the hair in very fine braids which they twist into thin flat circular coils of from two to two and a half inches in diameter. These little coils of hair entirely encircle the head, and, strange to say, they give an elegant, though rather singular, appearance.

"The Sevillian woman who piles her hair on the top of her head into a little fortress is following the custom which Spanish women have practiced for hundreds of years. Artemidorus, in the Sixth century before Christ, tells of the extravagant headdresses of Iberian women and they also are shown in the prehistoric statuary of the country.

"Big chiefs in some parts of New Guinea wear rigid plaited frames on their heads which support cassowary or paradise feathers during their dances. The black cassowary feather is the distinguishing ornament of the chiefs, but wearers are unable to enjoy to the fullest the big celebrations because of the heaviness of these headdresses.

"Among African tribes the methods of hairdressing are legion. The Womba men shave two parallel strips of wool from the nape of the neck around the crown to the forehead. Some of them cut all the hair off, leaving just a fringe high up on the skull. Others leave just a small circular tuft at the back.

"The men near Lake Bangweolo sometimes wear wigs made of coarse-matted fiber and the Bisas weave into wisps of hair fiber or bristles until it haugs down in matted, stringlike bunches. The Bisa women weave red and white beads into their hair until the hair itself in places is quite concealed. Some Shinga chiefs roll their hair until it resembles the types of hairdressing seen in the ancient Egyptian bas-reliefs.

Shave and Paint Heads.

"The Bambala people shave their heads except for a little round spot resembling a cap on the top of the head. They then paint the bare portion with palm oil and soot. An old man usually covers his tuft of white hairs with a red cloth, and a warrior wears the bones of his victims wrapped in a cloth on the top of his head for the magical properties they are supposed to possess.

"The Bakwese follow somewhat the same customs as the Bambalas, but the chiefs usually coil their hair into five bunches. The Bayanzi men usually tie their locks into a bunch at the back of their necks, while the women part theirs in the middle and plait it over their ears. But the Bahmana take the palm for 'beauty'; they shave the front of their heads and paint them with soot, curl the back hair and paint it with red clay, shave off their eyebrows and pull out their eyelashes."

RUMORED RETIREMENT OF HOPPE REGRETTED

Hoped That Player Will Reconsider His Step.

Has Been Credit to Billiard Game and Has Had Much to Do With Making Sport Popular—Entitled to Another Try.

The reported retirement from the billiard game of Willie Hoppe, ex-champion, is to be regretted, and it is hoped that the wonderful little player will reconsider his step and continue as one of the marvels of the green cushion game.

Hoppe has been a credit to the billiard world and has had much to do with making the game as popular as it is today. His manager, R. B. Benjamin, also deserves credit for the

Willie Hoppe Executing a Difficult Masse Shot.

clever manner in which he has handled all of Hoppe's tours.

It is not the playing end that is helping to force Mr. Hoppe's retirement, but the working of the combine against him, which practically bars him from championship match for a year and a half. That is not sportsmanship and should not be tolerated by the public. Jake Schaefer, Jr., defeated Hoppe in the title match, but by the narrowest of margins, and the former champion is certainly entitled to another try at the honor within a few months' time. It is not intended to take any credit due from Mr. Schaefer, who is a marvelous player, but Hoppe should be given another chance, and within the year.

Mrs. Gibson—Does your husband enjoy dancing?

Mrs. Wilson—Well—some—when he is watching other people doing it.

MICKIE SAYS

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

U. S. Land Office at Juneau, Alaska, Aug. 17, 1922.

NOTICE is hereby given that Robert J. Shepard, of Haines Alaska, who, on July 27, 1922, made Homesteam application, No. 03661, for Lots 3, 4, & 5, N½SE¼, Section 19, Township 30 S, Range 59 E, Copper River Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final three-year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before R. M. Odell, Notary Public, at Haines, Alaska, on the 7th day of October, 1922.

Claimant names as witnesses:

Leon F. Ballard, of Haines, Alaska, N. G. Hanson, of Haines, Alaska, Erick Osland, of Haines, Alaska, Charles Anway, of Haines, Alaska.

FRANK A. BOYLE
Register.

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