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ALLIED PRINTING TRADES UNION LABEL COUNCIL 20

TUESDAY, MAY 25, 1920.

From The Argus of March 24, 1920—
"The Argus henceforth will be conducted as an independent newspaper, unbiased by partisan ties, ever free and ready to state its honest convictions in the interest of the common welfare."

Expensive Primaries.

It also takes money to make presidential primary campaigns go. Governor Lowden has spent more than $400,000 to date and has not secured the nomination. In fact, it is doubtful if his chances are any better than any one of several others. Nobody seems to know what has been sunk in boosting General Wood. Even Senator Johnson, who is trying to capitalize the so-called extravagance of his rivals, has disbursed $60,000, which probably represents more than the amount that a really frugal man might possibly save out of his salary in a single term as president.

Four hundred thousand dollars seems a large sum, but when it is spread over the United States it means only a few dollars in a precinct—certainly not enough to corrupt the electorate. Even more might be used in a perfectly legitimate way. Special trains, hotel suites, services of able managers and the elaborate organizations, national and state, which are necessary to drive a campaign vigorously eat up the dollars at a surprising rate.

Governor Lowden has financed his own campaign almost exclusively and the fact that he has been able to do so will be raised as a leading point against him. It is one, however, which is not entitled to any great weight. It takes a lot of money and a great deal of work to put a candidate's name before all the people of the country. The less the individual himself expends, it may safely be said, the greater the obligations he creates and the more strings there will be attached to him if he wins. The governor at least has the merit of discharging a larger proportion of his debts as he goes.

Anyway, it is a question which is the more objectionable for an aspirant for the presidency, possessing the wealth necessary to finance his own boom, or accepting extensive cash assistance from others. It may be laid down as a rule that no man gives extensively on behalf of any candidate unless he has something more tangible than a patriotic interest in the outcome. Big contributions are not blindly made. Those giving them usually have somewhat definite ideas as to how they are to get the money back or else they expect to acquire added influence and prestige in keeping with the outlay.

Running for president is not a poor man's pastime. The biggest barrel nearly always will get the best organization and the best organization will have the best chance to win. The man who has no money of his own and nobody with wealth interested in his candidacy might as well stay out.

And there are other objectionable features about a presidential primary. It detracts from the dignity that really should be attached to the highest official position in the land to insure a proper respect for it. It makes the man seek the office where the office—personally conducted by the bosses, it is true—used to seek the man.

More serious than the need for spending a great deal of money is the temptation to indulge in over-statement and to make promises impossible of fulfillment to catch votes. Campaign expenditures are open to scrutiny and so there are definite safeguards against dishonesty, but it isn't so easy to check up a man on his promises till it is too late and the harm is done. Especially in a time like this when feeling is easily aroused, the candidate who is safely conservative finds it hard to market his sober colored wares in competition with the gaudy but less reliable goods of his rivals.

This country never will go back to the methods of other days when presidential candidates were picked by Mark Hannas, but it has not yet found the ideal way of fitting the man to the job.

The Judicial Age Limit.

As proposed in committee the minimum age of members of the Illinois supreme court will be fixed in the new constitution at 35 years. Unless there is a provision exempting members now serving from its terms the rule will bar the reelection of Justice Floyd E. Thompson of Rock Island. Mr. Thompson will be but 34 at the time of the regular election next year. He is now serving out the unexpired term of George A. Cooke, formerly of Aledo, and has made a record that certainly entitles him to again be a candidate. In fact the work of the Rock Island member stands as a pretty convincing argument against a 35-year age limit.

Young men on the bench generally have made good. Supreme court districts are not so large that people vote blindly for candidates who commonly are judged on their qualifications and standing in the profession of law. Those qualifications need not be matters of doubt in a judicial election, where aspirants usually get about and meet at least the leaders in every township. Under the circumstances it would seem to be an unnecessary precaution to bar any man able to get the nomination and election in an open field merely on the score of age.

Of course the integrity of the bench should be preserved and its wisdom maintained, but the safeguards that are relied upon to keep incompetents off of it after 35 should be a sufficient protection also in the case of those under that age.

Peace by Resolution.

The senate admits it is unable to make a full peace with the central powers on behalf of the United States. Its admission is written into its own peace resolution. After declaring peace with Germany, the senate does the same with Austro-Hungary, and then adds:

"The president is hereby requested immediately to open negotiations with the successor or successors of said government (Austro-Hungary) for the purpose of establishing fully friendly relations and commercial intercourse between the United States and the governments and peoples of Austria and Hungary."

Was there ever a more naive confession of senatorial impotence? Of what use is a resolution rescinding America's declaration of war, when the senate confesses it must appeal to the president "for the purpose of establishing fully friendly relations and commercial intercourse?" Why rescind a war declaration before establishing friendly relations, anyway?

The senate's resolution establishes neither peace nor an armistice. It does no more than attack the president of the United States before the enemy. And yet, the senate acknowledges the superior peace-making right of the president in its very attack. Why, therefore, all this bother? The president's duty is to veto the resolution.

The United States is about to build the largest battleship, 1,000 feet long, of 60,000 tons displacement, and costing $50,000,000. And from present indications, the smallest submarine will be able to send it to the bottom of the ocean, if permitted to get within striking distance. The more big battleships there are the more small craft it takes to protect them.

All individuals able to work are being registered in Russia for the purpose of compelling each individual to return such service as he or she is able. Imagine how the admirers of "free Russia" in "autocratic" America would yell if anything like that were attempted here.

Alive or dead, there's no peace for a president of Mexico, as witness what happened to the train carrying Carranza's remains.

SLEEP—SWEET SLEEP.

All day she's full of pep and vim,
She's quite industrious;
But when old Sol has doused his glim
She says goodnight to us,
Crawls into bed with blissful sigh—
Where DOES she get that stuff!
We ask her and get one reply:
"The morning comes too soon," she'll cry.
"I don't get sleep enough!"

A "woman's work is never done."—
Who pulled that nutty line?
Our Heart's Desire strikes when the sun
Each day has ceased to shine.
She looks at us in hurt surprise
If we, in accents gruff,
Ask: "What's the rush to close your eyes?"
"The morning comes too soon," she cries.
"I don't get sleep enough!"

Yes, sir; at twilight's slightest hint
She goes to bed, by Hek!
(We fear when she sees this in print
She'll slam us on the neck.
The very thought makes us turn pale—
Gosh! She might CALL our bluff!
The female's deadlier than the male.
"The mourning comes too soon," we'll wail.
"Help! Help! We've had enough!!")

"AMONG his own people," reads an editorial in the Galesburg Republican-Register, referring to the late lamented Franz Josef, "there seemed to be a reasonable amount of loyalty." Viewing the remnants of Franz Josef's former empire we have a strong desire to know what is a "reasonable" amount of loyalty.

"'TWEET,' SAID THE LITTLE BIRD."
(From the Monmouth Atlas).

The birde-to-be was then instructed to pull a white ribbon one the end of which was a diamond ring. The gift of the club to Miss Meacham was a set of solid silver forks.

ACCORDING to Angus McSween, ('tis a guid name, mon!) Hi Johnson's eastern manager, his organization "consists of three men, a woman and two stenographers." Are stenographers people? The gentleman advertising in the Moline Dispatch for one probably would say not.

Why the Telegraph Ed. Is Searching for the Makeup Man.

(From the Galesburg Republican-Register).

SHORT CROP OF WHEAT FOR COMING YEAR

Must Make It Clear That His Hands Are Clear of Blood.

DISAVOWAL DEMANDED OF OBREGON

Scarcity of Farm Labor Cause—Dept. Issues Its Prediction.

"WIERD WASTE IN PRESIDENT'S PRESS AGENCY."—Chi. Trib.
That's weird spelling for the w. g. n.

"If This Be Poetry, Make the Most of It!"

(From the Washington Times).

MODERN home has room for nine,
Everything nice, but nothing fine;
Shade and porches, front and side,
With now and then an auto ride;
Meals and music when you like,
Free to dance, rest or hike.
Thirty-five month, this keep and fun.
Call us up, North 7481.

THE A. P. quotes Gen. "Johnny" Barragan thus: "At four o'clock in the morning his men, violating the confidence imposed in them . . ." Well, at that, imposed confidence is the only brand they can bank on in Mexico—and even that is fatal.

"EDNA UNFRIED TO BE QUEEN."—Evansville Courier.
But you musn't assume Edna is hard-boiled. She isn't.

We Reprint This Just to Hear You Gnash Your G-Teeth.

(From the Chicago Daily News).

Market report for June 17, 1894: "Elgin butter, 19 cents; eggs, 7½ cents; veal chops, 8 cents a pound; chickens, 25 to 30 cents each."

KANSAS BANKER IS SHORT.—Kansas City Star.
WE crowd six feet ourself, but he hasn't anything on us.

"CARRANZA is today a broken man," says Senor Ibanez, "and there is no occasion for insisting on his past pro-Germanism."
NOT at all. He's completely cured now.
R. E. M'G.

HEALTH TALKS
BY WILLIAM BRADY M.D.
NOTED PHYSICIAN AND AUTHOR

Nature the Killer.

Our friends the plausible people, exponents of all the freak offshoots of the healing art and the art of extracting easy money from easy victims, constantly and vociferously remind us that medicines do not cure disease, but that nature cures disease. Why they pick on medicines, drugs, instead of mentioning the various remedial agents which regular physicians so much more frequently employ, is a question for the Wisehimer family to ponder. Why do the fad healers not say that it isn't diet, massage, surgery, fresh air, rest, exercise, electricity, cheerful thoughts or anything like that, but just nature, that cures? Would it not be quite as true?

Who is this fellow nature, anyway? He is the prince of healers. That is only too apparent. Everybody gives him unstinted credit. Also he is the prince of charlatans.

I am as grateful to nature as any other healer or near-healer. Well do I know that no human power can create life or control the inevitable. Yet I am unwilling to entrust myself wholly to nature as a healer when I am sick, and I doubt very much whether any of the plausible gentlemen who shriek so loudly of nature's healing ability would be willing to rely upon the old fellow in a serious pinch. No, I know they do not—they call in a doctor.

One of the most vociferous and widely known exponents of one of the most ridiculous "schools" of non-drug healing sneaked around to my office and insisted that I prescribe some drugs when he feared he was really in for a serious illness—all on the q. t., of course. The same thing happens every day to doctors everywhere.

Nature will heal a broken bone, but with no regard for future usefulness or the appearance of the limb. Intelligent aid or restraint gives a fairly useful and fairly presentable limb. Your physician gives the intelligent aid.

Nature will heal the croup, does heal it in practically 100 per cent of cases. But at the cost of considerable unnecessary distress for child and parents, and the doctor ends this distress by administering such an unnatural thing as an emetic to relax the muscle spasm which cruel nature has produced in the throat as a result of some trifling irritation. Nature heals ulcers in the bowel, as in typhoid fever, but it is not in the least concerned whether in the healing process the bowel is completely perforated and the patient killed—unless intelligence steps in and by timely treatment or even by surgery, saves life.

Nature cures diphtheria. Nature is the only cure yet found for diphtheria. And in the leisurely process of producing the necessary antidote (antitoxin) to the diphtheria poison (toxin) circulation in the blood of the patient nature cares not one whit whether the patient succumbs before the antidote is ready in sufficient quantity. But intelligence, medical science, medicine, a drug, anti-diphtheritic serum, antitoxin, saves the life of the patient.

Nature is a fine healer, but requires watching.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

No Pores on Human Physiog.

What can be done to close enlarged pores on the face?
R. M. F.

Answer—The face has no "pores." You probably refer to dilated openings or mouths of the oil glands. Sponge gently for 10 minutes at night with water as hot as possible and then apply this lotion:

Sulphurated potassium.
Zinc sulphate of each, 1 dram.
Rosewater, 4 ounces.

The Interminable Tapeworm.

Please let me know through your column how a person with a tapeworm can tell if they have one and how it affects the one who thinks they have it. I have an enormous appetite, yet I am thin. I think I must have tapeworm.

Answer—Help, help! This query in more or less similar English comes from some reader somewhere at least daily throughout the year. One can't tell whether he has a tapeworm. His doctor can tell by finding tapeworm eggs by microscopic tests (or a laboratory pathologist can tell that way). The combination of a big appetite and a spare frame, sad as it may seem to the old ladies and the long-distance specialists, seldom if ever occurs in an individual who really harbors a tapeworm. All the tapeworm hosts I can recall offhand were persons of ordinary appetite and ordinary or excessive weight. I repeat, there are no symptoms which warrant a diagnosis of worm infection, save the finding of parts of worms or entire worms or their eggs.

Wry Women Stay Soft and Young.

Why is it that women do not have arteriosclerosis as men do or frequently as men do? Several male members of our family have had it, but none of the women, so far as known. F. O. R.

Answer — The women generally do not smoke, drink, stay out late nights, neglect their teeth and expose themselves to various preventable diseases so much as the men.

Heart and Home Problems
by MRS. ELIZABETH THOMPSON

"Heart-Broken and Anxious":

You have made your mistake and now must suffer by it. Be just as independent as the boy and do not show how eager you are to have him come back. In the future think twice before you show your anger and make another such statement.

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I am a girl and have been married 10 months. We have lived with my husband's folks and at first they were nice, but now they seem to think I am mean to Bob, and they try to run all of my affairs.

Whenever I buy anything for myself they get jealous and say I am spending all of Bob's money. He doesn't want to move for things are so high and we are trying to save.

He is very good, but at times he doesn't believe me. When they hurt my feelings terribly I must tell some one. He does not act as if he hears me.

Would you advise me to work? We have a five-room apartment and it is clean, for I know how.

Please help me for I know you can give me good advice.
DROOPING ROSEBUD.

To live with "in-laws" is unsatisfactory 99 times out of 100. I believe you and your husband would be happier together if you had a few rooms of your own even if you had to work.

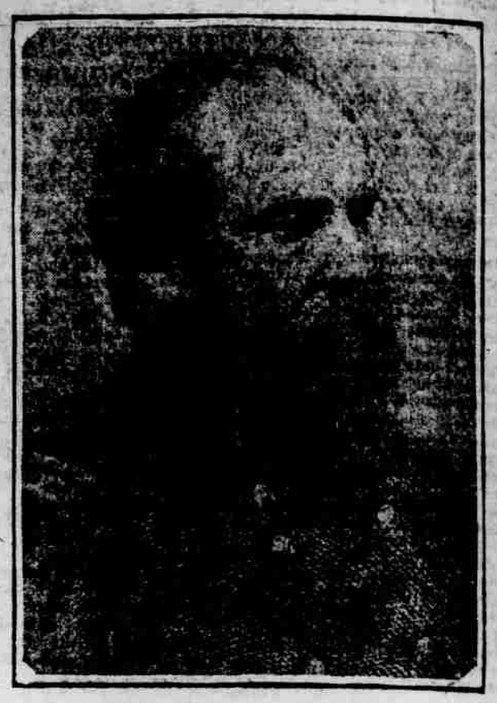
In case you remain with his people you must learn not to talk about the things you do and buy to them, and when they have been unreasonable do not mention it to your husband. Naturally he has been able to get along with his people because they understand each other's ways. He will blame you for inharmony and therefore you might as well remain silent. You will be happier in the end if you work for peace and keep your troubles to yourself. Very few men would be sympathetic in circumstances like yours.

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I am a married woman and very unhappy. Please tell me what to do. My husband is making home almost unbearable. He tells me he never loved me when he married me, and that he only wanted a housekeeper for himself and his children. He never buys me anything—his money all goes to his children who are grown up and working and have better work than he himself. If I say anything he says he has to pay bills. They are 19 and 20 years old. They have left home, and now he tells me to go back to my folks where I am wanted. He don't want me to go anywhere, not even to see my mother, unless I want to stay, and that I refuse to do. I don't want to leave him, for I love him and I do everything I can to please him. What can I do?
AN UNLOVED WIFE.

Perhaps you have done too much for him and he fails to appreciate your sacrifices. Often that is the case, and maybe if you would assert your rights as a wife and partner, and stick to your claims, he would realize that he has not been doing right. Otherwise, even if you do love him, I think you should at least leave him for a while. Maybe then he would come to realize that he depends on you more than he thinks. You have a right to be happy and you won't be as long as he treats you as you say he has been doing.

Five Minutes a Day With Our Presidents
BY JAMES MORGAN

The Last of the Log Cabin Presidents.



MAJOR GENERAL JAMES A. GARFIELD IN THE CIVIL WAR

1831—Nov. 19, James Abram Garfield, born at Orange, Ohio.
1856—Graduated from Williams college.
1858-61—President of Hiram college.
1858—Married Lucretia Rudolph.
1860—Member of Ohio senate. Admitted to the bar.
1861—Colonel in Ohio volunteers.
1862—Brigadier general.
1863—Major general.
1863-80—In congress.
1880—Elected to the United States senate.

James Abram Garfield was the latest, it is fairly safe to say, the last of the presidents born and bred in log cabins. Nothwithstanding that humble start, he was one of the half dozen scholarly men who have sat in the presidential chair.

Both the paternal Garfields and the maternal Ballous, the forebears of this Ohio president, were New Englanders and among the best types of Yankee yeomanry. His struggling, laborious youth and young manhood made Garfield also a representative of that greater New England which spread itself over the upper half of the middle west.

When the boy was only 2, his pioneer father died fighting a forest fire, leaving "four young sapplings," as he called them, to the care of his wife, who had to carry on the frontier farm alone and face alone the problems of bringing up her two boys and two girls. With the help of her older son in the field and of her older daughter in the cabin, she raised the food for her little brood, and grew and wove and sewed the wool that clothed them. More than that, she was their teacher, too, cultivating their young minds and training up their characters. Among all the widows' sons in the presidency, none owed more to his mother than the son of Eliza Ballou Garfield, and none began earlier to pay his debt, nor kept on paying it more faithfully and gracefully.

A big, strong, hardy boy, "Jim" Garfield had to work his way in the world from the age of 10 or 12. Chopping wood at 25 cents a cord and his board; driving mules on the towpath of a canal or serving as deckhand on the boat itself at $10 a month and keep; haying, harvesting, carpentering and teaching school, he put himself through academies and through college.

He also won a wife along the way. In a coeducational academy, which he attended, he met and woced Lucretia Rudolph. After his college graduation at Williams, he faithfully returned to claim his "Crete," and their marriage is the first—doubtless it will not be the last—romance of "coeds" in the matrimonial story of the presidency.

In his preparatory school, which afterward became Hiram college, Garfield was janitor at first, until it was discovered that he could teach the other pupils English literature just as well as he could tend the fires, draw the water, sweep the floors, wash the windows and ring the bell. Poverty is a good grindstone for putting a sharp edge on the few who happen to have the tempered steel in them; but it sadly dulls the many.

Garfield's way was a long, rough road to an education. But it insured him a keen thirst at the end, and when at last he arrived at Williams college back in his ancestral Massachusetts, a big, blonde, bearded man of 25, he was ready to drink dry the fountain of learning. He used to say that his ideal of a university was a pine log, with Mark Hopkins, the president of Williams, sitting on one end of it and himself at the other end.

If he had stayed in New England, Garfield would have been a professor or a preacher. He became both after returning home, but every man in Ohio is, or at least used to be, a politician also.

He was principal of his old academy at Hiram and doing more or less lay preaching in the pulpit of the Christian or "Campbellite" church, when he was elected to the state senate. And he was still serving in those varied capacities when he led a regiment to the front at the outbreak of the Civil war.

With his lifelong habit of study, the green colonel went to war with a sword in one hand and a book on the military art in the other. Soon he knew something of the principles of his new job, and this enabled him to rise more rapidly than the other political colonels.

Before he came in sight of the enemy or smelled powder he was placed in command of a brigade and ordered to chase the confederates out of the Kentucky mountains. At 30 he was the youngest brigadier in the army. After Shiloh he became chief of staff to General Rosecrans, and for a bold expedition that he led through the enemy's country after the battle of Chickamauga he was made major general.

Entering congress at the end of 1863, he became in due time chief of staff to James G. Blaine, the Republican leader of the house. He proved himself a brilliant lieutenant in peace as in war, but he did not develop the qualities of independent leadership. He was too fair, too moderate a partisan and rather too amiable, too soft or too considerate to be able to plan that part in those swashbuckling days at Washington. Nor did he have the strength keep himself wholly clear of the shadow of suspicion that fell upon so many public men in a period when fine, moral scruples were blunted in the rough combats of politics.

While he was a member of congress and on a visit to New York, Lincoln was assassinated, and the event inspired one of Garfield's most memorable and eloquent speeches. The great city was dazed and trembling from the shock, when a meeting was held in Wall street for the purpose of calming and steadying the people. Standing on the granite steps of the subtreasury, where George Washington had taken the oath of office, the tall, broadshouldered, yellow haired, yellow bearded congressman from Ohio lifted up the spirits of the angry and the despairing in the bewildered multitude that surged at his feet by appealing to their faith in a great overruling power.

"Clouds and darkness are around Him; His pavilion is dark waters and thick clouds; justice and judgment are the habitation of His throne; mercy and truth shall go before His face! Fellow citizens, God reigns and the government at Washington still lives!"

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

NEW-FANGLED NOTIONS.

By Gertrude D. Armstrong.

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"No, Marthy, there hain't going to be any telephone. Got something else to spend my money for. Just 'cause Sarah and Fred has got such new-fangled notions into their heads, suppose you got to have the same. We've lived here all these years, and my folks before me, and never had any of these fool ideas until your sister started. Guess you'll be wanting an automobile next."

"Well, never mind," replied his wife, meekly. "I just thought 'twould be kind of handy in case of sickness, living a mile from our neighbors, and I get lonesome sometimes, and could talk to Sarah."

Her husband made no reply, but went about his evening chores. 'Twas so unlike Marthy to ask him to waste money on anything so foolish. Handy, indeed! There was old Molly, whenever she wanted to visit, and to run into town who would take her in less than an hour.

She so seldom asked for anything or complained that his conscience bothered him a little, and the look of disappointment he found on her face he found hard to get out of his thoughts.

Never mind, some time soon, when he got his work along, they would go into town for a holiday. She had been working pretty hard lately and probably needed a change.

And thus, like most of us, he soothed his conscience with promises of better-doing in the future.

When he returned to the house Marthy was just finishing her dishes.

"I guess I'll go right to bed, John," she said, "I don't feel very smart tonight."

"Well, I would," he replied, looking at her keenly. "And take something hot for that cold. I don't like the way it's hanging on. Been this way now for most a week." And he kissed her and patted her kindly.

It was two hours later when he opened their bedroom door. He tiptoed softly to the bed, where she lay, open-eyed and apparently awake.

"Looks like a storm," said John, and he crossed the room and carefully closed the window, muttering as he did so, "More new-fangled notions."

There was no response from the bed. What was the matter? 'Twas not at all like sweet-tempered Marthy to hold a grudge. He bent over her and then started back. The staring eyes and burning face did not look familiar.

"Go and see if David is covered, John. It's chilly tonight," she gasped.

David! Their boy who had been dead five years. Then it burst upon him—she was delirious. What should he do?

Get a doctor, of course. If he could only get word to Sarah! and his heart sank as he thought of the precious time he would waste driving all those miles.

"Oh, God! what would I give for a telephone!" burst from his agonized lips.

He rushed out to the stable for old Molly, hacked her from her stall and harnessed. His hands seemed palsied. It was ages before he got started. Driving with all speed he came in sight of Sarah's. They were up; he could see the gleam of the lights through the trees. Five minutes more, and with bursting heart he rushed in and told them his errand.

What was there for him in life anyway if she was unhappy?

She who had helped him save day by day, never complaining, always cheerful—when she had asked for a part of what was really hers, she had been refused, he calling it a waste of money, when but for such a "new-fangled notion" he would have lost the best little partner man ever had.

Many weeks after a handsome little runabout drove into the yard, from which alighted three men, carrying wires and tools.

"Here's your auto, Mr. Cobb. The telephone men were coming out this way, so I drove them over. If there is anything wrong let us know. Be over again by night. So long."

"Why, John, what does this mean?" asked Marthy, when the men had started to work downstairs.

"It means that the men have been working for some time, and you're a-going to have that telephone, and if you don't like this here machine, you're a-going to have another one, and pick it out yourself. They might be 'new-fangled notions,' but they're darned good ones to have around a house."

And Marthy smiled and thanked him as only she knew how.

Today's Anniversaries

1820—The Park theatre in New York City was destroyed by fire.

1845—More than a thousand lives were lost in a fire that destroyed a theatre and other buildings in Canton, China.

1870—Armed Fenians, 500 strong, invaded Canada from Vermont and quickly returned when resisted.

1891—The supreme court of the United States upheld the constitutionality of the "original package" law.

1899—Rosa Bonheur, the eminent painter of animals, died at Fontainebleau, France. Born at Bordeaux, March 22, 1822.

1817—More than 300 lives were lost in tornadoes that swept across Kansas, Illinois, Indiana, Kentucky, Tennessee, Arkansas and Alabama.

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. Since the Red Cross is a government institution in that its funds are under control of the treasury department and its receipts and expenditures are audited by that department, why don't the employes come under civil service? M. K. L.

A. The American National Red Cross states that it is not a government institution, that it raises its own funds and that these funds are not under the control of the treasury. There is an arrangement by which its accounts are audited by the war department, and a public accounting is made yearly. Civil service appointments are limited to departments under government administration.

Q. Are midshipmen at the United States Naval academy and cadets at West Point paid while in training, or do they have to pay tuition on being admitted to the academies? W. S.

A. Before being admitted to the naval academy as a midshipman each cadet must deposit $350 to cover the cost of his outfit, textbooks, etc. His pay is $780 a year. The pay of a cadet at West Point is $1,028.20 per year.

Q. Who holds the record for long distance driving in golf in this country? T. C. V.

A. There is no official authoritative answer, but Ellsworth Augustus of Cleveland, Ohio, is generally rated as the longest driving amateur in the United States, while Bob McDonald is accorded that rating among the professionals.

Q. What were the names of the Siamese twins? N. F. H.

A. Eng and Chang, the original Siamese twins, were born of Chinese parents in 1811. They lived until 1874.

What's In a Name?
BY MILDRED MARSHALL

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Hazel.

Hazel is a typically modern product. It has sprung into popular usage in comparatively recent years, but the origin dates back to the old Icelandic regime and the word hasl, signifiying the color "light brown." The fruit of the hazel nut tree bears that same indescribable hue. There are few instances in etymological history where names were given to denote color, unless violet, rose and a few others, may be taken to represent a color rather than a flower, so Hazel bears a rather unusual distinction.

By a couriously significant relation, it may be said to be an equivalent of Evelyn, since the latter comes from the Latin word avellana, meaning hazel nut. Etymologically speaking Hazel is one of the most unusual and different names in the feminine lexicon, which may account for its popularity and piquancy. It has found great favor with actresses and singers and pretty maids with a predilection for affectation.

The cat's eye is Hazel's talismanic stone. It is the Hindu charm against evil spirits and will protect its wearer from danger and disease. According to an old superstition it will likewise endow her with extraordinary personal magnetism. Tuesday is her lucky day and 1 her lucky number.