Women's Victories Challenge to Men

The male population of the world must have gasped when the news was flashed from Bisley Camp, England, that a woman had won the King's Prize. Their first thought would be: What happened to the men? Nothing, except that they found they were not quite good enough. And the finest of the marksmen were there, doing the best they could. One hundred crack shots from all parts of the Empire, among them six former winners of the trophy, took their places at the historic ranges. Enough to break the nerve of any man, but not the cool, keen-eyed, steady-handed woman who battled her way through to victory. Hats off to Miss Marjorie Foster!

There appears to be no limit to the achievements of woman in the fields of activity hitherto regarded as the exclusive domain of man. In business, in the professions and in the arts she is firmly established, and in the realm of lighter sports she is challenging the supremacy of male contenders. Some weeks ago an English girl, absolutely alone, piloted an aeroplane through the vast space that separates the British Isles and Australia, thus establishing herself as a worthy classmate of the wonderful Lindbergh. Later another young English woman showed the way to the most famous aviators of the day in a flight of several hours' duration.

And now another daughter of the little Island, in competition with the great marksmen of the Empire, captures the King's Prize, the most coveted trophy that can be won at the ranges. It all is very amazing, and gives notice to mere man that he can no longer regard himself as the lord of creation. A few humiliations of this kind may do him good.

G.B.S. Bored While Editing Own Works

London—George Bernard Shaw, who will shortly be 74 has begun editing his whole literary output, not caring to leave the task to posterity. An edition of 30 volumes, now in preparation, is limited to 1,000 sets. He has laid aside all creative work for this purpose. But he is bored with the job.

"It looks as if I shall spend the rest of my life at this job," he complained the other day. "It won't do; it's holding up my other work and it's a worrying task."

It took a woman to outwit the Irish sage. She wrote asking Shaw for a free copy of his latest book for a newly organized woman's society. Shaw wrote across her letters: "Damn it, no: a woman's society that cannot afford to pay 15 shillings for a copy of my book has no right to exist."

He signed the note and returned it to the woman. A fortnight later she again wrote Shaw to inform him that a bookseller had traded her a copy of the book for the letter bearing Shaw's autograph.

Shaw had the last word, however. Across the bottom of the woman's second letter he scrawled:

"What fools women are! If you had taken it to the right place you would have got $150 for it." And he signed that, too, and sent it back.

He once rejected an offer of one million dollars for his cinema rights and when the Nobel prize for literature was awarded him for his play, "Saint Joan," he gave the $32,000 award away to further Anglo-Swedish literary relations.

Again, when a wealthy American woman offered Shaw a fee of $25,000 just to "cross the Atlantic, dine with her, talk a little to her guests and catch the next boat home," he promptly declined.

When London becomes to sooty and foggy, Shaw hies off to his country home, a substantial, ivy-clad, brick house at Ayot St. Lawrence, in Hertfordshire.

His house stands at one end of the village of about 100 inhabitants. It commands a wide view, has much window space and is enclosed by a well trimmed hedge fence. Barbed wire around the extreme limits of the estate keeps out intruders.

Youthful Princess Goes Shopping

Forfar, Scotland—Little Princess Elizabeth, daughter of the Duke of York, went shopping here recently carrying her own purse and paying her own bills.

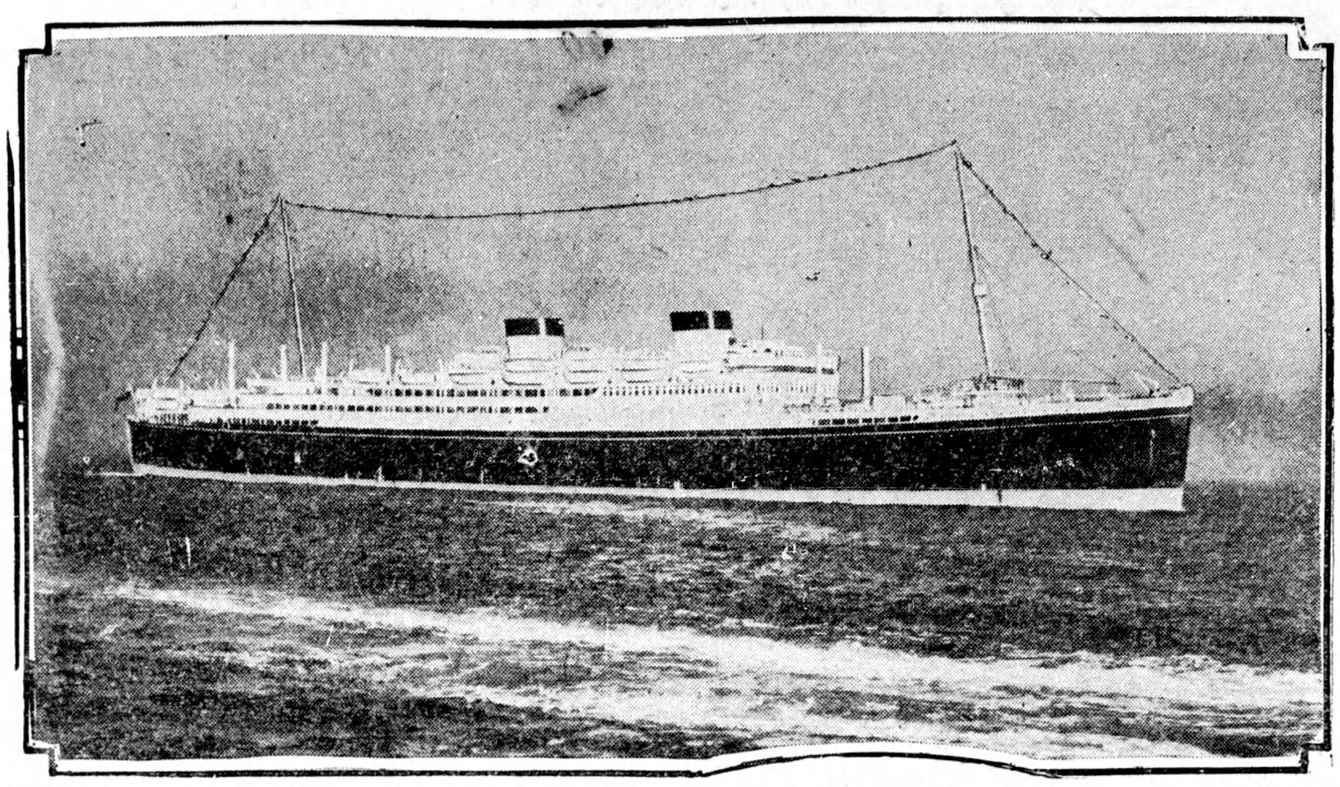
She is staying with her mother, the Duchess of York, at Glamis Castle near here and came to town escorted by her maternal grandmother, the Countess of Strathmore, to buy a book. Several were shown to her which, after much examination, she rejected, saying: "I've seen that already."

Finally she found one that was new to her and asked the price. Then she said, "I will take that," and produced her purse with dignified self-possession and paid for it.

"Divorce ought to be so easy that it could be got at Woolworth's for five cents."—Cosmo Hamilton.

"Why so depressed, old man?" "The horrible cost of living; constant bills for materials, paint and shingling." "What, your house?" "No, my daughters."

World's Largest Liner



New 27,000-ton White Star motorship, Britannic, world's largest cabin liner, as she arrived at New York after maiden westward transatlantic voyage.

New Process Will Double Gas Output

Standard Oil and German Company Organize to Control Rights

New York—Oil companies representing about 80 per cent. of the refining capacity in the United States have become associated in a new organization, the Hydro-Patents Company, to control and develop a process believed to be capable of doubling the amount of gasoline now yielded from fuel oil, according to a recent statement made by the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey.

The new process, which is known as hydrogenation, consists of the addition of gaseous hydrogen at high pressures and temperatures, in the presence of chemical agents known as catalysts, to crude oil or heavy fuel oil, building it chemically into thinner oil or gasoline. The operating conditions may be varied, it was said, to obtain the particular product desired.

The process has been developed during the past three years, the announcement said, by the Standard Oil Company's research engineers in collaboration with the I. G. Farbenindustrie Aktiengesellschaft of Germany and is owned by the two organizations.

The importance of the process in the oil industry was indicated by experimental data already obtained by the Standard Oil Company's research engineers on the multiplication of the yield from Venezuelan crude oil, it was said. As Venezuela is one of the largest producers of crude oil in the world, the increase of gasoline from this source alone will make the control of the new process one of the most important factors in meeting the overproduction of crude oil and price cutting of the last few years.

As an example of the value of the new method, Standard Oil Company's research engineers explained that at present half a barrel of heavy fuel oil is left over from every barrel of crude oil after the distillation of gasoline. Under proper operating conditions the new process may be made to yield 100 gallons of gasoline from every 100 gallons of crude oil. The production of gasoline in the United States, having risen gradually from 26,000,000 barrels a year to almost 500,000,000 barrels at present, the amount of fuel oil produced in its manufacture far exceeds all demand for it.

Shares in the Hydro Patents Company are held by the various users of the process in proportion to their crude oil-running capacities, the announcement said, with a minimum holding of 500 shares. In return for control of the process in the United States, the new company will pay a fixed and running royalty to the two organizations which have developed and own it.

Air, Water, Soil and Sunlight Will Supply Power to the Future Generations

London.—The passing of the coal age and the approach of a new era when the people of the world will harness the air, water, soil, and sun to provide all their requirements, was discussed by Dr. Herbert Levinstein in his presidential address at the recent forty-ninth annual meeting of the Society of Chemical Industry in Birmingham.....

"Chemical science has now reached a stage when it can obtain direct access to new sources of coal-tar products by a synthetic process, instead of being confined to geological formations," Dr. Levinstein said. "A complete reduction of carbonic acid obtained from the air, to methane or coal gas, has been accomplished, which in turn can be almost completely converted in an arc oven, into acetylene or changed into tar, half of which consists of benzine. The world's available raw material has thus become inexhaustible, as carbonic acid exists in the atmosphere in unlimited quantities.

'About 15 generations will see the exhaustion of the world's principal coal deposits, and as the human race is learning how to use air, soil and sun to the best advantage, and make the earth more productive of food and raw materials by using atmospheric nitrogen, sothe next step must be the extraction of carbonic acid from the air to obtain raw materials now produced from coal.

"Britain's wealth depends on fossil wealth, namely coal for power, instead of on tides, water, the wind and the sun's radiation. The coal age, when passed, will have lasted a shorter period than the Moorish occupation of Spain, which then seemed so important to Christendom, but vanished, leaving a palace or two and a few romantic tales. As the losses of the Napoleonic wars were made good by development of steam and coal, so the last war's losses must be made good by a more effectual use of natural forces for industrial work."

N.Y. Hears Aviator 5,800 Miles Away

New York.—Capt. Lewis Yancey, transatlantic flier on a good will tour of South America, talked from an airplane 4500 feet over Buenos Aires, with several persons in the United States recently.

Although his voice and that of his radio operator, Mr. Bouck, ere being transmitted over a distance of more than 5800 miles, they were heard in New York as plainly as though the conversation were being carried on over a local telephone line.

Fred E. Meinholtz, manager of the New York Times radio station, was notified that a call was coming through from the Argentine and five minutes later the operator said: 'Stand by, Captain Yancey at Buenos Aires wishes to speak with you."

Almost immediately the aviator's voice was clearly distinguished. Captain Yancey said he was flying above Buenos Aires and that the weather was very cold. When he had talked for six minutes, Mr. Bouck came on the line. He said the a plane's voice transmitter was operating on the 34-meter wave.

The conversations were intercepted by radiophone station LSN of the International Telephone and Telegraph Company in Buenos Aires, where the voice was reradiocast to New York on a 14-meter wave. The short waves from South America were interecepted at the Netcong (N.J.) American Telephone & Telegraph Company short wave receiving station and carried by wire to the New York Telephone System in Walker Street.

"The cheap car is here to stay," writes a motoring correspondent. But we prefer the car that will go.

Old Gardner (to his boss, on being offered a refreshment). "Thank ye, sir." (Receives the drink): "Did ye put in the whiskey or water fust, sir?" "The whisky." "Thanks. I'll maybe come to it by and by."

Oklahoma Oil Well Has Gushing Rival

Bucharest, Rumania.—While letters continue to arrive telling of the Oklahoma City giant gusher Rumania's famous gusher enters its twelfth month of brilliantly illuminating the country's greatest oid field. The well, belonging to the Standard Oil Company, came in with a terrific and unexpected bang May 28 last year, and friction of stones did the rest. Since then it has been making Rumanian history, and probably world history in the annals of oil well fires.

The well was one of the first to enter the Meotic or deep strata, the two other layers of sand having been exhausted. Although the eruption has been one of the most powerful yet encountered in Rumania, estimates of escaping crude oil have never reached more than 10,000 barrels a day.

Method after method for extinguishing oil well fires has been tried, but of no avail. Foreign experts have come and they have failed. The sudden shock from a field cannon has been known to succeed in making the blaze of an oil well disappear.

Recently the writer spent two days with an engineer friend who lives within a mile of the well. During the long evenings there was no need of turning on electric lights, but for the stranger it was very difficult to sleep, due to the glare and the thundering noise. Those living there have become accustomed to the great light and avow that they will regret the day when it disappears.

A lot of men can read their wives like a book, but they can't shut 'em up like one.

"Whenever you see a quitter," said Uncle Eben, "you's liable to see a man dat was'n' much of a beginner in de fust place."

Long-Winded Speakers Warned by Lights

Not everyone can start a speech. Even fewer can bring one to a timely conclusion. An orators' club in Worcester, Mass., has made a novel provision for the latter class by installing at the chairman's elbow a series of signal lights—yellow, green and red. When the speaker draws near his time limit, the yellow light warns him to hasten toward his close. The green light tells him his time is about exhausted. The red light means "sit down."

But why should such a provision be necessary? Do speakers, once having the body of their address well in hand, neglect the conclusion, thinking it of lesser importance? Or do they feel that, having with some trepidation made the initial plunge, they have earned the privilege of long-windedness?

Almost anyone who has sat through several after-dinner oratorical bouts must have remarked with what seeming reluctance some speakers begin a most interesting oration and with what persistence they ramble on and on to a verbose and sometimes tactless conclusion. How nice it would be if such worthy, but wordy, brethren should remember the red light of the Worcester Speakers' Club and mentally switch it on when tempted to excessive loquaciousness.

Beauty in Clover Has Been Ignored

Summer is the time to study the clovers. This plant suffers injustice; it has for centuries been a most valuable forage crop, but its beauty is much overlooked. This, however, is no loss to the clover, for it does not bloom for people, but for the bees and butterflies.

Emily Dickinson said:

"The pedigree of honey does not concern the bee,
A clover, any time, to him is aristocracy."

A field of red clover in bloom, swaying in the wind, is a beautiful sight, but we do not need landscapes to teach us its beauty. Just one clover blossom studied carefully, and looked at with clear-seeing eyes, reveals each floweret beautiful in color, interesting in form, and perfect in its mechanism for securing cross pollenation.

The clover is especially renowned for its partnerships with members of the animal kingdom. It readily forms a partnership with man, gladly growing in his pastures and meadows, while he distributes its seed.

For many years clover was regarded as a crop helpful to the soil, and the reason given was the great length of the roots. Thus the roots of the red clover often reach to the depth of several feet, even in heavy soil, but it was also learned that little "nodules" on the roots of clovers are able to free nitrogen of the air, and make it available for plant food.

The red clover came to us from Europe, but is a native of Asia. It is the clover most widely cultivated in America and a great friend of bumblebees. Bumblebees had to be imported into Australia before clover seed could be produced there.

The white clover is the most beautiful of all. Its leaves make a rug for our feet in every possible place and is known to all. It is the best beloved by honey-bees; and the person who does not know the distinct flavor of white clover honey has missed something. It is probably a native of North America, yet it is truly cosmopolitan and may be found in almost all regions of the temperate zones. It even cheers Siberia with its presence.

The yellow or hop clover is a friendly little plant, filling waste places with brilliant green leaves, dotted with small yellow flower heads, and is not recognized as a clover by those who are not observant.

The rabbit foot or stone clover is not easily recognized. Here the flowerets occur in long, dense heads. The calyx is very silky, and the lobes are longer than the white corollas, thus giving the flower head a soft, hairy look, something like the early stages of the blossom of the pussy willow.

Alfalfa is the veteran of all the clovers, for it has been under cultivation, for twenty centuries. It is a native of the valleys of western Asia. In America it was first introduced into Mexico by the Spaniards. It was brought from Chile to California in 1854, where it has been since that time a most important crop. In fact, there is no better hay than alfalfa.

There are numerous other clovers, but sweet clover must not be overlooked. In driving through country roads we find ourselves suddenly immersed in a wave of delightful fragrance, and if we look for the source we may find there in the most forbidding and hardest soils of the roadsides this friendly plant, that, growing as a weed, diffuses sweet perfume. When the soil is generous the sweet clover often grows very tall, sometimes ten feet high. It is a cheerful, adaptable and beneficial plant.

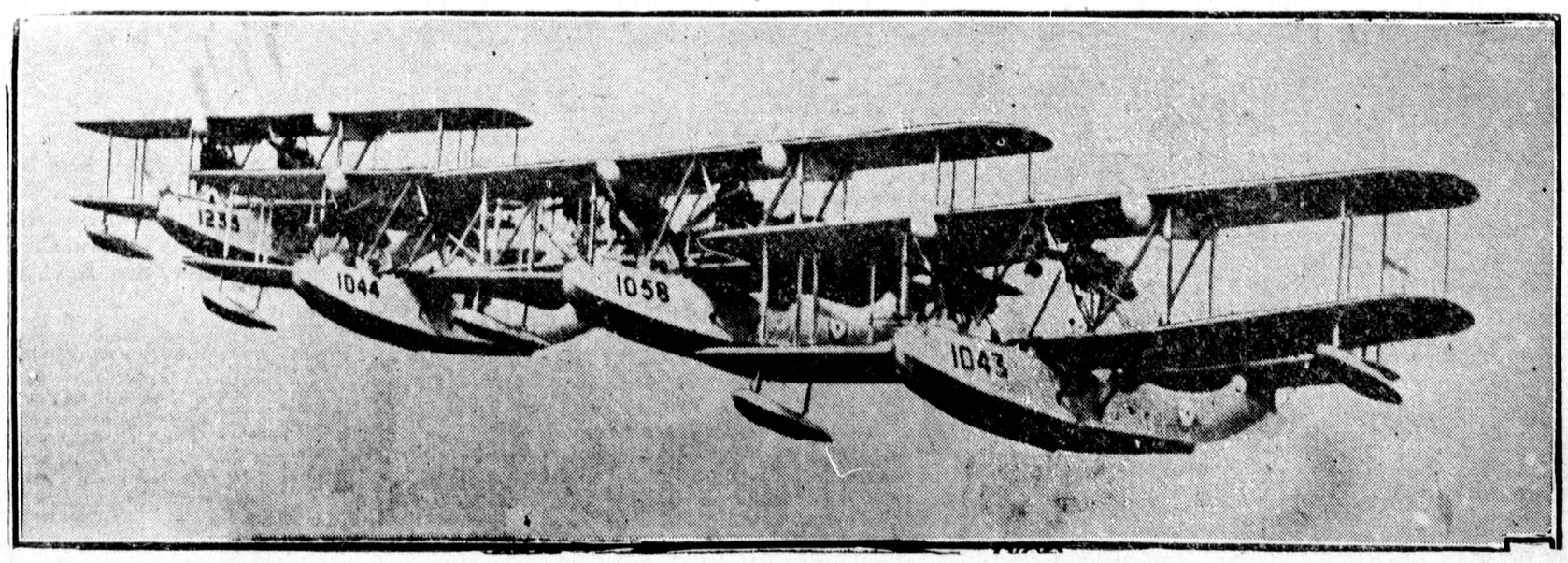
No wonder Andrew Lang wrote:

"Hush, ah hush, the scythes are saying, Hush, and heed not, and fall asleep;
Hush, they say to the grasses swaying, Hush, they sing to the clover deep."

Emigrants to the number of 3,473 were helped to go to the overseas Dominions last year by the British Legion.

Of the 80,000 tons of blended butter sold in England every year, 60,000 tons contain a proportion of inferior butter from abroad.

Three of a Kind!



Striking view of Royal Air Force seaplane squadron as they appeared recently at annual pageant at Hendon aerodrome, London.