Owl Luffs

Imitation may be e sincerest form of nattery, but in usiness its chief appeal is price. Tat of the genuine is service.

"Mother, hom and heaven" seems to be giving a y in the cities to "man, hotels a highballs."

A Chicago oman came into a lawyer's office d said to him:

Woman—"I want a divorce."

Lawyer—"Certainly. For a nominal fee I will institute proceedings, and you experience little difficulty in procuring it for you."

Woman—"What do you call a 'nominal fee'?"

Lawyer—"Five hundred dollars."

Woman—"Nothing doing. I can have his shot for $10.00."

Comm sense is so uncommon.

The dience in a financier and a fee-nan is about a million dollars.

Patient—I say, doctor, don't you think it hid be a good idea if I were to p up and go to some place where th imate is warmer?"

Doctor—ood heavens! Isn't that just what e been trying to prevent?"

Present

A youth of cacting physique
Recast from enian Mould;
A plas reation,
A reinc ation
Of one of the oes of old.

A vigorous, sir bloke,
Unsullied of c and limb.
Both wa om the middle
As fit as dle,
Carnera has no on him.

He rises each n with the sun,
Infected with pe galore.
He capers Fairbanks
Forgetting bare shanks
All over the bed ober floor.

When choosing y favorite son
From all of the m ar lads,
Remember t cutie
Of masculin auty:
The guy in the unwear ads.

The Do Line

Some people ar e pins, pointed in one direction a eaded the other.

After we gro we realize that school days w holidays. True friends demand ing from one another. Credit is thing the less of it you need the m of it you can get.

Grandma—"It d t do much good to spank a girl a she's eighteen, nowadays."

Grandson—"No, my, but it's lots of fun."

Truth always has enemies. Those who are afraid of nd those who misunderstand it.

A B C D P Sou p,
P Soup O K 4 A B.
I C D P Soup,
P Soup O K 4 Me 2
I N A B S D P Soup,
V S it P D Q.
Sounded like boop-boopoop
'Cause we didn't hav chew!

Too many people have habit of doing a thing twice tet it done once.

Neck and Shoulder euritis Attacks Closed C Drivers

Automobile drivers in nce have fallen prey to the disease neuritis of the neck and shoulder according to a report of the Ameri Medical Association. It is said to tack persons driving closed cars ho have gained the habit of leaving window on their side open so that ey may signal with their hands for rns and sudden stops.

Operators of left-drive automobiles are said to have been affect on the left side of the neck while vers of right-drive vehicles are troled on the right side. It is believ that when the body, warmed by ting in the closed car, is suddenly tacked in a small location by draftsif cold air the disease gains footholdin the place affected by the draft.

Persons who drive open cars e not subject to contract the disease it is reported.

She: "I don't think I should let you kiss me before we're engaged."

He: "But, dear, that is the quickest way of bringing about an engagement."

Mother (teaching nursery rhyme to little daughter): "Ding dong dell, pussy's in the well. Now, what comes next?" Up-to-date five year old: "Pussy wants a coroner."

Transcontinental Broadcast Marked Seven Years For World Pioneer in Radio on Railway

On New Year's night, the Canadian National Railway system, first railway in the world to equip its trains with radio and to buid up a chain of broadcasting stations, celebrated the seventh anniversary of its service to thousands of unseen listeners. The event was marked by a concert, broadcast from Montreal through sixteen Canadian National and associated stations from one end of Canada to the other.

Sir Henry W. Thornton, Chairman and President of the Railway, delivered a short address, and W. D. Robb, Vice-President, who has jurisdiction over the radio activities of the system as well as over other departments, spoke briefly in French.

The orchestra was conducted by J. J. Gagnier, well-known Montreal musician, and the soloists were Joan Elwes, the celebrated English soprano, and Henri Pontbriand, tenor, who has a high reputation in both Europe and the United States.

Sir Henry Thornton, seated in front of the microphone, is shown above on the left. Joan Elwes is on the upper right, and the other two photographs are, left to right, Henri Pontbriand and J. J. Gagnier.

"Food Plentiful But Coarse" Says English Tourist in Russia

Soviet Now Welcomes Tourists From Other Countries But Visitors Are Closely Watched and Guarded

Now that the Soviet authorities are allowing, and indeed encouraging, the visits of tourists from other countries, it is interesting to compare the different accounts of their experiences published by these hardy pioneers. It must be clearly understood that it is practically impossible for any tourist to see behind the scenes of Russian life. Watched and guarded by official "guides' and surrounded by spies from the moment they leave the boat at Leningrad until the end of the officially conducted tour, it is not surprising that the general impression is that the U.S.S.R. have no intention of showing their sores in public and that they carefully conceal the grimmest aspect of communist life behind a veil of seeming normality.

Capt. Owen Tweedy, writing in the Fortnightly Review an account of his travels under the auspices of the Soviet Republic, rightly sums up the official aspect when he says:

Russia is quite as suspicious of outsiders, as outsiders are of Russia; indeed to fill up an application for a normal visa to enter the country is tantamount to telling the story of one's life. But Russian policy to-day is to encourage tourists: and a tourist visa is comparatively easy. "Only," says the Soviet, "no visa unless you take our tourist excursions.' I was one among four hundred other inquisitives on a Baltic cruise, who accepted the Soviet terms. All of us got in, save three unfortunate parsons, who were described on their passports as "Ministers of Religion.' "Ministers" are highly political in Russia, and religion is taboo. Three other clerics were wiser in their generation. "Clerks" work in offices: what "Holy Orders" convey to a Russian, goodness only knows. Anyhow, the three "Clerks in Holy Orders" sailed in.

Aften endless delay over passport regulations and the changing of money in Russian roubles, all tourists are divided into small parties conducted by English-speaking and efficient guides (nearly all women) who can be expected to introduce with the tact of a good hostess, a sufficient amount of propaganda to make the trip worth while—from the Soviet point of view. All inconvenient incidents are explained away or carefully ignored. An amusing example of this is given by the writer in the Spectator:

As our car stopped, the driver of a passing lorry shook his fist at us and shouted uncomplimentary words at our chauffeur. The latter sprang out out of the car, ran to the lorry and took its number. We learnt subsequently that the authorities specially desire to make a good impression upon foreign visitors, and that the offender would be dealt with appropriately.

As one of the guides hurriedly remarked, "such incidents gave tourists a bad and wrong impression of Russia."

The food provided for tourists is plentiful but coarse, and if the soup is greasy and uninviting to the epicurian, he may on the other hand console hmself with a generous helping of caviare. The hotel accommodation is also adequate, and cleanliness is insisted upon. Indeed the freshly washed white blouses of the men going about their ordinary business is in pleasing contrast to the filthy rags of the Tsarist peasant. As a further encouragement to civilized behavior, the following notice is posted in one of the big Co-operative restaurants:

Behave Yourself At Table

1.—Wash your hands before eating.
2.—Do not put your hat on the table.
3.—Do not help yourself to salt with your fingers.
4.—Do not share the same plate with another person.
5.—Do not scatter crumbs and cigarette ends on the table.
6.—Do not spit or quarrel at meals.

Despite the efforts of the authorities to bring a semblance of prosperity to their cities and the genuine care given to the upkeep of their museums and state institutions, the whole aspect of Lenningrad and Moscow is one of neglect and decay. As Capt. Tweedy says:

Leningrad itself was like Soissons or Armentieres in 1918. The streets were weed-grown and pitted: the cobbles had lost all symmetry: they had not been touched for years. And the houses were utterly in keeping. There was no plaster on the walls, no paint on the woodwork, and the windows were cracked and dirty. The only shops were Government shops: outside them were long dreary queues. "Ichabod' was written black over this tenement town.

Of these queues much has been written in the past, and indeed Russians must spend more than a quarter of their working day lining up at the various Co-operative stores, first for their food tickets and then for the usually inadequate supply of provisions. As an example of this, a writer in the Star says:

I walked down a typical cobbled street this morning. Nearly all the shops, except a few dirty tailors' places, were "Co-operatives," and had the usual long queue outside of women with baskets. "You're not in the right order. You've pushed your way in," shouted a red-faced woman to a thin woman.

"You liar, I've been here since six o'clock this morning," was the reply.

Posted up in the window was a notice, "No Milk To-day." A little further on, in a Co-operative Butcher's shop I saw the words scribbled in an untidy handwriting, "Meat to-day only in small portions for people with manual workers' tickets and for children."

No wonder that the forgers of manual workers' tickets are doing a roaring trade!

I pushed my way through shopping crowds to the small square in the open air market where the private traders, who are frowned upon by the Bolsheviks, sell their wares. There was an old pair of trousers going for 50s. "Buy some meat. Two roubles (4s.) a pound!" shouted a butcher to me, brushing away he flies from the dirty scraps of bone and flesh littered upon his wooden trestle.

A peasant woman sat on the ground with a little attache case of the kind one buys in Woolworth's. A small crowd had gathered round her. Peeping over the people, I saw that the contents were two or three dirty portions of butter. "How much?' shouted somebody. "Fine butter, eight roubles (16s.) a pound," she said. Most of the people shrugged their shoulders and walked away.

It must be confessed, however, that although the Russian worker of to-day is poor and still inadequately housed, although he stands for hours in the queues for his food, and luxuries are unknown, his mental recreation is well cared for. Opera and plays are accessible to him, very often free. He can visit the various museums and be told the history of the exhibits. When in need of a holiday he can go to one of the excellent rest houses on the islands surrounding Leningrad. Only the tourist, as he struggles through the customs at the end of his too well conducted tour, wonders if Russia has merely exchanged one tyranny for another.—"Review of Reviews."

Grew Up With Railway

To follow the growth of a great corporation from its early days of struggle to the attainment of fame as the world's greatest privately-owned transportation system has been the lot of George T. Coleman, recently appointed to the post of superintendent of transportation of eastern lines of the Canadian Pacific Railway, with headquarters in Montreal. Born in 1875 at Carleton Place, Ont., then, as now, the junction of the Ottawa and Brockville lines, he grew up watching switching operations in the local yards, and in 1893 joined the company's service as agent and operator on the Lake Superior Division and travelled from coast to coast in the performance of his duties in the ensuing years. Thus, he was stationed at North Bay, Carleton Place, Sudbury, Revelstoke, Schreiber, White River, and Chapleau. From 1911 to 1916 he was at Moose Jaw, and in January, 1916, was moved to Toronto as car service agent, coming to Montreal in 1918 as inspector of transportation, from which appointment he is promoted to his present position.

3 Men Can Push Engine Weighing 417,500 Lbs.

Boston.—Although weighing 417,500 pounds—slightly more than 208 tons—a new type locomotive placed in service on the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad, can be pushed along a stretch of level track by three men.

The huge engine will be used for experimental purposes on a freight route between New Haven, Conn., and New Bedford, Mass. It is equipped with a new type of bearings.

"Pitchers' Elbow" New Disease of Broken Bones

Muscular Contraction Results in Fractures Physician Finds; 4 Cases Reported

"Pitchers' Elbow" is a new disease caused when baseball players actually break off small bits of bone inside the elbow joint by the mere force of muscular contraction, according to Dr. F. J. Kirby, of Baltimore, who recently reported four cases he had examined to the American Medical Association.

When a pitcher winds up, Dr. Kirby points out, the arm is frequently bent at the elbow joint. When the ball leaves the hand the arm is straightened and rotated very rapidly to give the necessary twist to the ball in throwing curves and "drop" balls. This acts mechanically, Dr. Kirby explains, to bring the corner of the head of the lower-arm bone, called the radius, violently against the end of the bone of the upper arm, called the humerus. In all of the four cases examined, the [illegible] found to be a small piece of bone at the end of the radius chipped off, much as a small piece of the bone handle of a cane or umbrella may be broken off by a sharp blow such as dropping on a stone sidewalk.

The loose chip of bone inside the joint then proceeds to give great pain and to cause inflammation so that it requires removal by a surgical operation.

The muscles and bones of the human body have been developed side by side in the process of evolution, so that even extreme contractions of the muscles seldom are able to break the bones upon which the muscles depend for support. But activities like that of throwing baseballs, with sharp breaking curves to fool the eyes of the batter, are new things in evolution, and may subject the muscles or bones to new trials for which Nature has not provided. Often, complaints of pains about the knee joints and sometimes about the backbone itself, made by tennis players, have been traced to chipped edges of the bones, which cause the same kind of inflammation and pain.

Nativity

Now that the winter sky was cold
And breath of oxen hung more white
Than starshine or that candlelight,

Her hour was come, who sensed no gold
Nor frankincense nor any myrrh
In darkness closing over her.

The streets of Bethlehem were wide
And hollow beneath Joseph's feet
Who found no star his eyes could meet.

Gorged with Rome's taxing, on his side
The tavern-keeper snored his fill.
Pale ghosts of sheep strayed on the hill.

And numb men, roused from frightened sleep,
Lit hasty fires in frozen grass
To tell strange dreams till the night pass.

The oxen watched above that deep
Where love goes crowned through love undone.
At dawn she lived, and knew her son.
—Henriette De Saussure Blanding.

Illinois Grower Seeking Lettuce of Pumpkin Size

Nrbana, Ill.—To raise heads of lettuce the size of pumpkins is the aim of Charles E. Durst, University of Illinois horticulturist.

Durst believes it possible to produce strains of lettuce that will have greater adaptability to seasons, opening the way for growing of lettuce in warmer climates.

There are more than 100 cultivated varieties of lettuce, but Durst says that the French variety of Cos lettuce is the only cultivated one which gives evidence of having quantitative factors dominant to those of the wild.

It isn't every married couple that is a pair.

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Only Two Fill Role Of True Londoners

People Who Can Qualify For Title Are Scarce

True Londoners seem to be scarcer than true New Yorkers, the reason being that qualification for the title is more restricted. According to Sir Arthur Keith, noted British anthropologist, a true Londoner is one who was not only born in the metropolis, but whose two parents and four grandparents were also born here.

That limits the field severely, particularly as in Georgian days London was much smaller than it is now, not only in population, but in extent. So far, Dr. T. B. Layton, a surgeon friend of Sir Arthur's, has been able to find only two persons who fill the requirements. Dr. Layton has been making a four-year search.

The true Londoners he discovered are Frances and Joan Curtis, daughters of Charles Curtis of Streatham. The Curtis family has lived in Streatham and Balham for about 200 years. Mr. Curtis's grandfathers and grandmothers lived there, and his wife's parents lived in Balham. There was a Curtis dairy in Balham 20 years ago, and the same firm is now connected with a big London milk supply firm.

The search took Dr. Layton all over London, even as far east as the Isle of Dogs, where he learned of an old lady who, it was thought, fulfilled the contract. Her parents and grandparents had lived in the same cottage she still inhabits, but on cross-examination it was found out that one of her grandparents came from the country, so she was ruled out.

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Kruschen is a combination of the six vital salts which your nerves, glands and body organs ought daily to receive from food if they're to function correctly and which are impossible to obtain in these days of modern cooking.

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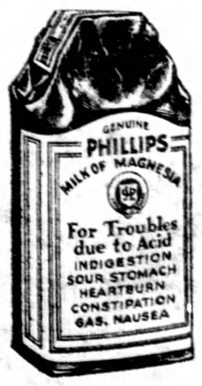

Too much ACID

Many people, two hours after eating, suffer indigestion as they call it. It is usually excess acid. Correct it with an alkali. The best way, the quick, harmless and efficient way, is Phillips' Milk of Magnesia. It has remained for 50 years the standard with physicians. One spoonful in water neutralizes many times its volume in stomach acids, and at once. The symptoms, such as headaches, gas, heartburn, etc., will disappear in five minutes.

You will never use crude methods when you know this better method. And you will never suffer from excess acid when you prove out this easy relief. Please do that—for your own sake—now.

Be sure to get the genuine, prescribed by doctors for conditions due to excess acid. It is always a liquid; it cannot be made in tablet form. Look for the name Phillips' and the word *genuine* in red.