Predicts Musical Lighthouses That Will Sing to Sailors

Talking lighthouses to tell sailors miles out at sea just which lighthouse they are watching, or even to entertain these passing mariners with news of the day or weather forecasts or the latest song and dance hits, were predicted by O. H. Caldwell, former United States Radio Commissioner and now editor of Electronics, in a recent address to the Virginia Section of the American Chemical Society in Richmond, Virginia. The secret, Mr. Caldwell said, is the modern process by which music, speech or any other sound may be "modulated" on a light beam much as radio programs are sent out on the beams of radio waves from a broadcasting station. To the eye such a music-carrying beam looks quite as usual but if it is allowed to fall on a photo-electric cell, properly arranged with vacuum tube amplifiers and other apparatus, the sound message on the light beam may be picked off and made audible. The beam from a revolving lighthouse, for example, might be made to sing a definite note whenever its rays fall on a small photo-electric cell mounted on a ship's bridge. Even the captain in his cabin thus would know, by the distinctive musical note of the beam, which lighthouse of several along a coast was then in sight. Such lighthouses now are distinguished by color or by the number and arrangement of flashes as the light revolves. The use of color necessitates decreased intensity of the light, since colored lights are not so bright as pure white ones. The recognition of lights by flashes requires considerable practice. It might be easier, Mr. Caldwell believes, to have each lighthouse identify itself by a musical note or even by spoken words, although the former might require ship's captains to possess musical ears in addition to the manifold qualifications already necessary for that job.

Russia Also Has A Family of Smiths

By Helen Christine Bennett
McCall's special representative to Russia

In America we have one family name that crosses all boundaries. It is the name of Smith. It may be borne by the socially elite or the woman who goes out by the day. We knew there must be its equivalent in Russia. When asked, smiles came at once to the faces of Russian women. "Of course we have such a name. In Russia it is Ivanoff." It is the Smiths—the Ivanoffs of Russia who tell the story of the new life.—The Editor of "McCall's."

One of the most revolutionary changes brought about by the Soviets has been the freeing of woman to an extent not equaled in any country in the world. In Russia today woman may vote and hold office with none of the discriminations found in other countries. She has equal sex rights and privileges; she may marry and divorce at will; she has equal rights in her children and all her children, born in wedlock or out, are legitimate. She may do anything a man may do without stigma. She is free as no woman in the world has ever been free—as man is free.

When you first arrive in one of the great cities of Russia and look at the people on the streets, you search in vain for the smart, well-dressed men and women you are accustomed to see on the North American continent. The Smiths who pass you wear the clothes of workers. They are comfortable and useful clothes, but there is nothing luxurious about them. Let us look at the women. The one just passing, dressed in khaki shirt and knickers, is the foreman of a construction gagn. The older woman, with the red kerchief that marks the member of the Communist Party, is a high official, and the woman with her, in a drab gray, is a factory manager. Behind them are two doctors, a judge, and a "superior soldier" (officer) in uniform. There are in Russia women soldiers with a rank equal to that of a general. All work is open to women.

But if we want to know the more typical Mrs. Smith of Russia, we must go to the factories. At the Melangi Combinat, a textile factory at Ivanovo-Voznesensk, where there are 7000 workers, Martha Smith—Marfa Ivanoff—stands before a great spinning machine. Seven hours a day she watches the spindles. The week is five days.

"I get the children ready for school before I come to the factory," she said. "No, I give them no breakfast—that is at the school. My shift begins at ten. Pieter and Lydia stay by the school two hours after my work, that I may buy for the house. Dinner? It is at the school. Mine is here, at the factory—My breakfast also. My husband, he eats with me here. At evening we make supper at home. At night? Now—"her eyes sparkled—"I go three time a week to the class. I learn to read and write. The children? The sleep. If my husband goes, my neighbor listens."

"Every cook," insisted Lenin, "must learn how to run the government."

Marfa is learning. To help her, the government has shortened her working hours, served her children free meals at school, and given her and her husband meals at low prices at the factory. As a worker, Marfa actually receives much more than the 30 rubles a month she is paid at the factory. She and her husband have food cards, clothing cards, cards for railways tickets at less than the ticket office sells them, soap cards and cards for sweets, and through the factory she may buy tickets to theatres, cinemas, concerts, at much less than box-office prices. As she will eagerly tell you, there is much more.

At almost every factory a doctor looks after the health of the workers. "If I am sick," said Marfa, "the doctor will care for me. Pay? No—I am a worker!"

Why all this fuss about factory workers in Russia? Why should they be preferred citizens? There is justice in the question. Preferment for any class is far from a Communistic ideal of share and share alike. The Soviet government is frank in its reply.

'We have no Communism yet in Russia," said one official. "We are but nursing the first feeble germs of Communism. We live now under a dictatorship of the proletariat, of the workers. It is a transition period and will not last. It is the first essential step toward Communism."

"Is is essential." These are the words of a woman of the intelligentsia. "You must understand that for centuries what the Russian workers earned was the property of the czar, the nobility, or the church. So little was left for them that they lived unspeakably; joy for them was nothing but vodka. There is a proverb—'Work loves a fool.' To do as little as possible was a creed of self-preservation. Then came the war, revolution, famine. If we were to survive, it must be through a new idea of work. The Soviet government created a nobility of industrial workers, and Russians began to work."

Despite the money which has been expended for health measures, the people of the U.S.S.R. suffer acutely from lack of one of the greatest of health assets—a sufficient allowance of house room.

Marfa showed me her apartment in a "model" six-family house. Two bedrooms, one kitchen, one washroom (sink and toilet, no bath). In one room, spic and span, a single bed, a cot, one small table, two chairs, curtains and plants at windows, rag rugs on the floor. Marfa and her husband and their two children slept in that room. The second bed-room is willing rented by Marfa to a married couple who share with her the small kitchen. Next door are eight people! Yet Marfa and her neighbors do not feel crowded. It is the remnant of the aristocracy and the bourgeoisie who suffer in this terrific overcrowding.

Yet many women of those classes have found themselves under the new conditions. Listen, for instance, to Najeda Ivanoff, my interpreter.

"I was not a revolutionist," she said. "But now that this thing has come, I am happier than ever before.

"I was a physician's daughter. We had an apartment of 14 rooms for father, mother, and six children. I was educated as a lawyer, but under the czar I was not permitted to practice. I studied languages, I lived abroad. But never did I feel right. There were four porters in our apartment-house, and the one at our door had one room, dark, unheated. There were his wife, a half-grown son, and a new baby. There was one narrow cot. The boy slept on the floor. The newborn baby lay in a hole in the brick wall. There was a little table, a chair, and that was all.

"They must have cooked on another porter's stove, for they had none. Now nobody lives like that. Next to me in my apartment is a charwoman. Her work is to sweep and scrub the flags at one of the big stores. Her husband works in a factory. She has two winter coats, blankets, a good bed. Her husband has made a radio. Her baby was born in a hospital, and she was taught to care for it. This costs nothing. Such things were unknown ten years ago. My husband always was a revolutionist. Now I have learned to believe."

Such intelligent, cultivated women in Russia today go forward, not seeing clearly the future for themselves and their children, but willing to go on and work, because justice is nearer than before.—"The Reader's Digest."

Guard the Baby Against Colds

To guard the baby against colds nothing can equal Baby's Own Tablets. The Tablets are a mild laxative that will keep the little one's stomach and bowels working regularly. It is a recognized fact that where the stomach and bowels are in good order that colds will not exist; that the health of the little one will be good and that he will thrive and be happy and good-natured. The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A scientist says that Americans have strong jaws. Yes, by gum!

1000-Egg Incubator

No chance of this modern incubator failing. With capacity of more than 1,000 eggs, this new revolving incubator was one of features of Los Angeles poultry show.

Owl Laffs

Brushville Judge—"See here, I'm going to put a stop to this here horse stealing, or none of us will be safe."

Mary, Mary, quite contrary—
How you hem-line grows!
It used to swirl above your knees,
Now it nearly hides your toes.

Young Bride—"I haven't the heart to fry the eggs. They look up at me so piteously out of sad yellow eyes."

Looking back over the years, the proverbial line of least resistance seems to be a woman's waist line.

Hat Clerk—"A wonderful fit, old man."

Customer—"Yeh, but suppose my ears get tired?"

The life guards at the bathing beaches ought to make good bookkeepers. They all know how to handle figures all right, all right.

A New York salesman was staying in a Texas hotel where he observed an old-fashioned roller towel.

Salesman (to man in wash room)—"Say, doesn't the owner of this hotel know that it's against the law of the State of Texas to use roller towels now?"

Man Addressed—"He knows it all right enough, but I reckon that law wasn't passed when this towel was put up."

Flapper Motto—"Better be fat in the head than thick at the hips."

A young man, who had an enormous mouth, became engaged to a girl, and went to her father to ask his consent.

Youth (smiling broadly to hide his confusion)—"I have come to—to—ask you for your daughter's hand. I—I—"

The Father—"Excuse me, but will you close your mouth for a moment so I can se who you are?"

One thing you never hear one girl say to another any more is: "Why don't you take a tuck in it?"

The young farmers were boasting about the size of the vegetables they had grown. Finally one of them turned to Uncle Seth:

Young Farmer—"What was the biggest thing you raised this year, Uncle Seth?"

Uncle Seth—"A squash."

Young Farmer—"Well, how big was it?"

Uncle Seth (drawling)—"We never measured it, but we used the seeds for snow shoes."

First Travelling Salesman — "Being on the road ain't what it used to be."

"Second Ditto—"Naw, I've been on the road for ten years now and never had to sleep at a farmer's house yet."

Hostess—"Would you like a sonata before dinner?"

Her Guest (giving a start of surprise and pleasure)—"Thank you, I had a couple on the way over here, but I think I could manage another."

Customer—"How much will it cost to have this guy bumped off?"

Hi-Jacker—"Shucks, partner, I leave it to you. You pay me accordin' to the good yer gets out of it."

Little Girl Next Door—"What's the new baby at your home, Johnny, a boy or a girl?"

Disgusted Little Brother—"Aw, it's a girl. I saw 'em putting powder on it."

Horace — "You can't go out with Kate. She's a girl of rank."

Manuel—"Yes, and I am as rank as she is."

Danger from Colds

Every woman beyond middle age should realize that a majority of the troubles she has to fear have their origin in what are known as common colds. Each attack lowers her vitality and reduces resistance to disease. At this season of the year every woman should see that her blood is toned up to meet the rigors of the climate and especially that strength should be restored after any cold, however slight. For this Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a reliable tonic.

These Pills are not a mere stimulant giving temporary relief. They build up the body by creating that rich red blood which imparts the glow of health; steadies the nerves, improves the appetite and digestion and make the users capable of withstanding the rigors of our Fall and Winter months. They are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box from the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Excavating of Old Fort Reveals Roman Past

Glasgow.—The fort baths brought to light during excavation work on the Roman fort at Cadder promise to give very clear evidence of the various periods of Roman occupation, said John Clarke at a meeting of the Glasgow Archaeological Society. It was hoped to complete the excavations next year, Mr. Clarke added. The fort had been the sixth of the Antonine Wall forts from the west end of the wall.

During the year a large outer system of defenses had been discovered inclosing an area of 15 acres, apparently anterior to both the fort and the wall. Neither the period of this system nor its relation to the smaller fort were yet certain. Several rare objects in pottery, a coin of Galba, and several interestinng iron articles had been found.

There are still a great many people who simply will not let the dentists do all the looking down in the mouth.

Care for Your Hands
By Daily Use of
Cuticura Soap
Heal Rashes and Irritations
with Cuticura Ointment

How Women Lose Fat In England

How would you like to lose unhealthy fat that you don't need and don't want, and at the same time feel better than you have for years?

How would you like to lose your double chin and your too prominent abdomen, and at the same time make your skin so clean and clear that it will compel admiration?

How would you like to get your weight down to normal, and at the same time develop that urge for activity that makes work a pleasure and also gain in ambition and keenness of mind?

Get on the scales to-day and see how much you weigh—then get a bottle of Kruschen Salts. Take one-half teaspoonful every morning in a glass of hot water, and when you have finished the first bottle weigh yourself again.

Now you will know the pleasant way to lose unsightly fat, and you'll also know that the six vitalizing salts of Kruschen have presented you with glorious health.

That's the way Englishwomen keep slim—why not you?

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Les Baux

(From The Atlantic Monthly)

There is no need for vain regret.
For envy of the lives whose lot is set
In this enchanted place,
Where grey crags touch the sky—while far below,
Meadows, miraculously green,
Are sunk in sleep, between
Uptowering rocks, and from the cliff's sheer face
White-flowering bushes grow.
Should you live here, you must choose
The mountain or the valley—and so lose,
For one, the other joy; too soon the when and where
Would have you in their customary care.
Rather, let your dwelling here.
Be in the mind—and you are free
Of all the range the ravished eye can see;
May house you without fear
In the topmost pinnacle, where the star-pricked dome
Shall roof you through the night's slow-wheeling hours,
Or make your home
Among the lilacs and the meadow flowers
Down in the valley—at your will
Be shepherd, huntsman, poet; you may dance
With the linen jiggling on the line
In the cherry orchard by the water mill,
Or where the sunbeams shine
From the blue backs of swallows, as they glance
In the mid-air, below
The rocky terrace, to and fro
Your insubstantial form may go,
Now vast as night, now infinitely small—
As having nothing, yet possessing all.

—Freda C. Bond.

Cottonseed Meal Found Excellent Food for Trout

Ithaca, N.Y.,—Cottonseed meal, long an accepted livestock feed, has been found an effective food for trout, reports Professor C. M. McCay, of the New York State College of Agriculture. Professor McCay, working at Cornell in co-operation with the Connecticut state fish hatchery at Burlington, Conn., also has found that cocoanut meal, dry skim milk and dry buttermilk are excellent trout feeds. A half million dollars could be saved annually if the various fish and game commissions would make use of the recent discoveries, he says.

The cottonseed meal is not fed alone but is mixed in equal parts with dry skim milk and a good fish meal. With the newer feeds Professor McCay finds that the trout is more efficient than the pig in converting feed into meat.

In contrast to cottonseed meal, linseed oil meal, another livestock feed, is found to poison brook trout. The linseed meal kills the fish in a few weeks, although they are capable of living without any food for several months.

Europe Telephones Chile

New York.—Telephone service between Chile, Argentine and Uruguay and 13 countries in northern and central Europe was inaugurated by associated companies of the International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation on Dec. 19. The service is made possible in Europe through co-operation of the Germany Reichspost in Berlin.

A foreign visitor remarks on the large number of statues in London. They are not all statues. Some are patient husbands parked outside stores while their wives are shopping.

Relief for Colds
BUCKLEY'S MIXTURE
A single sip proves it
Acts like a flash

Classified Advertising

LABRADOR RETRIEVERS. THE world's famous Blanchory and Whitmore strain. Price reasonable. Ed. Powell, R. 3, London Ont.

Sightless Author Acts in Own Play

Paris—A play written by a blind man in which he acts with another blind performer is being presented at a Paris theatre. It is called "The Triumph of Will."

M. Casler is the author-actor. "There are two classes of blind people," he said in an interview. "Those who lost their sight in the war and those who became blind through some other misfortune. I am pleading for the latter. It is not that the world is indifferent to them.

"But we do not wish to make our living through the charity of others or by begging. We wish to live by our own intelligence. We want to prove that we are capable of taking care of ourselves and even supporting a family. We do not want people to encourage us to live lazily, but we do want them to encourage us to work. That is what I bring out in my play and I have a right to propagate this idea because I am the father of seven children and work daily as any normal citizen does."

Do You Know—

Your electric cord will last much longer if you keep it suspended from a hook instead of winding it around the iron when putting it away?

If you soak an orange in hot water the skin will come off easier and more perfectly when you peel it?

A teaspoonful of glycerine added to each pint of rinsing water will make flannels and woolen blankets like new?

NEW HANDLES.

New handles for your percolator can be obtained at a small cost in any color you want to dress up your kitchen. You can screw them in yourself.

Auto & Radio BATTERIES - Hampson's

Batteries for your Automobile and Radio, guaranteed absolutely new.
6-volt, 11-plate, in rubber case, Special $5.25
13-plate, $6.50
15-plate, $7.50
Radio "A" Battery, 6-volt, $5.25. 45-volt Large Heavy Duty "B," $2.29; Medium "B," $1.79.
Will ship C.O.D. Satisfaction guaranteed.
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273 Bank St., Ottawa, Ont.

She Couldn't Be Hoodwinked.

Miss E. Thomson, of Clapham, writes:—"I find that Carter's Little Liver Pills will do more to keep the complexion clear, and the skin free from blemishes, than all the face creams I have used. I found the real cause of face blemishes was usually due to liver and stomach troubles. My druggist recommended them as a specific for stimulating the liver and expelling the constipation poisons from the system."
Take Carter's Little Liver Pills for sick headache and indigestion. All druggists 25¢ and 75¢ red pkgs.

GAS relieved

WHAT most people call indigestion is usually excess acid in the stomach. Food has soured. The instant remedy is an alkali which neutralizes acids. But don't use crude helps. Use what your doctor would advise.

The best help is Phillips' Milk of Magnesia. For the 50 years since its invention, it has remained standard with physicians. You will find nothing else so quick in its effect, so harmless, so efficient.

One tasteless spoonful in water neutralizes many times its volume in acid. The results are immediate with no harmful after-effects.

Once you learn this perfect way you'll never deal in any other manner with the headaches, gas, bloating, nausea, dizziness, indigestion, biliousness, etc., due to an over-acid stomach and bowels.

Be sure to get genuine Phillips'. It is always a liquid; never made in tablet form. Look for the name Phillips on the bottle. All drugstores sell it—50c.