A Ride on the Prairie

How many miles I had run, or in what direction, I had no idea; and around me the prairie was rolling in steep swells and pitches, without a single distinctive feature to guide me. I had a little compass hung at my neck; and ignorant that the Platte at this point diverged considerably from its easterly course, I thought that by keeping to the northward I should certainly reach it. So I turned and rode about two hours in that direction. The prairie changed as I advanced, softening away into easier undulations, but nothing like the Platte appeared, nor any sign of a human being; the same wild endless expanse lay around me still; and to all appearance I was as far from my object as ever. . . .

It occurred to me that the buffalo might prove my best guides. I soon found one of the paths made by them in their passage to the river: it ran nearly at right angles to my course; but turning my horse's head in the direction it indicated, his freer gait and erected ears assured me that I was right.

But in the meantime my ride had been by no means a solitary one. The face of the country was dotted far and wide with countless hundreds of buffalo. They trooped along in files and columns, bulls, cows and calves, on the green faces of the declivities in front. They scrambled away over the hills to the right and left; and far off, the pale blue swells in the extreme distance were dotted with innumerable specks. Sometimes I surprised shaggy old bulls grazing alone, or sleeping behind the ridges I ascended. . . .

I was at leisure to observe minutely the objects around me; and here, for the first time, I noticed insects wholly different from any of the varieties found farther to the eastward. Gaudy butterflies fluttered about my horse's head; strangely formed beetles, glittering with metallic lustre, were crawling upon plants that I had never seen before; multitudes of lizards, too, were darting light lightning over the sand.

I had run to a great distance from the river. It cost me a long ride on the buffalo path, before I saw, from the ridge of a sand-hill, the pale surface of the Platte glistening in the midst of its desert valley, and the faint outline of the hills beyond waving along the sky.—From "The Oregon Trail," by Francis Parkman.

Britain's New Air Marshal

Sir John Salmond retires in April and here we see his brother, Sir Geoffrey Salmond, who will take over the reigns of Chief Air Marshal of Great Britain. A capable family!

Swamp Reclaimed By Italy Produces Plots For 100,000

Littoria, Italy.—By 1940 more than 100,000 Italians are expected to populate the reclaimed miles of swampland in the midst of which Littoria, city of Fascist creation, will rise.

The "city" is now only a huge field, plotted with a plow in emulation of romulus method of digging the boundaries of Rome. Soon, however, streets, squares and buildings will spring into being. They will appear as fast as human and machine labor can fashion them—schools, theatres, public offices, markets and even an air field. Premier Benito Mussolini has devoted much personal attention to the work, planning to make the city a model center of a prosperous farming region.

Half way between the sea and the Sermoneta Mountains, it will be visible to land and water travelers, its church spires towering 100 feet above the roof-tops. Connections with the main roads and railways will give it close contact with the rest of the country. Rome will be less than two hours away by train and Naples even nearer.

The city was mapped out after years of labor, sponsored by the National War Veterans' Association, had converted a vast stretch of swamp into tillable soil. Veterans and their families will settle on the land and come to Littoria for marketing, diversion and study.

Littoria will have a great central square to be known as the Littoria Forum and to be twice the size of Rome's Plazza Colonna.

The Believer Speaks

Many may not agree with the writer (who prefers to reman anonymous) when he lauds the rising generation in the following lines:

I like the rising generation.

I like the way it laughs,—with head thrown back and wide mouth full of wolf-whte teeth.

I like the way it's built,—slender and supple as a willow wand, to bend and not to break.

I like the way it moves,—like a bird swooping, direct and certain, but graceful withal.

I like the way it talks,—slangily, succintly, chary of words and prodigal with laughter.

I like the way this rising generation works,—matter-of-factly, and with a proper pride.

I like the way it plays,—wholeheartedly gaily, with a nice appreciation of the fine points of every sport with a really sporting spirit and a liking for them all.

I like the way this rising generation dresses, riding hatless in the easy comfort of jodphurs and open shirt, or swimming in bathing togs and soul of brevity—its street clothes trim as a clipper ship,—its evening dress formal to the last degree- of elegance.

I like this rising generation,—its nonchalance that lifts a politely bored eyebrow at reference to the "Golden Rule," the while it tucks a steadying hand beneath Old Age's elbow.

I like this rising generation,—its wisdom and the poise it gains therewith, and I like its delightful occasional descent into infantile ingenuousness.

I like its canniness,—that leaves a picnic ground immaculate, but strews its small belongings from attic to front door, at home, for those whose best love shows itself in service to pick up.

I like this rising generation,—I admire its standards, its overwhelming honesty, its clean, wise mind in a clean, fit body, its persistence, the sporting spirit in which it takes its knocks,—or, having attained a measure of success, the wholeheartedness with which it extends the helping hand to the next fellow.

I like its perfect grooming,—from dense, brght hair to shining finger tips and well shod, high arched, eager feet.

I like this rising generation,—I like its friendliness—and cool indifference.

I like its level-headedness in danger, its efficiency in difficulties.

I like it for its derring-do, its superficial gloss, its basic strength and fineness.

I like this rising generation—with its future held securely in both strong, slim hands, a smile on its lips and high hope in its young heart.

I LIKE this rising generation.

High Production of Water-Power

Ottawa.—Water power is the source of about 90 per cent. of the total output of central electric stations in Canada.

Advise Farmers on Lamb Feeding

More revenue from lambs for North Dakota farmers and feeders is the object of a series of twenty-four lamb grading and feeding demonstrations which opened in Pembina County, N.D. The sessions were scheduled by extension agents in six counties and are designed to provide farmers with information on market grades and methods of feeding which will be of value to them in increasing the returns from lamb feeding. J. T. Dinwoodie, live stock feeding specialist of the North Dakota Agricultural College extension service, is assisting with the work, says a recent bulletin.

Britain Credits Will Be Fully Paid Sept. 10th

London.—With the repayment of 2,500,000,000 francs to France on Sept. 10, the United Kingdom will have repaid in full the entire amount of foreign credits obtained by the treasury in the financial crisis of September, 1931.

The credits totalled $200,000,000 from the United States, and 5,000,000,000 francs from France, of which half was advanced by banks and the remainder subscribed by the French public in the form of bonds.

The whole of the United States credit was repaid by the treasury in March and April, with the right to reborrow $50,000,000 at any time up to August 28. This right not having been exercised will now finally lapse.

Size of Peas Lead To Strike in London

London.—The size of peas led to a strike in Covent Garden.

The prevalence of small peas decided pea shellers to ask more than 2d. a quart for shelling peas, on the ground it taken longer to shell a quart of small peas than a quart of large ones

Between 60 and 70 women were involved in the dislocation of the pea traffic, which is headed by a family that has supplied shelled peas to restaurants and caterers of London for more than 100 years.

Microphone is Installed In St. Paul's Cathedral

London. — When Sir Christopher Wren built St. Paul's Cathedral (16751 1710) he left a note giving the distances at which speakers could be heard from the pulpit.

His instructions have been rendered obsolete by the installaton of a microphone in the pulpit, and a system of loudspeakers concealed in the choir. Hitherto, it has been difficult to hear a speaker owing to the resonance under the great dome.

Farmers Become Fishermen

Owing to the slump in the potato market many farmers in the Maritime Provinces are preparing to engage in lobster fishing, and consequently the catch is expected to create a record. The season opened a few days ago and will last to Oct. 15, according to a recent bulletin.

Only what we have wrought into character during life can we take away with us.—Humboldt.

How Dickens Found Names For Characters

London.—One of the problems which always have fascinated lovers of Charles Dickens' work is that of where he got the names for his characters. It is slowly being solved by the verger of a London church.

It was long thought that Dickens, out of his own imagination, had coined such surnames as Chaband, Tigg, Guppy, Marley, Dorrit, Mold, Varden, and Boffin, but these very names have been found in the parish register of St. Andrew's Church, Holborn, where the verger, A. Jones, has spotted them down for many years in the course of his normal work. Jones thus far has listed 40 names of people probably living in Holborn during Dickens' residence there.

A few other Dickens' names have been traced in Kent, where the novelist spnt his earliest years, and Pickwick, as is well known, is a name Dickens found in Bath and treasured up for later use. The origin of such names as "Micawber," "Chuzzlewit," and "Copperfield" remain obscure.

No methodical search of the parish files ever has been undertaken in Holborn, but now that it is revealed that Jones is so plainly on the right track, it is probable that such a search will be made. The novels which contain most of the Holborn names found so far are "Pickwick Papers," "Black House," "David Copperfield," "Barnaby Rudge," "Little Dorrit," and "Our Mutual Friend." These are doubtless names which Dickens, in his meanderings, saw on shops, gates, and houses.

Visitor—"You say you enjoy book agents coming around here?"

Farmer—"Yep."

Visitor—"But you're not fond of reading."

Farmer—"No. But I have made several book agents pay 10 cents a glass for condensed milk and purty near sold one of 'em a hoss."

Record Office Holders

London—Having accepted an invitation to continue in office as Mayor and Mayoress of Paddington for 1932-33, Sir George and Lady Handover will extend a remarkable record of service, for it will be the tenth time that Sir George has been Mayor, while Lady Handover will have been Mayoress on 12 occasions.

Sir George previously held office from 1912 to 1920 and again in 1931-32. Lady Handover has twice officiated as Mayoress in addition to acting in that capacity during her husband's mayoralty.

What a pity wisdom doesn't grow on a man like whiskers!

Liverpool Reported City of Widows

For every six women in Liverpool, England, married or single, over 19, there s one widow, and there are 37,698 of them, outnumbering the widowers by three to one.

Authorities cannot explain this abundance of widows, but they declare that there is no doubt that Liverpool has been a mecca for young widows, who have been thrown on their own resources, and have started in business here in the belief that they would prosper in such a busy centre.

An official of the Mercantile Marine Service Association pointed out that demands on their funds from widows of seamen were so heavy that recently there were 4,000 applications fro help, to which they were unable to respnod.

A large proportion of those 4000 widows live in Liverpool.

Barnacles "Color Consecious"

Ocean travelers, perhaps, might select their ships according to color if they knew that this would speed up their trip, writes the Berlin correspondent of the Christian Science Monitor. They could, for instance, take a red or green boat when in a hurry or a white or blue one for a more leisurely trip. For the barnacles and other crustaceans of the seven seas have their own notions about color. They appear to be attracted more by one shade of brown or blue than by another. As they cling to the hull in masses they naturally affect the speed of the vessel. Passengers may scarcely notice the difference but experts must bear all this in mind and select the color which is most suited to ward off the sea folk. For the examination of these questions a special laboratory has just been established in Cuxhaven on the North Sea where the big liners stop before going up the River Elbe to Hamburg.

Reed Instruments

The reed instruments undoubtedly grew out of the original wind instruments, the Pandean pipes. The addition of a reed to the mouthpiece, i.e., a thin strip of cane, once it was thought of, made a whole new world of music possible. It created the oboe and the clarinet, the former of which, like the cor Anglais and the bassoon, has what are called double reeds. The reeds of these instruments are pinched between the lips and are set vibrating by the breath of the player.

A Party Puzzle

If you have friends dropping in frequently, it is a good stunt to have a jig-saw puzzle on hand. Have it carelessly spread out on a card table—when you know that guests are coming. The natural desire for everyone will be to put the pieces together. The evening will pass quickly and you will be saved the strain of searching for conversational topics.

Inspector (severely): "I understand that since you joined the force you have neither made a single arrest nor issued a single summons!" Policeman (complacently): "And now what do I get? A pair of white gloves, ain't it?"

Evolution of Blondes

The first blonde to appear in a race of brunettes resulted from a process much like changing water into gas, it was revealed recently by a scientist's new picture of low evolution works at Ithaca, New York.

A new idea of what happens inside genes, the microscopic units of heredity that carry such traits as blonde hair, blue eyes or snub noses from mother to daughter, were presented before the International Congress of Genetics by Dr. N. Timofeef-Ressovsky of Germany.

He said experiments show a gene is probably a large molecule, or bundle of atoms, a single physico-chemical unit like a molecule of water. The change, or "mutation," such as would be necessary to produce the first blonde in a race of brunettes, would be a rearrangement of the atom in the gene-molecule, just as atoms in a water molecule are re-arranged when the water changes to gas.

The new theory of Dr. Timofeeff-Ressovsky is contrary to the old idea of many scientists that genes are partially or wholly destroyed in the process of mutation. Instead of being destroyed, he holds, their atoms are merely rearranged, thus producing some new characteristic in the next generation. Such a rearrangement of atoms, perhaps, gave early fish their first air-breathing apparatus and helped turn flippers into legs for walking on land.

Use of X-rays to cause artificial mutations in fruit-flies is the basis of the German scientist's new theory. Genes causing certain characteristics, such as eye-color in the flies, "disappeared" under bombardment of X-rays, but also reappeared under the same kind of treatment. The mutations caused by X-rays worked in both directions. If the X-rays had destroyed the genes that "disappeared," the same genes could not have later reappeared. Instead, he believes, the different changes in the genes resulted from streams of electrons of different speeds, caused by impact of the X-rays on the genes.

"You seem to prefer the beach to the piazza."

"Yes; I prefer to be burnt by the sun than roasted by the gossips."

Health Hostels

After the youth hostel the health hostel—if Lord Dawson of Penn, the King's physician, has his way.

In a recent address Lord Dawson suggested that a new type of institution, distinct from the hospitals, was required to prevent disease.

What he had in mind was a sort of health hostel, where people would be taught wiser methods of living, put on suitable diets, and enabled to regain the physical fitness and flexibility which so often disappear with middle-age.

Much of the disease which is treated at hospitals is preventable, and health hostels of the type suggested would probably reduce the demands on the hospital ward very materially.

What New York Is Wearing

BY ANNEBELLE WORTHINGTON

Illustrated Dressmaing Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern

A particularly striking model with jacket-like bodice gives the figure charming slimness through its wrapped diagonal closing.

Buttons are its only adornment.

The straight line of the skirt with low placed plaits proves extremely desireable for smart day wear.

And it's simplicity itself to make it.

The original as soft tweed-like woolen in black and white and shiny finished Persian-red bone buttons.

Another youthful scheme is vivid green diagonal woolen with brass buttons and brown suede belt.

Style No. 2545 may be had in sizes 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 36 and 38 inches bust.

Size 16 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.

Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number, and address your order to Wilson Pattern

The baby was being displayed to admiring callers. "Dear me!" exclaimed one visitor, who seemed to find it difficult to know what to say. "How like his father." "Oh, that's only the hot weather," replied the young mother, crossly. "As a rule he's quite cheerful-looking."

A clergyman discovered his three children in one of their games staging a wedding. The boy was taking the part of the minister, the oldest girl was the bride, and the younger sister the bridesmaid. "Where is groom?" asked the father. "Oh," said the boy, "this is a very quiet wedding; there isn't any groom."

MUTT AND JEFF— By BUD FISHER

He Might as Well Get Used to it.