

Ghosts That Walk In London Town

Mysterious Coughs in British Museum—Ghost Who Daily Falls off Blackfriars Bridge

London's ghosts (if we are to believe all we are told) are like its people—a strange mixture, with a liberal sprinkling of the rare and unconventional. The orthodox type abounds; of course: ghosts in old-time costumes that walk through walls and up and down stairs, ghosts that have hollor, mocking laughs, ghosts that grope at one's neck with bony fingers and try to strangle. Holland House, Kensington, has even been credited with the most spectacular type of all—the bloody ghost that carries its head under its arm and is of noble lineage, having once called itself the first Lord Howard.

But it is the unconventional spooks that make Mr. Elliott O'Donnell's "Ghosts of London" such an entertaining company for the winking hour when the fire is low, and the announcer with the golden voice has said: "Good night, everybody, Good night!" Take your choice!

THE RIGHT SPIRIT.

A house in Jones Street, Mayfair, is said to be haunted by a spirit which tempts people to drink. People of the most abstemious habits who stay there for any length of time, says Mr. O'Donnell, invariably become obsessed with the mania. The house, in fact, has seen a whole series of drunken tenants.

The British Museum is haunted by a "cough" and Mr. O'Donnell has himself heard it. He had been looking at the mummy of Katabit, one-time priestess at the College of Amen (Amon) Ra at Thebes. Suddenly he heard a cough immediately behind him.

No one was there! Then he heard another cough, and later, while descending the staircase, a third "almost in my ear." He has not cared to visit the Oriental Department since; a spectral cough can indeed be disconcerting even to one who finds almost as many ghosts in London as there are policemen and writes of them so graphically.

THE GHOST MAID.

At a house in the Buckingham Palace Road there is said to be a ghost which is apparently that of a repentant maid servant, for its particular task is to light fires, sweep carpets, dust the furniture, and put the kettle on.

The tenant, a Miss Stanhope, told Mr. O'Donnell that she often heard sounds in the kitchen as of someone moving the fire-irons and cleaning the range. One morning she crept down and saw the ghost—actually performing the humble task, and exclaiming: "Who are you—why are you here?" whereupon . . .

"The girl turned round, and Miss Stanhope saw her face for the first time. It was ghastly white and the large dark eyes had such a mad glitter in them that Miss Stanhope sprang back in alarm. The girl then got up and, with a horrible grin, crept towards Miss Stanhope, who shrieked with terror. Fortunately at this juncture there was the sound of a key being inserted in the front door of the flat, and upon Miss Stanhope's woman entering, the strange girl turned round and ran into the back kitchen, closing the door behind her. . . Her woman marched to the back kitchen door, opened it and looked inside. No one was there, and there was no way out, save through a skylight, twelve feet from the floor."

Perhaps this ghost-maid did not approve of her mistress. Ghosts certainly have their likes and dislikes; is there not an impression of a human foot in the stone of one of the cloisters of old Christ's Hospital, supposed to have been caused by the ghost of a beadle's wife stamping angrily when addressed by some living person in an unbecomingly fashion?

We expect old houses to be haunted sometimes with the delicate music of a spinet. A friend of Mr. O'Donnell's was once looking over an empty house in Blackfriars when she heard the music, unmistakably, followed by a sound of a struggle, a piercing scream, a heavy thud, and "a noise like someone being choked to death."

SYNCOPIATED MUSIC.

But modern jazz! Well, there is a house in Ealing, of all suburbs in the world, in which . . .

SEVEN DAYS IN SUCCESSION.

This last was seen by a postman. Off came his coat, and he was about to jump in after her when a policeman stopped him:

"Put on your coat again," he said, catching him by the arm. "It is no use your jumping in. What you saw was no living person—it was a ghost. If you had been on the bridge at this hour yesterday morning, you would have seen the same thing, and, in all probability, it will happen again tomorrow."

It did.

"Well," the same policeman, who was standing by, observed, "didn't I tell you so?"

Camera Grinders Lead Risky Lives

Desire for Close Ups and Unusual Angles Takes Toll

Close escapes from death are common among newsreel camera men and fatal accidents are not infrequent, according to an article in the February issue of the *Etica Magazine*, entitled "Shooting the News." Scores of thrilling stunts of the film news-gatherers, in their world-wide quest for thrills to entertain a public which demands the exciting and the bizarre.

The article recounts the story of cameraman Charles Traube, who set his camera a racing car as it plunged down the speed course at 200 miles an hour and, swerving, hit Traube and hurled his shattered body 400 feet away. Another cameraman named Gelskop was miraculously saved when, grinding his camera in the path of a speeding driver, Lockhart, on Daytona beach, the bullet-like car hit a sand hummock and somersaulted directly over Gelskop's head, tossing the driver to his death. In both cases the cameras escaped intact, and movie patrons twenty-four hours later were witnessing the thrilling records of the fatal races, unaware in the case of Traube that the camera man had paid for his daring with his life.

One of the most difficult tasks of a newsreel camera man, according to the article, is to "steal" pictures of a championship prizefight, after exclusive picture rights have been sold to one newsreel company. Scores of guards are posted throughout the audience and every precaution is taken to prevent picture-taking. At one of the Dempsey fights two cameramen impersonated peanut vendors, moving freely through the audience and about the ring with baskets of peanuts on their arms. Concealed beneath the peanuts were whirling automatic miniature cameras, focused through small holes in the sides of the baskets. At another fight a camera man rented a water-tank that overlooked the arena, drained of water, bored holes through it and "shot" the whole fight, unobscured.

Mr. O'Donnell gives generous measure. What he knows about London ghosts, he knows—and takes care to share it. He stalks his spectral manfully; scarcely one London street is immune. He writes with relish and gusto of the "macabre." Whether you believe all he tells you or not is your affair.

For my own part—so to b-b-b-b!—I follow Allen in John O'London's Weekly.

As Generation Ages Death Rate Mounts

Good times for undertakers are promised by the League of Nations as soon as the present abnormal condition of world population caused by better sanitation has been rebalanced by everybody getting older. In past centuries, recent statistics of the League of Nations points out, the majority of people born into the world died young, thus establishing such a balance of births and deaths that the average age of the population in most countries was in the twenties or even younger. Old people were relatively rare. Recently this has been altered by improved sanitation and medical science so that a much larger fraction of the world's population now lives to be middle-aged or old. The change is shown in world statistics by marked falls in average death rates and rapid increases of total population, the latter being slowed up in some degree by the decrease of the birth rates. The chief change in the structure of population is a relatively great increase of older people. The present low death rates, the League points out, must be temporary. Within a few years present middle-aged people who have been kept alive by medical science will get so old that they must die, for modern science has not increased in the least the maximum length of life which man can expect. Accordingly the present low death rates all over the world soon must give place to greatly increased ones as these older people begin to die. World population then must adjust itself to a new equilibrium based on longer average lives but with birth rates and death rates again approximately equal.

Loose-Leaf Attire?

The Christian Science Monitor—The "spare parts" idea has wonderful possibilities, it has been urged, if applied to clothes. You do not throw your new motorcar away or give it to the "old iron" man because a doodad in the machinery gets loose. You buy a new gimcrack to take the place of the old. Similarly, one might do with the family's clothes.

If Johnny puts a hole in the trousers of his new Sunday suit, mother need not bother. She would merely look in her files. There she would find the number of the perforated pair; and, stepping to the telephone, would ask the store to send a "No. X715492K" in a few stitches the next day, and Johnny's best suit would be a little better than it was.

If the back of father's coat grew shiny, just look in his replacement book. If Mother's sleeves split, telephone for a new set. The scheme sounds simple and economical. However, it obviously would require a rebuilding of clothes. Suits and shirts and socks would have to be made on the detachable, loose-leaf system. But why not? It is asked.

Yet, great standardization would also be needed to carry through the spare parts system. And there comes in the problem of the new models of hats, dresses, and so forth—to say nothing of the little matters of matching colors and of making the armholes fit. So, altogether it is likely to be quite a little while before spare coats are sold in slot machines.

The Imperial Conference

Le Doyeur, Montreal (Ind.)—One thing is certain, and the British authorities have loyally made this clear to us: at Ottawa nothing is going to be given for nothing. We are not going to sit in at a meeting of lawyers, but at a real conference of business men. This is natural and proper, and it will be much better for everybody, for the cordiality of our future relations, that this is clearly understood by us before we start.

Worship without emotion is a hard thing with broken strings.

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Gold in the Danube

Budapest.—The possibilities of dredging the Danube for gold have come before the public once more in a practical form. A Hungarian expert has exhaustively examined both the river bed and the land near the bank for miles, and maintains that in every cubic meter of soil there is at least one-half gram of pure gold. If, therefore, the river bed were dredged, it is estimated that more than \$4,000,000 worth of gold could be obtained, and this would yield 50 per cent. profit. Hungary itself cannot supply the 1,000,000 pengos necessary to begin this investigation work, under present economic conditions, but an English and two American financial groups are stated to be interested.

The Budapest Municipality has presented painted white walking sticks to all the blind of the city, so that they may be more easily distinguished by the public, who can help them to cross roads, enter the desired street cars, and so forth.

Turkish Air Lines To Link Main Cities

Bozdoglu, Turk.—The Turkish Government has signed a contract with the Curtiss-Wright interests for establishment of commercial air lines connecting principal Anatolian cities. A national society will be established for the purpose. American experts have arrived in Turkey to draw up plans.

Bog—"I got a real kick out of kissing Jane last night." Gog—"Any more than usual?" Bog—"Yes, the old man caught me."—Witt.

The latest golf club plays sweet music when it hits the ball right, but that very accomplishment is "sweet music" to any golfer, whether he has the latest in clubs or not.—The Christian Science Monitor.

Those who know the least of others think the most of themselves.

SNAPSHOTS OF A SMALL BOY AND A DOORBELL

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

RINGS DOORBELL AND NOBODY COMING AT ONCE, RINGS IT AGAIN.

ASKS JUNIOR TO COME OVER TO HIS HOUSE TO PLAY.

SITS DOWN ON DOOR STEP TO READJUST HIS PLANS ON FINDING THAT JUNIOR ISN'T HOME.

RINGS BELL AGAIN.

ASKS WHERE IS JUNIOR, DID HE WANT TO GO, WHEN WILL HE BE BACK, WHY WILL HE TAKE HIM SO LONG.

STARTS OFF, THINKING OVER THE INFORMATION HE HAS RECEIVED.

TURNS BACK, RINGS BELL AND SAYS, WELL, IF HE DOES GET BACK AND HE ISN'T TO LATE, WILL SHE TELL HIM TO COME OVER.

THINKS OF SOMETHING MORE HE WANTED TO SAY, BUT INSTINCT TELLS HIM HE'D BETTER NOT RING THE BELL AGAIN, SO HE GOES HOME.

Forerunner of Spring



It's sure sign of spring when baseball uniforms come out of the mothballs. Members of the New York Giants are shown selecting outfits for 1932 at their Los Angeles training quarters.

Immigration in the Future

La Patrie Montreal, (Ind.): Hon. W. A. Gordon, temporary Minister of Colonization and Immigration, has demolished the impression held by some that Canada, which, in consequence of the economic crisis, has hermetically sealed her doors to immigration, will only count in future for her numbers on the slow natural growth of her population. The exclusion of immigrants is imperative at the present time, as they could not in existing conditions find a subsistence in agriculture or industry. But when times get better again, as they must do, Canada will have to take steps to increase her population. When we are prosperous once more, the introduction of immigrants in sufficient numbers and of a suitable kind will be essential to the preservation of our country.

\$8,500,000 Bridge Proposed Linking Denmark-Continent

Copenhagen.—A bill empowering the building of a railway and vehicular traffic bridge across the Storstrom, between Sealand and Falster, has been brought forward by the Minister for Traffic, M. Frus Skotte.

This bridge will dispense with the railway ferry service across this waterway on Denmark's main route to the continent. It will be 3,270 meters long and will be, it is claimed, the longest in Europe. The cost is calculated at 33,600,000 kroner or \$8,500,000.

During the last two years 45,000 motorcars have been transported across by the railway ferries. Motorcars will be taxed moderately for crossing the bridge.

The Beginning

All in a moment, years ago. The boy I was became a man. Suddenly my life began, I saw the world before me—So That plowman by his horses stand Sweating on the first hill's brow. Having left the riverlands Furrowed in the vale below, And sees a mountainside to plow, Thunders hanging in the air. And the black peak above him bars, Waiting now. Let him plow it if he dare! —Edward Davison, in the Week-End Review.

India's Vast Population Shows a Big Increase

The population of India has increased about 10 per cent. since 1921 and is now 352,986,876, nearly three times that of the United States, according to preliminary returns of a recent census. Of this number, 181,921,914 are males and 171,064,962 females. The Hindus number 258,330,512, or 73 per cent. of the total, the Moslems 77,745,928, the Sikhs 4,306,412, and the Christians 5,961,734.

Teach self-denial, and make its practice pleasurable, and you will contribute for the world a destiny more sublime than ever issued from the grain of the wildest dream.—Sir Walter Scott.

A Winter Day in '65

"Come, my boy, it is time to get up," called the voice of my father, one biting cold winter morning. For a few moments I remained warm and comfortable where I was, listening to the frost as it started the nails in the clapboards of the house, with the noise of pistol shots.

The twentieth century boy, living in a steam-heated house, has little idea of what a cold winter was in a house warmed by stoves. It is quite a different matter to sleep in a room in midwinter with the windows open, and step into a warm bathroom in the morning, from dressing in the frigid atmosphere and traversing the halls that have the sullen chill of an ice-house, and hover over a stove slowly recovering from a long night's sleep. In those days a boy's misery began with his waking. In a circle around the stove, according to the number of boys in a family, stood the boys' boots of tough sole and stiff leg, reaching nearly to the knee; some copper-toed, and all having a square red label on the upper face, marked with the name and address of the maker. In the absence of rubbers, as worn today, the boots have been "greased" the night

Pithy Anecdotes Of Famous People

A peculiar fact is noted by Philip Guadalla in his biography of The Duke of Wellington. He writes:

Although the terror of his country's foes, the great Duke of Wellington was anything but great as a marksman. Once when staying with his dear friend Lady Shelley—"my husband's young kinsman, Percy Shelley, seems disposed to become a poet," she informed the Duke—they went off to shoot. He terrified her little girl by letting off his gun in all directions. "What's this, Fanny?" cried Lady Shelley. "Fear in the presence of the Lord of Waterloo! Fie! Stand close behind the Duke of Wellington; he will protect you."

Indeed, it was the safest place. Following that, the Duke shot a dog, then a keeper, and finally an aged cottager who had been rash enough to do her washing near an open window. "I'm wounded, Missy," cried his victim.

"My good woman," replied Lady Shelley, "this ought to be the proudest moment of your life. You have had the distinction of being shot by the great Duke of Wellington!"

An embarrassed Duke assisted her sense of history with a guinea.

But she was not the Duke's only bag (adds Guadalla), since he "positively shot a pheasant which his pious hostess had stuffed and added to the museum of Wellingtoniana in his dressing-room, where it stared glassily down upon the coffee-cup which he had used before Waterloo and the chair on which he dined with her in 1814."

It is rather amusing to recall that Lewis Carroll was often annoyed by the attention he got as the author of "Alice in Wonderland" when his ambition was to be known to fame as the Rev. Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, author of "Elementary Treatise on Determinants." But over and over again it has happened that public appreciation of an author's works has not been on the lines of the author's own choice.

Lewis Carroll and the Rev. C. L. Dodgson were distinct individuals. Edward Bok has told how he called on Carroll, then a den at Oxford University, with the suggestion that he write a sequel to "Alice."

"You are quite in error, Mr. Bok," was the Dodgson reply. "You are not speaking to the person you think you are addressing."

For a moment Bok was taken aback. Then he decided to go right to the point.

"Do I understand, Mr. Dodgson, that you are not 'Lewis Carroll'; that you did not write 'Alice in Wonderland'?"

For an answer the tutor rose, went into another room, and returned with a book which he handed to Bok.

"This is my book," he said simply. It was entitled "Elementary Treatise on Determinants," by C. L. Dodgson.

And try as he would and could, and did, Bok—who tells the story in "The Americanization of Edward Bok"—had to drop the subject when Dodgson again said:

"As I said to you in the beginning, Mr. Bok, you are in error. You are not speaking to Lewis Carroll!"

During his bachelor days at the White House, President Cleveland once sat down to an elaborate dinner—served by the faithful William Sinclair—when a familiar odor came in through the window.

"William, what is that smell?" asked Cleveland.

"I am very sorry, sir, but that is the smell of the servants' dinner," replied William.

"What is it—corned beef and cabbage?"

William confirmed his suspicions and the President said:

"Well, William, take this dinner down to the servants and bring their dinner to me."

In recounting the incident—Denis Tilden Lynch tells the story in his book "Grover Cleveland: A Man Four-Square"—Cleveland observed:

"And I had the best dinner I had had for months."

Which reminds me that President Roosevelt's favorite dinner at the White House—when the family ate alone—was Irish stew, and "Mr. Roosevelt could do a wonderful job on that," according to James E. Amas (in "Hero to His Valet"). But there came a time when, on doctor's orders, "Teddy" had to give up eating red meat.

before by a liberal application of tallow.

Kerosene oil was comparatively unknown; whale oil, fluid lamps and candles made the darkness visible fifty years ago. When the lard was tried out, housewives resorted to a portion for running or dipping candles. We used a mould in my early boyhood, but Mrs. Carleton, where I sometimes went for extra milk in butter-making time, dipped hers, having a tub of fat in the back hall with lengths of wicking hanging on rods over it. Whenever she passed the tub and could spare the time she dipped a candle of two, thus imperceptibly increasing their size. Whenever I went to her back door, in candle-making time, she asked me in, and, going and coming through the jail, incidentally tipped a dozen candles, talking amiably to me all the while.

The fluid and oil lamps with their small round double wicks furnished half a candle-power of light, and tea candle-power of smoke. Their only redeeming quality was that sometimes, the brass polished ones were of a shape pleasing to the eye, and are prized now by lovers and collectors of antiques.—From "Old Bradford School Days," by Arthur Howard Hall.

Still, often he would eat a very hearty meal, finish up his plate with relish, and turn to me like a boy, with look in his eye that plainly asked for more," recalls Amos—who was Roosevelt's valet, and the only person with whom he passed on. "I would understand without his asking. So I would whisper to him:

"No more now, Mr. Roosevelt!"

Speaking of food, Ford Madox Ford says in "Return to Yesterday":

"Authors have singular vanities as to recipes for cooking. I have my own. And I can cook. Once in a New York—say—restaurant, I cooked a meal so admirable that, at its end, not a scrap of the food I had treated remained in the casseroles. But, still more important, I can aver that having cooked for my family daily during a period of ninety days I only once repeated the same dish three times—and then by the request of the consumers. There are very few cooks that can make that boast."

Latest Electrical Device May Aid Householders

An "electric eye" that converts light into useful electricity without the use of evacuated glass bulbs or tubes is about to come into practical use, Science Service announces.

The functioning part of the new photo-electric cell is a single piece of coated metal and the claim is made by the manufacturer that it will have unlimited life, high sensitivity, no deterioration, no chemical or physical change, combined with low cost. An electric relay to actuate electrical machinery can be operated direct from the cell without any other source of current.

The new light sensitive device is believed to consist essentially of a thin layer of selenium on an iron-nickel alloy plate, covered by a film of metallic silver. If the metallic photo-cell is constructed in this way, it is similar in principle to that developed by the Berlin scientist, Dr. Bruno Lange, last.

It is expected that the new cell will open the use of photo-electric cells to amateurs and experimenters. Due to its low cost it may come into use for controlling household devices by beams of light. It gives 200 times as much current for a given amount of light, as the best caesium vacuum cell at present in use. Its sensitivity is about ten times that of the copper oxide cell. In direct sunlight, it gives a current of a two-hundredth of an ampere.



"So, you consider autos rather dangerous?"

"I should say so. A fellow with a high-speed car got my best girl away from me."

War Which is Not War

New York Evening Post.—Whatever may or may not be done to constrain Japan or to affirm the responsibility for the events now occurring in Manchuria and Shanghai, the League should at least prevent the establishment of the precedent that it is no longer necessary to declare war. Under the old rules there were certain obligations and responsibilities which the belligerents acknowledged, but what is to happen to the paraphernalia of international law and the rights of neutrals if one nation can attack another, as Japan has attacked China, without being obliged to make any declaration of the war it is actually waging?



Bug—"Wot are you doin' with two knots?"

Worm—"Two things to remember for the wife."

This Winter

Day by day the snow is making a despatch attempt to establish itself on this section of Mother Earth; and the hockey player's reflection will be that whoever invented artificial ice did a good day's work.—Toronto Globe.