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cate mechanism, so London papers report, a blind person can read ordinary print. One of these instruments has recently been shown at the exhibition of scientific apparatus at South Kensington, London. Another of the instruments is being experimented with at St. Dunstan's Hostel, London, where Sir Arthur Pearson, himself a victim of blindness, carries on his work of building up maimed and blinded soldiers of the war.

The optophone is the invention of Dr. Fournier D'Albe. As a commercial venture it is being perfected by Dr. Barr, who, while admitting that it is at present naturally a very expensive scientific apparatus, hopes to lower its market price in the near future. A blind girl, who has been learning only a short time and who can already read at the rate of seven words a minute, has been giving demonstrations at the London College of science to a number of incredulous investigators, and it is reliably stated that a speed of twenty-five words a minute has been attained by one expert.

The practised optophone listener recognizes words much in the same way as the telegraph operator recognizes the dots and dashes of the Morse alphabet from the clicks of his sounder. The advantage of the optophone over the raised alphabet hitherto in use in schools for the blind is that the optophone can be used for reading any ordinary printed matter. Thereby it can release the blind from restriction to specially prepared books. Whether it can ever give the blind the same speed as the seeing reader, and whether it can enable them to read faster by the Braille touch system remains to be determined.

THOMAS EDISON AND THE EIGHT-HOUR DAY.

The eight-hour day proposal, as was expected, is proving a stumbling block to the Drury government. The farmers do not like it, but, being dependent upon the labor group for a majority in the house, they have to swallow their objections and adopt a passive attitude for the present. It is more than likely, however, that the measure will be dropped, simply because the demand for it has subsided. The outcry for the eight-hour day was a product of the period of great prosperity and industrial activity, during which labor was in so great demand that the workers could practically name their own terms. The period of depression, however, has somewhat changed the aspect of things, and so we hear little in the way of dictation from labor.

The eight-hour day has been proven a failure in many countries. It has not accomplished what was expected of it, and there has not been the corresponding increase in efficiency that was predicted. On various occasions the Whig has shown the reverse to the case in countries where the plan has been thoroughly tested. By looking back at some of the achievements of the past, however, we find that some of the greatest and most productive workers have been men whose working hours knew no limit. One of the greatest examples of this truth is found in the life of Thomas A. Edison, who has said that the great secret of his success was that he worked longer hours and rested less than those who were working around him. His views on the eight-hour day are interesting. He says:

"To-day I am wondering what would have happened to me by now if fifty years ago some fluent talker had converted me to the theory of the eight-hour day, and convinced me that it was not fair to my fellow workers to put forth my best efforts in my work. I am glad that the eight-hour day had not been invented when I was a young man. If my life had been made up of eight-hour days I don't believe I could have accomplished a great deal. The country would not amount to as much as it does if the young men of fifty years ago had been afraid they might earn more than they were paid. There were shirkers in those days, to be sure, but they didn't boast of it." These are the words of one of the world's greatest workers, and he lived up to the policy he proclaims. The result is seen in the fame which is his, and in the more than nine hundred different inventions for which he has taken out patents. Great things cannot be accomplished by working, grudgingly, for eight hours a day, and the sooner that fact is recognized by the workers who clamour for the eight-hour day, then the sooner will they themselves rise above the stage in which they are situated.

EVEN PARIS IS REFORMING.

Yes, even in Paris, that "naughty town" of the world in song and story, morality is yet strong and precaution for it is still vigilant. The president of the French republic has set his hand to a new law "for the repression of outrages upon good manners committed in theatres and places of amusement," a measure the occasion for which lies resident, among others, in the story that "at present in the Folies Bergere review no less than twenty young women, clad only in a few beads, appear every night under pretense of representing classic figures or statues." Scandalous performances have been going on pretty much all over

the world since the war ended. It seems as if, for a while, humanity had suffered a sort of moral "shell shock," and lost, temporarily, a sane balance in the determination of what is decent and tolerable.

The effects of it will not pass away in a moment, but we would do wrong to take the dark view that the world is growing worse and that the rising generation is headed straight for the "demonition how-wow." "Different kinds of hysteria and ugliness were bound to flash upon the great screen of turmoil." We shouldn't be frightened by them or lose our wits.

PUBLIC OPINION

His Falling.
(Cincinnati Enquirer)
A man can be smart enough in other ways and yet be a big enough idiot to argue with his wife.

The Reform Cranks.
(Baltimore Sun)
Most of the theories designed to supplant that all would be well if the little fellows could boss the big fellows.

Mrs. Harding's Share.
(Detroit Free Press)
An applicant for citizenship in Chicago said that if the President should die Mrs. Harding would get the job, but he was wrong. All Mrs. Harding gets out of the presidency is the salary.

Making Progress.
(Brantford Expositor)
It is noticeable that during the present "bone-dry" campaign in Ontario no one is found to advocate a return to the licensed bar, whether in hotels or otherwise. Nor is there any public man in this province who is prepared to openly espouse the cause of the liquor interests. This much progress has at least been made. If, however, the present effort to stop importations is defeated it will not be long before the old order of things returns.

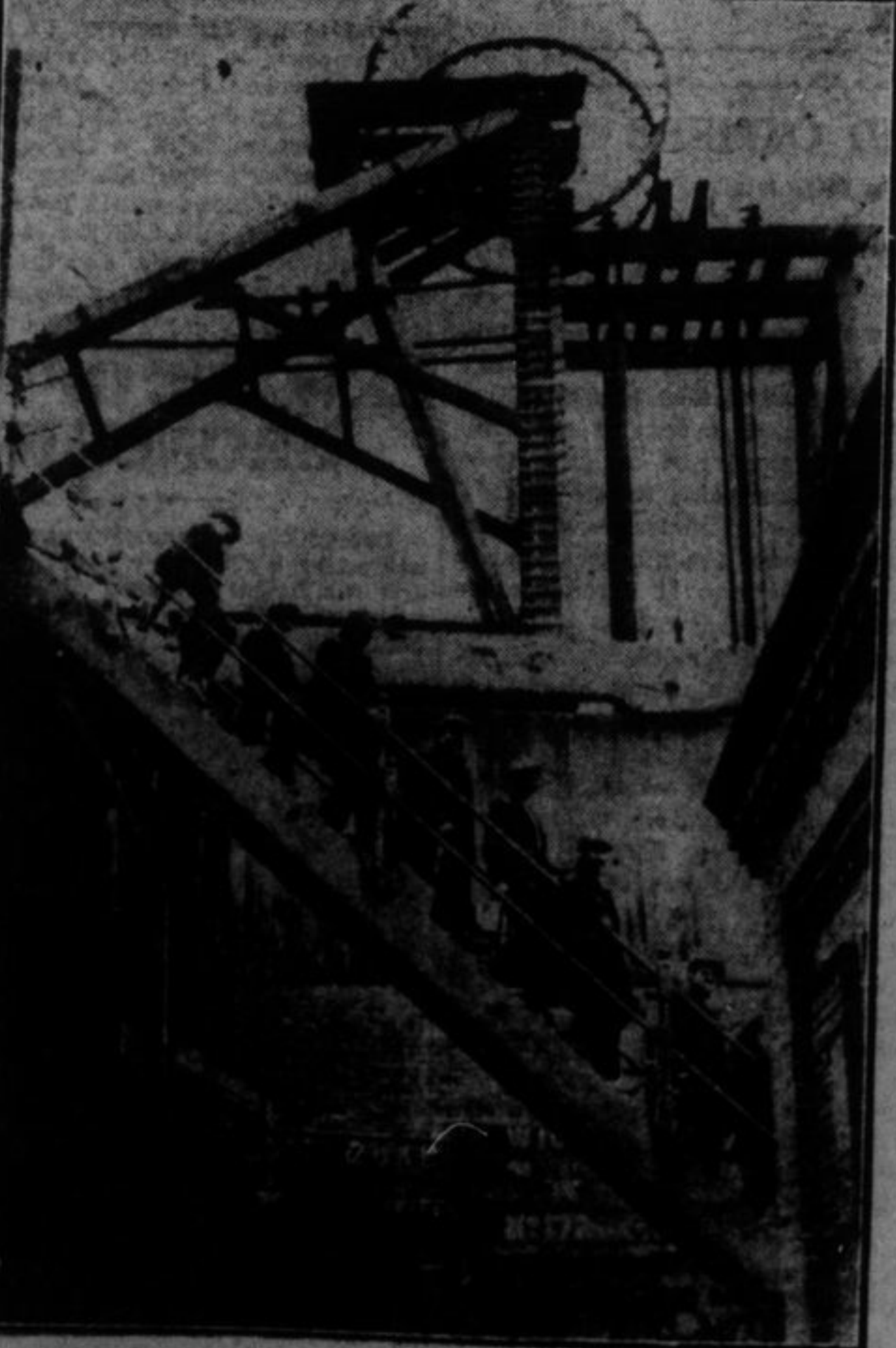
Walt Mason
THE POET PHILOSOPHER

BREAKING IN.
I bought a shotgun at the store and slew the family next door. And I was moved to honest tears when thus I ended their careers, for they had never done me wrong, and I had known them well and long. Remorse burned in me like a fire when I shot down the aged sire, and plugged a nephew and a niece and gave two aunts eternal peace, and when I turned the residence it shocked my fine esthetic sense. But I had tried so many ways to break into the picture of my life. I chased the managers around and begged them, while they pawed the ground, to give me just a single chance; I knew quite well I would advance. But they looked down with cold disdain and said I gave them all a pain; a creek, they said, was near my home, and there I well might soak my dome. I'd never have a chance to trot with all the gilded movie lot unless I played some startling game designed to give me widespread fame. But now the offers come my way—I'll draw a hundred plunks a day. As Bill the Butcher, on the screen, I'll teach the young that vice is mean, that children are bit dizzy fools who do not go to Sunday schools; a moral tag attached to crime hands out a lesson most sublime. And when I think how I'll improve the children, where the movies move, I'm almost glad I took my gun, and slew the Johnsnos, one by one.

—WALT MASON.
A man always has a funny look in his eyes when you get the laugh on him. If you want a thing well done tell the waiter to bring it rare.

Names in Names.
This country will celebrate Corn Week next fall. But what we started to tell you was that Bunion Day lives in Paris, Ky.

Our Daily Special.
Good Intentions Are Usually Too Good To Be True.



FIRST PHOTOGRAPH OF THE BRITISH MINERS' STRIKE
The picture shows the miners leaving the Dorsey pit, in response to their union's orders.

BITS OF BY-PLAY
By LUKE McLUKE
Copyright, 1920, by The Cincinnati Enquirer.

True Charity.
If you would disburse
Your arms with grace,
Just open your purse,
And close your face.

Paw Knows Everything.
Willie—Paw, what is a critic?
Paw—A critic is a man who can't do a thing himself, but who tells how the other fellow doesn't do it right, lose our wits.

A Hot Deck.
The boy stood on the burning deck,
He didn't cuss or frown;
'Twas cooler standing up by heck,
Than it was sitting down.

Ouch!
"That boy of yours is an awful liar," said Jones.
"Oh, I don't know," replied Smith. "He aims to tell the truth, I guess."
"Then he's a d-n poor shot," said Jones.

He Couldn't.
Old Adam was the only man,
It seems to me,
Who didn't blame his downfall on heredity.

Haw, Haw!
He says he's red-blooded,
He is, I suppose.
I know that it shows on
The end of his nose.

Answers to Correspondents.
Dear Luke: I am trying to recall a rhyme that begins like this:
"There was a little girl,
Her name was Mercy;
Who tried to milk a cow
Whose name was Percy."
Can you give me the rest of this rhyme in your column—E. J. Smith, Columbus, Ohio.
Sure, we can. The rest of the rhyme is as follows:
"But he wasn't that kind of a cow."

Hoors!
Sweet Summer's now well on her way,
The sun will shine most every day,
The sun will shine on lakes and woods,
And also through the thin skirt goods.

Ho, Hum!
(From the Reflections of Dusty Miller)
Luke McLuke says a man is down in the world when he has to live in the attic, but his main objection to the location is that it's too far from the cellar.

Modern Nursery Rhymes.
In West Virginia a still is now known as an Old-Hen. And there's many an Old Hen settin' pretty in that State.

Higgeldy, piggeldy, my Old Hen,
She lays quarts for gentlemen,
Gentlemen come every day,
To see what my Old Hen doth lay.

Well, We Should Worry!
Well, sir, here's another baseball season in our midst, as the fellow said, and thus far no one seems to have thought of inventing a rubber pop bottle. What were the members of the Umpire's Protective Association thinking of all Winter?

We'll Bet They're Tough Eating.
A man in Hamilton, Ohio, advertises two bronze turkeys for sale.

Help!
One hand was all he used to steer,
The other arm hugged Myrtle;
They felt a skid, and then, oh dear!
The doggone car turned turtle.
—Luke McLuke.

To this thing, Burbank, pray give heed,
And quiet our alarms;
It's evident our crying need
Is young men with three arms.
—Newark Advocate.

Names in Names.
This country will celebrate Corn Week next fall. But what we started to tell you was that Bunion Day lives in Paris, Ky.

Our Daily Special.
Good Intentions Are Usually Too Good To Be True.

BIBBY'S

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When a man falls he falls just so far. But when a woman falls she never seems to hit the bottom.