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REFORMING THE CALENDAR

It is interesting to learn that the Vatican has decided to call a conference next April, under the presidency of Cardinal Mercier, for the purpose of reforming the calendar so as to cause any given date always to fall on the same week-day.

The Gregorian Calendar, which we now follow, was instituted by Pope Gregory XIII in 1582, but was not adopted in England until 1752 when eleven days of accumulated error were dropped; the day following the 3rd of September being called the 14th.

A possible method of ensuring that a date shall fall always on the same week-day is to "drop" one day out of the year, making 364 days or exactly 52 weeks. The 365th day would not count as a week-day but would be given a special name, such as "Leap Day," and fall just before New Year's.

Those who forgot that our present calendar is equally arbitrary will be shocked at the idea of taking such liberties with Father Time. But the satisfaction of having Easter fixed and all other holidays and anniversaries falling on the same day of the week should, in time, reconcile even these.

THE SCOTCH AND THEIR PORRIDGE.

"Enormous stocks of oatmeal have accumulated in Scotland, because the working classes have given up eating porridge, say the dealers."

There is a suggestion of tragedy in the above despatch which recently came across the cables from the old land. Scottish people in this country, and there are tens of thousands of them, will hardly credit the statement, "The Scotch giving up their porridge," they exclaim. It hardly seems credible. It would be almost as reasonable to expect the Irish to give up their potatoes and their pigs, or the English to give up their roast beef and beer.

Scotland has bred splendid men and women. They have been pioneer leaders in every part of the world. Their physique has for centuries been the wonder of the world. They have given to many countries a strain of hardy blood which has built up the very best type of citizenship.

How did they do it? Because from their very earliest days they were reared upon the homely oatmeal porridge. Because on this simple fare they developed the bodies of physical giants, and as their bodily strength developed, so did their mental equipment.

It was an oatmeal porridge that the soldiers were fed who chased Napoleon from the battlefield of Waterloo. It was an oatmeal porridge that the Highlanders of Sir Colin Campbell built up the strength to enable them to withstand the terrible winters in the Crimea.

MAN WITH WINGS.

"We have got wings, we cannot soar," is the way a poet puts it in telling how we may reach the "cloudy summits," but we are not sure that the poetic statement is not an error. Men have soared, not in a motor-driven aeroplane only, but without engine and with only air currents and the skill of the operator supporting a "glider."

success than that which now exists in flying without motive power other than that of which a skillful operator may avail himself in taking advantage of air currents.

It may seem incredible that the weight of a man could be supported for long by any system of heavier than air planes and at the same time be propelled in any desired direction by the operator, yet we thought the same thing of the aeroplane. However, we have become cautious in condemning as possible the fancy of the most extravagant imagination. Too many "impossibilities" have become realities to make it safe to forecast failure for the dream of flying through hitching one's self to wings.

HARNESSING THE WIND. The wind has always been a good servant of mankind. From the earliest times it has been used to propel our ships, and it has also been employed, notably in Holland, to run mills. In that country windmills are engaged principally in draining the marshes and in grinding trass, a kind of earth used in the manufacture of cement.

But the wind is now going to be called upon to do many kinds of work for which it was never appointed heretofore; for a way has been found of converting it into electrical energy, which will be applicable to the operation of a great variety of machines. Moreover, it will be possible to store this energy and use it at times when the wind itself is inert.

The announcement is made that, after two years of experimenting, engineers of two electric companies have succeeded in perfecting apparatus which generates electricity from winds blowing at rates of from seven to thirty miles an hour, stores it up for use when needed, and works day and night without attention. The equipment includes a heavy fifty-foot steel tower, topped by a large wind wheel, a separator, switchboard and battery. It has been demonstrated that the outfit will furnish enough electricity for ordinary farm needs.

The importance of this invention hardly can be exaggerated. It opens up vast and inexhaustible sources of cheap power. It will bring saving of fuel. It will bring comforts and conveniences within the reach of many to whom they have heretofore been inaccessible. Much of the hard manual labor, which has made farm life repugnant, will be unnecessary, for the wind, converted into electricity, will do it.

Walt Mason THE POET PHILOSOPHER

BUY AT HOME.

From Jinks, the tinsmith, honest man, I bought my super-three sedan. I might have bought a car by mail, and got good value for my kale; but we have lived next door for years, and we have mingled smiles and tears; when Jinks would grind a sanderstone, I turned the grindstone cheerily, and when my cow is sick he's there, to take the edge off my despair. And when he wished a noble ode to advertise his new abode, he came and offered me the chance, and paid five kopecks in advance. We stand together in our town; we do not turn each other down. Now I might go to some big place and have a barber mow my face, and get some frills I do not know in Punktown, where my whiskers grow. Our barber shaves me with a saw, and now and then the blood he'll draw; but he's a good and thrifty lad and built himself a handsome shack, with roses climbing up the back; at home he bought the tools and rails, and local workmen drove the nails. And when he wants a stirring song, to help his growing trade along, he comes to me, the home grown bard, and buys the hot stuff by the yard; nor does he haggle at the price—he's handed me a rouble twice. We stand together for the town, and no one turns a neighbor down; thus Punktown grows, thus she expands, and she'll be famed in many lands. —WALT MASON.

Drowned in River.

Carlotta Place, Dec. 6.—Mrs. William Ingram, aged thirty-nine, a widow with four children, was found dead in the Mississippi river behind Findlay's foundry on Sunday. She is believed to have committed suicide while despondent. Mrs. Ingram wore only a coat over her night attire. The husband of the late Mrs. Ingram died during the influenza epidemic in March, 1919.

Yes, a dear little wife usually is a very big expense.

BIBLE THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY PRAYER FOR WISDOM:—So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.—Psalm 90: 12.

ALONG LIFE'S DETOUR BY SAM HILL

Popular Ambition. I wouldn't want to be a Czar, Nor yet a bloody Nero; What I am hankerin' to be Is a big fillum hero.

Observations of Oldest Inhabitant. I kin remember when folks would be busy at this time of year polishing up their old sleighs.

We Prefer a Less Painful Skin Game. (From an ad in Jacksonville, Fla., Times Union). I will peel the face of one woman free, as an advertisement. Baye Oma, 23 N. Ocean. If this kind of thing hurts as badly as having your face peeled with a dull razor the ladies are welcome to the offer. We'd beg to be excused.

Isn't This Terrible! "I just cannot afford these high rents," groaned the Bookkeeper. "The only rents I can afford are those I get in my clothes," growled the Clerk.

Conclusion Reached After Seeing a Girl Dressed for Winter. The smile she wears Must keep her warm.

Nothing Doing. "Come fly with me," warbled the amateur aviator. "Not on your tinfoyle," retorted the Wise Flapper. "I'll wait until you have learned to handle the airplane a little better."

Showing Just How Important a Mere Husband Is. (Wisconsin Rapids Tribune). A number of friends surprised Mrs. G. M. Hafenbrack at her home Saturday evening, the occasion being the ninth wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Hafenbrack. Although Mr. Hafenbrack is still in a Michigan sanitarium a good time was enjoyed by all.

Good News—For Anybody Who Wants To Go There. Dear Sam: F. F. Flee keeps a hotel at New Vienna, Ohio, but you will find no fleas in or about the place.—D. P.

Pool Questions. R. T. asks: "Can you put anything in a vacant stare?" Well, sometimes it is full of malice.

Seeking Domestic Peace. "Marie has gone to the Peace Conference." "You must be wrong; I saw him on the street this morning." "Yes; and you will find him in the Courtroom now. He is suing his wife for divorce."

Democracy! Bah! There's no true freedom in this land. One thing should surely be allowed. The right of any guy to kill. The peanut-eater in a crowd. —Cincinnati Enquirer.

Well, if upon this hapless guy Death penalty you would bestow, What's left for him who loudly reads The titles in a picture show? —Newark, Ohio, Advocate.

Shucks! Who Wants a Home Any More? "More garages than homes were built in the United States last year,"—News item. The family can shift for itself, but the automobile must be taken care of. It used to be ladies first, but not since the motor car arrived.

Why Overlook an Automobile and a Million Dollars? (Camden, Ga., Beacon-Journal). We have had a light shower of rain, and would be glad of a general rain, then cooler weather, and a fat pig to eat with our sweet potatoes.

Daily Sentence Sermon. Hitting a man when he is down, never makes a hit.

News of the Names Club. "Wilson Curt." Sounds like an echo of the war, but it isn't. Wilson lives at New Independence, Mo.

Perfectly Simple, Eh, Watson? "It would be easy to save that \$10,000,000 Congress voted to enforce the dry laws." "How's that?" "Just let everybody obey the prohibition laws."

Abs! and Ahs! Says a news item: "The mint industry is gaining in Oregon because of the superior conditions of the climate." Of course, they may eat a lot of spring lamb up in Oregon, but just the same we are willing to wager on good for the raising of mint is also mighty good for bootleggers. Will Andy Volstead please express his opinion?

Boy, Get 'Em an Alarm Clock. What a lot of old fogies our Government statisticians are. They still class automobiles, chewing gum, face powder and soda water as luxuries. Why don't they include telephones, railroads and street cars?

News of the Names Club. Jackson, Ohio, has an attorney named Frank De Lay. Is he any relation to the Law's delay?

We All Do—Now and Then. They cite one case of George Washington refusing to tell a lie and then set him up as a model of truthfulness. "Well?" "Oh, nothing. But I occasionally tell the truth myself, but I doubt if my biographer will go to the trouble of hunting up the occasions in an effort to establish my reputation for veracity."

The Worst of All. Guy Haythorn writes: "I often have I kin remember when the ladies

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wondered how a murderer feels when on trial. I have found out. I lost my check in a Cincinnati cafeteria. Has any one ever had a more harrowing experience than this? Well, if he hasn't let him lose his weekly pay envelope and go home and tell his wife about it. It is too terrible an experience for us to dwell upon.

A Modest Violet. "The trouble with you is you cannot recognize your limitations," angrily declared the Friend. "Of course I cannot recognize what I never have had," calmly replied the Egotist.

Here's Mary Again. Chicago psychologists have come to the conclusion, after exhaustive research, that sheep glands are the thing to be fed to those who are "shy" in the "think-tank" in order to force their return to mental "normality." Therefore I am moved to indicate the following to a lambkin of world fame, for the part the family is to take in the rejuvenation of the race. "Pass the mutton," Parson.

Mary had a little lamb, She took it with her to college. Merely wanted its glands, she said; In order to improve her knowledge. —Mark Tyme.

I kin remember when the ladies



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