

LIGHTS OF SHINAGAWA BAY

Physical Phenomena in Japanese Waters Said to Have Been Caused by Countless Animalcules.

Strange lights hover over the waters of Japan at various places. The burning spring that appears at intervals of several years in one of the land locked bays is a natural phenomenon that has attracted the attention of the scientific world.

The savants of Japan are giving much attention to this curious freak of nature. One college professor likened the exhibition to the innumerable lights off the coast of Chikusen and Chikgo in Kyushu.

Doctor Kishigami of the college of agriculture in the Tokyo Imperial university collected a quantity of water from the bay. He has declared that the light is caused by countless animalcules. He describes these insects as gymnogyniums, belonging to the class Flagellata.

GOOD OF COMPANY MANNERS

Obviates Arguments, Harsh Language, Criticisms and Other Features in Ordinary Home Life.

There isn't any trouble in the home when there is company in the house. Everything runs smoothly, as a rule, averse the Columbus Dispatch.

It would be an awful strain for a while, to be sure. The whole family is under a strain when there's company in the house.

When Nobel Cut His Finger.

The great war might be traced back to Nobel's cut finger. E. E. Slosson writes in the New York Independent.

To Remodel Japanese Army.

The return of distinguished Japanese officers who have been in Europe studying the latest military tactics on the battlefronts will be followed by army reorganization, reports the Tokyo Jiji.

IDEAS ABOUT AGE ARE WRONG

Writer Complains That World Thinks of All Men As If They Were Young.

It is the fashion nowadays to speak of a youth of eighteen as if he were a child, and of a man of thirty-five as if he were yet growing.

We think of all men who are not elderly as if they were young men, liable to the mistakes of young men, and this not infrequently leads them to act as if they really were very young men.

JUST PART OF DAILY GRIND

Wounds and Death Mere Incidents to American Soldiers When Duty Sounds Its Call.

There were four of them, and their mission was to transport a machine gun to a wooded hilltop commanding the enemy lines.

This is just an ordinary episode of daily life at the front.—From a Red Cross Scrap Book.

Aerial Postal Service.

Negotiations for aerial postal service have been completed between the British and Dutch governments, and Holland is very busy making final arrangements.

Austrian Child-Slaves.

The report of a parliamentary committee appointed to investigate conditions surrounding child labor in Austria discovered a most deplorable condition, according to the Arbeiter Zeitung of Vienna.

Accurate Shooting.

In France a German plane, swooping around a farmhouse, was startled and soon driven away by very accurate rifle fire.

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One Way Out.

Two bluejackets were in the wash-room washing clothes, preparatory to the weekly inspection. They were both regulars and had enlisted for four years.

"Too Old"

By VICTOR REDCLIFFE

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"You see the big entrance to the factory. Beyond, a great broad stairway leading to the offices.

Thus Gabriel Purcell, sturdy old disciplinarian of fifty. He did not look it, he did not feel it.

He carried a magnificent gold-headed cane under his arm, disdaining its use as a support and only taking it with him for company.

At that same hour Thomas Wynne, head of the great Wynne company, sat facing his attorney in his private office.

"The fact is, Wynne, isn't it that Purcell is Osterreichized," submitted the latter.

"Don't use the word jauntily, Randall," returned the founder.

"None, except through the courtesy of my wife and some relatives who are also stockholders.

"Yes, that isn't all, Randall," resumed the manufacturer.

"Great for him! He'll make it," declared the lawyer with confidence.

"The young man has not advised his father or others of his love affairs," said Wynne.

"And Arnold Purcell?"

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furnaces. The entire property belonged to Purcell, but was of little apparent value.

"I've come from your best friend," spoke the lawyer. "He wants you to accept a pension, a free and clear town residence, an automobile and—"

Gabriel Purcell burst out into a hearty laugh. He held in his hand a letter he had just received from his son.

He was strangely changed from the wandering misanthrope of the early morning.

"Stop right there, Mr. Randall," he said heartily. "I understand Mr. Wynne and he understands me.

The lawyer eyed Purcell as though he was getting rid of his senses.

"Oh, I'm not talking wild," chuckled the old man. He waved the letter in his hand towards the old quarry pit.

"That hole in the ground, you mean?"

"Exactly, and it's going to be a gold mine."

"I can't make out Purcell," reported the lawyer to Mr. Wynne.

"He talks millions. He's got some dream of wealth and he seems happy as a lark. He says he'll be back in a year."

"I honestly hope it," groaned Mr. Wynne.

"Already some of the modern efficiency tactics of the new superintendent have set the older working gangs by the ears, and they are quitting by the score."

Mr. Wynne put himself out of the way to meet Purcell whenever he could.

He was surprised, pleased and gratified to note the glad, sincere welcome of the discarded faithful old fellow worker.

Purcell was more than friendly, he was cheerful, loquacious, and referred constantly to his "vacation," and blinked jocularly at the founder and referred to "the good old times coming back all new."

Then came a period of care and trouble for the plant. A good many of the old expert workmen sought new fields of labor.

The new superintendent took a large contract at a loss. In rushing a special order they forfeited the trade of one of their oldest and most substantial clients.

Meanwhile, something that puzzled the townspeople was going on at the old quarry. Near the edge of the big pit new tracks were laid, a large weighing scale put in, derricks erected, and scoops, elevating and lowering machinery.

Purcell bustled about, the busiest, cheeriest being ever was, and his son Arnold made frequent inspection visits to the old home at the quarry pit.

One day, like a thunderclap, came the news that the big plant was shut down pending a reorganization.

The new superintendent had resigned. Some outside stockholders had become alarmed at the reports of fast shrinking profits, and had thrown their holdings on the market at a ruinous decline.

That very morning a train of 50 gondola dump cars gracefully wound round from the main railroad tracks and half encircled the quarry pit.

Each car was weighed, the contents dumped, and the train returned to the city. Ashes, building debris, all the daily accumulated rubbish and waste of a great city was represented in this first dumping into that useless, valueless, almost fathomless quarry pit.

Thomas Wynne looked up from his desk in the office of the deserted plant as Gabriel Purcell entered. The founder's face was worn and drawn.

"Is it as bad as they say?" questioned Purcell.

"Worse. Outside of my wife's capital I have no resources. I must have two hundred thousand dollars to get back where we were before this ghastly experiment was made, or go into bankruptcy."

"Good!" cried Purcell animatedly. "I'll provide the deficit amount for a like amount of stock."

"You?" cried Wynne incredulously. "Myself and my son, yes. You see, old friend, the quarry pit, Arnold is the head expert in recovery and disposal work for the city.

We are only 12 miles away, and the nearest available dumping pit. They have been carrying the refuse into the lake, but the barge rates have become prohibitive. In fact, we have a ten years' contract for disposing of the rubbish at forty cents a cubic yard. Fifty cars a day and all profit, but the weighing. Figure it up, and don't wonder that we are able to anticipate a million in payment any time we want it."

"And you propose—"

"To go back to my old job and run the plant on the old safe, sensible basis. Old friend," suggested Purcell, with twinkling eyes, "did it happen to occur to you that you were ten years older than myself?"

And then when affairs had been readjusted and Arnold Purcell qualified fully as a meet suitor for pretty, patient Elsinore, and the old cheerful hum of industry cheered the contented workmen at the plant, Thomas Wynne and Gabriel Purcell, again in the right groove, felt as though they had stepped back into the magic enthusiasm of their earlier years.

Modes of Progress.

"You need exercise. You ought to walk to work."

"It can't be done from our suburb. You may snow-plow your way to work. You may slide or you may come pretty near swimming to work. But you never actually walk."

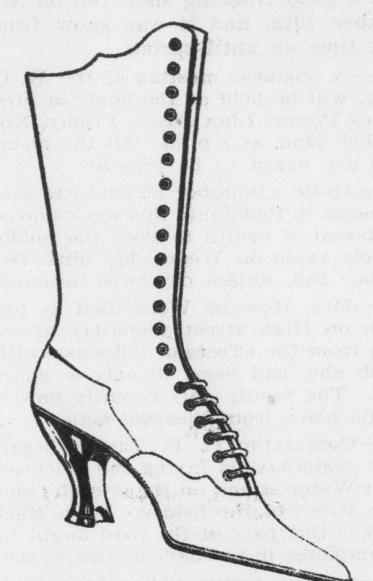
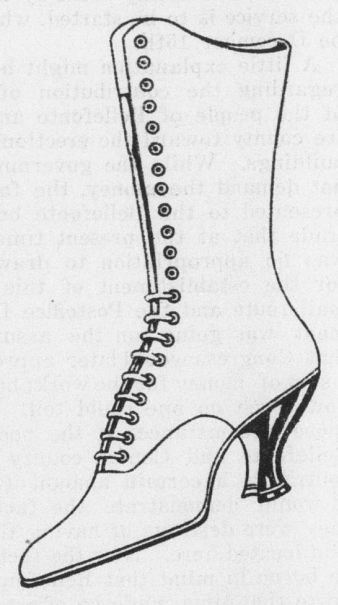
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