

Capital Rat Catcher Gives Up Job

Washington.—The Pied Piper has quit. A lifetime consisting of nothing more inspiring than luring rats to that bourne whence no traveler returns holds no charms for A. Gentry, rat catcher in ordinary of the National Capital. Gentry's soul cherishes loftier ambitions.

"Rats!" he said, in commenting on his resignation. "Big rats, little rats, fat rats, scrawny rats—they're all just rats to me."

"And after you have succeeded in trapping them what have you to show for your pains. Just rats and 40 cents an hour. I tell you, sir, a man's life

is too important to be frittered away in that fashion.

"You may well say that catching federal rats is a public service, and many and boy, I've caught some big ones in my time, but I have been forced reluctantly to the conclusion that rat trapping is not my métier. There's no future in it. A long vista of deceased rodents—nothing more."

Gentry's nightly feud with the federal rats is fought out on a field of the rats' own choosing—the old Center market district. It was here a short time ago that two young ladies from Virginia—students of heraldry—were frightened out of several years' growth by a platoon of the pests encircling their car and defying them to enter. It took the authority of a policeman to persuade them to disperse.

So A. Gentry, fifty, champion prairie dog killer of Wyoming, was looked up. "Will you rid us of our rats?" "Pleasure."

"Hired."

Six rats a night for several nights convinced the Pied Piper that other fields beckoned. Just where they are he would not state for publication. Enough that he is through as a harrier of rodents. Prairie dogs, then rats! Enough is enough.

France to Honor Mother of Martyr



A monument is to be erected in France to the memory of Isabel Romee, mother of Joan of Arc. Both French and American mothers will carry to the base of the hill at Reul de Sarte the clay model, shown above, of the memorial which is to be erected later. There is a movement on foot in France to name Mother's day after Madame Romee.

LIGHTS OF NEW YORK

By WALTER TRUMBULL

I had never seen a planetarium, and except for my wife's insistence probably would not have seen one yet. In fact, in preliminary conversation on the subject, I inadvertently referred to it as a solarium, despite the fact that the difference is as that between day and night. It does, to be sure, show the sun as well as the stars in their courses, but it is a dimmed sun, which permits observation of the shining of the lesser lights. In ordinary study of astronomy you look outdoors up into what Omkar Khayyam designated as "that inverted bowl they call the sky." In a planetarium, they bring the sky indoors.

Whoever created that weird and wonderful machine, which looks like some nightmarish visitor from Mars, is to my mind entitled to rank with Merlin and all the ancient magicians, although all complicated mechanical invention is just so much mystery to one who considers the proper threading of a film in a movie camera an

achievement. It not only shows the entire solar system in movement through its countless fields of stars, but can make thousands of years race in either direction in the space of a few minutes. In other words, this device can show you the moving heavens as they looked to Anthony and Cleopatra floating down the Nile on some clear Egyptian night. Or it can show you the sun, moon, stars and planets in the position they will occupy 10,000 years from now, something which, even as an optimist, I never expected to see. In that space of time, I understand, the constellations will be distorted; the big dipper will look as if it had been through the war; Cassiopeia's chair will look like a hammock.

As you gaze up at the interior of the dome, upon which synchronized and moving objects of light are cast, you have no feeling of being under a roof. It gives you the feeling of looking at the true sky. When the machine is run at speed, you feel decided apprehension for Venus, desperately trying to keep ahead of the sun, and considerable sympathy for little Mercury, trying just as desperately to catch up. Saturn, a lonesome planet, nods eagerly to Venus as she flashes by, but, contrary to any mythological scandal, she neither pauses nor notices him. Jupiter and Mars must be tired business men. They stay out all night. Betelgeuse is apparently a cop on fixed post.

One reason I never had seen a planetarium is that the only one in the United States is the gift of Max Adler to the city of Chicago. It stands on a little island in the lake, near the Field museum, and has the general form of an observatory. I believe there are several planetariums in Germany, and there is soon to be one in Philadelphia in spite of the cost, which they tell me is considerable. I can't see why there is not a planetarium in every large city in the country. It is one of the greatest educational factors I ever saw. The institution in Chicago is constantly a place of pilgrimage for school children, as well as adults, and teaches them more about astronomy in an hour than they would learn from any ordinary course in months. It is an impressive demonstration, making an indelible impression. Never was a scientific lesson more skillfully sugar-coated. Why so rich a city as New York hasn't a planetarium, I can't imagine.

The head of the Chicago planetarium is Doctor Fox, but frequently there are visiting lecturers. Doctor Baker, professor of astronomy at the University of Illinois, lectured the day I was present. He showed me a board, which had more gadgets on it than the control board of an airplane, and told me that the speaker regulated the artificial heavens to suit himself by means of rows of what seemed to be electric buttons and switches. Apparently, the manipulator can place

himself on any portion of the earth's surface he desires, looking at the sky from a northern, southern or equatorial angle. As I left, Doctor Baker was preparing to take a couple of his students on a trip South, showing them the Southern Cross. I once had to take a trip to South America to see that.

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HONOR FOR HEROINE



Annetta Brenneman, aged nineteen, of Factoryville, Pa., who has been awarded a bronze medal by the Carnegie hero fund committee for risking her life in saving Frank P. Demeck, aged twenty, from drowning in Lake Sheridan. Although Demeck weighs 175 pounds and Annetta weighs but 112, she dove into the lake and brought him ashore after he had bumped his head on the bottom of a canoe when coming up from a dive and sank again.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By John Hix

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Would Enlarge Yellowstone Park

New York.—A territory of 52,480 acres will be added to the Yellowstone National park if the recommendations of the Yellowstone park boundary commission, appointed by President Hoover, are adopted by congress. This is revealed in the commission's report of 184 pages, which has just been issued by the government printing office.

Other recommendations of the commission include the retention of 40 square miles of ridges and valleys along the Snake river, which it had been proposed to congress should be eliminated from the park. The report

also recommends that Idaho reclamation interests be denied their request for a reservoir site of 17,250 acres in the Bechler river basin of the park.

This commission, appointed by the President pursuant to a resolution of congress approved February 28, 1920,

consists of Dr. E. E. Brownell of California; Dr. Arthur E. Morgan of Ohio; Dr. T. Gilbert Pearson of New York; Charles H. Ramsdell of Minnesota; and Arthur Ringland of Washington, D. C.

In a statement made by Commissioner Pearson, president of the National Association of Audubon Societies, he laid emphasis on the importance of adding to the park the Bridger lake and Upper Yellowstone River region. He pointed out that this is the heart of the Shiras moose country.

KNOWING HOW TO STOP

By THOMAS ARKLE CLARK
Dean of Men, University of Illinois.

In old Norse mythology there is the story of a poor man who through bargaining with the devil came into possession of a quern, which is a sort of ancient coffee mill. This quern was capable of grinding out anything that it was told to grind—meat and drink and dainties of all sorts. It would grind lights and cutlery and tablecloths and gold

even if they were told to do so. The poor man had a rich brother who, when he saw the luxuries with which the once indigent member of the family was now surrounded, became curious and envious. "Whence in h-l's name have you got all this wealth?" he asked, and so persistent was he in his inquiries that he finally wormed from his brother the secret of the quern. Seeing its possibilities he was not satisfied until he had possessed himself of it, which he did upon the payment of a large sum of money.

It was evening when the rich brother got the quern home, and next morning, it being the time of hay harvest, he sent his wife out into the hay field to turn over the hay which was being cut that it might be more quickly dry, and he agreed to stay at home and get the dinner. When dinner time came he put the quern upon the table and said:

"Grind herrings and broth and grind them good and fast."

The quern began to grind until the table was covered and the kitchen floor, and he was forced to open the door to let the flood of herrings and broth out. He had learned how to

SETS NEW RECORD



Wade ("Red") Woodworth of Evanston, Ill., winner of the outboard motor boat race from Albany to New York, seated on his craft after being towed to the dock from the finish line. In winning, Woodworth set a new record of 3 hours and 10 minutes.

Father Sage Says:

The man who gets something for nothing is always surprised to discover that it is worth just about the price that he paid for it.

start the machine but he had neglected to discover how it could be stopped and the yard and the streets and the fields were in danger of being covered with herrings and broth like a great lava stream. It was only when he rushed frantically to his brother that the quern was stopped.

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POPULAR PLAID



Plaid for every occasion is the latest fashion edict. The model shown is a crepe frock in brown and white plaid, with it are worn white shoes and white hat. The pocketbook is also white.

She Can't Help It

There are three things that happen to most women, no matter how clever—runs in stockings, dieting and matrimony.—American Magazine.

Community Building

Grade Lawn According to House's Elevation

Houses which are located at a higher elevation than the street walk should usually be terraced down to the property line. Because of the lack of space where building lines are close to the street, the terraces must necessarily be narrow and steep. A large front yard, however, may be graded to terraces having long gentle slopes, although in either case the treatment depends entirely upon the difference in elevation. In all instances of lawn grading the surface should slope away from the house on all sides and the length of these slopes will depend upon the grade of the yard as a whole.

The rough grading of the lawn is the first operation of landscaping after the construction of the building. Walks, drives and other permanent features of the yard follow. If sufficient time is available all planting should be done before the lawn is fine graded and seeded. This prevents the seed from being disturbed while using the lawn area for planting. If, however, the location of the trees and shrubs can be reached without crossing the new grade, then the grass seed may be planted first. In any case the lawn should be completed as early as favorable weather conditions will permit.

Protection of Private Property From Vandals

California has found it desirable at last to deal with the picnic nuisance committed by the few trespassing vandals who litter and deface and destroy private property.

As is usually the case, the many will have to be penalized for the offenses of a small minority. Henceforth, under California law, no one may encroach upon private grounds to rest or picnic unless he has obtained written permission of the owner.

This is an intensification of the law of trespass, which most folk obey as part of their code. But the invaders who leave unseemly litter after a picnic, who destroy shrubbery and ravish flowery woods, who even break down fences and light fires to menace and damage property—these are the offenders whose depredations put shame upon self-respecting persons and exasperated property owners.

California is not alone in this nuisance. Ask many a property owner within motoring range of cities and towns in Minnesota about his experience with vandals and trespassers. He will subscribe to the principle of the new California law, as will decent city folk considerate of rural residents.—Minneapolis Journal.

Aiding Prospective Buyers

A new book for home buyers entitled, "How to Judge a House," has been issued by the national committee on wood utilization of the Department of Commerce. Its purpose is to furnish the prospective home buyer with basic information about site, design, construction, and equipment needed to make a wise and economical choice of the house already built. It tells how to judge the quality of building materials and construction methods upon which the security of the buyer's investment largely depends.

The book may be obtained from the superintendent of documents, government printing office, Washington, or from the district sales offices of the Department of Commerce in leading cities. It sells for 10 cents a single copy, \$7 a hundred or \$50 a thousand.

City of the Future

A fascinating prophecy of what the city of 50 years hence will look like is made by R. L. Duffus in the Rotarian. He foresees mountainous, glass-faced buildings laid out along streets that radiate from centers like cobwebs. The growing belief that "machines were made for man" leads to his conclusion that "a steel mill will be as beautiful to look at and as pleasantly situated as a cathedral."

City children of 1980 are going to have better air to breathe, adds Mr. Duffus, and larger playgrounds. Walks and drives will be lined with trees, for many obnoxious gases will be eliminated and the setback buildings will give streets more sunshine.

Live and Dead Towns

The difference between a live town and a dead one is—in its citizens. In a live town there are plenty of men and women ready to boost, work and put over any worthy enterprise for the benefit of the community. In a dead town every man is too selfishly interested in his own affairs to spend any time on affairs for community betterment.

Is your town a live one? If not, it's up to you individually to help in every way possible to give your town the reputation of being a live, wide-awake town.—Annie James, N. C., in Grit.

Civic Spirit Spreading

Our cities were once horrible and apparently insoluble problems. They were like ill-built dwellings, constructed without plan, unadapted either for their locations in the landscape or for the work to be done in them. But the new civic spirit is taking them over and reshaping them to meet human demands both esthetic and commercial.

