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Petitioned by Friends to Let His Beard Grow

Indianapolis, Ind.—Delegates to the Charities and Corrections Conference petitioned Alexander Johnson to let his whiskers grow again. Here's the petition:

"Whereas, We, members of the National Conference of Charities and Corrections, have grown to love our dear friend the 'grand old man' of the conference, the beloved Alexander Johnson; and

"Whereas, We took pride and joy in his benign countenance and the air of distinctive individuality and dignity which his former unshorn state gave him; be it

"Resolved, That we hereby most respectfully petition our dear 'Daddy Johnson' that he look like himself again when we meet at the 1917 conference."

Has Two Guests Arrested but Saves Them From Jail

Special to the Telegraph
Flint, Mich.—Mack Smith, hotel proprietor, had two of his guests arrested, charging that while they were under the influence of liquor they held an undress parade through the corridors of his hotel.

The men, Harry Clark and Oscar Godin, pleaded guilty and were sentenced to spend ten days in jail each, in default of \$10 fines. Mack had a change of heart when he saw the officers taking them to jail. He went into court and paid their fines.

NUXATED IRON

Increases strength of delicate, nervous, rundown people 200 per cent. in ten days in many instances. \$1.00 FORFEIT. This is as per full explanation in large article soon to appear in this paper. Ask your doctor or

MONKEYS WEAR GLASSES AND RUIN THEIR EYES

Hospital Experiment of Worldwide Interest

BALTIMORE, MD.—At Johns Hopkins Hospital, they are putting glasses on monkeys for the purpose of upsetting their vision. This will cause a severe eye strain, and impaired vision, which in turn affects the thyroid glands and is expected to produce such diseases as nervousness, insomnia, melancholia, irritability, headache, giddiness, palpitation of the heart, protruding eyeballs, and mild forms of tubercular affections. You must admit that if glasses on monkeys will cause such conditions, they will do the same on human beings.

Eye-glasses in many cases are unnecessary and even dangerous. Many think because they see well with their glasses that they fit, but this is not always true. Mistaken glasses have ruined the eyes of thousands of people, for at times nearly every one of us has worn glasses which do not fit. In the United States alone there are over 300,000 blind people, thousands of whom can trace their misfortune to neglect, as neglect has caused more blindness than any other one cause. It is a tragedy to lose anything, but to lose your eyes is to lose everything, therefore you should know something about your eyes, and what to do to strengthen and preserve them.

Leading druggists are now authorized to distribute free to those interested, a valuable book pertaining to eyes and eye saving, entitled "How to Get Rid of Eye Troubles." This book should be in every home. It tells of a highly efficacious home remedy, which has enabled many to strengthen their eyesight 50 per cent. in one week's time, and by so doing they are able to discard their glasses. Through its use, many others have avoided the necessity of resorting to these windows. If you are a wearer of glasses and want to get rid of them, if your eyesight is weak and you wish to strengthen it, if you would like to test the remedy, go to any drug store and get 5 grain opticon tablets. Put one tablet in a quarter glass of water, allow to thoroughly dissolve, and with this refreshing solution, bathe the eyes from three to four times daily.

Everyone, whether they wear glasses or not, will be greatly benefited through this method of eye saving. Since this formula has been published H. C. Kennedy, of this city, has been kept busy filling it. If you follow this method, your eyes will clear up perceptibly right from the start. The eyes will tone even in old eyes, and its use will tone and strengthen the eye muscles and nerves so they quickly become healthy and strong. If you would overcome bloodshot eyes and red lids, if you would have good eyesight, eyes free from blurring, inflammation, smarting, itching, burning and aching due to eye-strain from overworked eyes, try this solution at once. Don't put it off until tomorrow, as delays are dangerous and the sooner you take care of your eyes, the better it will be for you.—Advertisement.

The Social Pirates
Story No. 7
The Rogue's Nemesis

Plot by George Bronson Howard.
Novelization by Hugh C. Weir.
Copyright Kalem Company.

They stopped at last, when it was late, at a roadhouse, where they had a table overlooking the Sound, where the lights twinkled, red, white, and red again, across the water. Few people were in the place; Clay had chosen it for its isolation.

"So—you're married, hey?" he said, when he had given the order. "Well, that's too bad, kid. Don't get along any too well, either?"

"Oh—Otto's all right, in his way—but he does wear much," said Mary flippantly. "The trouble with him is he's a genius."

"A genius, huh?" said Clay, with a great laugh. "What's his line?"

"He's a musician. And he's some violinist, if I do say it. He writes music, too. That's his trouble. He's always thinking about that, when he ought to be thinking about me."

"Whoa! Look at him provocatively, and once more he reached for her hand. But once more it eluded him.

"He always looks at me like that," she complained. "Morning, noon and night—whenever he's home. Says he's got to work out the theme for the symphony he's writing, that's going to make him famous. That's all right, you know—but it gets tiresome after a while."

"Sure—oh, sure," said Clay. "Say, kid, why don't you shake him?"

"A nice little girl like you oughtn't to be tied up to a dud like that."

"Oh, you don't know him," said Mary, frowning. "He'd kill me. You never saw such a jealous man in your life. He's too busy with his music to bother with me—but if any other man looks at me—"

"Gee—what's he expect?" asked Clay.

"He expects a lot," said Mary. "Why, the other day I met a fellow in the street, I used to go to school with—and of course I stopped to talk with him. Why not?"

"What should you say?"

"Well, Otto came along and my but you should have seen the way he cut up. He was perfectly wild. He pushed my friend away and dragged me home. He said I was driving him mad—that I was driving all his inspiration away. What was I going to do with a man like that?"

"Forget him," said Clay. "Say, it's good thing you met me. If Otto ever sticks up against me he'll wonder whether he got away with Jess Willard or the Singer building fell down on him. We're going to be pals, you and I."

"You're awfully sure, aren't you?" said Mary, leaning toward you.

"I know," he told her, chuckling. "Say, where's little Otto tonight?"

"Playing with his orchestra—there was a concert," said Mary. "That's why I'm out. Oh—I didn't know it was so late."

"Late—its early!" protested Clay.

"No—no," said Mary, anxiously. "You've got to rush me home in a hurry—if you drive as fast as you did when we were coming here I'll be home before his orchestra has started."

Disappointment showed in Clay's eyes. But, studying Mary for a moment, he was satisfied. She was telling the truth, he felt sure. He was in a stage that led him to want to please her. And so, although he hated to go home so early, he agreed. In a few minutes they were in the car again, and speeding toward the city.

He slowed down near the apartment house she pointed out to him, and she got out.

"Say—call me up tomorrow, or I'll come after you!" he threatened.

"Oh, don't do that—you don't know how frightened I am!" Mary said, "I mean about Otto—his temperamental! I believe he'd shoot me if he ever had any real use to be jealous. He said so often enough."

"He'd better be careful," growled Clay. "If you get my number, kid—and that goes both ways, 'o' night!"

"Good night—thanks for the ride," said Mary and left him—pleased.

Mona greeted her with a cry of relief.

"Oh, I was so frightened, Mary!" she said. "I'm so glad you're back!"

"You needn't have worried," said Mary, scornfully. "He's not a bit more dangerous than any other low-minded man."

"Tell me all about it," said Mona. "And where do I come in?"

"That's just what I want to do—tell you about it," said Mary. "And you've got just half a part to play as I have. Listen—"

Mona listened. And when Mary had done she laughed.

"Mary, if you really believe that a man like Goodwin Clay will be fooled so easily!"

"I know it!" said Mary, with supreme confidence. "All we've got to do is attack to the plan we made!"

"Oh—it's going to be fun, after all!" said Mona.

A MUSIC CANNERY
By Frederic J. Haskin

[Continued From Editorial Page]

enough in the auditorium record poorly, so the test record is made with all the pomp and circumstance that attends making a disk whose duplicates will be run off by the thousands, just to see if the voice is of the right quality to record properly.

As a general rule, the best voices make the best records. The singer who couples the greatest natural endowment with the finest technique will have the least trouble. Very high tones and very low tones, however, present special difficulties. Something of the same sort is true of instrumental music. The piano is the most difficult of all instruments properly to record.

Phonograph manufacturers have a predilection for passing over the mechanical side of their business as lightly as possible. They seem to feel that a look behind the scenes, into the springs and disks and pulleys breeds disillusionment. It is here, however, that the real wonder lies. There is perhaps no achievement of modern science that comes as close to magic as the turning of a jagged square of rummy black shellac into a thing that stores up the greatest music of the ages ready at the turn of a finger to release it as often as you will, after composer and singer are dust.

The actual process of making a record is simple enough. The singer goes into a room specially constructed to produce the best possible reproduction of his voice. He faces a square funnel whose small end leads to a recording disk made of "a plastic material." In the nature of that plastic material lies the secret of perfect reproduction, and the formula for its composition is not exactly being printed on hand-bills for general distribution.

Behind the singer the orchestra is ranged. If the conductor has some special band or orchestra, the players are of course brought especially to Camden, but for ordinary accompaniments the company maintains its own organization of the men. They have to be artists of the first quality, because there is always that little recording imp of the cabinet to be considered, with his irritating demand for absolute perfection. If a mistake is made he seizes it gleefully and transmits it to all the thousands of his children who are stamped from him, to trumpet abroad wherever they are played. So the director will stop the whole proceeding at any point with a tap of his baton, if his ear catches the slightest error.

Visitors are not encouraged in this inner sanctuary. The faintest whisper or rustle is caught up and recorded just as faithfully as the aria itself. If a visitor does gain admittance, he notes that the music of the orchestra is quite different from the ordinary one in opera or concert work. Some of the men are perched on high, some of them are drawn up close to the recording cabinet, while others are drawn down. Each instrument has a different carrying power and a different recording quality, so that a special arrangement is necessary to get the proper effect.

When the number has been played, the little imp in the cabinet has every tone-shade safely locked in his bosom. They take and give him an electroplating bath that coats him with recording nickel, and there you have your master record. One such master record is put on file, and from a second the ordinary disk records are made. The black material that you see in a phonograph record is a composition of shellac, which softens under the influence of heat. The material is rolled out the great sheet and cut into squares twelve inches on a side.

These squares harden as they cool, and in their hardened condition are sent down to the room where the impressing is done. Here they are laid on a hot table a moment to soften, and then placed over the nickel master record. They are stamped and trimmed—and there is your Caruso or Tetzlaff ready for the cabinet.

The life of a record is a matter of some interest to the owner of a phonograph. With ordinary use, a disk should last indefinitely. Of course, the friction of the record, tungsten or sapphire on even the hardest material will eventually wear it out, but unless you play some particular piece many hours a day, there is no deterioration. The question of "overtones" comes up in this connection. It has been stated that the overtones wear off a record more quickly than the notes of the dominant octave, and thus spoil the quality of the recorded voice, even while leaving pitch and volume unimpaired. It is true enough that the quality of any musical note depends largely on the overtones, but according to the local company at least, there is nothing in the theory that overtones are destroyed by normal playing of a record.

After the disk itself, the most interesting part of the phonograph mechanism is the motor which revolves the record under the needle. The motor has to be a little wonder of its kind. It must work at a constantly even speed—more even than that of a clock mechanism, because a clock may have compensating defects and still keep time. If the phonograph motor works a shade too fast or too slow, the whole effect is marred. A change of speed not only spoils the tempo of the number being played, but actually changes the pitch of the notes given out as well. This company estimates that if the springs they put into their cabinets were joined together, a year's supply would reach from London to New York.

Much of the mechanical side of phonograph-building is of course very like similar processes in any other craft. The record, the motor, and the little mica disk, whose vibration does the actual "singing" are the three unique points. The world's whole mica production is picked over by the phonograph builders in their search for the most perfect piece, and only the best of it is sufficiently flawless for use.

The phonograph industry as a whole is unique, not only in the industrial field, but in its relation to art and society. It is putting men, for the first time in history on a footing similar to that of the other arts. It is paving the way to cumulative musical achievement. We have cumulative achievement in literature, in sculpture and in painting. In these arts the treasures of the ages are piled up. Each new master measures himself not only against his contemporaries, but against the masters of all time. But the most perfect musical execution, the finest tone-shadings, the most sympathetic voices, were gone forever almost before the echoes of the last notes died away in the crowded auditorium. The phonograph bids fair to change all that.

Train Hit Big Alligator and Was Badly Wrecked

Richmond, Va.—Derailment of a train by an alligator lying across the tracks near Teia, Honduras, caused the death of Henry Kinard Smith, civil engineer, son of the late Bishop Coke Smith of the Southern Methodist church, according to information received lately from Mr. Smith's relatives here from Robert Lansing, Secretary of State. The accident occurred March 25. As a precaution against bubonic plague, the body cannot be removed from Honduras until after the lapse of four years.

That Daily Letter

signed R. L. B. in the Financial and Business Section of the Public Ledger is from one of the best-posted and most reliable financial writers in Wall Street. It is invaluable to every Pennsylvania business man who wants to keep posted, and especially to every Banker, Broker, Bank Officer, Director, Depositor, or Investor.

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Leyrus H. K. Curtis
The Public Ledger, Philadelphia, Pa.

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Cadomene Tablets help men out of the rut of nervous discontent and ill-health, and restore to them the capacity of more complete enjoyment of the pleasures of life. All druggists sell 3-grain Cadomene Tablets in sealed tubes.