

Laugh at Lightning

New York.—The next time the lightning flashes and baby cries and mother shivers and you swallow hard and tell Johnny, "Pooh, pooh, there is nothing to be afraid of," and then duck your own head under the bed—clothes—don't. You are right. There is nothing to be afraid of. The chance of a person being struck in his home is one in several million.

And if you chance to be at your desk in some downtown skyscraper, the lightning cannot reach you.

You have the assurance for this from R. M. Spruck, an engineer of the new switchgear plant of the General Electric company at Philadelphia, in charge of the high voltage testing of circuit breakers, where arcs of artificial lightning at from fifteen to twenty feet are played over apparatus to make sure there are no defects and that it will withstand conditions when put into service out in the open in natural lightning areas.

Not Mere Guesswork.

"Shooting a million volts into circuit breakers to thoroughly test them before leaving the factory is not mere

guesswork. The fundamentals are based on studies made in the company's laboratories, field observations, and the classic work of the late Doctor Steinmetz," Mr. Spruck said.

If you reside on the top of a hill with no trees about you, you are in a comparatively perilous position. But if you live in the average city home, with houses of equal height about you, lightning is likely to single you out about once every thousand years. As for the residents in the house perched upon the hill, the chance is one in several million that they will be struck by the bolt that comes once every hundred years.

The bolt might tear up the roof, or even set it afire, but likely would get no closer to you. It would encounter the electric house wiring and would be carried impotently to the ground. Or it would hop on to the plumbing system and decelerate speed off into the earth.

Keep Away From Walls.

The safest place in your house is anywhere except where these lightning conductors are centered. Most

plumbing and heating pipes run up and down in the middle of the house. Keep away from the walls in which they run. Do not stand between two metal objects, such as a heating radiator and the plumbing pipes. There is nothing wrong with the superstition that the bed is a safe place.

In the modern steel office building lightning can't even get the roof. Most roofs of such buildings are metal and are purposely brought in contact at some point with the steel framework, and this circuit absorbs and carries off any lightning that may chance to shoot down.

Perhaps the question of the efficacy of lightning rods has never been fully settled in the public mind. Lightning rods are now to be seen chiefly in the country. There is a lightning rod on nearly every house in the cities, though it may not be visible to the eye. Every plumbing system has an air vent pipe—that runs upward to, if not through the roof. It serves exactly as does the lightning rod, which pricks the air on the farmer's house.

Leave the Green Isle for America



Thousands of young Irish boys and girls are leaving Ireland every week with the enlargement of the American immigration quota. In one week 1,700 enthusiastic emigrants, such as are shown here, departed from Queenstown. This picture was taken as a shipload of emigrants sailed.

PRICE FIFTEEN DOLLARS

(By D. J. Walsh.)

LILA GORDON started with dismay as Mrs. Warren sat down beside her in the street car.

Her smile, however, was so cordial as to disarm suspicion. Even under the other woman's critical stare she maintained her little air of gaiety. Yet she was tingling with the consciousness that her shabby winter hat and coat were in striking contrast to Mrs. Warren's smart spring attire.

Rummaging for a coin Mrs. Warren displayed the wealth of her purse. She was evidently also going downtown to shop and Lila, mindful of the twenty-dollar bill which was her all, bit her lip as she averted her eyes.

She decided to elude her companion as soon as they reached the downtown district but when she left the car Mrs. Warren followed her.

"I am going to look at a living room chair," Mrs. Warren said, "Can't you come with me and give me your opinion?"

She took off her things and sat down in the old Morris chair and bowed her head on the arm and wept. In all the six years she had been married she had wept but once before and that was the other day when Bert lost his job. Yes, she had wept then, but not as she wept now, never as she wept now. Bert out of work, so many things needed in their small apartment and she buying a \$15 hat! Yet she had been forced to do it by that woman. Mrs. Warren had challenged her, she had accepted the challenge. The purchase was the result. The terrible chance! If she had taken the preceding car or the one that followed in ten minutes she could have avoided Mrs. Warren and this would never have happened. And now they must trip over the holes in the old dining room rug for a long time to come! For even if Bert found another job they would have to economize sternly.

A thing that is done cannot always be undone and Lila resignedly arose, bathed face and began to prepare dinner by opening a can of salmon. She was wondering whether to make croquettes or an escaloped dish when she heard Bert's footsteps. As he entered his eyes fell upon the new hat which she had left in plain sight on purpose.

"Hello! Been getting you a new top-knot? Let's see how it looks on you!" He placed it upon her head, studying her downcast face tenderly. "All right—I like it. Look here, what are you crying about?"

"Because I am a fool," Lila sobbed against his shoulder. "I paid \$15 for that hat—I really thought the price tag read only \$5—I couldn't back out—before Jack Warren's wife. Oh, Bert! You know why." She poured out the details incoherently. "She bought over a hundred dollars worth of furniture—I saw her do it. I couldn't let her think we were down and out just because her husband had got your job away from me. I acted as if we had all the money in the world and not a care. I—I think I fooled her. But, oh, Bert."

He held her close, bending his fair head to her dark one.

"You are some girl," he said softly. "Some little wife! Stop crying, love. It is all right. I am glad you did it. I understand."

She looked at him piteously.

"I wouldn't have said a word if you'd-kicked me," she said.

He roared boyishly.

"You game little girl! Listen here, love. While you were going through the agony of that hat deal I was out hunting a job, I got one. Start in tomorrow. Forty dollars a week and a spiffy chance for promotion. Go ahead and wear your new hat and enjoy it. That's not the only thing you are going to have."

"Bert!" she clung to him joyously. They kissed, long, sweetly.

"Say," shouted Bert. "What's become of that steak I brought home? Where did I put it? And the other things? Hurry up and put the frying pan on. We're going to celebrate—do you hear? Celebrate!"

"I got a hat the other day," Mrs. Warren said to the saleswoman, whose sharp eyes recognized the hat if not the wearer. "My friend wants a hat. Please show her what you have."

Lila flushed with embarrassment. She had no intention of buying a hat. The most she had intended to do was to get a bit of trimming for a hat she had at home. Her twenty-dollar bill was dedicated to a sterner purpose—a linoleum rug for the dining room. The need for that had been so great that even Bert had seen the purchase could no longer be delayed. Her embarrassment increased as the saleswoman began to produce charming hats. Mrs. Warren insisted that Lila try on one after the other. They mistook the cause of her radiance and plied her with reasons why she should buy this or that.

It was a severe test, only a woman can understand how severe. Lila had every reason for wishing Mrs. Warren to think that she could have any hat she chose. She was proud and brave, not afraid to say no, but she was in a peculiar situation. Her air of bravado seemed to fail her. Owing to Mrs. Warren's interference she saw that she could not leave that place without buying a hat. If she did Mrs. Warren would know what she was trying so hard to conceal and, knowing, Mrs. Warren would exult. Indeed it came to Lila in her perplexity that Mrs. Warren was putting "it up to her" as Bert would say. She was trying to see what Lila would do. It was this last thought that made Lila reach over, select a hat and place it on her own head. It was not that it was becoming and serviceable, it was only that she had caught sight of the price tag. It appeared to be marked \$5.

"I will take this hat," she said carelessly.

"Fifteen dollars," said the saleswoman.

Lila's heart turned, but beholding her own face in the mirror she saw that she did not blanch.

"Very well," she replied, and carelessly handed over her \$20 bill, taking care that Mrs. Warren should not see it left her purse empty save for a few coins. "And now," she said smilingly to the other woman, "I think I will just run home with my new chaparral."

If it had not been so far she would have walked by way of penance. As it was not one who saw her in the new hat knew what was going on behind her dark eyes. She swung off at the corner. Her steps lagged as she neared the apartment house. Suddenly the life seemed to go out of her. How could she confront Bert? What would he say to her? What would he do?

He was not at home she saw as she unlocked the door, but there were evidences of him in the dingy living room.

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On the Other Side of the World

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

I HAVE always thought that things would be very different on the other side of the world—different customs, a different language, different peoples. The South Sea Islands have always spelled mystery and magic to me and dusky forms waving strange weapons in the air, India and the Malay peninsula I was sure was an other world.

My cousin Tracy, who is a banker with nothing to do on occasion but to sail the seas and to stop at strange and unfamiliar parts has been going around the world recently, an experience which is new neither to him nor to his much traveled wife. He sends me a bundle of newspapers from Singapore. Of course you all know what and where Singapore is. I do, since I asked Nancy, and she, to be certain, looked it up in the atlas. It is an English possession, I believe, where the papers advertise "snappy bathing costumes" at from nine to fifteen dollars each—dollars, mind you; good American dollars, not pounds, shillings, and pence.

They marry and murder in Singapore the same as we do in this civilized and enlightened country. They advertise motor cars and whisky (without an e) for Mr. Volstead's in

AUSTRALIAN MERMAID



The photograph shows Edna Davey, who will represent Australia in the women's 40 meters race at Amsterdam this summer. Her best time for 40 yards is 6 minutes 3 4-5 seconds. And her beauty will certainly help the judges in picking winners.

fluence has not traveled so far. They have moving pictures, and just at the time when Tracy was there, Andy and Min and Chester Gump were holding their stuff in Singapore! It seems inconceivable to me. They have political outrages there, and men are

History in Wampum

Albany, N. Y.—Four almost priceless belts of Indian wampum recently added to the collection in the New York state museum make it one of the finest groups of these "historical documents" in the world.

The belts were left to the museum by the will of Anna Treadwell Thacher, whose husband, John Boyd Thacher, purchased them in 1835 for \$500.

The four new belts in the collection are known as the Hiawatha belt, the Washington Covenant belt, the Wampum to Mark the First Sight of Pale-

faces, and the famous Champlain belt. The Hiawatha belt is believed here to be the original record of the formation of the Iroquois league. The exact age of the belt is unknown, but it is believed to have been made in the middle of the Sixteenth century.

The Washington Covenant belt was the one most highly prized by the wampum keepers of the Onondaga nation. It derives its name from its use during the Presidency of George Washington as a covenant of peace between the thirteen original states and the six nations of the Iroquois, the great Indian federation.

The third belt was made by the Iroquois to commemorate the "sight of the first palefaces," but it is not known whether this reference is to Spaniards, French or Dutch.

The Champlain belt is virtually a duplicate of the Gen. E. S. Parker belt, also a part of the collection. It commemorates the excursion of Samuel Champlain into the country of the Iroquois in 1609.

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DIPPING INTO SCIENCE

Millions of Insects

There are between five and ten million species of insects in the world. Many of these are very necessary to us. Some help in destroying the harmful insects, others give us valuable medicine, and others still more useful carry the pollen from plant to plant, enabling them to bear their fruit and flowers.

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SUCH IS LIFE — No Hurry Whatever — By Charles Sughroe



German Amber Town

Palmnicken, Germany.—With frost out of the ground, quarrying for amber has started again at the great Prussian amber mining works here, which is the only plant of its kind in the world.

Palmnicken lives on amber. The whole village of 800 people is employed in the plant.

Amber, "Prussian gold," was traded at this little spot on the Baltic coast with the ancient Phoenicians. Fishermen dredged for it in earlier days, but more recently it has been dug out of the blue clay with machinery.

Great hoppers bring up cars of clay from an area a square mile in extent. The clay is washed for amber in much the same way as auriferous earth is washed for gold. Each season about 3,000,000 cubic meters of soil are moved.

Amber is found in clusters. The pieces are picked out and washed with sand in great revolving drums. An army of girls sits at a running band and picks out six recognized standard qualities.

Every year the "crop" runs to about 125,000 pounds but only one-third of this is suitable for beads and ornaments. The rest is ground to powder to make "pressed" amber, or melted down to make varnish and colophony. Amber oil and acid are by-products obtained by distillation.

Pieces of seven or eight pounds weight are not rare, but the biggest single lump ever found here weighed about fifteen pounds.

In the laboratory, pieces of amber of all shades and sizes are kept—bright amber, pale-yellow amber, plain and with flies, bugs or tiny leaves imbedded in them, dating from the tertiary period when coniferous forests flourished here in a subtropical climate.

The most valuable amber bears the quaint name of "sauerkraut" because it is of a pale-yellow tinge and has markings suggesting strands of cabbage.

Just What They Are Looking For



Government Is Asked to Alter Girls' Dress

Rome.—Bare arms, low necks and short skirts would be taboo for Italian high school and college girls if Minister of Education Fedele took the action asked in a letter now before him.

The body known as "the national committee for the correctness of the mode" has petitioned him requesting that all those whose costume does not conform to that modesty which is dictated by civilized Christian usage and sentiment be barred from the institutions under his control. The school supervisors in several large provincial cities have already publicly admonished girl students for "immodest dress," but with little effect.

German Waiters Again Will Work in England

Berlin.—German waiters are to work in English hotels and restaurants again for the first time since the war. Four German waiters have left Germany for England and others soon will follow them.

According to German estimates, more than 40 per cent of employes in English hotels and restaurants before the war were Germans.

The Neue Berliner Zeitung states that the first group of German waiters to resume work in England and who have just departed, have been engaged for a period of five years at wages between \$30 and \$35 a week—far more than they could earn in Germany.

IN BLACK TAFFETA



Myrna Loy proves her talent for designing by this simple yet beautiful dinner frock of black pussy-willow taffeta with overdash of black dotted lace, showing the uneven hemline. Two large bows at the hips of taffeta and lace add a touch of smartness to the gown, and a colored flower at the shoulder completes the effect. A large black satin and tulle hat is most appropriate with this dress.