

Business Veering Slowly to Normal

Federal Reserve Board Makes Public Summaries of Reports

The federal reserve board has made public summaries of reports from federal reserve agents throughout the country in answer to a questionnaire recently sent out to ascertain the extent of business and industrial readjustment. The report showed in general large stocks on hand by manufacturers and dealers and a lessened demand, with prices decreasing in many cases.

A typical example of the reports from industrial districts was afforded by the tabulation of replies to questions from business concerns in the Philadelphia federal reserve district. These questions and classified replies were as follows:

Are the quantities of materials, supplies and goods as shown by your last inventory larger than usual? Yes, 114; no, 129.

Are they principally for war or civilian business? War work, 20; civilian business, 221.

Have the prices of your product been lower recently from the high prices prevailing during the war? Yes, 148; no, 93.

Is labor more abundant? Yes, 225; no, 21.

Is labor less restless? Yes, 147; no, 91.

Is there less re-employment? Yes, 186; no, 62.

Is labor more efficient? Yes, 90; no, 142.

Has there been any lowering of wages? Yes, 17; no, 228.

Are you paying less for raw materials? Yes, 131; no, 89.

Have you a satisfactory amount of orders on hand? Yes, 81; no, 150.

Hints for the Poultry Grower

Young chicks should not be fed for from 24 to 30 hours after hatching, and will not suffer if given no food until the third day. The yolk of the eggs, which is absorbed by the chick, furnishes all the nourishment required during this time. It is this provision of nature for the first sustenance of the chick that makes it possible to ship newly hatched chicks considerable distances.

After feeding is started it is advisable to feed the chick five times a day, at equal intervals, and alternating a mash of soft feed, such as Johnny cake, with a hard grain or scratch feed.

"A model variety ration for very young chicks," said John L. Prehn, extension poultry husbandman for the Kansas State Agricultural college, "is a scratch mixture composed of five pounds of cracked corn, three pounds of cracked wheat, two pounds of pin-head oatmeal, either hulled or rolled oats. If corn is not available, cracked kafir or rolled or hulled barley may be substituted. Feed this mixture, scattered in chaff, morning, noon and night.

"For making the Johnny cake, use five pounds of cornmeal, six infertile eggs, and one tablespoonful of baking soda. Mix in enough milk to make a stiff batter, and bake it well.

"Instead of the Johnny cake a mixture of dried crumbs with hard boiled infertile eggs, making about one-quarter of the mixture of the eggs, may be used. Rolled oats may be used in place of the bread crumbs. Feed this in the middle of the forenoon and afternoon for the first ten days or two weeks.

"When infertile eggs are not available use double the quantity of baking soda, and add half a pound of sifted beef scrap. Infertile eggs are those which have been tested out from sittings or from an incubator.

"Some tender green stuff should be fed to baby chicks after the first week. When a regular supply in quantity is needed it is usually most convenient to use sprouted oats."

Holding Breath, Gargle, and Sneezing, Hiccough Cure, 400 Years Before Christ

The hiccough epidemic being prevalent in a mid-western state recently, a man comes forward with a remedy successfully used by a Greek poet 400 years before Christ.

It is found in "The Banquet," translated from Plato, and here it is:

"When it came to the turn of Aristophanes to speak it happened that he had a hiccough which prevented him; so he turned to Eryximachus, the physician who was reclining close by him, and said: 'It is fair that you should cure me of my hiccoughs or speak until it is over.' 'I will do both,' said the physician. 'I will speak in your turn and you shall speak in mine. Meanwhile, if you will hold your breath for some time it will subside. If not, gargle your throat with water, and if it still continues take something to stimulate your nostrils and sneeze; do this once or twice, and even though it should be very violent it will cease.'"

General Foch Born in 1851, Near the Spanish Border

Ferdinand Foch was born at Tarbes, France, near the Spanish border, in 1851. He was a subaltern in the Franco-Prussian war in 1870, and in 1871 entered the Ecole Polytechnique. He served as an artillery officer until 1884 when he entered the Ecole de Guerre. Twelve years later he returned to the school as an instructor. In 1907 he was made a brigadier general. He served in the war until April, 1917, when he retired from active service to become adviser of the war council, and was appointed generalissimo of the allied forces March 29, 1918.

The Phantom Diver

By GEORGE W. LEWIS

Big Harkinson stepped on the raft and disappeared downward. The gray-green water lapped above his head, a few blister-like bubbles dangled and exploded in the tiny swirl that marked his exit. That was all. The sepulchered Helena was about to receive a second visitor from the land of the living. The slender conduit that linked the diver with life paid out rapidly, then suddenly stopped, and we knew that Harkinson was aboard the wreck.

"Seventy-one feet," drawled, Garrick.

"A little pale, wasn't he?" queried Wenry, keeping a watchful eye on the line.

Garrick looked over to the speaker as though he had expected the question.

"What d'you s'pose is wrong?" he said. The faintest trace of anxiety was in his great, slow voice.

"It's Connors—I mean the mysterious way Connors' air-tube parted," returned Wenry. "I don't believe in spooks, specially submarine ones; but there ain't no more cause for the Atlantic cable coming in two at this minute than there was for poor Connors' hose—a brand new one, too, mind you—separatin' as it did. It's queer."

Garrick, listening, spat reflectively at the last remaining bubble. Watching from my seat in the dingy, I knew that the two men, whatever details they might make, were at last impressed with the gruesomeness of their chosen profession—dallying with dead things under the sea. Mayhap it was because Connors had been their tutor, their companion. Indeed, the old diver had been pretty nearly everything to them; but he had been even more to his employers. In his unaccountable death the world had lost a master-diver, and the company had lost money. But because John Connors had been a faithful servant, the company had paid hard money that the diver's harness-weighted remains might be the first brought up.

Harkinson's signal "up" was of that nervous, hurry-up sort that tells of sudden distress. He had been down but three minutes. At a similar depth he usually remained thirty or more, for he was a Hercules, and for him water-pressure had no terrors. I knew that Wenry, at least—though for no good reason—fully expected to see the big diver come up limp and dead. I read his white face like print. But when big Harkinson's helmet bobbed out of water a moment later, both his big red hands were clutching at the raft as frantically as if some pursuing monster were about to drag him down to death.

When his helmet was off, his face showed mottled and chalky. The spluttered-out, meaningless fragments of speech, and his eyes were fixed in a terrified stare. Garrick forced half a pint of whisky down his throat before anything like coherency could be restored.

"He's down there—boys—Connors!" The diver clapped his hands over his eyes as if to shut out some hideous recurring vision. "Oh, Lord!" he wailed, "think—think of the harness—Connors, dead sixty—sixty hours—walking and beckoning—"

Harkinson's great strength snapped like a reed under the strain, and he dropped forward upon his face, unconscious.

When Garrick consented to go down to the Helena, I knew that it was because he needed money—needed it badly. Garrick, unavoidably, had long been idle; besides, he was engaged, and the girl was pretty and worthy; and the big, slow-spoken diver knew that he must prepare a suitable home for her. He was of a good, honest sort, was Garrick, and courageous, too. But I had watched his face as Harkinson, his nerves shattered, related from a sick bed his uncanny experience aboard the sunken Helena; and thus I had come to know that, badly as Garrick needed money, he needed courage more, if he would succeed where Harkinson had failed. The thing was on his nerves, right enough; but I saw the grip of his big jaw, and I knew that he was indeed going down, even though he might not come up.

"There was a lot of wreckage piled up about the cabin-door," Harkinson had told us, "and I had to squat as low as I could to pass under it. As I raised up, inside the cabin—Connors—dead sixty hours—got up off a bench fixed to the opposite wall of the cabin, and came to meet me. Seventy-one feet under the sea with a ghost! Connors—yes, it was him, all right—suddenly stopped and threw up his hands as though recognition of me startled him. He wore his same diver's outfit—the kind we all use. After a moment his arms fell limply by his sides; but immediately he made a hand and passed it over his brow perplexedly. Then he seemed to gesture to me; and I found that I was also beckoning to him, signaling to him to follow me up. But he backed away in a manner almost of despair. I thought, and resumed his bench at the farther side of the cabin as I bent low under the wreckage at the door and backed out on deck, signaling to be pulled up."

Wenry's face was chalk-white, as

big Garrick went over the side and dropped out of sight in the green swell that rocked our raft and dingy. As for me, I confess my nerves were strangely shaken. But I was scarcely more than a green diver as yet, whereas Wenry thrilled his listeners—and himself—with well-told tales of raised treasures and strange submarine encounters in which, he it known, he spared himself little of the commendation due to achievements.

Within twelve minutes after Garrick went down, the body of Connors had been recovered in a fair state of preservation. Harkinson, an old-timer, too, had after all allowed himself to be frightened off the job by some fool, subaqueous phenomenon whose phases he had been studying all his precious life.

Wenry's superstitious mind was infinitely relieved. A semblance of color came back into his face, and I had begun to feel less of the anxiety experienced by one at work with a near-maniac for a companion, when all at once Garrick started us with a fiercely tugged "up" signal. He was mumbling strange sounds before we got his helmet off, and when the light fell on his face it revealed a mask of terror unspenkable. His features were drawn and, seamed unbelievably, and speech had deserted him altogether. Some awful emotion shook his great body like an aspen.

It was two long hours before we knew his story. All that Harkinson had seen in the Helena's cabin, Garrick, too, had beheld—the same in all its blood-chilling details.

The affair began to nag my nerves with a vengeance. I would have staked my very existence on the grip of Garrick's big jaw. I almost wished that I had done so; for Wenry and I were the only available ones, and I knew beforehand that Wenry, if detailed, would refuse to go down. It was a time when one must be a man or a mouse; when a white feather becomes a white flag, and a white flag means the surrendering of a career. I am a natural coward, but possess underlying qualities of resolution. I could live without this job, I thought; and, too, I, unlike Garrick, was blessed with no woman's love save a mother's; but her comforts were my pleasures, her self-denials my heartaches. I went down!

I went down—down, down, down until my cumbrous feet met the slimy, slanting deck of the ill-fated Helena. The water was as clear as might be at a like depth. Everywhere was a confusion of wreckage. It had been a smashing gale that wrought all this demolition. I made out the cabin, half-hidden under a tangled mass of wreckage, and worked my way to the debris-barred door. I avoided the keen edge of a long knife which some whim of the storm's fury had fixed firmly in a piece of broken mast. The edge turned outward, menacing my lines, and I gasped. The mystery of Connors' death was laid bare. His hose had doubtless caught on the knife blade; he had tried to haul it after him, and—

I had to crouch low to pass under the barrier at the door. The cabin windows were clear, and in the ceiling was a huge, spar-torn hole which admitted light. I stood erect inside the cabin, and—! At the opposite side of the room a second diver in full dress had risen before me, motionless, but erect with the confident poise of life. A nervous, insane curiosity seized me; a yearning to know if the diver that faced me were of flesh and blood, or—something else. I advanced toward the appropriation; and then my nerve all bit broke, for it followed my example and came forward to meet me! I hesitated only for the space of a heart-beat; then I threw myself forward wildly, hands clutching, but on the greasy, slime-coated floor my feet flew from under me with the effort, and I crashed down.

The fall dazed me. I only knew that my hands, in the instant of my falling, had slipped over a smooth, hard surface exactly where the apparition had stood. From the floor I strained my eyes upward. The strange diver had disappeared. I tottered to my feet; and then the desperation of fright sent my hand to my sheath-knife, for as I gained my feet the vanished figure again confronted me. I drove the knife with all my strength, for I knew that the mysterious diver was not Connors. The knife-point deflected and grazed an impenetrable, even surface, and the force of the blow carried me with a momentary shock against something that felt peculiarly like a sleek, enameled panel. My tense nerves went slack, and my knees wavered weakly from the sudden relaxation as the light of understanding broke upon my groping senses.

"The dence!" I ejaculated in the close confinement of my helmet, "a mirror!"

Early English Coffee Houses.

In an age when newspapers were unknown, or consisted only of official or strictly licensed prints containing only what the court desired to have known, the coffee house became the great exchange of news and politics, and so marked did its influence become that the government attempted at one time to suppress it. The attempt merely served to bring out the importance of the function this unique institution had attained to, for so widespread was the protest of all classes of business affected, and of opinion roused, that Charles II was forced to abandon it.

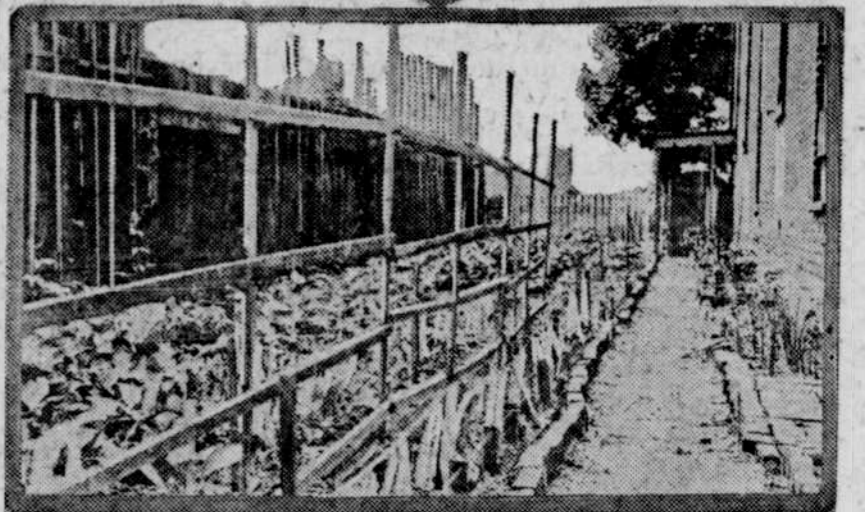
Foundation Must Be There.

A man can never be a true gentleman in manner until he is a true gentleman at heart.—Dickens.

To Be Big Year for Gardens

By U. S. Department of Agriculture

Home gardening is starting off this year in every section of the country with the momentum gained during the two gardening seasons in which the United States was at war. This is the conclusion drawn from reports to the garden specialists of the United States department of agriculture.



Showing "Before and After" of a Garden Campaign—Upper Picture the Neglected Lot—Lower, the Producing Garden.

culture from garden leaders in most of the states. According to these reports gardening has spread to every element of the people and has become a fixed factor in city and suburban as well as rural life. With experience gained by amateur gardeners in past seasons and with gardens assuming a permanent rather than a temporary character, this year is expected to be the greatest year ever recorded in making waste land produce food.

To Reorganize National Guard

Militia Bureau Will Extend Call to All States

With the rapid return to this country of the National Guard divisions that served in France, officials of the militia bureau of the war department are making plans for an active campaign to reorganize the National Guard in every state in the union. Authority has just been granted the bureau to increase its personnel.

The militia bureau will soon extend a general call to all state troop leaders, urging them to give their co-operation in the formation of the national militia. The new congress will be urged to make adequate financial provision for the re-establishment of the National Guard on a sound basis. The military bill that failed to pass at the last congress contained an appropriation of more than \$14,000,000 for the National Guard and authorization for the equipment of all state troops from the surplus war material in war department depots.

Authority will be sought to accept for enlistment for a period of one year all National Guardsmen who served in France. The remainder of the six-year enlistment period will be in the reserve.

Bells Originally Used to Clear Air of Evil Spirits

The use of bells originated in superstition. They were first used in China a great many centuries ago, and their original purpose was to dispel and clear the air of "evil spirits," also to break up and drive away storms. From China bells were eventually introduced into Europe. Old records tell us how the tolling of bells kept the "spirits of darkness" from assailing people while in the act of worship. Hence the connection of bells with churches. It was only a comparatively recent date that bells were used for calling the people to church. For ages they were designed solely for keeping evil spirits at a safe distance.

DO YOU KNOW THAT—

Ever never once threatened Adam to go back to mother?

A kid with a stick of candy can get everything in the room sticky, too?

A woman who marries a rake has to scratch for a living?

On the other hand, it would seem that a grass widow should properly marry a rake?

No matter how fast time flies some clocks are sure to be slow?

Affection of the Elephant Compared With That of Any of the Domestic Animals

It is commonly supposed that all large animals of tropical jungles express a sense of ferocity, but this is not true of the elephant, which is only fierce when his self-protection demands it. Perhaps no other animal is so affectionate as the elephant. Whatever a horse, a dog, a cat or any domestic animal will do for its master, an elephant will do, if it is possible, with equal promptness. However, this is the case only if the elephant has been treated with kindness.

In the East, in India and in Africa, elephants are not properly rewarded for their kindness and service to man. In India this creature is hunted, made prisoner, and forced to work in great lumber yards. In Africa, his existence is threatened because of the way that men track him down for ivory. If only the demands for ivory would cease, the elephant might be free to go about his accustomed ways and then he would always show his affectionate nature.

One of Philippine Group Is an Island of Mystery

Mindoro, in the Philippine group, is something of a mystery. Other islands are rather thickly populated, but of Mindoro hardly anything is known. There is a fringe of population around the shore line, but the interior of the big island is practically unknown and unexplored. It is claimed that but one white man, Dean Worcester, ever has crossed the interior of Mindoro. Why the island has remained thus for nearly 800 years is quite hard to understand. It is said that there is gold in abundance on this island, and where there is gold there usually can be found white men willing to go after it, whether in frozen waste or tropic heat, but Mindoro's secrets remain safely hidden.

Door Should Fit in Frame Like Stopper in a Bottle

It ruffled the tidy nature of the handy man to have to pull and jerk at his door to open it, and then to have to coax and push to shut it. A door should fit in its frame like a stopper in a bottle, he thought. A cursory examination disclosed that it stuck at the bottom. Of course, if the swelling had been at the top it would have been so easy to plane off the surplus. But at the bottom! He tried tightening the screws in the upper hinge, which were quite loose, but found the wood so soft that even longer screws would not hold. There seemed to be nothing to do but remove the upper hinge, dig out the soft wood and insert in its place a piece of new wood, which held the hinge firmly and prevented the door from sagging.