

Shopping Is One Art Man Can't Master, Says Writer.

Women Know How, Despite All Jokes Regarding Methods Peculiar to Sex, Is Declaration of Mere Male Who Has Ventured to Try Hand.

BY JAMES J. MONTAGUE. WOMEN, as novelists and philosophers have said, have a way with them: I have often noticed it—particularly in stores.

Women know how to shop. Men don't. I used to believe the comic-artist jokes about women going from place to place pawing over everything on the counters and not buying anything. I don't any more. I have seen them at their work, and I know that eventually, if not right at the moment they do buy something, and buy what they want. And they usually get it at the price they intended to pay when they started out.

I have tried shopping myself, with results which may be called neutral. And my experience is still fresh in my mind.

It happened that the household was out of lettuce, and its general manager being otherwise employed, I was sent out to get it.

Don't get any of that stazy, faded lettuce, I was told. Feel the heads yourself. Peel off the outer leaves, and see if they are large and firm before you buy them.

I had seen this done when carrying parcels for the general manager, and I supposed it could be accomplished without difficulty.

I went into a vegetable market near by. The proprietor was busy, for which I was grateful. I wanted to feel the lettuce, as instructed, but I didn't have the nerve to do it before his eyes.

In a bin close at hand were 10 or 15 heads. I patted one of them tentatively. It seemed to yield to my probing finger.

Picking it up, after a furtive glance at the proprietor, I divested it of one of its outer leaves.

But I wasn't quick enough. The proprietor left the customer on whom he was waiting and leaped to my side.

"You buya?" he inquired, lowering at me.

"I'm not sure; I wanted to see if it was good."

"You no buy, what for you teara all that off? Twenty cent."

"Too much."

"You spilla. You buya?"

His aspect was menacing. I thought. I also bought two others, wholly on ocular evidence that they were sound.

When I got home I found that they were not sound. I found further that far better lettuce could be bought for 15 cents a head, that they would always cheat you if you didn't examine them, and that it was perfectly ridiculous to let an ignorant foreigner scare you out of your wits when, if you had the least bit of courage, you could make him give you the kind of lettuce you wanted at a reasonable price.

But I didn't learn anything—about shopping that is.

A few days thereafter I had to go to the butcher shop. Again I received exact instructions as to how to proceed, instructions so exact in fact that they were insulting to my intelligence, and deeply resented.

"I know, I know," I grunted. "I guess I can be trusted to buy a little meat."

There was no reassuring response. At the butcher shop I found the steaks, already cut, under a glass counter, where I could not get my hands on them.

I had been told not to get one of these, but to insist on having one cut from the large hunks that hang somewhere back in the icebox.

"I want," I said, "a porterhouse steak, of about three pounds, cut thick, with considerable fat, and a large tenderloin."

The butcher reached under the case, drew out a thin, rangy steak and slapped it before me.

"I should prefer to have one cut," I said.

"This is cut, ain't it?"

"I mean cut in the bigger piece."

"This was cut off the biggest piece in the cow."

"I mean one of those in the icebox."

"There ain't no more in the icebox. Will you have this wan?"

"Don't think so."

"All right," and back it went into the case.

"But I want a steak."

"Well, didn't I show you a steak?"

"But I want a—"

"Twas a good steak. Take it or leave it."

I took it.

It did not prove satisfactory when I arrived home with it.

My explanations were received coldly. At last I got mad, and suggested that it was the best steak to be had, and that anybody would have taken it.

The general manager got on her hat and coat and departed down the street. She returned with a "porterhouse" steak, with considerable fat and a large tenderloin.

I don't know how she did it. If I did I would do the same thing myself next time.

But to hope to do so is idle.

If I go into a department store and begin fingering things on the counter, as dozens of women around me do, the saleswoman signals to a large, flatfooted man in the aisle, who comes and stands behind me.

I always buy something then in a hurry, to cover my embarrassment, but he usually accompanies me to the door as I go out.

Shopping is an art. There may be men who have mastered it, but if there are I never met any of them. (Copyright, 1920, by Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

Oregon Sophomore Serves America and Canada.

His Record Includes Two Years in Army of Britain and 13 Months on United States Destroyer.

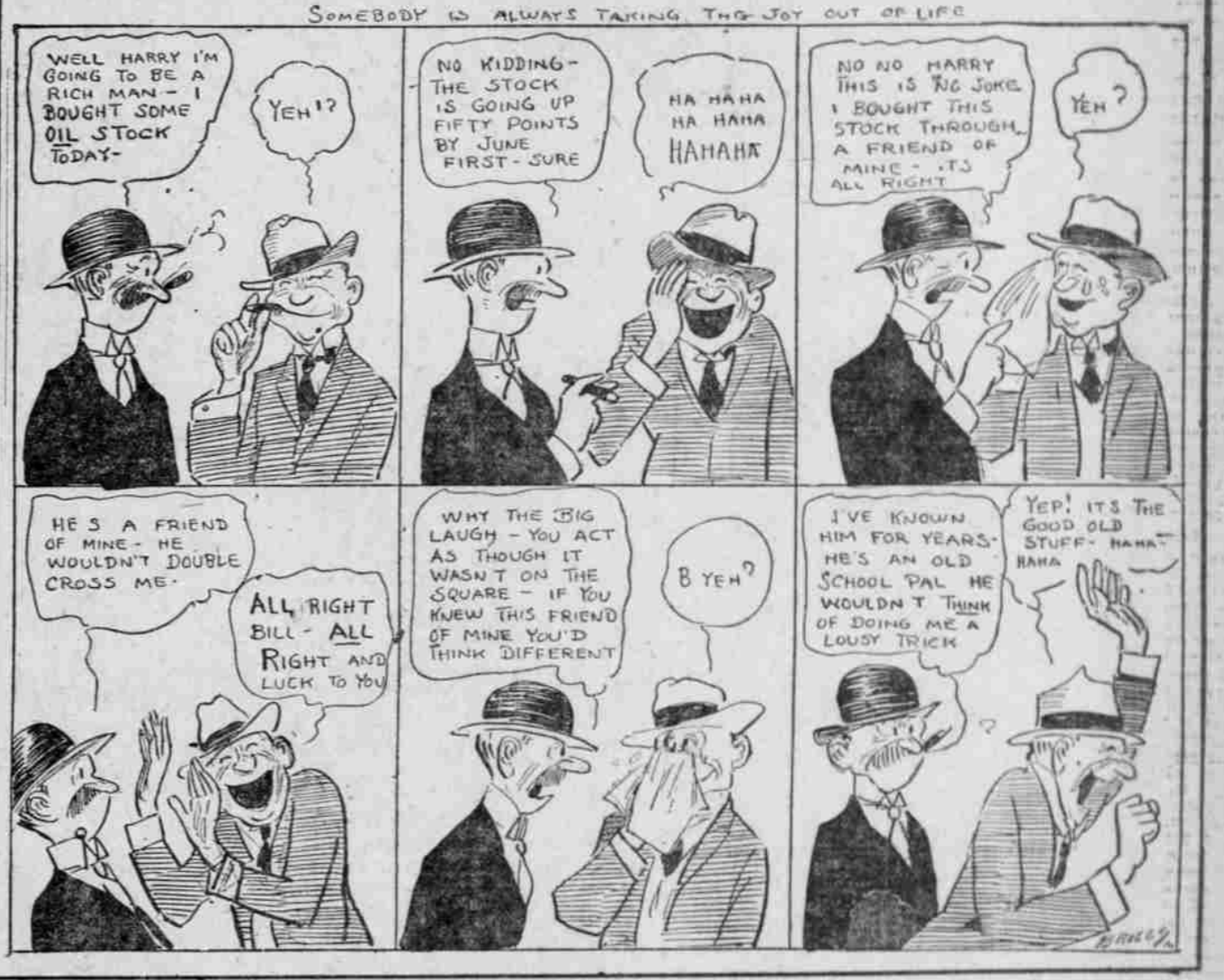
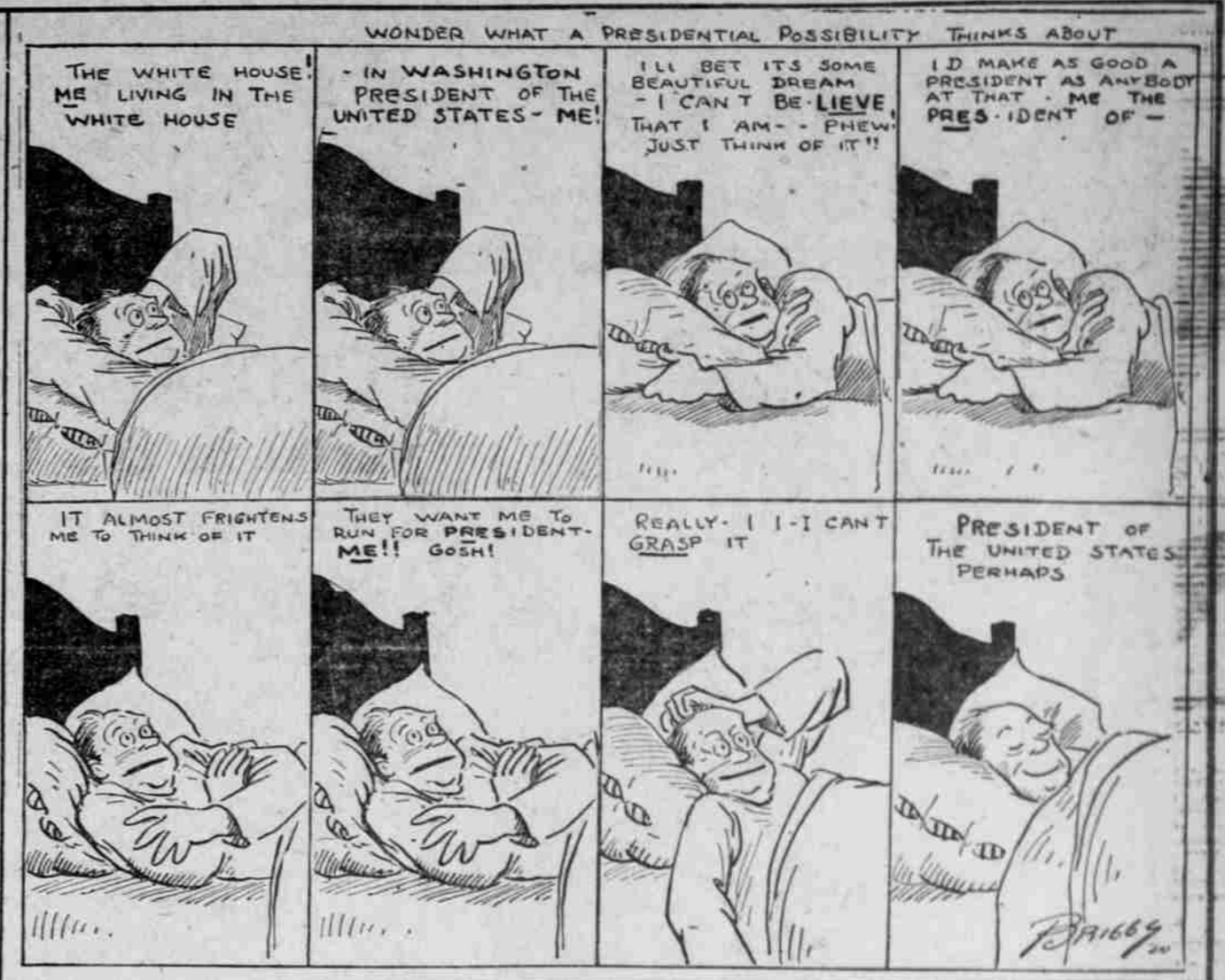
UNIVERSITY OF OREGON, Eugene, Mar. 5.—(Special).—William Jennings Potest of Portland, a sophomore in the University of Oregon, majoring in law, has the unusual distinction of being, at 22, a veteran of the army of one nation and of the navy of another.

At 17 he enlisted in the Canadian forces, passing himself off as of mature years on account of his strapping stature. Two years later, an invalided veteran, he became a seaman in the navy of the United States.

Potest was attending high school in Spokane when the war in Europe broke out. Of an adventurous nature, he could not keep out of the struggle and was soon across the border a Canadian private. In the second full-mledged private in the second Canadian contingent. Only a few months after his enlistment he went across with the 29th battalion. Following months of training in England, then—the third battle of Ypres; the Somme campaign; Vimy Ridge and a shrapnel-shattered arm, British hospital at St. Omer; three months an invalid, then back to the ridge trench fever, which resulted in a discharge and a Canadian pension.

Potest reached Portland in 1917, his parents having moved from Spokane. He was one of the very first soldiers who had at that time returned from the war, and as such was treated with great kindness. His illness had reduced his weight from 175 to 129. Becoming tired of civilian life in a short time, as soon as his health

CARTOONIST BRIGGS VISUALIZES SEVERAL SUBJECTS



would permit he enlisted in the United States navy as quartermaster, second class, and served 13 months on the destroyer Maryan.

Current is Determined. Exchange. The electrical worker is often called upon to determine whether the current at an outlet is alternating or direct, and whether the voltage is 110 or 220. To indicate quickly and easily what kind of current is present a "determinator" has been developed.

To operate the instrument its two plugs, which are of the knife-blade type and constructed to render short circuits of stocks impossible, are placed in contact with the wires or terminals and a button at the bottom of the determinator is pressed. Then, should the current be direct, the letters "D. C." appear within one of the circles at the top of the device, while if the alternating current is present "A. C." shows up in the other circle. The brilliancy of the lights

back of the letters indicates whether the voltage is 110 or 220.

Like a Menagerie. Indianapolis News. "Wolf, Fox, Lyon," called the sergeant as he ushered three recruits into the marine corps recruiting office recently at Buffalo. "It sounds like a menagerie," said the recruiting officer to the sergeant. "Do you think we're signing up animal acts for a circus?" "No, sir," replied the ser-

gent, "but there is still one more man to sign up, captain." "Bring him in," "Burr" shouted the sergeant, and the fourth recruit entered. The four recruits were James E. Fox of Gate, N. Y.; James Baer of Erie, Pa.; George R. Wolf of Warren, Pa., and Charles Lyon of Rochester, N. Y.

Bertillon System Sketched. Boston Globe. The Bertillon system was named for Alphonse Bertillon, who was at one

time chief of the identification bureau of police in Paris. He adopted a method of identification which has proved almost infallible wherever used. The principles of the system consist of taking measurements of the body and least changeable parts of the adult, such as the length and breadth of the head, length of the spine, forearm, finger, nose, ear, etc.; in giving the color and other characteristics of the eye, color of the hair, etc., and in giving marks, results of disease, wounds, tattooing, etc., which are re-

corded in regular order on cards and filed away in groups, according to some prominent measurement. It is said that the chance of error in identification by this system is but one in 12,000,000.

Australia Makes Pipes. Indianapolis News. Tobacco pipes are now being made from Australian woods, which in appearance and finish compare very favorably with imported pipes of good quality. In one of the factories in Melbourne all of the work is done by disabled Australian soldiers and employment is reserved for them exclusively.

"Mounties" Open New Post. THE FAR MAN.—The royal Canadian mounted police have opened a post at the mouth of the Coppermine river on the Arctic coast, the most northerly and isolated point in the jurisdiction of the force.

LIVE NATIONAL TOPICS OF TODAY INSPIRE DARLING



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