Sir Solomon T. Wise on Traveling

SIR Solomon Tremendous Wise
Was busy, dear, unraveling
The trials and tribulations
Of the people who are traveling.

"If I could find a way to take
From little pleasure trips
The worry over trunks and bags,
Band boxes, rugs and grips

"'Twould be delightful," said the sage;
And, pacing up and down,
He concentrated on the matter
With his usual thoughtful frown!

Then suddenly he gave a skip—
"The very thing!" cried he.
"I'll use my magic powder
Number 2-x seven three."

It chanced the Queen of 'Sposyville
That very day was planning
A visit to her cousin in
The Mountains of Port Channing.

The sixteen trunks and seven bags
Were packed and standing ready
To be transported to the train—
The Queen, with nerves all steady,
Was hoping they would come on time.
That none would go astray,
When Solomon Tremendous Wise
Burst on the scene. Well, say!

He dropped a grain of powder on
Each bag and box and trunk
And while the Queen and porters gasped
They shrunk and shrunk and SHRUNK!

Till just the size of buttons—
Some he slipped into her pocket,
The bags he hung around her neck
Each smaller than a locket.

"When you arrive just put a grain
Of powder on each one,
And it will grow right size again."
Said he. My stars—what fun!

And so she did—and so do all
the good Supposies now,
And never lose their trunks or bags
But carry them, I vow.

The porters in Supposyille
Are seeking new positions.
Dear me! How handy it would be
If we had some magicians.

Potlatch Tales

By Marjorie Mellinger

"DO YOU remember the cliff this side of Table Rock that seemed from a distance to bear tracings upon its face?" asked Lynn. "This is the tale the Indian told my grandmother:"

"The chief's son was very anxious to be counted braver than any other young man of the tribe. Great was his pride in his strength and deep his love for the beautiful maiden of his choice.

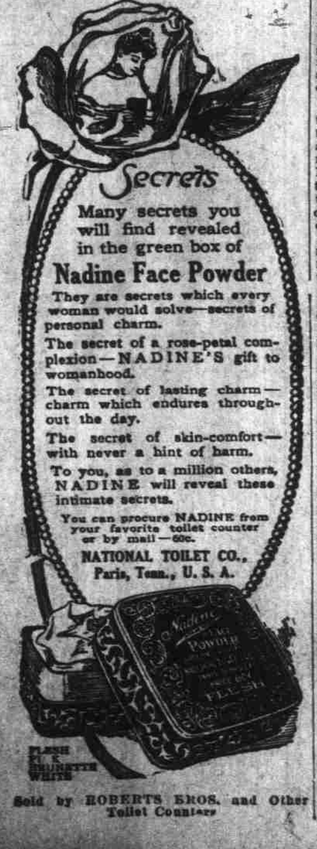
"Far had he traveled, fleet of foot, scorning the sharp stone that bruised his feet and the storms that beat upon him, that he might prove his bravery and strength with the youths of other tribes who live beside the mighty water which beats the sands and cliffs where the gulls scream. Even to the south he had gone where the many lakes shine in the soft, warm sunshine and the squaws wade among the reeds gathering marsh grasses for their needs. Fear he knew not and even the old men of the tribe shook their heads and marveled at his deeds.

"One day, when he had wandered to the cliff he saw a panther crouched upon the limb above him. Swiftly sped his arrow at the springing animal, only to miss its heart and wound and infuriate it. Hurling himself upon the angry beast they struggled, coming nearer and nearer the edge of the cliff until at last the crumbling edge gave away and they were dashed to death upon the rocks below.

"When morning came and he returned not, the maiden sought her brave and found his mangled body beside that of the dead beast.

"Silently she drew his hunting knife from his belt and, climbing the cliff, carved upon the face of the rock the image of the young warrior and the panther.

"There it is today, though the summer suns and winter rains have beaten upon it since long before the coming of the white man."



Doctor Dollby

He has had some very queer accidents this week. Dora Rag Doll fell but of the automobile and the big back wheel ran over her. Now she has all her sawdust in her head and none in his stomach. She cannot sit up, just flops over, and is very thin. I think myself she will have to have a seam opened and new sawdust put in.

The woolly dog was so terribly dirty the nurse gave him a gasoline bath and put him in the hot sun to dry. Someone—we don't know who—threw a lighted match near him, and now—well, he hasn't any wool, and, besides, he smells scorched and looks yellow. What would you suggest? It's too bad we can't plant some more wool, 'cause he's a great pet and cannot be thrown away.

Concerning Cows

I'm not afraid of cows, of course,
But I should like to know
Just why they look so solemn and
Just why they chew so slow?
And when it comes to horns—I say
They have more than their share
And if they're gone to let you pass
Why do they stare—and STARE
(So?)

Mud Pie "Cooks" Uncover Bonds

"Mud pies," molded by the chubby fingers of two little girls on the river bank at Owatonna, Minn., led to the recovery of $100,000, part of the loot from the Great Northern State bank of St. Paul, robbed recently.

The tots were playing "store." As Postmaster W. A. Bailey passed them he saw the "purchaser" give the "shopkeeper" a piece of water-soaked paper for a "pie." He stopped suddenly, rubbed his eyes and took another look. The "piece of paper" was a $1000 bond.

Bailey counted the remainder of the bundle of "paper" and found that it totaled $100,000.

The bonds were inside a pillow case which the children had found floating in the water and towed to shore.

Ragman of Nurseryville

The Rag Man of Nurseryville's ever so funny,
He's a ragsy, gray, shaggy old Mousey Man, honey.
And all through the Nursery Village he goes
Squeaking; "Any old doll wigs, old carpets, old clothes?
"Any buttons or blocks, old soldiers or socks
Any arms, any heads, broken beds or old clocks?"
Then the boys give him all their old rags and old pieces—
Then off he goes home to his family of nieces.
And they mend all the clothes, and to see them appear,
Dressed in old dolly finery—amazing, my dear.
The Rag Mouse himself keeps a second hand store
And makes a good thing of it, sweetheart, what's more!

Meadowville Concerts

The Meadowville concerts
Each evening take place,
And the wee folk applaud
Mr. Johnny Frog's bass.

And no less Madam Katydid's
Pleasing soprano;
Daddy Cricket's a wiz
On the grand grass piano.

Enrico C. Robin and
Melba T. Lark,
With their bits from grand opera,
Just bring down the park!

Be Careful

Do not leave any of the dolls and toys out overnight. These summer nights just ruin them. Also, just because it is warm weather, do not allow the dolls' feet to get wet. Some of the worst colds of all come in the summer time.

Tree Tales For Idle Hours

LONG ago, before the fairies turned the nymphs to trees, there was a slender little nymph called Nyda, who was very fond of looking at her lovely reflection in the pools and fountains.

Now when the old wise men turned the nymphs to trees each was given her choice—whether she would be beautiful or useful. Some chose one and some chose the other, and Nyda, along with many, decided to be beautiful. So the fairies turned her into a slender little tree with large, lacy leaves, and for many centuries she was perfectly satisfied.

The Old Fairy Wise Men, however, had rewarded all of the nymphs who wanted to be useful by making them beautiful as well, so that the trees who had merely wished for beauty really were not nearly so beautiful as the trees who wished to be useful. With all their slenderness and grace they could not compare with the fruit trees in blossom time or with the sturdy shade trees.

* * *

And Nyda, who stood quite near a lovely orchard of orange trees, was extremely jealous to find that men cared more for the orange trees than for her and were continually praising their golden fruit.

"Ah, if I only were a fruit tree!" sighed Nyda. "Then I, too, should be praised for my loveliness." Every day the tree sighed and lamented; and finally a sympathetic little breeze carried the message to Fairyland, and a good little fairy, who did not like to think of anyone being unhappy, hastened to Nyda's side.

"What kind of a fruit tree would my little sister like to be?" asked the fairy. "Think carefully, and when you have decided make your wish and you shall be a fruit tree; just the kind that you want to be." Away flew the fairy, and Nyda, quivering in every leaf, thought and thought all through the long night.

And because, as usual, she was thinking more of herself than of any one else she did not wish very wisely.

"I will want larger fruit than any tree in the world," thought the little tree. "And brightly colored like the orange, but not so deep—a fainter gold would be more becoming to my leaves." Slowly she repeated this over, but nothing happened. But no wonder, for the fruit season was not at hand.

* * *

Nyda sulked for a whole month, scolding the fairy for deceiving her. Then one morning she awakened to find her branches covered with beautiful white blossoms. Even the orange tree could not outshine her now, and the little tree was happy as the day was long. Then after a while green fruit began to grow in clusters among the leaves and Nyda waited impatiently for it to ripen. And when it did it was as she had wished it—larger than any fruit that grew on trees and yellow as a pale young moon. But oh, my goody! Nyda had forgotten to wish herself any larger, and as the great yellow balls grew bigger she fairly groaned under their weight. Her branches dragged on the ground, and when later some men coming for the oranges that grew in the orchard saw her they laughed heartily at her singular appearance.

* * *

"That's a mighty little tree for such big fruit!" chuckled the men, and, plucking one of the great balls, tasted it curiously. What faces they made, for the fruit was sour and bitter. Nyda had forgotten to wish for sweet fruit, and she hung her branches in shame as the men left her and went to pick the sweet oranges.

"If I had only thought of others instead of myself," sighed the little tree, "this never would have happened. Now no one will ever like me again, and how shall I bear this heavy burden alone?"

Perhaps because the little tree was sorry for its selfish wish or perhaps because the fairies guided them, the men returned.

"I don't know," murmured one, setting down his basket of oranges, "this fruit might be all right with a little sugar. 'Course it's not half so nice as oranges, but let's take some home with us." People were greatly astonished by the great golden balls. Doctors began to say the bitter juice was good for folks, and gradually more and more came to pluck fruit from the little tree. And she was so happy to be useful that she forgot that she was no longer beautiful and bore so much fruit that men began planting the seeds and growing more and more trees just like her

"And such a plucky little tree should be helped," they thought, and propped up her slender branches with poles to help her bear the heavy weight, and now all over the warm countries you will find the tree descendants of Nyda, and all of them are happy because at last they are loved and cared for by man. The fruit you have eaten many times with your breakfast, and its name you have guessed is grapefruit. And if you have ever seen an orchard of grapefruit trees you will see for yourself what tiny, slender little trees they are to bear such large, heavy golden balls.

Noah's Ark News

PERHAPS none of the animals have as much freedom as the dog, and on that account he is more apt to accidents and peculiar experiences than some of the barnyard people or any other of the pet folk.

Then his bump of curiosity is so large that it drags him into trouble every other minute. He singes his nose and he bumps his head and swallows all sorts of queer articles trying to find out things, and not till he is middle-aged does he begin to learn caution. So, while there are a good many don'ts for us all, there are hundreds of "Don'ts for Dogs." Some day I shall collect them into a pamphlet and have one left in every dog's house in the country. Meanwhile you will have to translate some of them into the bark language for your pet. Here are a few of them:

Don't try to run through an iron fence You're liable to stick between the bars

Don't try to chase every animal you meet regardless of size. Strange cows are not friendly to small dogs, and they have sharp horns.

Don't cross a road or street without looking for motors, wheels and wagons.

Don't meddle with queer mixtures and stick your nose into a hollow tree until you know it is empty, nor down Mr. Woodchuck's burrow. He's a pretty good fighter. Leave him alone.

Don't chew everything you come across; and especially don't chew moth balls. They explode, and you will, too.

Six is quite a good number; and if all the bow-wows remember these Don'ts, the Doggie Press will not have so many doggie accidents or the doggie hospitals so many patients.

"Child for Sale" Ad

"Child for sale, beautiful girl, 4 years old, blue eyes, auburn hair, excellent health and charming disposition. Legitimate parentage. High cost of living makes sale necessary. Communications should be addressed R-30."

This advertisement appearing in an Illinois weekly paper aroused much indignation. More than a score of complaints were made to the police.

Beware Letters in Your Name Ring Can Read Your Secrets

The Big Majority of Women Gets Married Between the Age of 16 and 92

By Ring W. Lardner

To the Editor:

They's a cuckoo over in Paris France that claims to of made the discovery that the different letters in a persons name is what makes them what they are today.

"Tell me your name and what letters is in it and I can read your character."

That's what the bird says. And then he goes on and says that O means that the owner has got ambition and brilliance and is fond of luxury and wants to make a impression and if he is a writer his language is libel to be rich.

He says A stands for harmony, sentiment, delicacy and style and a girl with a A in her name is libel to be tender and refined. I shows pride and R means vigor and S spells wit and malice and smartness.

Well they's no doubt that the guy is on the right cent and has give the matter a good deal of thought, but is he the bird that invented this idear? I will tell the world in the negative. I been looking this problem over for several yrs. and probably got into it deeper than this wise cracker because in the 1st place I can think faster than a Frenchman even if I talk a whole lot slower, but I wasn't going to give the discovery to the world till I had it down Pat and Mike, but now that this here Frog has spilt the original idear it looks like I couldn't afford to wait no longer but better tell the results of my researches before this poilu hops in and cops all the credit.

Well then in the 1st place I spent the last 45 yrs. studying the character of people that has got a E in their name and found the following, male and female. A male with a E in their name is almost sure to have whiskers when they get to be around 20 yrs. old. The whiskers may be dark or light according to the hair but if they don't shave every once in a while their whiskers will become conspicus. Their teeth needs cleaning every few mornings and it wouldn't even hurt them to wield the tooth brush over their bicuspids about every third evening or so. When people with a E in their name picks up a paper or a magazine or a book, they always read it right side up and from left to right. You won't never see a E man lying on their stomach with a book parked on their heels trying to read it.

* * *

A party with a E in their name is libel to have colic and croup when they are babys and later on in life they should ought to keep away from all pest houses that makes a specialty of catering to small pox patients and leopards as they are prone to catch 1 or the other.

When a boy that boasts of a E in their name gets to be 14 or 15 yrs. old they would better put on long trousers as their legs looks funny without them. It is also well to send these boys to school and take spelling. They need 3 pairs of shoes a yr. and should ought to have their finger nails trimmed every so often. Their voice is libel to change from a high soprano to a baritone or tenor between the age of 12 and 17 yrs. They hate to wash their ears and neck. When they take down sick they generally always better have a doctor.

When a E man reaches maturity or say about 25 or 26 yrs. old, either him or his parents better see that he has got at lease 2 collars so that if 1 gets kind of soiled he can take it off and put on the other 1, as they's nothing that looks quite as bad as a young man with a E in their name going around without no collar or with a collar that looks like it had went to the neck too often. They should also either have a bow tie or a 4 in hand.

You will almost generally find that a man of the masculine sex with a E in their name likes beef steak, though they may have different idears about it and some of them likes it rare and medium and well done and etc. In conclusion, in regards to the males with a E in their name, I will ask the world if they's anybody that hasn't got one outside of Thos. Woodrow Wilson and even

When a Boy Gets to be 14 or 15 yrs Old They Had Better Put On Long Trousers as their Legs Look Funny Without Them.

at that if you stick the word President ahead of it, why he is just like all the rest of us.

* * *

Now in regards to the girls of the opposeing sex with a E in their name. I have found out after my yrs. of study that the big majority of women with this letter in their name gets married between the age of 16 and 92. They are always worried about how their hair looks, though nobody else cares nothing about it. They wear a much smaller shoe than the E men, but golf as good as a E man. They are a whole lot more libel to break down and cry if things goes wrong. The most of them hates to see a E man throw cigar ashes on the liveing rm. floor. If a E woman has children its pretty near a safe bet that she will think they are cute. A E woman most generally always order the grocerys but won't pay the bills.

Now in regards to a man with a U in their name. Most of them was christened with the sir name Gus and won't stand for no others, where as you take a female with a U and you will find the large majority of them is Ruth or Ruby. People with a U in their name is likely to get hungry every 3 or 4 days and want something to eat. They most generally wear either stockings or sox. They are libel to be sentimental and when somebody asks them to marry them they will either say yes or no.

I have got a whole lot more information about the different letters in the alphabet and will give them in a later essay but in the mean wile don't let this Frog think that he has beat me to the subject.

RING W. LARDNER.

Long's Island, Aug. 27.

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Belles Want Green Eyes

A fortune awaits the man or woman who can vary the shade of women's eyes. Light blue and hazel are no longer colors which London girls are proud of; they are all sighing for green eyes to go with Titian hair, those being the shades popularized by women authors. Observers have noticed that in all the popular magazines and books the heroines of fiction are given this coloring, and jewelers attribute to this fact the present vogue of jade.

FRATERNAL

GRAND MASTER A. H. JOHNSON of the grand lodge of Odd Fellows will officially visit Oregon lodges as follows, according to announcement of E. E. Sharon, grand secretary:

September 6—Virtue lodge No. 140, Antelope.

September 7—Ochoco lodge No. 46, Mount Jefferson lodge No. 196, Redmond lodge No. 224, Culver lodge No. 225 and Terrebonne lodge No. 228 in a joint special meeting at Culver.

September 8—Laidlaw lodge No. 194 and Bend lodge No. 218 in a joint meeting at Bend.

September 10—Klamath lodge No. 137, Bonanza lodge No. 137 and Tule lodge No. 187 at Klamath Falls.

September 13—Jacksonville lodge No. 10, Ashland lodge No. 45, Medford lodge No. 83, Central Point lodge No. 193 and Talent lodge No. 211 in a joint meeting at Medford.

September 14—Gold Hill lodge No. 129.

September 15—Golden Rule lodge No. 78 and Hoodville lodge No. 217 at Grants Pass.

September 16—Douglas lodge No. 14, Myrtle lodge No. 38 and Azalea lodge No. 139 at Myrtle Creek.

September 17—Philetarian lodge No. 8 and Rising Star lodge No. 174.

September 18—Cottage Grove lodge No. 68, Lorane lodge No. 122 and Glifry lodge No. 169 at Cottage Grove.

Grand Patriarch Kirkpatrick of the grand encampment will visit these encampments:

September 6—Diamond encampment No. 12, Lebanon.

September 7—Falls encampment, No. 4, Oregon City.

September 8—Winnawhala encampment No. 6, Eugene.

September 9—Rose encampment No. 85, Junction City.

September 10—Oregana encampment No. 5, Albany.

September 11—Hillsboro encampment No. 84, Hillsboro.

September 13—LaCreole encampment No. 20, Dallas.

September 14—Willamette encampment No. 2, Salem.

September 15—Harrisburg encampment No. 8, Harrisburg.

September 16—W. D. Pengra encampment No. 67, Springfield.

September 17—Qui Vive encampment No. 26, Corvallis.

September 18—Armstrong encampment No. 27, Woodburn.

* * *

Newport—District No. 8, comprising the Rebekah lodges of Lincoln county, met for their annual convention at Elk City, August 6, with L. E. Dixon of Twilight Rebekah lodge No. 90 as chairman. Ethel Fletcher, president of the Rebekah Assembly of Oregon, was present and gave many helpful suggestions for the good of the order. Reports from the three lodges of the county showed material gains, especially in membership, Twilight lodge No. 90 of Elk City having made the largest increase. Efforts the coming year will be concentrated on an even larger gain. The following officers were elected for the 1921 convention, which will be held at Newport, Or.: Chairman, Mrs. W. H. Daugherty, Newport; vice chairman, Mrs. Nellie Jackson, Toledo; secretary, Mrs. Adah Small, Elk City; treasurer, Mrs. Gertrude Carter, Newport. After a splendid chicken dinner the evening session opened with the Elk City lodge in charge. Newport lodge, Rhododendron No. 137, exemplified the conferring of the degree, and an interesting program was rendered. The 1921 convention will be held at the invitation of Rhododendron lodge No. 137 in Newport.

* * *

A number of the local camps of the Modern Woodmen of America have united to hold an open air adoption ceremony on the evening of Saturday, August 28, at Peninsula park, Albina and Ainsworth avenues. There will be a picnic in the afternoon with a program and entertainment. Mayor George L. Baker will speak. It is hoped that a class of 50 or more can be secured. A. P. Martin, 406 Broadway building, has charge of the outing. The camps of the Royal Neighbors, auxiliary to the camps of the M. W. A. participating, will conduct the picnic.

* * *

Multnomah camp, Woodmen of the World, will launch a membership campaign Friday evening, September 3, for 1000 new members by January 1. James Ruddiman, chairman of the committee in charge, declares he will have 100 applications on the clerk's desk when the council commander calls to order that evening. The camp was the seventy-seventh to be organized in the order and its members expect to have it reported to the next head camp in 1924 with 7700 members. It now has nearly 5000.

* * *

Samaritan lodge No. 3, I. O. O. F., met in regular session Wednesday evening. A. S. Stringer, past grand, made a presentation speech to 10 newly made members, to whom were presented the three links, the emblem of the order. S. S. Jacobs, member of Marquis lodge, Saskatchewan, Canada, one of the first to enlist in the famous "Princess Pat" regiment that stood at Ypres, was a visitor. Jacobs paid perhaps the greatest tribute to Odd Fellowship when he said: "No one knew the value of the order until he was wounded in battle over there. An Odd Fellow simply would not desert you when hungry or in need."

* * *

The Dalles—For the purpose of securing 100 new members of the Knights and Ladies of Security benefit organization, L. M. Thomas, state organizer of Portland, visited The Dalles to attend the meeting of the local council.

* * *

Orphia temple No. 18, Pythian Sisters, is looking forward to a happy evening aboard the Bluebird September 2. The D. O. K. K. band will be along to enliven the festivities.

* * *

After two months' vacation Nydia temple, Daughters of the Nile, will hold regular session Wednesday, September 1, at 2 p. m. at Pythian temple.

REAL MUSIC

Wagner's Work Championed In France

PARIS, Aug. 28.—French musicians and composers have again taken up the old subject of Wagner, whose works they desire to see presented at the opera. Charles Pons, musical editor of L'Eclair, makes the point that a study of Wagner's scores is absolutely necessary for the development of musical talent in France and that, with this aim, it would be just as well to forget that Wagner was German. In any case, remarked M. Pons, Wagner has been dead for 30 years, and, therefore, he cannot be held responsible for crimes committed during the war.

"Let us condemn," says M. Pons, "this ostracism of a repertoire so rich and of such value for musical education as that of Wagner. Can we not present and admire the grandeur and magnificence of Richard Wagner's work with the same enthusiasm as the Germans have demonstrated for the immortal genius of our composers, Berlioz and Cesar Franck?"

M. Pons obtained the views of several French composers on the subject. They all are in favor of the representation of the works of the great German composer. Sylvio Lazzari, author of Sauteriot and La Leprouse, which won instant success last season, writes:

"Of course I am in favor of presenting Wagner's works, but not on the concert platform, because while Wagner is the greatest of all dramatic musicians, he is not symphonic."

Henri Rabaud, author of Marouf, replied laconically: "I can't see the slightest objection to Wagner's works."

Georges Hue, author of Miracle and Titania, while insisting that the preponderating place must be reserved for French composers, declares that "it would be a great mistake to deprive French music lovers of the works of Richard Wagner, which are among the finest ever written."

Paul Vidal, professor of composition at the Conservatoire, writes:

"Wagner's works must no longer remain hidden. Of course, French works must not be sacrificed to any other, but I ardently hope to see the German composer's works presented at the opera."

* * *

Announcement has been made of the opening of the 1921 Berkshire competition for a $1000 prize offered by the Berkshire Music Colony for a trio for piano, violin and cello. These yearly contests have done much to stimulate the creation of chamber music works, and Mrs. F. S. Coolidge, who inaugurated the competition, is again to be complimented upon the thought that started such a movement. The prize winning composition will have its initial performance by the Elshuco Trio at the Berkshire Festival of Chamber Music of 1921 to be held at Pittsfield, Mass., in September. This year's entries of string quartet scores were heavy, many coming from foreign countries.

* * *

Rudolph Ganz, who has concluded his first master class in Kansas City, Mo., has sailed for Europe. He will remain abroad until next January. After a brief stay in Paris he will join his family in the Swiss mountains where he will rest until the opening of his European tour in Zurich, his native city, appearing on October 3-4, as soloist with the local symphony society. Concerts have been booked with every Swiss orchestral society. In November Mr. Ganz has been engaged as soloist with several French orchestral societies and he will also be heard in recitals in Paris and a number of other French cities. His reappearance in America takes place on January 2.

* * *

Carl Denton, conductor of the Portland symphony orchestra, is spending some time at the sea shore, but will return to the city soon.

* * *

Mrs. Harry McQuade has returned from her summer vacation and has reopened her studio in the Bush & Lane building.

Prize Offered For the Finest Composition

THE Mendelssohn club of Philadelphia will close its second prize composition contest November 1 at noon. A prize of $100 will be given for the best a-capella composition, in eight parts, for mixed chorus of 100 voices, the conditions as follows:

The work must not have been given before.

The right to use the words must be secured by the composer, if necessary, and written statement to that effect must accompany manuscripts submitted.

Text may be secular or religious. Preference will be given to a secular text, but a worthy religious piece will not be discarded on account of the text being religious in character.

The composer should write for eight parts (more, if necessary, occasionally), but it is not essential to keep eight parts going all the time. The work, however, should be interestingly scored for large chorus.

The composition should be about 12 or 14 pages octavo in length, requiring about five minutes for performance. It should be well written vocally, and not needlessly intricate or too modulatory in character for vocal style. Something of the length of "The Plume Grass," Sahknovsky (J. Fisher & Bro., New York city, publishers), would be a worthy model. The last prize was given for "De Sheepfol'," William Y. Webbe composer (H. W. Gray company, New York, publishers).

Compositions should be sent to N. Lindsay Norden, conductor of the club, 7200 Cresheim road, Philadelphia. These should bear only a nom de plume—no other indication as to the composer. A sealed envelope containing the nom de plume on the outside and the composer's name and address inside should be sent to the secretary, George U. Malpass, 6711 North Sixth street, Philadelphia. Accompanying the manuscript should be return postage. The club cannot guarantee the prompt return of manuscripts if postage is not included.

The composition, after its first performance by the Mendelssohn club, will become the composer's property. The composer must send with the manuscript a statement that the Mendelssohn club has the exclusive right to the first performance of the work, if awarded the prize.

The judges for the contest will be Professor Walter R. Spaulding, head of the department of music, Harvard university; Richard Henry Warren of New York city, conductor, composer and organist, and N. Lindsay Norden, conductor of the Mendelssohn club.

The award will be announced as soon as possible after November 1, 1920, and not later than January 1, 1921.

Women Police Make Good

London policewomen, who have been on a year's probation, have proved of very real service to the country, according to the annual reports of Sir Leonard Dunning, inspector of constabulary, just published.

"The employment of women on police work," says Sir Leonard "like any other novelty, has been and is the subject of much difference of opinion. But there is no doubt that with regard to two evils—juvenile crime and immorality—the preventive work of the policeman can be better accomplished by a policewoman. Her very sex gives her influence over the child whose mischief has brought him under the notice of the police before the mischief takes the form of crime, and over the mother to whose neglect the offence of the child is so often due.

"She can speak to the giddy girl before he giddiness makes her slip down the first step to ruin, as no man can speak without risking the accusations of undue interference which have so often stopped the efforts of the police to save them from themselves."