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OBSERVATIONS

Photographers seldom take people at their face value.
 Some people are two-faced, and others have only a double chin.
 The accused takes it as hope that he will not when the jury in a murder case is hung.
 Japan now wants equality in the air, and who will deny her all the air she can use?
 This better highways movement still has a great many prospective converts in men who need to mend their ways.
 Perhaps a new silver dollar coinage was undertaken at this time to provide ballast for empty hip pockets.

"Arbuckle Jury Far From Full"—headline. In which it differs from the pajama party which it is a sequel to.

Since Prohibition Commissioner Haynes admits the two years of prohibition have been a success, the prosecution will not call the bootleggers to exhibit their rolls.

The man next door's question on reading "Princess Mary to Wed in Silver Gown" is easily answered. The bride never sits down during the wedding ceremony.

This is national thrift week, and each of us should try to lay aside out of this week's pay at least \$300 or \$400. The rest may be squandered in riotous living.

When it is considered that she is unable to hear China at home, it must be admitted that Japan is giving a pretty good imitation of listening to her story at Washington.

The old-fashioned waltz is to come back. This will show up some who were concealing their age by representing that they didn't dance the new steps simply because they didn't like them.

WEATHER A YEAR AHEAD
 Considering that the government was heretofore very often has difficulty in fitting its forecasts to the weather 12 hours ahead and that its weekly long-range guesses are even

A MESSAGE FOR WIVES
 whose husbands remain young

—Has it ever occurred to you that your husband looks younger than you because he takes things easier?

Like as not he does very little that he can hire done—he doesn't scrub his own office, or sweep and scour.

It's pretty certain that he doesn't spend one day out of seven bending over a steaming wash-tub.

These are the aging tasks which cause so many women to grow old before their husbands do.

And the most aging of all is the family washing. Let us relieve you of this burden; let us give you more time for rest and recreation.

Send us your washing this week and see how much younger you feel when Monday night comes. Just phone and our representative will call.

Ashland Laundry Co.
 PHONE 165

more erratic, Captain Roald Amundsen, the Arctic explorer, put a severe test on popular imagination in asking us to think that the weather may be plotted out for a year ahead. But he does not ask us to believe it until he has made the experiment. He simply says that he will take with him to the Far North instruments needed for the study of the upper air in the polar regions with a view to testing the theory advanced by Prof. Bjerknes of the University of Christiania, Norway, that the weather conditions at the pole govern the weather of the rest of the globe. Time was when Calgary figured as our weather factory and later Medicine Hat. Why not go to the headquarters, the pole itself? So Amundsen is going, with the hope of getting such a line on polar weather "temperaments" as will enable scientists at the Carnegie Institution, to whom he will report, to plot out a tableful of weather curves a year or more in advance.

Yet, even if it proves possible, will it be welcomed? It might be economical to know in spring or summer how much coal you would need next winter and make such other preparation as would suggest themselves if you knew for sure the winter was going to be balmy or glacial. It would be a great aid in fixing picnic dates and selecting vacation periods, but suppose everybody wanted to be off at the same halcyon time? Then how would it feel to miss the glorious uncertainty of peeping out in the morning to see "what kind of a day it is," since you would know months ahead whether it would be "fair and warmer," "partly cloudy," or "rain or snow"?

Carnegie Heroes

LYLE ALLEN WILLARD
 832 Stillwell Avenue, Fremont, Ohio
 Bronze medal—Willard aged 17, student, attempted to save Clarence Henry from drowning, Port Clinton, Ohio, July 4, 1921. Willard swam about 600 feet to Henry and reached shortly after Hawk did. Willard attempted to swim with Henry, but Henry slipped through his grasp. Willard supported Hawk a moment until another young man reached them. Willard then left Hawk and went to help his own father. He held to his father several minutes until a boat picked them up. (See cases of Clarence Henry and Howard E. Hawk.)

EMERY J. MEINKE
 1028 White Avenue, Fremont, Ohio
 Bronze medal—Meinke, aged 26, salesman, attempted to save H. E. Hawk from drowning, Port Clinton, Ohio, July 4, 1921. Meinke swam almost 600 feet to Hawk and reached him as he was being supported by Willard. Hawk first grasped Meinke's wrist and then his clothing and Meinke tried to swim with him to the submerged bar. He could make no progress, and Hawk lost his hold, sank and was drowned. Meinke, unable to more than keep himself at the surface, was soon grasped by a man in a boat and taken to shore in an unconscious condition. He was revived. (See cases of Clarence Henry, Howard E. Hawk and Lyle Allen Willard.)

BRIDGE CLUB IS REVIVED

Former Members Guests at Dinner Party at Mattern Home
 Mrs. T. H. Simpson and Mrs. Herman Mattern gave a dinner party Wednesday evening at the home of Mrs. Mattern on Hargadine street to the members of a bridge club that existed before the war. Dinner was served at 6:30 o'clock, and the table was hardly able to stand under the load of good things to eat.

The color scheme for the occasion was yellow and white, there being an abundance of yellow daffodils on the table. The guests of the evening were the former members of the club and their husbands. After justice had been meted out to the dinner, all retired to the bridge tables and an enjoyable evening was spent. Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Wagner made the high scores of the evening, while E. V. Carter and Mrs. F. D. Wagner carried off the small scores.

NINE DEAD, 20 ENTOMBED IN PENN. COAL MINE

BROWNSVILLE, Penn., Feb. 2.—Between forty and fifty miners are missing and are believed to be entombed as the result of an explosion in the coal mine at Gates, Penn. Five bodies have been recovered. Rescuers are working frantically to dig through the mass of debris and reach the entombed men. The exact number is unknown. A later wire places the number of dead as 18 and the number missing, eight. It is believed that the missing are entombed in the mine.

Cliff Payne makes shelves.

TEACH USE OF MAILS

Minnesota Educator Prepares Textbook for Public Schools.

Postmaster General Gives Approval to Undertaking—Hopes to Lessen Mistakes Now Costing Millions of Dollars.

Minneapolis, Minn.—A manual textbook, dealing with the operation of the entire Post Office department and methods of utilizing the gigantic postal system, is being prepared by a committee here, for introduction in the grade schools of this state, with the hope of ultimately establishing this book in every public educational institution in the United States.

It is hoped to instruct children while they are young how to use the post office, in an effort to lessen the mistakes which are costing the government millions of dollars.

Philip E. Carlson of this city, president of the Minnesota Educationists' association, is head of the committee which is drawing up the textbook. Approval of the undertaking has been given by Postmaster General Will Hays, who, after the manual is completed, will give his and the department's authorization to use the book in the public schools, according to Postmaster E. Purdy of Minneapolis, president of the National Association of Postmasters.

The National Association of Postmasters is pledged to the move, the head of the organization announced. Mr. Carlson announced that not enough attention was given to the postal subject at educational meetings, and he announced that at the next annual convention of the organization this subject would hold an important place.

"Lack of knowledge of how to use the post office property is costing the government millions of dollars," said Mr. Purdy. "The instruction which this book proposes to give will obviate, to a great degree, many of the improperly made out money orders, registered mail losses, improperly addressed letters and packages, destruction of merchandise by faulty packing and the like."

Completion of the textbook probably will be after the first of the year.

GIRL WINS UNUSUAL BET



Miss Velma Tilden of San Francisco is shown winning her bet from Mrs. Robert Marsky by making a trip on the wing of the Dutch windmill at Golden Gate park without sending out an "S. O. S." She made 25 trips in succession, winning a box of candy for each trip around—waving her hand to show absence of fear each time she rose to the top. The mill is the biggest in the world, measuring 150 feet from wing-tip to wing-tip, and cost \$150,000 to build. It pumps water for Golden Gate park.

BEEES AT HOME IN PUMPKIN

Give Trouble to Housewife in New Jersey Who Wants to Make Pies.

Caldwell, N. J.—Being a building inspector, Ted Farrand has time to revel in a truck garden. Ted raised a heap of pumpkins this year and after the first frost went out to the patch and brought a 60-pounder into his kitchen.

"There's a little hole in this one, Mary," he said to his wife. "I'm afraid it won't keep in the cellar. Better make some pies."

It was several hours before Mrs. Farrand got around to it and by that time the big golden bulb had got all warmed up to the temperature of the kitchen. She took a big knife and bisected the pumpkin. Out swarmed bees, bees and more bees. They flew all over the kitchen and all over Mrs. Farrand, who fled out of the house with the bees in pursuit. The cold outdoor air numbed the insects and Mrs. Farrand outdistanced them, but she bears enough marks of their stings to prove to the neighbors the truth of the story.

Edibles From the Amazon.
 The Mulford biological expedition is already accomplishing good work in the Amazon basin, and has made one important shipment of botanical specimens, among them three edible fruits, the pepino, the tumbo, and the acocha, and a turnip-like root, rhuacacha, of delicious flavor.—Scientific American.

Dew Drop Inn—for lunches.

CONSTANCE
 By ANNIE COLE.

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When Joe announced his intention of marrying Constance his family had warned him that he would have trouble with a wife who was as spoiled and selfish as Connie. But Joe, feeling that she loved him enough to overcome her selfishness for his sake, had paid no attention to the warning.

Now, after six months of married life, the family's prophecy seemed about to be fulfilled. Connie was beginning to assume a martyred attitude and a habit of unmercifully nagging him at every opportunity.

On this particular evening Connie chose to be especially nasty.

"Business as usual, I suppose?" she inquired, sweetly sarcastic, when he came in late to supper.

Receiving no reply, and seeming determined to provoke him, she tried again.

"Do you know," she asked, coolly and deliberately, "sometimes I wonder if it is all business?"

Instead of hanging up his hat he replaced it on his head and gave vent to his temper.

"I am going out to a restaurant! Perhaps some day when it's too late you'll come to your senses! I've had enough!" Slamming the door angrily after him, he left the house.

Connie was so surprised that she forgot the half-framed retort that was on her lips. Joe had never spoken like this to her before. She began to feel uneasy and wondered where he had gone. After two or three hours of trying to amuse herself she went into the bedroom and addressed herself in the mirror.

"I don't care!" she said aloud. "I don't care! I'll show him. I don't care if he never comes back!" And just to prove that she didn't, she threw herself down on the bed and cried herself to sleep.

When she awoke it was 11 o'clock. How could she have slept so long? And where was Joe? She wondered if he really had left her, and began to feel shaky. She decided to go to the drug store for a drink.

While sipping a chocolate milk the conversation of two men at the cigar counter came to her ears.

"Where—at Geb & Simmonds?"
 "Yes, today—shortage of \$10,000."
 "Funny mix-up, anyone suspected?"
 "No, not yet; but nobody handles the money except old man Geb himself, and that young fellow Joe."

Connie waited to hear no more. Setting down her glass with a thump that startled the sleepy drug clerk, she fled from the store.

Ten thousand dollars! So that is what her incessant nagging had made him do.

As soon as she entered the house the telephone rang. With her heart in her throat she answered it.

"No, he isn't here, Mr. Geb. . . . Yes, I'll tell him to call you as soon as he comes in. . . . No message? . . . Yes. Good-by." She hoped her voice had sounded natural.

So they were after him already. The sound of quiet footsteps on the stairway sent chills up and down her spine. They had come already! What should she do? With a show of courage that she did not feel she went to the door and threw it open. Her husband stood facing her.

He looked very tired, and the hair about his temples was damp with perspiration. Connie knew she had no time to waste.

"Oh, Joe," she began breathlessly, "can you ever forgive me? It's all my fault! Give it back! Don't let them arrest you!"

"For heaven's sake, what's the matter with you?" demanded the thoroughly bewildered Joe, fearing for his wife's sanity.

The insistent jangling of the telephone interrupted before she could answer. Joe went into the dark hall to answer it, barking his shins on the umbrella stand as he went. Connie listened in amazement. From the sheltering darkness of the hall came her husband's voice—firm, confident, even laughing!

"Yes, I was going to call you, Mr. Geb, but I was afraid it was too late. . . . Yes, I found the error. . . . Nothing missing at all. . . . The joke's on us. . . . A fly-speck that looked like a decimal point threw a whole column of figures out of balance. . . . Tonight at the office. . . . Oh, that's all right; you're welcome. . . . Good-by."

He hung up the receiver. Then, all of a heap, a very penitent Connie flung herself at him, sobbing out her story, begging his forgiveness and almost choking him with the strange-hold of her arms about his neck.

"You poor little chump!" Joe said teasingly between kisses. He was only too thankful that the miracle had happened at last.

"Oh, Joe, I will be good," she promised tearfully.

And thereafter she kept her promise, for the lesson of the night had cured her, once and for all.

THE KITCHEN CABINET
 Copyright, 1921, Western Newspaper Union

"If I knew that a word of mine, A word not kind and true, Might leave its trace on a loved one's face, I'd never speak harshly, would you?"

"If I knew that the light of a smile Might linger the whole day through, And brighten some heart with a heavier part, I wouldn't withhold it, would you?"

FOR DINNER TODAY.

True economy means wise distinction between essentials and non-essentials. This applies to the economy of strength as well as materials. Fruit and vegetables are essential to good health; eggs are essential as meat substitutes and not an extravagance when moderate in price. Cream is an easily digested fat; milk is an absolute necessity.

A meal which does not meet the needs of the body is not an economical prepared meal, although if the day's meals are balanced the result is the same.

Hamburg Steak.—Do not buy the chopped meat but get a piece of round steak, put it up with some suet or pork through the meat chopper, season with onion, salt, pepper, a bit of clove and form into flat cakes. Broil or pan broil and serve with a brown sauce. Baked potatoes with boiled cream onions will be good vegetables to serve with this dinner.

Chicken With Corn.—Scrub and clean a fowl well by using a handful of soda in the water; cut up as for frying, roll in seasoned flour and brown in a little hot fat. Lay the pieces in a baking dish and cover with milk, slimmer slowly for two hours or longer, depending upon the age of the fowl. Season well when half cooked and add a cupful of corn or more. The fresh corn, cut from the cob, is best, but canned will do. Serve the chicken with corn and gravy poured around it.

Stuffed Onions.—Parboil large-sized onions, take out the centers, leaving a cavity to hold the filling. Chop the onion, which was taken from the center, mix with cold sausage meat or bacon and bread crumbs with seasonings. Fill the centers, pour around, add good beef broth or add water and butter. Bake until the onions are tender, basting occasionally. Cover with a spoonful of buttered crumbs and brown just before serving.

Nellie Maxwell

Club House Closed.

The last of the enjoyable dances at the Kingsbury Springs club house was held Saturday night, January 21. A. D. Helms, the manager, decided to close the hall indefinitely on account of the cold weather.


LOCAL RESIDENTS WILL GET RURAL CARRIER JOBS

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 3.—The principle of the local resident for the local job is further carried out by a ruling of the civil service commission today. Hereafter, the commission states, only persons who have their residence within the delivery of the office in which the vacancy exists, will be certified for rural carrier appointment. Heretofore certification has been made of eligibles residing within the delivery of any office in the entire county in which the vacancy office is situated. The new procedure places applicants for rural carrier appointments on the same basis as applicants for postmaster appointments, so far as the matter of residence is concerned. The civil service commission states that this change has been made after due consideration and meets with the approval of the post office department.

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