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PUT FORTUNES IN TEETH

London Dentists Said to Use an Astonishing Amount of Gold Every Year.

Forty thousand pounds' worth of gold placed in the teeth of Londoners every year. That is the modest estimate of one of the most experienced dentists in London made of the amount of gold leaf rammed, jammed and beaten into the molars of the metropolis annually. This means that nearly two cwt. of the precious yellow metal finds a resting place in the mouths of Londoners every year. The gold used by dentists comes in books. Each book contains 15 sheets of gold, beaten as thin as tissue paper. These books cost the dentist \$5 apiece. It can be safely said that a bookful of gold leaf represents \$100 in dental charges. It is hard to realize that such an amount of gold is used every year in such a way, but the fact remains. The demand for gold filling is increasing every year. It was expected that aluminum and other metals would take its place, but it easily stands at the head of the list.

"It is safe to say that within five years the dentists of London will be using \$400,000 worth of gold every year," said one of the craft in speaking of the matter recently. The use of that much metal represents an aggregate business of \$500,000 a year.

HE'S JELlicoe OF SCAPA NOW

Former Admiral of British Grand Fleet Has Picked His Title as Viscount.

Admiral Sir John Jellicoe has taken the title of Viscount Jellicoe of Scapa.

The name Scapa is derived from Scapa Flow, which has been the principal home base of the British grand fleet since the beginning of the war. Scapa Flow is a great land-locked harbor in the midst of the Orkney islands, north of Scotland, and a 24 hours' train journey from London. The surrounding land is brown, bare, desolate and treeless. There are 90 islands in the Orkney group, of which 62 are uninhabited.

Such was the place to which Jellicoe brought his squadrons at the end of July, 1914, and the place to which he returned with them time and again to rest after fruitless chases in the North sea. Scapa was the kingpin in the strategical disposition of the allied naval forces during the entire time that Jellicoe commanded them.

CAN MUSIC FOR HINDUS.

At Calcutta talking machine records are made in all the principal languages of India—Hindustani, Tamil, Telugu and Marathi—says the Popular Science Monthly. Though few natives of India, comparatively speaking, are rich enough to buy talking machines, it is common for companies or individuals to tour the country giving concerts with the machines. Before the war records in the native language were—of course—made in Germany, but now they are produced only in India.

TOLSTOY'S PROPHECY.

Tolstoy's prediction of the great war which has been devastating Europe was a remarkably accurate forecast. In conclusion he prophesied that "the end of the great calamity will make a new political era for the old world. There will be left no empires or kingdoms, but the world will form a federation of the United States of nations. There will remain only four great giants—the Anglo-Saxons, the Latins, the Slavs and the Mongolians."

WHERE THE MEN WERE.

Yeast—According to the latest census taken in New York, there are more women than men in the Empire city. Crimsonbeak—Bet they took that census during the house-cleaning season. Bet they never thought of searching the woods.

NOT ENOUGH.

Father—Are you positive you can support my daughter?
 Suitor—I'm confident that I can make both ends meet.
 Father—That is sufficient. The man who marries my daughter must not alone make ends meet; he must make them overlap.

CATCHING.

Pullet (glancing at nest)— Haven't you forgotten something, ma?
 Biddy—No, my child, this is eggless day.

ANCIENT BIRDS WERE GIANTS

Incapable of Flight, but of Immense Proportions and Evidently Great Physical Power.

Insofar as birds are concerned, some of the oldest fossils, in the matter of time (Miocene), which have fallen into the hands of science, are those representing great flightless fossil avian giants of Patagonia in South America. They belong to the Phororhacidae.

Judging from such parts of their fossil bones as have been found, they were evidently great terrestrial birds of prey. Some of the species were small, but this is made up for by the others; and in the case of one of them (Brontornis), it had a thigh bone considerably larger and longer than that of an ox.

Of all the remarkable flightless birds of this group, however, was the giant Phororhacos; it must have been over eight feet in height, with a skull bigger than that of a full grown horse, and much deeper than above downwards. We know little or nothing of these birds or what led to their extinction. With its great size, Phororhacos must have been a terror to the animals upon which it preyed. Skulls and some other bones of this bird have been discovered.—Scientific American.

STREET HAS INSPIRING NAME

Reason Why Thoroughfare in Bordeaux, France, Sounds Good to American Soldiers.

A port in France which teems with Yankee troops has a brief alley named the Street of American Victory, says Collier's. More than one youngster in khaki has wondered by what prophetic instinct such a name was given to such a street more than a century ago.

A local historian argues, however, that there was no thought of 1918 and its events when the Bordeaux potter Hustin gave his wife's name Victoire to the cul-de-sac. Hailing from Martinique, Mme. Victoire was known to the town of Bordeaux as "Victoire l'Americaine;" by the time of the French revolution the street itself was called "Victoire-Americaine."

Probably many a passerby in 1800 assumed that the Street of American Victory had been so named to commemorate the American war of independence. In 2000 the passerby will imagine that the street was named in honor of what the American army accomplished in the summer or fall of 1918. Anyhow, one may hope so.

BEAUTIFUL BLOSSOMS.

I do hope you've had time to go to the woods and grub up a few dogwoods and a redbud or Judas tree so you will have the beautiful pink and white to rejoice your heart next spring. In reading of Paris, one so often comes to descriptions of the loveliness of her streets with their rows of blossoming horse-chestnuts, and they are lovely, but they can't touch our forests of pine when dogwood and Judas trees are in bloom.—Mrs. Lindsay Patterson, in Progressive Farmer.

NOVEL INTRODUCTION.

The other days (says a writer in a London newspaper) I witnessed a pathetic incident while washing my hands in an hotel. Two young officers entered, strangers to each other, one with his left coat sleeve empty, the other with his right arm in a sling. They looked at each other, and one of them said with some diffidence: "Shall we wash hands together?" Whereupon each washed the other's hand, dried it, and after this novel introduction they went off to lunch together.

WAR MATERIAL.

Redd—I see some estimates place the quantity of timber that will be required by the countries now at war at 50,000,000 cubic feet. Greene—Guess it's about right. You know the French have already ordered a million baseball bats, and you never see an English soldier on furlough without a walking-stick.

REASSURING HIM.

Percy—Doctor, have I any symptom of brain fog?
 Doctor—Brain fog? Not at all, my dear fellow; nothing but fog.

PARLOR BOARDER.

"The modern girl—"
 "Yes?"
 "She seems to be raised more like a guest than a member of the family."

GERMAN RAN TRUE TO FORM

Wounded Soldier's Last Act an Attempt to Kill American Who Was Aiding Him.

John Taintor Foote has a story in the American Magazine called "Otto." Otto and the soldier who tells the story used to be friends. The American attacks a trench and finds Otto in it. The end of the story is: "“Otto!” I says, an' all but dropped my rifle.

"He was half layin', half sittin' against the trench wall. Them blue eyes of his was big an' round like a child that's seein' somethin' new an' strange. He blinked when I said his name, but never spoke.

"“Otto,” I says again. "Don't you know me? I'm Bill Stigers! Don't you know me?"

"“Ya,” he says. "We got to have a talk. I'll see you later."

"“We'll have a talk about old times—eh, Otto?"

"“Ya,” says Otto.

"“Well, look-a-here!” I says. "They're trompin' on your sore laig where you're a-layin'. I'll lift you up on the fire step, here, out of the way, an' you'll rest more easy."

"I laid down my rifle an' stooped over to get-a-holt of him, an'—Here, I'll show you."

"Bill turned to me and lifted the patch from his eye, or rather from his eye socket—for the eye and part of the lid were gone.

"I gave a shocked exclamation. "Bill replaced the patch. "Otto had got a-holt of a trench knife, somehow, an' I hadn't noticed it," he said."

SENTIMENT AND REALITY



She—Beautiful, beautiful. I can't get over it.
 He—I could, if I had the price of a ticket.

SAVED HIS SHIPMATE.

Enlisting in the United States navy at his home in Ketchikan, Alaska, on July 19, 1917, V. R. Petty, a machinist's mate, second class, in the reserve force, has won official commendation for heroic action. On January 27 last when the U. S. S. Kennedy was making a dock John B. McGinley, storekeeper, third class, U. S. N., missed his footing before the ship was entirely made fast and fell overboard. He fell between the boat and dock and, striking the rail of the lower deck on his way down, was unconscious when he struck the water. Petty promptly jumped overboard after his shipmate and despite the awkward position of the drowning man reached his side and saved his life. Petty's mother, Mrs. Fannie P. Petty, lives at Ketchikan, Alaska.

ACCUSTOMED TO IT.

Mrs. Flatbush—So your husband is with his regiment over in France?
 Mrs. Bensonhurst—He is.
 "How does he like it?"
 "Oh, very well, I guess. He writes that he has to do sentry duty nearly every night."
 "That must be hard."
 "Not at all. He was out every night when he was over here, so you see, he's used to it."

SOME MULE.

"You say your father has a mule that does toe dancing?"
 "Yes, my father has a mule that does tow dancing."
 "How's that?"
 "He pulls a towboat and now and then he rears up on his hind feet and capers around."

PUT OUT.

Bill—Did turning the clock ahead put you out at all?
 Gill—Sure! She made me go home an hour earlier Saturday night.

HIS OWN REMEDY.

"I understand Binks is very much rundown."
 "Well, he ought to be able to build himself up; he's an architect."

ON THE BLINK



Walt Worm—The potato bug appears grouchy.

Percy Riggle—He stepped in the eyes of one of the potatoes and the spud up and hit him.

TRUE FAITH.

Faith—in her official character—is a white-winged seraph with heaven-lifted eyes. But she sometimes masquerades.

In one case she has for some years been impersonating a very old man who lives at one end of the city and works at the other. Midway between his home and his working place is an institution for the poor.

Having passed his Bible limit and started on a new record, one might consider the long car ride something of a tax. But the man does not ride.

He walks, so that he may stop at that midway place and drop a nickel in a box labeled "For the Poor."

His reason is that the people inside the institution pray for those who help them. And the old man believes in prayer.

And this is faith.—Washington Star.

CONFIDENCE.

"Do you think Josh is learning fast in the army?" said Mrs. Corn-tassel.

"I'm sure of it," replied her husband.

"You know he never stood at the head of his classes."

"I'm not thinking about how he stood anywhere! I'm thinking about the way he always kept goin' in a football game."

THERE'S A REASON.

The lady of the house, engaging a new cook, expressed the wish that if Fido came into the kitchen he should be kindly treated there.
 "Oh, yes, ma'am," replied the cook. "I'll be good to him; indeed, I always believe in making friends with the dogs—they save so much dishwashing!"

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