

students have great difficulty in guessing who's who,

Italian Lake Is Temperamental

Famous Body of Water Develops Tide Caused by Gas Springs.

Washington.-Evidence that the Italfan Lake Garda had developed a tide recently mystified the natives and tourists frequenting this famous body of water. At regular intervals a rise and fall of more than a foot was reg-Istered. Investigation disclosed that the difference in level was probably caused by gaseous springs in the bottom of the lake, because as the tide receded great portions of the surface were covered with fine bubbles.

"To those who know it, however, Garda is a lake of many moods," says a bulletin from the Washington headquarters of the National Geographic society. "It is as changeable and varied as the wealth of subtropical vegetation that clothes its encircling mountains and valleys. Twice a day, with more regularity than the lake steamers, comes the refreshing 'ora,' or lake breeze, ruffling the cobalt blue of the waters and tempering the heat of the sun. Sometimes storms whip the surface into white-capped rollers and Garda is as rough as the sea.

Italy's Largest Lake.

"Most of the yearly host of visitors, however, carry back with them indelible visions of a great inland sea set in a background of enchanting beauty. The southern shores are flat and low, sloping easily back from the water into the sun-baked and fertile valley of the Po. As the lake narrows toward the north, first the Alpine bills, and then the higher spurs of the Alps fold in upon it. The upper reaches are like Norwegian flord, with precip cliffs and deep, quiet waters.

"Garda is Italy's largest lake and. with the exception of Geneva and Constance, is unsurpassed in size in the Alpine region. It is about thirty-four miles long, but varies in width from three to eleven miles, being gourdshaped with a long narrow neck running into the outposts of the Tyrolese

"In many respects it is more like a small inland sea than a lake. Its deep blue coloring is like that of the Mediterranean and, unlike its sister Lombardian lakes, it has real sailboats with two masts, their brown and yellow sails contrasting prettily with the blue of the water and the green background of the hills. Over the surface of Garda hangs a heavy haze at times. confirming the resemblance to the sea. In the winter months guils enliven the water front with their sharp cries.

"Lake Garda was once an important link in the trade route between Verona and Trent, but the construction of the railroad up the nearby and more direct Adige valley has left the lake again the quiet dwelling place of beauty of which poets, even as far back as shared with Como the attention of poets and writers of every age.

"For many years two flags ruled its waves, the northern tip and the city of Riva lying in Austria. Garda was thus a sort of debatable region of romance, where Latin and Teuton touched elbows, and the picturesque gunboats of the customs officers waged an unceasing war against more picturesque smugglers. Since the World war the lake and the surrounding country have been Italian.

"Today lemons, citrons, olives, the honor of being the principal 'in-Along the sheltered west lemon plantations scale the steep 1859. slopes of the hillsides, backed by stone walls for protection against the chilling winter winds. Tall, fragrant laurel trees, and gloomy cypress and pine, mix their foliage with subtropical palms, yuccas, magnolias and aloes, while the plateaus above are streaked with barbaric reds and yelows-truly a paradise for the naturalist and the artist.

Its Colorful Ports.

"No less colorful and interesting are the many little towns that border the lake. Salo, the main port on the west coast, runs riot in color. The houses are painted to look like wallpaper. The pinks, greens, yellows and blues of the walls and the inevitable red tile roofs of these swallow-like homes perched on the hillsides can only be matched by the fringes of family washings, in as many colors, that flutter in the breeze at the water front. feet."

"Nearly at the head of the lake is the little "lage of Limone, which, it might reasonably be supposed, was so named because of its large production of lemons. The story is really the "everse, for it is said that the fruit derived its name from this little town. being the first place they were grown in Europe. Riva, at the northern tip is set in the pit of a towering amphitheater of mountains and is the principal tourist resort. Nearby, at Torbole, Goethe wrote the first of his 'lphigenie' in 1786. Since that time the Jistric* has been a favorite winter resort for wealthy Germans and Austrians.

"Running boldly into the center of the southern part of the lake is the narrow peninsula of Sirmione, once a resort of wealthy Romans. A short distance south of the lake is the tower of San Martino, a lofty stone memorial oranges and grapes share with tourists which commands a sweeping view of the great southern end. It commemorates the victory of the French and shore, or Riviera as it is called, the Italians over Austria at Solferino in

"At the effluent, the southeast corner, is Peschlera, with extensive anclent fortifications. The city, once a corner of the celebrated Austrian 'quadrilateral,' has always been important in a military and strategic sense. Along its waterfront are many gondola-like boats, showing the lingering influence of the time when this was part of the great maritime republic of

"Tides or changes of level in freshwater lakes are not unusual. A phenomenon has been observed on Lake Geneva, and on other lakes also, which is known in Switzerland as 'Seiches.' These are fluctuations in level of the water and are caused by sudden alteration in the atmospheric 'Seiches' runs both longitudinally and transversely, and the

Mathews Wins Mitchel Trophy



Lieut. Thomas K. Mathews of the army, by winning the John L. Mitchel trophy, won the right to represent the army in the Pulitzer race next year. Roman days, have sung. Garda has This trophy is offered by Col. William Mitchel in memory of his brother. In this picture Lieutenant Mathews, right, is being congratulated by Maj. T. G. Lanphier and Mrs. J. L. Mitchel.

NOW LOBSTERS ARE BEING HANDLED BY BOOTLEGGERS

"Shorts," Crustaceans Less Than Four net an average of about \$10 a day. Inches, Smuggled in Along Jersey Coast.

Highlands, N. J .- Lobster bootleggers are active off the New Jersey coast. Lying outside the three-mile limit of state jurisdiction, they buy 'shorts' and smuggle their contraband ashore to resorts and even to the larger cities. A "short" is a lobster measuring less than four and oneeighth inches from butt of tail to tip of the horn at the head.

This traffic has reduced the average weight of the lobster caught in these

waters from five pounds to one. It is an ley day that keeps the lobster men ashore. Working usually two envwhere from three to ten miles out. lobster men

Four lines each containing from twenty to thirty pots keep two men busy. The pot is a wooden frame covered with laths one inch apart and containing an opening through a knitted cord

arrangement which narrows from the

Decaying menhaden, caught by the fishermen of Sandy Hook bay, are threaded to the inside of the pot with copper wire and among the inedible sea crabs and unpopular ling-a quick dying fish-is found an occasional crustacean. Sometimes it is a "short."

Occasionally a heavy lobster is brought up, one taken this year having weighed seven pounds. Sometimes the pots yield a "shedder" in his anual round of casting off the old shell to a boat, 25 feet 111/2 inches over all, and putting on a new one. A prime open, cabinless and unprotected from delicacy, the latter die quickly and weather, the fishermen in their quest are of little commercial value to the

Blind Pair Marry

After Long Courtship

New York .- The blind led the blind to the altar in Adams Memorial Presbyterian church, where Joseph L. Bennett and Miss Eva Brasseur, both blind for more than twenty years, translation, rendered as Zoe. Later it were married by Rev. Harold S.

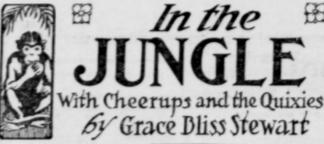
As he stood at the altar, the hand of his bride in his, Bennett, who is fifty-three, remembered her as a girl of twenty, his sweetheart then. She is now forty-nine.

"That is the way I shall always think of her ' he said.

Mrs. Bennett became blind 22 years Bennett's hands fumbled as the bride shyly held der finger to receive the ring which neither will ever see. But,

they smiled. The bridegroom lost his sight brough the explosion of a stick of lynamite in a mine.

You can't judge a dinner by the tone of the dinner bell.



"L ET'S see, where was I?" said Mrs. Spider, as she settled down on a piece of moss beside Cheerups for a good long talk.

"You were just telling me about your wonderful house," replied Cheerups; "how you dig a tunnel two feet deep and hide all the earth you have dug out, so no one will discover where you are building."

"Yes, that's the very place; and fidn't I promise to tell you how I urnish my little home, too? Well, I



'Let Me See. I Have It, Mrs. Spider!'

sheets of silk which I spin myself. It's the same kind of silk of which other spiders make their webs. The ining next the earth is coarse and waterproof, but the one inside is very fine and soft. That sounds comfy, doesn't it?" said Mrs. Spider proudly. "I should say so," cried Cheerups, but you are forgetting the trapdoor. That seems to me the most wonderful

"Oh. no, I'm not forgetting, Mr.

Cheerups," said Mrs. Spider. "I'm just leaving the best till the last, like frost-

BBREVIATED =story

THE CAMEL'S BACK

THE scene of today's story, just for a change, is the wild Harhar jungles of Abyssinia.

The natives were in a state of the wildest disorder, for their troubles were proving too much for them, and a revolution was brewing. Yet the Harhar savages were a cautious bunch, and Blubjaw, their champion orator worker-up, harangued them in vain to take the decisive step.

qux eraw Dimbo splaw!" he cried. ("King Dimbo is a tyrant and should be dethroned. He allows us only six wives aplece and imposes ruinous taxes for every additional wife!")

"Skrix shrox" ("No use acting hastily"), muttered the populace. "Kincan yaybo wimbo yan!" ("He

allows the common people one meal a

day while he eats seven!") cried Blub-"Dithy rambus" ("Don't let's be rash"), murmured the mob.

"Slux nindo yithter wow!" ("He has forbidden us to smoke!"). "Osh kosh!" ("We'd better not do

anything reckless"). "Tooral Chaplox ninski Fairbing! Yinx!" ("He's ordered all the 'movies' to shut down and now we can never see Charlle Chaplin or Doug Fairbanks

any more!") There was a mighty guttural roar as the long-suffering public rose to arms and rushed toward King Dimbo's

With Cheerups and the Quixies

MRS. SPIDER GETS ADVICE | ing. you know. First I have to meas ure the doorway with my feelers, then I spin a little silken pad exactly the right size and shape, which I make sticky with my own special kind of give. This pad I sprinkle with bits of earth; then comes another pad of silk and so on, until I think the door is thick enough. It's quite a layer cake." "Well, whatever it's like, it's certainly very remarkable," said Cheer-

> hen how do you fasten it on?" "Why, with a hinge, of course, silly," piped Mrs. Spider, "a hinge of silk, and I put it on the outside, too, so the door will close of its own weight after me. I don't believe in any more work than necessary. But I do go so far as to cover my front door with bits of dirt and tiny stones. Then, unless I am just coming out, no one would know it from the rest of the

"Now I call that very complete! said Cheerups admiringly; "just a perfectly snug little home! What more could anyone want?"

"Yes, it is that, sir; it's all of that, and yet," sighed Mrs. Spider, "it's not as safe as it sounds. If an unwelcome visitor wanted to come and pull up the door he could, in spite of me. There's something lacking, but I can't think what it is; yes, something lack-

'Mmmmmm," murmured Cheerups, 'Let me see. I have it, Mrs. Spider! Spin some threads of silk, fasten them to the inside of your door, and then sit on the other ends when you don't want to be disturbed."

"That's a splendid idea, Mr. Cheer-How good you are to help me But suppose an enemy came along who was stronger than I and

Irene Rich ************



Popular Irene Rich, the "movie" star, is a prime favorite with the millions of people who like moving pictures. Miss Rich seems to be fitted to the parts she plays as if they were especially written for her. This is one of her very latest pictures.

pulled open my door by force. I could never hold it down with those threads." "Then build a little side tunnel leading from your house to run into until the danger is past, Mrs. Spider," said

"Well really, sir, you astonish me," gasped Mrs. Spider. "I thought I was clever, but you are both clever and kind, and that's much better. I shall try not to bother you, but I shall certainly call again when I want advice. Good morning, sir!" and the tiny trapdoor clicked behind Mrs. Spider as she

dropped into her cozy little home.
(© by Little, Brown & Co.)

son-the death of any relative will

suffice to fulfill, in their opinion, the

THE WHY & By H. IRVING KING SUPERSTITIONS

DEATHS NEVER SINGLE

IT IS a rather common superstition all over the country, especially in the rural districts, that deaths "never come singly." In some sections they say that if one person in a family dies there will be three deaths in that family before the year is out. In other sections they say two deaths. Those who believe in the superstition do not limit the operation of the omen to the



(@ by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

is the Chinese gem of life and is be-

Eve's lucky day and 4 her lucky num-

(@ by Wheeler Syndicate.)

恭恭恭恭恭恭恭亦亦亦亦亦亦亦亦亦亦亦亦亦亦亦亦亦亦亦亦亦

A LINE O' CHEER

By John Kendrick Bangs

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DEPARTING SUMMER

THE summer may be gone as

Yet, seems to me, she lingers on the way, And as she slowly moves along

I feel she sort of wistfully looks

And smiles on all about her quite

She really wished she did not

have to go-And maybe that is why Septem-

ber days
Still hold so much of summer in
their ways.

(@ by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

her track

as though

lieved to bestow upon its wearer the

and happiness. Sunday is

Facts about your name; its history; meaning; whence it was derived; significance; your lucky day and lucky jewel

wealth

IT IS fitting that Eve, the oldest name in the English language, should mean "life." "The mother of all living" was originally called by the title Chavva, which the Alexandrian Jews, coming upon in their was Latinized as Heva and finally

becomes Eve on English lips. Curiously enough, Eve has never been a popular name in England. On old parish registers it appeared in isolated instances when a pair of twins was christened Adam and Eve. But the Latin form, which became Eva in Ireland and Scotland, also flourished in England and became popular in

In this country, Eve has had greater prevalence than Eva. The former is a far more euphonious name, as well as the finest of the old Biblical appellatives-a fact which appealed strongly to the Puritans. We have also revived the title of the Alexandrian Jews and Zoe is frequent in

Jade is Eve's talismanic stone. It

This superstition has its origin in

the conception of the ancients with regard to the relations existing between the living and the dead and their idea of the needs and requirements of the world of shades. Attention has been called to the idea of primitive man that the spirits of the dead desired companionship; that in

their journey into the "great darkness" they ought to be accompanied by some of those who were near to them in life. Hundreds of slaves and captives were slaughtered upon the grave of Attila in order that his spirit might have on the stygian shore a retinue appropriate for so great a king; and Indian widows met death upon the funeral pyre of their husbands in order that the departed rajah might be consoled beyond the veil. There appears also to have been an

idea that when these attentions were not bestowed the spirit of the deceased might possibly and under certain circumstances, exercise a power of summoning companionship from the living world; and in the classic stories of the Heroic ages we find now and then ghosts that will not rest until human sacrifice has been made, actually or by substitution.

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WHO SAID "Labor conquers

all things."

IT IS said that when Homer, the great epic poet of ancient Greece. was alive he lived in poverty and traveled about from place to place existing on the sparing hospitality of those who would shelter him for the sake of hearing his adventures related. Years after his death, when his work began to be properly appreciated, no less than seven cities of Greece fought for the honor of calling him a native of their locality. And to this day it remains a mystery where the man's real home was located.

blessing of the gods, which is health, Modern knowledge of Homer rests upon his known works. When he was born is as much a mystery as where he was born. Historians agree in fixing the year of his birth sometime between 1000 and 700 B. C., and his

birthplace "somewhere in Greece." The poet's best known works are his Illiad and the Odyssey. The Illiad is the story of the siege of Illium, or Troy, and relates the attempt to rescue Helen, wife of the king of Sparta, whom Paris, son of the king of Troy,

had abducted. The Odyssey concerns itself with the adventures of Odysseus or Ulysses, as he is better known, on his way home from the battle of Troy and of his welcome by his faithful wife, Penelope, and the punishment of her pre-

sumptuous sultors. By all of the great poetry critics of the world Homer's work is ranked as among the finest. His memory has been further kept alive by numerous busts-all of which, of course, are

wholly ideal.-Wayne D. McMurray. (by George Matthew Adams.)