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FAMED FOR GIANT POTATOES

District Just North of Denver Has Established Its Reputation for the Succulent Vegetable.

When Horace Greeley gave the young men of America a loose foot by saying, some decades ago: "Go West, young man," he incidentally succeeded in getting a very fine brand of potatoes named for himself, writes Elizabeth G. Shepherd in the Saturday Evening Post. A group of men who went to the West at that time settled in a district north of Denver and east of the Rocky mountains, and perhaps because they planted potatoes. About to raise, they planted potatoes. About to raise, they planted potatoes. About to raise, they planted potatoes.

"SIMON PURE" A STAGE HERO

Name of Hero of Popular Comedy Has Become Synonymous for the Genuine Article.

The expression, "Simon Pure," meaning "the real man," had its origin in the name of a Pennsylvania Quaker in Mrs. Centlivre's comedy, "A Bold Stroke for a Wife." Being about to visit London to attend the quarterly meeting of his sect, Ammadad Holdfast sends a letter of recommendation and introduction by his friend, Simon Pure, to another Quaker, who is guardian of Anne Lovely, a young lady reputed to have a fortune of \$30,000. Colonel Feignwell, another character in the same play, being enamored of Miss Lovely and her fortune, avails himself of an accidental discovery of the letter of introduction and succeeds in passing himself off as Simon Pure. But virtue is triumphant in the end. Simon Pure appears with his witnesses and the successfully Feignwell is exposed.

Twilight Varies With Latitude.

Twilight is the diffused illumination of the sky which immediately precedes sunrise and follows sunset. When the sun sets below the horizon we are not at once plunged into total darkness. There is an intermediate period of partial and slowly increasing darkness. That period is twilight. It is caused by the reflection of the sunlight by dust and particles of water vapor in the upper atmosphere. The same phenomenon occurs just before sunrise, and to distinguish it from the evening twilight, it is called dawn. Dawn begins and twilight ends when the sun is about eighteen degrees below the horizon, and consequently their duration varies with the latitude and season of the year. The higher the latitude the smaller the angle at which the sun's path meets the horizon, and hence the longer it takes the sun to sink a distance of eighteen degrees below the horizon. In the tropics twilight rarely is longer than thirty minutes, while in the north of Scotland about the middle of summer there are several nights on which twilight fills the entire interval between sunset and sunrise.

Glue Stronger Than Steel.

A new field for wood has been opened by the use of what is called plywood, and glue made from the blood of the animals killed at the slaughter house and of the casing, obtained from milk. Remarkable sturdiness under all conditions has been shown by this combination. The combination was first thought of in connection with the manufacture of airplanes. Thin sheets of wood are laid one over the other with dry sheets of paper coated on both sides with the new glue. The mass is then heated under pressure and the result is that a structure is formed which is stronger than steel and has many other advantages over metal. Panels were glued together with these and tested in boiling water for eight hours. At the expiration of this time none of the pieces showed any separation of the plies.

Sheep Shearing in Australia.

Shearers in Australia are paid by the number of sheep they shear, but the ranch helpers are paid by the week. Averaging everything, from young wethers, which are hard to old ewes, which are easy, a good man will shear about 90 to 100 sheep a day. The actual record is 327 sheep sheared by a Queensland shearer in nine hours. And other big records have been made. But that was probably years back with the "blades," when the sheep were five-pound and six-pound, and not nine-pound and ten-pound, as they are today.

CHECKERBERRIES

By RUBY DOUGLAS

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Olive MacFarland had succeeded in eluding the other members of the party with whom she had motored up the Mohawk trail and into the old Vermont town in which they had decided to spend a few days. She had stolen out of her room early in the morning, begged the old cook in the kitchen of the tea-house in which they were staying, a cup of coffee and a sandwich, an extra bite to take on the river alone, on foot, into New Hampshire.

She was so tired of the small talk of the others. She wanted to be alone to enjoy the wonders and the beauty of the Vermont and New Hampshire hills.

Enjoying every moment of the morning, she had climbed up, up the narrow trail and not encountered a human soul. She had sung aloud, she had gathered blueberries, she had sat down on the soft, ruffled soil of pine needles. Her every nerve was alive; she was happy—almost.

At last she sat down beneath three friendly white birch trees and wrapped her meager lunch. How often, back in her school days, she had sat beneath birch trees and eaten her midday meal together with the girls in her botany class—and the teacher.

George Farling had taught botany, among other branches, in the preparatory school in the Middle West to which Olive had been sent before entering college. Every girl in the class had fancied herself in love with the big, handsome, kindly professor, but he treated them all alike, as little girls, and was interested in teaching them of all the growing things.

Olive had always been a student of nature, and perhaps in her George Farling found a particularly companionable mind. At least, Olive felt that he liked her, though she dared not believe that he thought of her in any way save as a pupil among the others.

Today, as she sat dreaming of him in perspective he had grown more truly to be her ideal man—her eye caught a leaf growing near by that seemed to recall memories of the cluster of shiny leaves and the cluster of shiny berries, once so familiar to her, growing on the stem.

"Checkerberries!" she cried aloud. "I have not gathered any for years." "I wonder if he would remember me if—I should send him a specimen and ask him for a description of it?" she soliloquized.

She stopped at the postoffice on her way back to join the others that night and when her friends scolded her roundly for having taken the lonely trail alone, she did not seem to mind.

"It was wonderful!" she told them. "You are mad," they said. "And perhaps I am," she admitted, ambiguously.

It took only time for a return post to reach her before Olive had a letter in a hand once familiar to her. "Dear Olive," it ran. "I taste not only the wintergreens as I bite into the little cluster of leaves you have sent me from your mountains, I sense your romance, dear, in their fragrance. I have been wondering, day after day, if you would ever recall me. When you were in school, I dared not let you know I loved you; it would not have been fair to you. I wanted you to see the world, know other men, be free asking you to join your beautiful young life to my old, moth-eaten, cobwebby existence. But—this little cluster of leaves brings you back so palpably to my life that I must tell you of my love. Have you remembered? Do you care? May I come and tell you?"

There was more, but Olive could read it with difficulty. Her heart was full of overjoy.

When she wrote to him again, it was to tell him where he might find her on her return to town.

She wore a little cluster of checkerberries on her coat and he pulled a pressed leaf from his pocket when they met.

"Such a little thing on which to hang our romance, dear," he said. "Little—yes, George, but the fragrance of it will permeate the whole sweet distance into which you and I are to walk together. Will it not?"

National Forests Appreciated.

That the use of the national forests for recreational purposes is increasing rapidly and bids fair to rank third among the major services performed by the national forests, with only timber production and stream-flow regulation taking precedence over it, is the statement made by Col. W. B. Greeley, head of the forest service, in his annual report. Many summer homes are being erected on the national forests by private individuals, and the use of forests for other forms of out-of-door recreation was greater during the past year than ever before.

Pump in Abraham's Wells.

Abraham's wells are now equipped with modern pumping machinery and are supplying water to the town. According to ancient tradition, there were seven wells at Beersheba, but were saved only three are known, which at present only three have been used by the Bedouins to water the flocks. The original "Well of the Oath" was dug by Abraham, as described in the Book of Genesis.

Body Temperature.

The average body temperature is 98.6 degrees, but it varies with a few degrees with the time of day and various other factors. It is normally 97.5 degrees in the morning and 99.1 degrees in the afternoon. Eating and exercising raise it from one to several degrees. Nervousness may cause sudden changes either higher or lower.

With the price of socks dropping to

ter, cents there is once more a balm in Gilead for the school girl.

A Matter of Ranges

By WILL T. AMES

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For eleven months of each year Herbert Calhoun built bridges, dams, piers and additions to his reputation as an engineer. Each August he steadfastly refused to do any work at all, but reserved the month to the utter relaxation of fishing for tautaug at the very precise point ranged by the steeply blasted oak across the cove one way and the direction line of the Halliday family's private pier the other way. The ranges established to a foot, the location, away down at the bottom of the cove, of the cluster of rocks where all the tautaug of Sanderson's seemed to foregather for lunch.

For the same eleven months of each year Bernice Halliday, to the intense disgust of her mother, devoted herself to incurring the wrath of recalcitrant employers and the scorn of children and the leading of a strenuous and militant life generally in her official capacity of state inspector of employment conditions for women and children.

The whole of the eighth month she swam, canoed, danced and had, on the whole, probably the best all-around good time of any of the girls of the rather exclusive Cave Harbor summer colony.

Of course, of all things in the world the most natural and befitting would be that these two doers of things, the thirty-six-year-old engineer and the twenty-eight-year-old sociologist, both spending a month's vacation at the harbor every year, should be at least interested acquaintances. Herbert Calhoun, on his reputation alone, was a man not to be ignored anywhere.

Bernice Halliday, whose name was identified with half the factory welfare legislation in her home state in the last three years, was a bit of a celebrity as well as a most uncommonly pleasing young woman.

Yet as Bernice sat on the end of the Halliday's pier in her bathing suit, swinging her trim and besocked legs over the water, and as Calhoun brought his stubby stick to an anchor a hundred feet off the end of the pier, there was no sign of anything like enthusiastic sympathy between them.

The least that might have been expected of the masculine neighbor would be a friendly wave of the hand. And he was a friendly wave of the hand. And he was a friendly wave of the hand. And he was a friendly wave of the hand.

For thirty long minutes the man in the hat fished assiduously. He baited with a whole rock crab. He took the crab off the hook, cut it in two with a heavy jackknife and tried one of the halves. He took off the half and put on a very much smaller crab. He removed that and substituted a fiddler. He banished the fiddler and baited with the luscious inner mechanism of a clam. He swore, earnestly and expertly. But he did not get a bite.

For thirty long minutes Bernice Halliday counted to sit on the end of the pier, swinging her legs. By no sign did she give evidence that she even remembered the existence of the man in the boat. But she did.

"Conceited old prig!" Bernice was saying to herself, the while she appeared to be lost in lazy contemplation of the distant caboose regatta down the bay. "If he were just an ordinary smarty, I'd let him. But he isn't; he's a most extraordinary one—me!"

And sulking when I let him know that I considered my work just as important as his and didn't propose to give it up, ever, to be nothing but just some man's wife! And saying there were some things, like factory management, and his old engineering, that were actually as far as the feminine understanding as fishing!"

"If you please—somebody who could give her mind to cause and effect in the catching of fish! And now look at him—sitting out there by the hour every day—and he hasn't hooked a black-fish this season!"

"If that girl comes and sits on that pier tomorrow," inwardly foamed Calhoun, "and silently reveals in my rotten luck, by thunder, I'm going to pack up and get out of here! Jeering at me, she is, because I said there were some things, like factory management, and his old engineering, that were actually as far as the feminine understanding as fishing!"

Still not a fish bit and still the girl on the pier set swinging her legs. But into her heart was creeping a shadow of contrition. "Poor old boy!" she said to herself; "it's a shame, after all. He does so love to catch 'em. And if he should decide that it's hopeless and give up and go away altogether!" Something very like pang came with the thought. Then, quite suddenly, Bernice put the flat of both her hands upon the stringer on which she had been sitting, straightened her under body and dropped like a plummet into the water. She swam directly toward the boat.

"Are you sure you're on your exact ground, Herbert?" she inquired in the most friendly of tones as she floated easily on her side close to the pier.

"Certainly—Bernice. I have the ranges to a hair."

"That's what you meant," said Bernice, paddling slowly up to the boat and reaching for the gunwale, "when you said fishing was a masculine activity—something demanding study of cause and effect—wasn't it?"

"Yes," Calhoun replied, "incomprehensibly, but with an uneasy sense of danger somewhere about. 'If a woman were coming after tautaug she'd fish anywhere. A man knows that if you're ten feet from the right spot you might as well stay home. He finds out exactly where the right spot is and he fixes it by ranges so he can't miss it afterward. No woman in the world would do that.'"

"That's not. One of your ranges is a straight line out from our pier, isn't it?"

"Yes. A continuation of its center line."

"Well, old Mr. Methodical Calhoun," said Bernice, as she launched herself backward from the other side of the boat, "there's a mere bit of what you probably call your ice last winter. When they rebuilt it they located it more than fifty feet farther east along the beach. For ten days you've been fishing a way off your ground. I'd have told you before but you picked a quarrel with me the first time we met this season. Here, help me into that tub of yours and I'll show you where you ought to be fishing."

Between them, taking turns with Calhoun's sturdy deep-sea rod, they caught half a dozen of the rugged, hard-fighting tautaug, while Herbert Calhoun's stiff-necked pride fought a losing fight with the fascination of the beautiful, competent but utterly feminine creature beside him. Then, with the preliminary of a long-drawn breath he said:

"Bernice, I guess there are some prejudices that are about as hard to locate and about as tough to shift. I've been an ass, with my cocksure theories about sex-wise division of qualities. If you'll just take me, you can go on fighting manufacturers and making reports as long as you can get yourself reappointed—if it's forever. I've been figuring all my ranges, I fancy, from the wrong landmarks."

"Not quite all, Herbert. One of them was right. But I couldn't let you bully me—and not let you know you were doing it."

Bernice gazed far off down the bay. Then presently she turned and said, in a tremulous little voice that no law evading factory boss would ever have recognized as that of the militant inspector, "I sent in my resignation last night, dear."

"I'm not sure," said the boy. "Where's your father?"

"Well, where's your mother, then?"

"She's in jail!"

"The policeman took his little, cold hand."

"Anyhow, you can't sleep out here," he said. "You'd be frozen to death. Suppose you come along with me. The boy went along with the policeman willingly, even eagerly."

"You're going to put me in jail, ain't you, sir?"

"Oh, no; don't think about jail," the policeman answered.

"They said you'd put me in jail," said the little boy. "If you caught me sleeping in the street."

"The policeman made no reply. They walked on for a while in silence. Finally they came to a builder's red lantern."

"If I stole that there red lantern," said the little boy, "would you put me in jail then, sir?"

"Yes, probably," said the policeman. "but don't you go talking about stealing lanterns at your age. Jail! I'm going to take you to a place where there's a nice warm fire and some hot soup."

"But if I steal the lantern, then you'll put me in jail, won't you?" And theurchin reached out his tiny, cold fist and actually lifted the lantern from his hook.

"Put that back," growled the policeman. "Jail, indeed! What do you want to go to jail for?"

"Here the little fellow began to sob as if his heart would break.

"Oh, dear!" he wailed. "Oh, dear! I want to see my mother so!"

PARADED IN WEDDING FINERY

Peculiar Custom of Eighteenth-Century New England Would Seem to Put Premium on Vanity.

An unusual custom in vogue in New England in the eighteenth century which caused newly married couples to appear at church on the four Sundays following their union dressed in all the bridal finery they could get together, is recorded by Edward J. Morris in his book, "The Psychology of Dress."

"This, of course, stimulated a rivalry between families, not likely to further the Puritan aim of modesty in appearance. Those who could afford it had four distinct sets of finery, one for each Sunday, that there might be no monotony for those who formed the audience. In many communities a pew was set apart in which the bridal pair was shown, so that the congregation knew just where to look for the objects of interest."

"These selected seats were often in the gallery, sometimes the front pews of the center aisle, and at times in other prominent places. The couple generally arrived a bit late, that the observers might all be seated before their arrival; then they waited slowly arm in arm to the assigned seats, while the entire congregation gave them their undivided attention. At an appointed time, the couple arose and turned slowly around two or three times, that every angle of their appearance might be viewed; they then sat down."

"The history of St. Peter's at Rome, one of the world's most interesting edifices, goes back over a thousand years, for it was on this spot, the site of Nero's circus, within walls ornate with gold and glistening with mosaic and marble, that Charlemagne received the crown of imperial Rome from Pope Leo III, and here was slowly erected throughout subsequent centuries this building, called the central cathedral of Christendom. All that man could do to make St. Peter's great and beautiful has been lavished upon that splendid church. Mme. de Staël said of it, 'C'est le seul travail de l'art sur notre terre actuelle qui ait le sens de grandeur qui caractérise les œuvres immédiates de la création.' (It is the sole work of art on our earth which has the sort of nobleness that characterizes the works of nature.)" Marion Crawford puts one's first impression of St. Peter's in a nutshell when she says, "The first sight of St. Peter's affects one as though in every day streets, walking among one's fellows, one should meet with a man forty feet high."

While the interior decorations have been criticised as being too profuse to them as "too much gingerbread"—that great roof covers the work of some of the most renowned sculptors of the world.

Embarrassing. I am fond of dogs, and one day while out walking I saw a little dog, thin and forlorn looking. I picked it up, intending to take it home and feed it. Just then a young man stepped up to me and said: "Pardon me, madam, but won't you please give me my dog?"

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This country's bill for laundry work and use of hotel fixtures at the peace conference cost \$64,000, which would indicate the members of the party had a clean napkin almost every meal.