

RURAL GIRLS ARE GOOD HOUSEKEEPERS

Expert Finds Higher Living Standards on Farm.

Washington.—Girls on the more than 6,000,000 farm homes of the United States are showing a keen interest in the arts of home making and in many instances are telling their mothers how to obtain the best results from meager incomes, according to Miss Mary Bokahr, home management specialist of the Agriculture department.

Returning from a trip which carried her through most of the eastern and central states, where she talked with hundreds of farm housewives and their daughters, Miss Bokahr said the modern girl on the farm probably in many cases will be a better housewife than her mother.

"Everywhere I went I found the woman on the farm eager to learn how she might improve her home and obtain a better mode of living on the slight means at her disposal. Most of the girls, however, were better informed than their mothers and many showed marked talent in restoring furniture, making clothes, cooking, and the manifold tasks of a housewife."

One of the first questions asked by most housewives she met, Miss Bokahr said, was what labor saving equipment she ought to purchase. Proper methods of buying what the farm home needs was second in questions asked. Then the farm wife wanted to know how she most efficiently might divide the housework among the family.

"I do not wish to make odious comparisons," Miss Bokahr added, "but it is my impression that the average farm housewife has succeeded better than most city mothers in creating the true spirit of a home. It is on the farm, especially in the West, that we still find the pioneer spirit."

The average amount of cash received by the farmer for his salable products is \$900 annually, Miss Bokahr said, while the average farm housewife desired at least \$1,200 to properly maintain her home. This would be the equivalent of about \$1,800 in the city if allowance is made for the many farm products used by the family which must be bought in town.

Living conditions on many farm homes are still extremely primitive despite the inroads of machinery to lighten the farmer's burdens. Only 10 per cent of the farm homes visited were found to have running water, and only seven per cent had electricity. Despite this lack of modern conveniences, however, Miss Bokahr expressed the view that the farm housewife in most cases is keeping step with her city sister in providing a real home.

Paris Police Use Planes to Spot Red Outbreaks

Paris.—French police have added a new trick to their bagful of stunts for keeping the unruly elements of the city under control as a direct result of the latest "Red day" manifestation, which in Paris proved a complete fiasco.

Two light airplanes equipped with radio patrolled the city thoroughly and by means of coded signals kept police headquarters informed as to positions where demonstrators could be seen gathering.

Within five minutes after their wireless reports mobile guards were rushed to the indicated sector and a cordon formed around the would-be demonstrators. If they attempted to move out of the circle marked for them as the bravest received bruised heads as a reward.

Find Penny a Day Too Slow for Wedding Fund

Columbia, Mo.—Saving a cent a day until a fund had been accumulated for their marriage proved too big a task for two University of Missouri freshmen.

The couple pledged their faith and decided to wed as they dropped their first penny in a little savings bank a year ago.

The fund grew too slowly, so the couple willed it to a girl friend, who bought a college annual with it.

Goal Tender in Football Game Dies of Excitement

Komorn, Czechoslovakia.—During a soccer football game, which between Komorn and the nearby town of Leba the goal keeper of the Komorn team after successfully repelling an attack dropped dead from apoplexy believed to have been precipitated by over-excitement.

Treaty Pen Stolen

Paris.—The golden pen with which the Locarno agreements were signed has disappeared from The Hague peace exhibition. Police attributed the theft to a souvenir hunter.

Old Crochet Work Bands of Crochet Work Made in Peru Earlier Than 200 A. D.

Bands of crochet work made in Peru earlier than 200 A. D. are among the rare textiles owned by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, of New York.

Chipmunks in Winter While chipmunks hibernates during winter, they apparently do not become dormant in most cases, like squirrels, rather they store up food in their burrows during the summer and eat it upon this.

LIGHTS of NEW YORK

By GRANT DIXON

Odds and Ends The senior class at Columbia university is dry, and is against swearing by women. It is fifty on the subject of women smoking, and it thinks "Journey's End" the best stage play and "Bulldog Drummond" the best movie. Certain employment agencies in town are under police surveillance, because they have a habit of obtaining jobs for men, collecting the fees, and then having the workers discharged so that more fees may be collected. A morning newspaper carried a display advertisement of a music critic, who says he also writes a radio department and criticisms of the dance. He wants a job. The welfare Council of New York sends out warning that girls who intend coming here to work should be sure of at least \$25 a week. One can't live on less than that, except in Brooklyn, where the minimum is \$24—if you want to live in Brooklyn.

Didn't Get the Point A New York columnist recently ran an anecdote—and not a very funny one—about a movie director and a girl who were talking over the movie business at dinner. The director confessed that he was looking for a man who was tall, blond and something like Lindbergh. "So am I," said the girl. The next day the columnist was deluged with letters from young men, all claiming to look like Lindbergh and to be tall and handsome, and asking for the movie job. Not one of them volunteered for the girl.

Style Advisers The more expensive apartment houses—the ones where the rent is \$1,000 a room or more per year—are now employing women as style consultants. When a tenant leases an apartment, he is given the services of the consultant, who tells him just what he should buy in the line of furniture and draperies. The service is free. The consultant makes hers by collecting a commission from the interior decorators.

Speaking of decorating, the newest wrinkle is invisible lighting fixtures. Lights are recessed in the walls close to the ceiling, and switches are hidden under rugs, where the master steps on them as he enters the door.

This and That The pinnacle of the new Chrysler building is made of steel, which condenses rain from the winds that blow around its lofty summit even when the sky is clear. ... One reason why the streets surrounding schools are so much dirtier than the other thoroughfares is that the street cleaning department will not operate near schools until nightfall, for fear a child might be struck by a city truck.

Selling Dogs An evening's walk along Fifth avenue is sure to bring you upon a man leading two puppies by leash. Invariably cute, the pups are. Bulldogs of Scotch terriers, usually. When the red lights stop pedestrian traffic, some one is sure to stop and fondle one of the dogs. Then the man leading them makes his proposition. "I want to keep one of them, but I'll sell the other cheap," he says. And he usually makes the sale. It isn't a racket; just good salesmanship. That street-corner contest between dog and prospective owner is much more effective than displaying the animal in a shop window.

Boundary Line of City Passes Through Theater Somerville, Mass.—Patrons of Loctell's Ball Square theater buy their tickets in Somerville and are then ushered to seats in the adjoining city of Medford to see the movies.

Find Viking Knife Koenigsberg.—Excavations in the recently discovered Viking burial ground near Tilist disclosed among other things a pocket clasp knife, the blade of which can be opened or shut like that of present-day pocket knives.

Expert Tells Bullet That Felled Futigive Indianapolis.—It took Patrolman Arch Ball, ballistics expert, to decide which one of four officers fired the shot which stopped Farrell Tate, alleged auto thief, as he was fleeing. All four officers claimed credit for the shot until Ball identified marks on the bullet as coming from the gun of Patrolman Charles Peak.

Defining Boundaries To beat the bounds means to trace out by perambulation the bounds of a parish by striking with a rod certain points in passing by way of calling to witness. This is an old custom still kept up in many English parishes by going around the boundaries on Holy Thursday, or Ascension day. In Scotland beating the bounds is called riding the marches.

Needed Two Parishes Jersey, Channel Islands.—Gerald Heyman died with his head in one parish and his feet in another, in a house over a brook which divides St. Saviour's and Trinity parishes.

Oxford University will allow one woman student to four men, which is about the proper handicap if debating is to be a feature of the curriculum.

Ben Finds a Glove

By RUBY GRUBER

"SURE, Honey, I'll tighten the brakes; want to wait?" Ben Howard was a tall, good looking blond garage mechanic.

"No, Dear, I must run along. You know, mother wants me to help her with a dress." Mrs. Ben Howard was a tall, good looking blond. "You didn't hear from the motor company?" she asked.

"I guess they are not interested. A poor man is out of luck; I know that clutch is a sure thing, and it's all mine, but I haven't the money to even show the right man a decent model."

After Marie had gone, Ben sat down on the running board of the cheap little coupe and retted again that morning in the office of the Hartwell Motors.

"It looks practical, Mr. Howard, but it's in the raw. Why not make a working model, put it on a car, and then show us what it will do?"

"Where could I get this done?" Ben had asked. "And 'bout what would it cost?"

"Well, I would think the Jackson company would fix you up for about three thousand dollars."

Ben's numbed brain kept repeating three thousand dollars. Might as well be three million.

"Good morning, Ben," Reggy Vandere rolled to a stop before the open garage door. "Nice spring morning," he added. He wore a light gray suit, a rakish hat set at a jaunty angle, and lolled back under the steering wheel of his flashy new lowdown roadster.

"Hello, Reggy! Nothing wrong with that new car of yours?"

"Nothing serious, I hope. Just a trifle of a jerk when I start the deuced old thing."

"Carburetor needs adjusting," Ben raised the hood and soon the motor was purring evenly. As Reggy drove away, Ben went back to the coupe. He tightened the brakes, and decided to tidy it up a bit as a surprise for his wife.

He removed the seat and dusted the upholstery. As he replaced it, he found a fawn-colored glove. He picked it up, turning it over and over. A man's glove in their coupe? His heart went cold as he saw the clasp. It bore the initials of R. V. "Good God! Reggy Vandere." He felt weak in the knees. His hands ached to get around the neck of Reggy. He pulled the rubber mat from the floor of the coupe; he went ahead with the cleaning. A blue cigar band fell to the ground. A fifty-cent brand.

As he stepped on the porch that night the door flew open. His wife threw her arms around his neck and kissed him. "Ben, I've fixed everything; get washed and hurry."

"Now, Marie; tell me how Reggy's glove got in our coupe?" He stared down in her face searching her eyes. He pulled the offending thing from his pocket and held it before her.

DESERT CHARLIE IS TIRED OF COLD EAST

With His Four Burros He Starts Back for West.

Washington.—It seemed to Desert Charlie, back where the solitudes gave a man a chance to think, that the universe had been put together along fantastic but logical lines.

There was the burning breadth of the Mojave sands, distorted by upheavals of rock inexplicable to the casual traveler.

There were the serrated rims of dead volcanoes, tossed up by forces no man could explain.

Yet all these illogical aspects of the desert appeared logical to Charlie, who had slept most of his nights upon the sand and who had lived most of his days under the eye of the uncovered sun.

Charlie came to understand, from drinking water left between the hands and from wandering the tortured hillsides with his head exposed to the sun.

All seemed simple, as Desert Charlie explained. There were fires under the earth, consuming fires which would not be put down. Sometimes, in ages past, they belched forth.

The fires, Charlie said, were fed by subterranean coal oil, brimstone and asphalt. Now and then, the wanderer explained, sulphur must have burned.

Since the broken rock of the desert sometimes showed a yellow stain, Charlie said, he comprehended these things, could no longer rest content upon the sand, eking out an existence by begging beyond the rim of the desert only to return and sleep in the sandy hollows.

These things, Charlie averred, were for the 250 old men who could not live apart from the desert, and who could not long survive its exactments.

They, Charlie said, knew nothing of the great riddle of the universe, and this he set out to explain things, and this he set out to do.

Last April, a year ago, Charlie procured four burros—no one could explain how he saved so much money—and two days later he had packed his worldly goods upon their backs, tied them together in the best desert fashion and set out for the East.

Charlie, as he told everyone, was fairly embarked on a lecture tour, and he felt that he could benefit both himself and the easterners once he got to their great cities.

Used to Hardships It was not for Charlie, who had leaped fortitude and resilience in his sixty-nine years, to complain of the hardships which beset him on the long trek to New York city.

If the burros' hoofs split on the unaccustomed asphalt, it was Charlie's business, and if the populace along the wayside was slow about paying to hear Charlie's lecture, that also was Charlie's business.

Last month, about a year after his departure, Charlie drove his four burros into the city of his destination—New York. The traffic, as Charlie said, was heavy and few had time to wait for his pack train.

The Buzzy Bee

By CLARISSA MACKIE

RAYMOND jerked his head out of the engine's vitals and listened intently.

A queer buzzing sound smote the languid summer air. The long country road was empty.

A small boy climbed a fence and panned beside the stabled car. "Something busted, Mister?" he asked.

Raymond grunted back at the freckled face. "Gone dead, dead as a door nail, son. I'll have to telephone for help. Your folks got a telephone?"

"Yes. The house is way over there," pointing across the road.

The buzzing noise was growing louder. "She's coming along some fast," he said, looking up the road.

"What's that?" inquired the young man with a smear of grease along his clean-shaven cheek.

"Miss Weed and the buzzy bee." "The what?"

"It's a fliwer—she had an accident once and it makes that buzzy sound. Folks call it the buzzy bee, because Miss Weed does so many things with it—she makes lots of money—she sells eggs and chickens, owns the garage, has a house and sells honey and flowers and garden truck and milk and—"

"I say, son, I wonder if she couldn't give me a tow to her garage?" Raymond strained his eyes toward a small speck approaching along the road. "She's mind's eye he could see a large boned, unbuttoned country woman capable, happy and with that masculine touch that marks some successful woman. He gave one last despairing glance at his engine—he was up against it."

The buzzing had become a noisy roar, and as he turned around, the thing stopped in a cloud of blue vapor. Just then stepping daintly across the road, came a girl—such a girl! She wore a short skirted sports dress of blue cotton, and wide straw hat such as farmers wear, her stock legs were blue like her dress, and her shoes were sturdy little tan oxfords.

Raymond saw these things afterwards, but at the time he was so wide apart, his trouser mouth and the dimple in the white chin. Perched on a charming nose were absurdly large horn-rimmed spectacles. Raymond was conscious of his smeared face, but the girl did not glance at him at all but bent and kissed the lucky boy.

"Well, Sammy, what are you going to buy today?"

"A setlin' of Plymouth Rock eggs. Ma can't spare any of ours—the hens all want to set."

"Did you bring a basket with you? No? Well, run home and get one. I will wait."

"FIRST SHOT" STILL AGITATES TWO TOWNS

Lexington and Concord Odds Over Event.

Lexington, Mass.—The shot that was heard round the world is still echoing through this historic town despite the fact that it was fired 155 years ago.

Long have Concord and Lexington engaged in friendly rivalry for the distinction of being the scene of that epochal event, and, with Massachusetts celebrating its tercentenary anniversary this year, the controversy has been enlivened.

Despite Ralph Waldo Emerson's poem which described the firing of the shot at Concord bridge, contemporary historians for the most part appear to favor Lexington's claim.

The principal issue in this town's contention lies in the inscription, "I'll Give Them the Contents of My Gun," which appears on the monument on the grave of one Ebenezer Munroe in an Ashburnham cemetery.

Men Called to Arms. Records revealed by research indicate that it was Munroe who fired the famous shot, and that at the time he was one of a group of "rebels" who faced the British on Lexington common.

Evidence includes a deposition by Ebenezer Munroe, describing the events of April 19, 1775. He was alarmed, he states, at about 2 a. m., and immediately repaired to the common. There Captain Parker ordered the roll called and every man to load his gun with powder and ball.

The men were then dismissed but ordered to remain within call of the drum.

About daybreak, according to the deposition, there was a call to arms, and as the men assembled on the common the British approached to within eight rods. A British officer called the Americans "rebels" and ordered them to disperse. When the command was ignored the British troops fired.

Corp. John Munroe remarked that Ebenezer Munroe, who was leading him, that the British had fired nothing but powder, Ebenezer replied that it was more than powder because he had suffered a wound in his arm and he added that he would "give them the guts of his gun." This, many historians contend, was the shot that was heard round the world.

Ebenezer Wounded. That Ebenezer Munroe actually was wounded in the battle on Lexington common has been well established by the discovery of a copy of the "Massachusetts Spy, or American Oracle of Liberty," published in Worcester just 14 days after the battle. The casualty list published in connection with the report of the battle includes Munroe's name among the wounded.

Moreover, Isaiah Thomas, editor of that ancient newspaper, appears to have considered Lexington rather than Concord as the birthplace of the revolution. Writing in the same issue, he said:

"Americans! Forever bear in mind the battle of Lexington—where British troops, unprovoked and unprovoked, waded in the most inhuman manner, fired upon and killed a number of our countrymen, then robbed them of their provisions, ransacked, plundered, and burnt their houses! nor could the tears of helpless babes, nor the prayers of old age, confined to beds of sickness, appease their thirst for blood or divert them from their design of murder and robbery."

The Lexington-Concord controversy was given impetus recently when Mayor James M. Curley of Boston, in his tercentenary greeting, recognized Lexington as the scene of the firing of the shot that was heard round the world.

"Poetry may not support me," he observed, "but history does."

FIND GOLGOTHA OF NOTED IRISH KING

Explorers Unearth Charnel House of Conaire.

Dublin.—The long-sought golgotha of King Conaire, one of the greatest Irish kings, who was killed 100 years before Christ, has been discovered only an hour's walk from the center of Dublin.

The discovery of the charnel house, where the king and his soldiers were massacred while at a great banquet, and where their bones, treasures and drinking goblets have lain undisturbed for 2,000 years, rivals the discovery of the tomb of King Tut-Ankh-Amen in Egypt.

American capital will be heavily invested in bringing to light all the matters connected with the excavation to be shortly instituted, according to Assistant Keeper Grogan of the National museum, who has been placed in charge of the work.

King Conaire, who attained his lofty role through his father and his own prowess, was killed by men whose own death sentence he had permitted, being opposed to capital punishment, history records.

The careers of Conaire and his father, King Eadric, circa 50 B. C., were intimately bound up with the fate of the Ersean people, a Munster folk of militaristic character who had overrun the central plain of Ireland and extended their dominion to the north coast.

After being driven from Ulster by the Clan Rudraige, they still dominated Dal Riada and there were indications that even Ulster accepted their suzerainty.

King Eadric fell in battle against the south Leinstermen, and Conaire avenged his father, driving the foe back and annexing Osasry.

As king, Conaire rounded up various bands of brigands who had been condemned to death by their own fathers and deported them to England.

But the brigands returned to Ireland, and one night succeeded in waylaying King Conaire while he passed the great hotel Da Dearga at Glenn An Smoil, near Dublin. Here the king and his followers were massacred and the famous hotel Da Dearga, which once was a shrine, was burned. Until two months ago, its location remained a mystery even to scholars.

Instructor Has Spent 51 Years in One School

New Orleans, La.—Fifty-one years of teaching in one school have made John Henry Schoenhardt happiness in the school of life.

"God has been good to me," said the 72-year-old teacher in the St. John's Evangelical Lutheran church parochial school here, who has lived through two yellow fever epidemics, many floods, and three wars.

"The even tenor of my life has been undisturbed. Of all my six children and many grandchildren, not one has died. There has been nothing spectacular in my life."

But as he reminisced a monumental goodness began to appear. It showed itself as the guiding principle of this soft-voiced man with the faded blue eyes.

His parents, German immigrants, served up enough money to send him to school six years in Illinois. He began teaching in Indiana at 19, to repay them, and to give to others what he had learned himself.

For two years he taught there, then returned to New Orleans. He remembers the two great yellow fever epidemics and the Spanish-American war as incidents of unimportance through which he passed unscathed.

As for the rest, the 51 years of teaching here are "nothing," he said. "I give my pupils all I know," he explained. "When the end of the term comes I am very tired. But when August comes I am impatient to be in again. I am happy in my work."

American Honored by Mexican Scientific Body

Mexico City.—Dr. William Bowie of Washington, chief of the United States geodetic survey, is the newest honorary member of the Mexican Academy of History and Geography. Doctor Bowie was the United States representative at a Pan-American convention of geographers held here last September.

Claims Pre-Birth Memory

Newcastle, Ind.—Edward Strik, Newcastle, claims he is able to remember 40 years before the time he was born. Strik set down his age at one hundred, admitting he had lived but 60 years in this world, but said he could remember at least 40 years of existence in another planet or state.

Read and subscribe for the Observer.

THE MARKETS

Portland Wheat—Big Bend bluestem, \$1.15; soft white, western white, \$1.02; hard winter, northern spring, western red, \$1.90.

Hay—Alfalfa, new crop, \$18.50; valley timothy, \$20.50@21; eastern Oregon timothy, \$22.50@23; clover, \$17; oat hay, \$16; oats and vetch, \$16.

Butterfat—28@31c. Eggs—Ranch, 19@22c. Cattle—Steers, good, \$11@11.75. Hogs—Good to choice, \$9.75@11.25. Lambs—Good to choice, \$7.75@8.75.

Seattle Wheat—Soft white, western white, hard winter, western red and northern spring, \$1.02; Big Bend bluestem, \$1.13.

Eggs—Ranch, 16@24c. Butterfat—34c. Cattle—Choice steers, \$11@11.50. Hogs—Prime light, \$11@11.25. Lambs—Choice, \$8@9.

Spokane Cattle—Steers, good, \$10@10.50. Hogs—Good to choice, \$9@11. Lambs—Medium to good, \$8@8.25.

Los Angeles, Calif.—Leaving a suicide note in which he informed his bride of three weeks that he had "tried as hard as I could going every where, but failed" to find work to earn money for a church wedding ceremony on Sunday, Michael Flores, thirty-five, shot himself to death in front of the house where Mrs. Flores was living. The pair was married in a civil ceremony three weeks ago, but Flores' note said that relatives insisted they should not live together until a priest solemnized the wedding.

Lacks Money for Church Wedding, Kills Himself

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Forestry in Europe

France took up forestry only when the destruction of most of her forests was followed by heavy floods and the washing away of her hillsides. Need for wood, says the American Tree Association, first caused the Germans to think of forestry, for there, where winters are long and severe, fuel wood is almost as much a necessity as food itself.

Business Men say: "Advertising Pays"

Some of our most constructive ideas, says a philosopher, were advanced by cynics. We suppose he has in mind the two-pants suit.

Perhaps others have noticed also that no matter what sort of clothes the girls wear, a whole lot of people consider them improper.

Train Second Best in Joust With Auto

Redding, Calif.—A railroad train came out second best in a joust with a small automobile of the vintage of 1910 here recently.

Three blocks from the collision the train stopped. Passers by pulled the car off the cow catcher. The driver gave it a crank, started the engine, and was away before anyone could get his license number.

Many a Hollywood star has found out that she could not talk.

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