

It Was a New Idea Once



KNOWING HOW TO SPELL

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A group of educated men in New York city—congressmen, senators, newspaper reporters, public officials—held a spelling contest not long ago, the words being given out by a statesman who used an old-fashioned spelling book such as we were familiar with sixty years ago in the district schools of the country. It didn't take long to floor the whole lot, and they went down like a row of untrained soldiers facing the fire of machine guns. The simple truth is we don't know how to spell. If a misspelled word creeps into our correspondence, we blame the error upon our stenographers.



It is rather interesting to see what common words floored the statesman—"salable," and "mortise," and "tranquillity" and "initial." Words which one should expect every intelligent person to be able to manage were too much for them.

In my own experience there are a dozen simple words in common use which more than half the high school graduates who come to college are likely to stumble on. "Sophomore" and "laboratory" and "athlete" and "truly" and "receive" and "embarrassment" and "judgment" are quite commonly too much for the young student. "Accommodate" and "transferred" are more often misspelled than spelled correctly. Even in railway stations I see "Pullman Accom-

WINS GOLF TOURNEY



Tommy S. Fuller who won the three-day invitation golf tourney at the Newport Country club at Newport by defeating Cyril Tolley, former British amateur champion, in the final match.

"Outlived Friends" He Ends Life

Danville, Va.—Frank W. Davis, recluse, whose twenty-eight day hunger strike failed as a means of suicide, won his fight for death with a gun in his lonely shack near Mountain hill. He was buried on a neighbor's farm.

His body was found by neighbors, and the gun, with a cord attached to the trigger, lay nearby. He had shot himself in the chest.

Asserting he had outlived those he loved, that he had no friends, that he was too old to be useful, the farmer started his hunger strike May 2, determined to end his life by starvation.

Twenty-eight days later, authorities took him to a hospital and threatened to commit him to an insane asylum. Davis abandoned his starvation at-

tempt, said he had a "new outlook on things" and was permitted to return home. He had been heard to say he believed shooting himself would be morally wrong and "messy," and the gun never had been taken from the house.

He bequeathed his ten-acre tobacco

farm and his funds to Hazel Seay, young granddaughter of Mrs. Josephine Miller, on whose farm he was buried.

Commercial fishermen took approximately 15,000,000 pounds of prawn from Georgia waters last year.

Youthful Stock Farm Owner



The youngest stock farm owner in the West, Richard Melvin Milton, eight, of Oakland, Calif., on one of his eleven pure-blood ponies, Carlo, son of Monte Carlo, first prize Shetland pony at the Panama-Pacific exposition in 1915.

Father Sage Says:

When a man begins to shoot off his mouth at a social function, his wife proceeds to look daggers at him. So he'll soon stop.

odations" done in big gold letters. It seems now to be no disgrace not to know how to spell.

"Oh, I can't spell," a healthy, intelligent sophomore says to me, and that with him seems to end it. He admits the fact and feels no obligation apparently to strengthen his orthographic weaknesses. I had a brief note last week from a high school boy who managed in a short page to misspell seven words. Pretty good, I thought, considering the opportunity which he had.

In the old days there were two or three things which we did learn in school—quick arithmetical calculation, the grammatical construction of sentences, and spelling. Not to be able to work all the problems in Ray's Third Part Arithmetic was a disgrace. If one could not diagram, analyze and parse the words in any sentence which came along he was anathema, and spelling was the chief indoor

sport. We drove miles on winter evenings to demonstrate our ability in spelling contests. I was the pride of the community once when I was fifteen, for I entered a spelling match at the Burrill schoolhouse a dozen miles from home and spelled down seven school teachers. It would not be so much of a task today, I suspect, nor so much of an honor.

It still gives me a shock to get a letter from a man of standing and to find in it misspelled words. It suggests carelessness, inaccuracy, inexcusable ignorance. I had always thought well of Carson. He is a graduate of one of the great educational institutions of the country, and he goes into good society. I had a letter from him last week in which in three distinct places he speaks of the "alumnæ" of an organization to which he belongs. Carson doesn't know how to spell.

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Shows Evolution of American Home

Concord, Mass.—An unusual museum among institutions housing the nation's historic treasures has been established in this picturesque community whose name figures so prominently in the chronicles of the early American progress.

It is a large red brick building set on an attractively landscaped plot diagonally across the street from the old homestead of the famed poet, Ralph Waldo Emerson. Gifts made last year in memory of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Shepard Barrett of this town enabled the Concord Antiquarian society to create the novel repository.

Though offering to public view for the first time a host of relics recalling revolutionary days, the museum was not erected primarily for the exhibition of such objects. Its principal purpose is to depict the evolution of the American home during the approximately two centuries from 1650 to 1840.

The singular beauty of the structure, known as the Concord Antiquarian house, probably lies in the fact that it actually was built around the rooms that it contains. Typical rooms in Concord homesteads known to date back to a certain period were transferred intact to the new building and installed in their original state.

Antiques, virtually all of them gathered from Concord homes and many of them priceless, have been used in furnishing the house, being divided among the rooms of the periods which they represent. A Seventeenth-century chest in the oldest room would easily bring \$15,000 to \$20,000 if put on the

market according to antique connoisseurs.

Possibly the outstanding feature of the Antiquarian house is the Emer-

HEADS DEVIL DOGS



Portrait photograph of Brig. Gen. B. H. Fuller, who has been appointed by President Hoover as commandant of the United States marine corps, succeeding the late Gen. Wendell C. Neville. His appointment was recommended by Secretary of the Navy Adams.

son room. All during the years that this room was a part of the poet's old homestead the public was barred from it. Now it has been transferred intact to the new museum, where visitors will be permitted to inspect it from a glassed-in vestibule.

Emerson's study is exactly the same as it was in those long-ago days when he sat in the curved-back rocking chair at the round table in the middle of the floor and penned his famous verse and essays. The books on the many shelves that cover the farther wall are just as he left them. His favorite pictures decorate the walls and here and there about the room are little ornaments typical of the early Eighteenth century. Emerson's original portfolio lies on the center table at which he worked.

Upstairs is a tiny room dedicated to the memory of Henry Thoreau, essayist, philosopher and naturalist. The crude cot on which he slept during his back-to-nature experiment at Lake Walden is there. On one wall hang the deer skins that the Indians gave him. The room also contains many of his other belongings, including some of the paraphernalia that he used as a surveyor.

Purely historical relics which have been assembled at the museum include one of the two lanterns hung in the belfry of Boston's Old North church to warn Paul Revere that the British were coming by sea; part of one of the original timbers of the old Concord bridge, and a mirror which was broken by a bullet fired during the battle at the bridge.

Ruins of Doric Temple Unearthed in Himera

Palermo, Italy.—The remains of a fine Doric temple have been brought to light at Himera, near Termini Imerese. Archeologists declare the temple was built by Greeks or by Greek colonists shortly after the year 480 B. C., after the victory of the Sicilians against the Carthaginians. In its original form the Himera temple probably was a fine example of Doric architecture, for even its ruins are noble and inspiring. The temple had a brief life, being destroyed, it is thought, by the Carthaginians only 70 years after its completion.

It is supported on a rectangular basement about seven feet high, on which the columns rest. About half of the columns remain, the others having been razed by the Carthaginians.

FOR THE MATRON



An early fall ensemble in chiffon crepe, coin-dotted in white on navy blue, for the mature figure. Drawn-work detail elaborates the white vestee.

Rejuvenation Cause of Downfall

New York.—Speaking of operations, have you heard what science did for, or to, George Frederick Williams?

For 30 years Williams had been a messenger. For 30 years he had earned about \$30 a week. He lived soberly, staidly, brought up a son and daughter and spent all his evenings in the bosom of his family.

Then Williams fell ill. He was operated upon last January. Then things

began to happen to the staid old messenger.

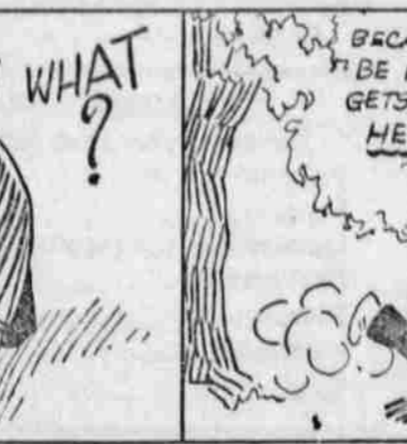
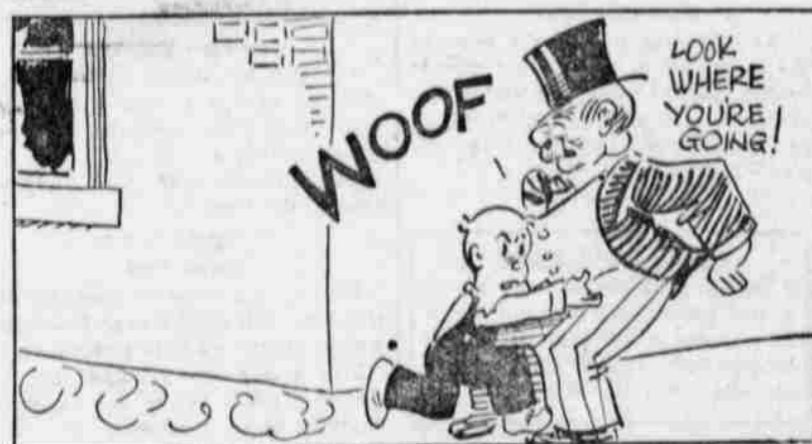
Williams stepped out to find out what it was all about. With him he took the \$2,200 pay roll of the Sterling Watch company, for whom he had worked five years.

He went to Norfolk. A pretty blond barber shop manicurist also felt the urge. They went to Washington, D. C., to Greensborough, S. C., to Chicago.

"That operation did it all. It changed my attitude toward life. I wanted to get out and raise h—l. But it didn't last. The mad feeling began to wear off." That is the explanation offered by Williams.

Williams returned, got forgiveness from his wife, went to Detroit and surrendered. In general sessions court, Judge Donnellan sentenced him to from one to two years in prison.

SUCH IS LIFE---A Smart Youth



By Charles Sughroe

Adrift With Humor

SOME MAKE A THOUSAND

A motorist, calling on an Aberdeen friend who had bought his first car, was surprised to find him emptying the contents of an oil can into his petrol tank.

"What on earth are you doing?" the visitor asked.

"Why," replied the other, "d'ye ken this car will run only 20 miles on a gallon of petrol, while she'll do about 700 on a gallon of oil?"—Evening Post (Wellington, N. Z.).

BEST FOR THE ARMY



"The army should take only married men."

"Why?"

"Because they're trained to take orders, of course."

Beneficent Influence

Baseball into debate is lent To bring a peaceful charm. It meets the need for argument And does no real harm.

Girl Hiker's Advice

He was a slick-haired sheik and he was superbly conscious of all his manifold physical attractions as he drew his car up beside a solitary girl hiker on a lonely road.

"How about a ride, girlee?" he snickered.

"Are you going east?" she asked.

"Yes," he replied, preening himself.

"Look out for the ocean."—Selected.

Lofly Assumptions

"What are you going to do with your boy Josh?"

"I'm going to make an aviator of him," answered Farmer Cornstossel.

"Can he qualify?"

"I think so. He has been so busy thinkin' he's far and away above the rest of us, I'm goin' to see to it he gets a chance to make good."

Blessings of Poverty

Kind Lady—My poor man, how did you ever come to such a condition?

Wenry Bill—Ma'am, I'm a victim of overeducation. When I was a kid I read so much about the blessings of poverty that I jes' naturally couldn't work.—The Pathfinder.

DOUGH CAME EASY



"Why do all these big bakers get rich?"

"Making dough comes easy to them."

Inevitable Punishment

We saw the bold detectives thrive On clues that forth were hurried; And if the miscreant is alive, We know they're got him worried.

He Reckoned Wrong

Clerk—I am reckoning on getting a rise this summer.

Employer—You have reckoned wrongly, and a bookkeeper who reckons wrongly is no use to me—you are sacked.

Health Hint

Old Hen—Let me give you a piece of good advice.

Young Hen—What is it?

Old Hen—An egg a day keeps the ax away.—Capper's Weekly.

No Confidence in Signs

Customer—I have spilt my suit with your fresh paint.

Provision Dealer—But didn't you see the notice: "Fresh paint"?

Customer—Yes, but I didn't take much notice. You have a notice, "Fresh eggs," but they are not fresh.

Lunch Counters Everywhere

Blinks—Where'll we eat today?

Jinks—Oh, we can drop into any place along here, except the hardware stores.