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FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1922.

START RIGHT

Moderator-Topics, Michigan's authority on pedagogy, has the following to say in regard to starting right with pupils:

It seems to be very difficult for some teachers to realize that pupils are entitled to every possible chance to participate in the work of the recitation. The teaching maxim, "Never do for the class what the pupils can do for it," is a good one to follow in devising class room methods. Some definite directions for following this maxim may be found in the following suggestions from some material prepared by Superintendent E. C. Hartwell of Buffalo, N. Y., formerly of Petoskey and the "Soo." The suggestions have been revised to some extent without Superintendent Hartwell's permission, but there is no need for worry on that score.

The directions are as follows:

(a) "Seldom repeat a question to the class. If repetition is necessary, PERMIT a member of the class to do it."

(b) "Seldom repeat an answer to the class. If repetition is necessary, PERMIT a member of the class to do it."

(c) "Always ALLOW the members of the class the first opportunity to make corrections, to disagree and to add to the statements made during a class discussion."

STATE TAXES FOR 1922.

State taxes for 1922 will be based on a total valuation of $5,000,000,000, the same as last year, and the rate will average $3.47 on the $1,000. The rate is based on the levy of $17,366,730, fixed by the administrative board, and is 61 cents under the $4.08 rate effective last year, when the levy was more than $3,000,000 above that for the present fiscal year. The new valuation is greater than that of last year in 44 counties, and less in 39. In 15 counties it runs above the assessed valuation for 1922 and in 27 counties it exceeds the valuation as equalized by the board of supervisors this year. In ten of the latter, however, while the new equalized valuation exceeds that of the board of supervisors, it is under the assessed valuation of the county. These include Delta, Genesee, Lenawee, Muskegon and St. Clair Counties. Nearly half of the taxes of the state again will be borne in Wayne county where the equalized value this year is $2,032,796,000. The other principal tax paying counties, in the order named, are Kent, Genesee, Oakland, Ingham, Saginaw, Kalamazoo, Jackson and Calhoun.—Michigan Investor.

BEWARE OF THE STOCK SWINDLER

"Don't buy stock from strangers." is the common advise of experts in the wave of propaganda against crooks now sweeping the country as a result of the many failures of bucket shops. But as far as the wage earner is concerned it would be better to advise him not to buy stock from friends—especially new friends who seem to know all about the intricacies of finance and are anxious to let him in on a good thing. Even old friends who have fallen for the lure of some stock salesman are dangerous. Before following their example it is a good idea to find out what they know of financial methods, and just what specific information they have concerning the proposition being offered.

Assertions made by stock salesmen are not information. They should be checked up. The first and most essential step in checking them is to find out what commission the saleman gets, what commission goes to his employer, and what amount of stock has been issued to the sales promoter by the parent company. By all odds the best mark of a swindle is the amount of indignation shown by the salesman when the prospective buyer of his stock asks him questions designed to elicit the foregoing information. If the proposition is legitimate any of those question will be answered without a trace of doubt. Often the underwriting cost of a promotion is made public when the stock is offered for sale, in advertisements.—Dearborn Independent.

ABOUT FUEL CONTROL

"Fuel Control," as practiced by the men who are in charge of it, proceeds on the wrong principle. It accepts as a fixed fact the diminished supply, and doles out coal in driblets, when it should make its principal problem increased production. A coal control with coal to control is an absurd spectacle. The profiteering brokers have plenty of coal. There are mountains of coal above ground, but it is in control of rascals whom the fuel control don't seem able to control. That is, we are witnessing a display of government power over the people, and no power at all over the groups that have forced all sorts of distress upon the people. This year everything seems to be "essential" except employment. Every kind of interest has been cared for except the interest of men who make their living by daily toil.—Henry Ford.

True to form Lansing slaps the state administration by giving Fletcher a majority over Groesbeck for governor. With a rock ribbed conviction that Lansing should have at least 99 per cent of the fat and lean jobs at the disposal of state officials it's a hard matter to convince its citizens that it is getting a fair deal when only about 50 per cent of the jobs are allotted to that city.

Naturally they are "agin" the administration.

PROPER CARE OF MOTOR BATTERY

Corroded Terminals Are Frequently Source of Trouble, Says Prof. Brokaw.

FLOW OF CURRENT RETARDED

After Corrosion Has Formed Best Way to Get Rid of It Is to Scrape the Terminals Until There Is Bright Lead Finish.

Corroded terminals are the chief source of battery trouble, according to H. Clifford Brokaw, technical director of the West Side Y. M. C. A. Automobile schools. He explains that occasionally the self-starter will not work while the lights, horn and ignition operate smoothly.

"This condition may be traced," he adds, "to corroded or poorly fitting battery terminals which will only allow a sufficient amount of current to pass to operate the lights and horn. As the starting motor takes a larger amount of current, the resistance may be great enough to prevent it from operating.

To Remove Corrosion.

"Corrosion is formed by the action of the electrolyte or acid in the battery. After it has formed, the most satisfactory way to get rid of it is to scrape the terminals until there is a bright lead finish. Washing the terminals with ammonia or some other alkaline solution will neutralize any acid that may be present and prevent corrosion. When such washing is done, care should be taken that none of this solution gets into the battery.

"After the terminals have been scraped and the parts assembled, care should be taken to see that the terminals make contact for the full area of their surface. A firm and full contact is required to supply the amount of current for the starting motor. Some motorists coat the terminals with vaseline or other grease to prevent the acid from coming in contact with the joint.

Lights Burn Out Entirely.

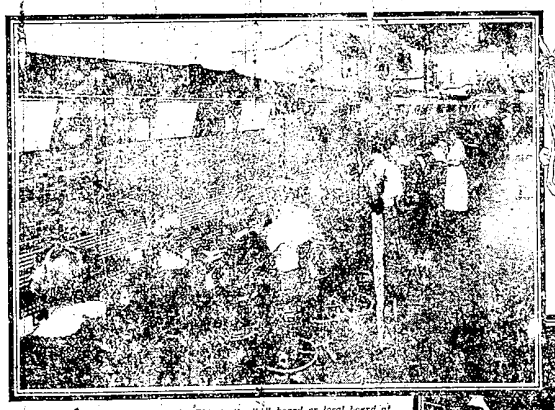
"If the corrosion becomes too great, or if the contact from any other reason becomes poor, the lights are apt to flare up to excessive brightness, and if the contact is so poor that no current can pass or if the wire should become disconnected from the battery, the lights will burn out entirely in most systems. This is because the generator which charges the battery is designed to deliver sufficient current to charge the battery at low speed, and when the engine is speeded up it will deliver more than is necessary. The system of regulating the voltage in most cases is such that the battery plays an important part in keeping the voltage from rising to a point where it will burn out the lights and damage other parts.

"Usually about the only attention a battery requires is to keep the plates covered with an electrolyte by adding distilled water. Water containing minerals might damage the battery or at least interfere with its proper action."

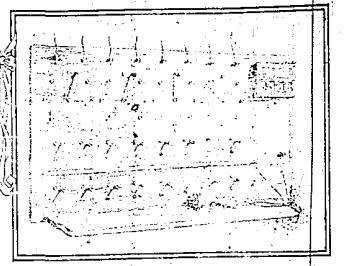
"The Blues."

This phrase, descriptive of moods of depression or melancholy, has an interesting origin. It was formerly believed that working with indigo dyes caused fits of melancholy, as the chemical worked on the system through the skin. As the dyers were nearly always stained blue in parts of their bodies, the phrase came into current use to express low spirits or moodiness.

Switchboard Capacity Has Grown from Eight to 10,500 Subscribers in Forty-five Years

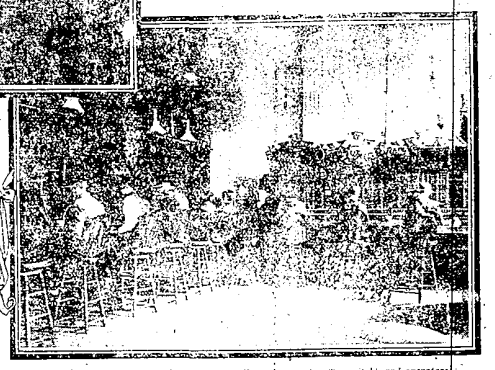


A Modern Multiple Switchboard. This is the "A" board or local board at "Market" in Newark, N. J.



Switchboard connecting eight subscribers installed in the First Commercial Telephone Exchange at New Haven, Conn., in January, 1878.

Type of switchboard used in New York City in 1880, showing boy operators who were used exclusively at that period



The telephone switchboard at Louisville, Ky., in 1881, showing switchboard operators of both sexes at switchboard

The present multiple telephone switchboard had many interesting prototypes, some of which are shown in the illustration. The switchboard installed in the first commercial exchange established in January, 1878, at New Haven, Connecticut, was a very simple affair modelled as were all the first switchboards after the telegraph switchboards then in use in some of the larger cities in the country. It connected eight telephones.

The evolution from these early types of switchboards was rapid and in 1879 the first multiple switchboard was installed at Chicago. The multiple switchboard greatly increases the rapidity with which telephone calls are handled and each switchboard operator is within reach of every subscriber's telephone line terminating at the board.

The type of switchboard used in New York City in 1880 is particularly interesting, because it shows the use of boy operators, from two to six boys being needed to handle each call.

An editor visiting one of the exchanges about this time said of it: "The racket is almost deafening. Boys are flying madly hither and thither, while others are putting in or taking out pegs from a central office framework as if they were lunatics engaged in a game of fox and geese."

Soon after this, boys were generally replaced by girl operators, who were found to be much more adaptable to the work and the operating rooms been the quiet, orderly places they are today. The illustration of the operating room at Louisville, Ky., in 1881, shows both boys and girls at the switchboard.

All the early switchboards were of the magneto type, and each connected telephone was supplied with a battery which furnished electric energy for talking and signalling, but in 1896 the first common battery system was installed. In this system, the electric energy for talking and ringing is supplied from a power plant at the central office and it is no longer necessary to maintain a battery at each subscriber's station. The common battery or central energy system is in general use in large communities, but the magneto telephone still does good service in the smaller telephone groups in the rural districts.

The modern, multiple switchboard has been developed until the largest type switchboard has more than 2,000,000 tiny, soldered parts, 15,000 electric signal lights and more than 4,000 miles of wire, and as many as 10,500 subscribers' wires may terminate on such a board. It takes a year to build such a switchboard and another year to install it. Another switchboard development is the automatic or machine switching system. In this system, the telephone subscriber is furnished a telephone with a dial by which he dials the number he wants, the automatic switchboard mechanically setting up the desired connection. The machine switching does not do away with switchboard operators as they are still necessary when the subscriber is seeking information, reporting trouble and for making toll and long distance calls.

The telephone development in the United States has been so great that the total amount of money invested in this country in central office switchboards and the associated apparatus approximates $240,000,000, while the private branch exchange switchboards represent many more millions of dollars.

A Fallen Idol

By ELLA SAUNDERS

"You do love Mumsie, don't you Johnny?" asked his mother, bending down to kiss him.

"Very much, Mumsie, but I love Miss Rogers a teeny little bit more, 'cos she's so nice to me."

Mrs. Adair watched the little figure depart upon its way to school with an old pang at her heart. She had had two children, but one had been taken from her, and she had clung to her little boy with all the devotion of the mother of one.

Miss Rogers, capable, cool, efficient, yet seemed a poor substitute for herself in Johnny's affections.

Had she not slaved for him, given up every minute of her life to him? She had watched the little figure asleep with passionate love. And now he loved Miss Rogers a little bit more.

For a moment she almost hated the school-teacher. She would have liked to have torn her hair, scratched her face, committed any excess of outraged mother-love. Then common sense came to her aid. After all it was probably a childish fancy.

"Mumsie, dear, what shall I give Miss Rogers for her birthday tomorrow?"

"How do you know it's tomorrow?" I 'Cos she told me. She'll be twenty-four." Mrs. Adair smiled. So even efficient Miss Rogers was not above womanly deceptions! "And I can't fink whether to give her a pin-box or some flowers. And I've got forty cents."

"What did you give Mumsie last birthday?"

"But I forgot it was your birthday," protested Johnny. "You should have minded me."

Mrs. Adair hardened her heart. She choked down her distress. "I'm afraid that's a matter that you'll have to decide for yourself, Johnny," she answered.

Johnny pondered over the problem all the way to school next morning. When he entered the classroom his mind was still not made up. He glanced up at Miss Rogers, presiding over the little boys and girls. How beautiful she was, with that smooth curl on her forehead! He loved her. He had never dared to tell her so. He wondered if she could guess how much he loved her.

"Johnny, sit up!"

Johnny sat up in consternation. Miss Rogers had never spoken to him quite so crossly as that before. Tears came into his eyes. How sorry she would feel when he gave her her present.

But what should it be? Should he give her the pin-box the next morning, or should he give her the bunch of flowers? He could not possibly make up his mind. Which would Miss Rogers prefer? Suppose she gave her flowers and she would rather have had the pin-box!

"Johnny, come here! What do you mean by lolling in the class like that for?"

Johnny stood in the middle of the room painfully conscious of the scornful glances of the other children. He began to cry. His Miss Rogers—to treat him so! He took it down the tears, but his lips trembled.

Miss Rogers was really upset that day. She had had a quarrel with her sweetheart. But, of course, Johnny could not have been expected to know that.

"Johnny, you've been idling and dreaming all through the lesson. Now repeat to me what I've taught you."

It was true. Johnny could not repeat a single word. How should he, when he had not heard one? His thoughts had been far away—dreaming about the flowers and the pin-box.

"You really are a very idle, bad boy. Now go to your seat and try to pay attention to what I tell you."

Johnny went back. He felt the tears running down his face. He could no longer contain himself.

"Cry-baby!" whispered the little girl next to him. He slipped her face.

"Johnny!" Amazed, Miss Rogers bore down on him. "Leave the room at once. If you don't, I shall have yourself I shall send you to the principal."

He stood miserably outside till the class was over. A terrible scolding succeeded it. It was a wretched little figure that went drearily away in the wake of the other boys and girls.

It brightened as it drew nearer home. Mrs. Adair, waiting on the porch, stretched out her arms to the little figure.

"Why, what have you got in that parcel, darling?" she asked.

"A pin-box. And it's for you, Mumsie, 'stead of Miss Rogers, 'cos I love you ever so much—ever so much better than her."

Kill Too Many Swordfish.

The swordfish is good food for man, and man hunts this fish with a harpoon. Fishermen hunt him even though he is a strong and dangerous fighter. The slaughter of so many swordfish is disturbing the balance of nature, so fish wild, and allowing the sharks to multiply without those restrictions which swordfish impose.

In the Third Round

By MORRIS SCHULTZ

"In the third round, don't fergit, kid," Barney had whispered. "Go in fer all you're worth, and he'll go easy with you. Then in the third you git it on the jaw and goes down—see?"

Abe nodded. The principals faced each other in the ring. Lofsky, the champion, grinned at Abe and tapped him lightly on the cheek. They sparred and broke away.

Abe was dimly conscious of the vast concourse of spectators. It was the great event toward which he had been working for five years past—his ambition, the welterweight championship. It had been difficult to find a big man willing to meet him. He had fought his way up from the bottom, and he had had tough luck.

And now, at the last, the thing that he had looked forward to so long had become his infamy. Abe had always fought straight. He was the logical man to meet Lofsky. But Lofsky had refused to meet him. And Abe's young wife and the baby were pining in an East Side tenement.

Then temptation had come in the form of Barney. Lofsky would meet him for the purse of nine thousand dollars, if he would take two thousand and a knockout.

Abe had refused scornfully. He knew that he was a fair match against Lofsky. But things at home were going worse, and Minnie was threatened with tuberculosis. In the end Abe yielded.

"It ain't as if it was your finish, kid," Barney had said to him. "Nobody expects you to beat Lofsky, and no one will know. You'll get your chance again some day."

That was the understanding under which they met.

Abe rushed in, pummelling Lofsky fiercely about the body. Lofsky parried and guarded, returning an occasional blow which lacked all of Lofsky's steam. At first Abe thought Lofsky was mindful of the compact; but then he realized that the big man had not trained for the fight. He was beefy, puffy, with too much stomach over his belt.

And then Abe saw that his chance had come. Lofsky had not trained, and he was trained to the ounce. Victory was within his reach, with seven thousand instead of two as his share of the proceeds.

He could redeem himself and right fair, as he had always done, in confidence of victory, and so avoid the worst offense known to the prize ring.

On the other hand, if he tricked Lofsky and his manager, would he not be guilty of an offense equally bad?

The dilemma was a hideous one, and there seemed no way to escape dishonor.

And suddenly he saw red. He would beat Lofsky at any rate, if he could. He sprang in and dealt him a blow upon the jaw that staggered him. After that he fought furiously, standing up under a rain of punches. He heard Lofsky grunt, he saw the look of surprise come into his face.

The round ended amid tumultuous applause. Abe hardly heard the whispered advice of his seconds. When the next round began he rushed at Lofsky and began driving him all around the ring. A fearful stomach blow momentarily crippled him; then he had sent out his left, and Lofsky had reeled and fallen.

The spectators were growing frantic. Was this another David? There was an ugly look on Lofsky's face as he rose and met Abe's showering blows. There was a clinch. Then Lofsky got home on Abe's stomach and cheek, two staggering punches that evened things. Abe grew cool. He had been rushing it too hard. He guarded for the remainder of the second round.

The third round—the men faced one another. Lofsky was sneering. There was a cut over his eye, and his nose was bleeding. There was a look of uncertainty in his eyes. Abe resolved to put forth all his might in this round, the one in which he was booked to go down. He rushed. He beat down Lofsky's guard. And then—

He opened his eyes. His second was stooping over him, sponging his face.

"What's the matter?" he mumbled. "Did he get me?"

"Got you in the middle of the round, kid. Gee, an ox couldn't have stood up against a punch like that of Lofsky's. Say, you sure put up a better fight than was expected!"

As he staggered to his corner Lofsky came up and shook hands. "Gee, kid, you certainly had me guessing," he remarked. "I thought for sure you'd double-crossed me, till you let down your guard, or I wouldn't have struck so hard."

Abe smiled. There was a great peace in his heart. He had been beaten fairly—and fate had ordained that he was to keep his pact. He would fight fair in future. And Lofsky would have to meet him again. He must be ready next time for that punch of Lofsky's.