

"Spanking" Had Good Effect on Silvertip

Perhaps there is only one man in America who has spanked a grizzly bear. This is Col. C. J. Jones, former superintendent of wild animals at Yellowstone park.

Colonel Jones, according to Dr. W. T. Hornaday in his book, "The Minds and Manners of Wild Animals," decided to punish the grizzly for the latter's many offenses against tourists visiting the park. The grizzly would raid the tourists' camps, scare the occupants out of their lives and then make off with whatever food it could seize. The colonel roped the grizzly around one of the hind legs and suspended him from the limb of a tree.

"While the disgraced and outraged silvertip swung to and fro, howling, cursing, snapping, snorting and wildly clawing at the air, Colonel Jones whaled it with a bean pole until he was tired," writes Doctor Hornaday.

The spanking produced the desired effect. When the grizzly was turned loose it did not think of reprisals. It fled wildly to the timber, and there turned over a new leaf.

Wireless Waves Can Not Penetrate Room

The only room in the world that is proof against wireless waves from the most powerful stations has just been completed at the national physical laboratory, Teddington, England.

It is to be used for carrying out important and delicate wireless experiments that would be spoilt if outside transmissions could find a way inside the room.

But the room is so completely closed to wireless waves as a vacuum is to air. The most expert wireless operator with the finest receiving set would not hear a sound from any station in that room.

The windows are covered with fine wire netting, which also runs under the floor and over the ceiling, so that the six sides of the netting make a box inside the room. When the door is closed it fastens with a triple lock, whilst the jambs of the door are of solid copper.

All wireless waves are carried to "earth" by a marvelously complete insulation.

Life Seeks Sensation

Life is a constant seeker after pleasurable sensations. If it were not so, we would not go to Europe by the hundreds of thousands and to football games by the millions. We would not give thought to our clothes and care of our food. We would not prefer golf to walking and we would not dance. Delight is the chief, if not the only, end. Instruction may be admitted but only secondarily.—Joseph Collins, in Vanity Fair.

Raise Toads for Market

Harper has a rather unusual industry in the Kansas toad market. Hundreds of the animals are bought and sold daily, and delivered at 2 cents apiece, says the Topeka Capital.

The demand is created by the Len Laird snake farm four miles southwest of Harper, where thousands of the reptiles are handled annually, some shipments going as far as France.

Most Cows in Wisconsin

Wisconsin leads the Union in cow population, according to the latest cattle census. There are 1,800,000 cows in this state. There are 1,500,000 in New York, 1,200,000 in Minnesota, 1,000,000 in Illinois, 900,000 in Iowa, nearly 900,000 in Ohio, with Texas, Michigan and Pennsylvania close behind.—Pathfinder.

Rapid Cable Service

The new trans-Atlantic telegraph cable between New York and London will be operated at eight times the speed of any now in use between these two points. This new cable, made necessary by the constantly increasing traffic between the two countries, will transmit 2,500 letters every minute, or 42 a second.



"Anything better'n health? There isn't! Never was! Never will be. Drink more of our pure milk," says Billy Break O'Day



Sat Up and Took Notice

By DOROTHY DOUGLAS

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MAT WINSLOW looked down from his great height beside the fireplace and in his big, steady eyes was an expression that Gene had never before noticed.

"Gene," he was saying seriously, "I told you a few months ago that I loved you and wanted you to become my wife."

"I didn't promise I would, though," hastily interposed Gene.

"No—and I am glad you didn't. I don't want to marry you now. You have developed into a far different type of girl from the dear Gene I loved. I don't know whether it's Tom Chandler's influence or whether I was mistaken in the wonderful woman I was watching from a lover's ideal."

"Well—it has taken you to offer me the first insult I have ever had from a man. If you don't mind—I will appreciate being left alone." Little teeth were clenched and the cigarette holder snapped in her fingers.

"I beg your pardon—I have in no way insulted you. I simply told you the truth about my affections. There is no disgrace in the fact that you prefer amusements, dancing, theaters and racing cars and to be steadily on the move. There are plenty like you and certainly you would be far happier with a man of Chandler's type than you could with me. Also, you would make him happier than you possibly could me." His eyes softened tremendously for a moment, "I could have loved the girl you were six months ago as few women are loved and I shall hope to find another who will be to me all that I had hoped you would." Mat went out and closed the door gently but firmly behind him.

When her first anger cooled off Gene went out for a long walk to clarify her mind. She must have a regular cleaning of the mental side of her nature and try to set all things to rights there.

"I can't do much clear thinking with this awful assortment of tangled strings pulling me to every direction at once."

"In the first place," she reckoned with herself, "I am very fond of Tom Chandler, and if it were not for one or two little doubts I would marry him tomorrow as he demands it." But—Gene's thoughts were for the moment arrested by a small child tripping along beside her mother, gripping in one hand the all-wonderful mother hand and in the other clutching her doll. Her eyes shadowed. "Tom thinks they're a bother—at least at first. Mat's world revolves round the heart of a child, a lovely home, beautiful garden and trips off to some vast silence of the hills. Mat says one gets remade close to the great universe." Gene laughed shakily.

"Tom, on the other hand, wants to take me to Paris for a time. When we tire of Paris, on to Monte Carlo and then—well, when we have exhausted everything we can start over again. There's no doubt I would broaden out and have a grand and glorious time—if I marry Tom."

And behind all Gene's thoughts lay the fact that the long nights of dancing and short hours of sleep were robbing her cheeks of their glorious dusky red.

"Mat would order me to bed," she laughed to herself. "He never will allow me to tire myself and I suppose, after all, good health is the greatest blessing in the world. Oh dear," she sighed, "I wish I knew what to do." She would have smoked a cigarette but suddenly she realized that it was one of the habits that had lost her Mat's love.

It was a rather intolerable thought that some other girl would slip into the great cozy love nest that Mat had been building for his mate—that mate who would love children and who would not smoke and who would enjoy going for their holidays up into the great silence of the hills. Gene was suddenly frightened at the thought of a world in which Mat lived with another woman.

"Whom could I run to with all my troubles?" she asked herself agitated. "Somehow I don't think Tom could straighten the knots out as Mat does. However, I think I had better carry on for another few months and see where my happiness really lies. Certainly I could not make Mat happy while—"

And in the distance suddenly Gene caught sight of Mat's familiar big frame. He was walking easily along toward her but just behind him and running to catch up with him appeared Helen Vane.

Helen was the nearest approach to Mat's ideals that Gene could picture. Given a month or two and Helen would be walking up the aisle with Mat. Even now she had taken his arm and they were strolling toward Gene. Gene wanted to turn and flee, but not being a coward she went bravely on. In her vivid imagination, now that the cleaning was done, and things looked a bit clearer, she fancied she saw a little child clinging to Helen's hand and also to Mat's big one.

Gene dug her heels into the path and walked a bit quicker. When the three drew nearer, she guided her eyes and very quickly into Mat's smilingly attractive eyes. After greeting Helen, Gene said to Mat:

"And I'm taking a tiny break—over six months—I wait very much to get the safety wire you put in."

And over Mat's face came the look of a man for his mate, who said:

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