

Phone Helps to Harvest Big Spud Crop



They grow big potatoes in a big way up in the Pine Tree State of Maine. Some of the potato "patches" in Aroostook County are so large that they disappear over the horizon, and Harry Woodman, of Presque Isle, made his job of supervising the harvest easier by installing a telephone system to keep in touch with the various diggers and pickers. The experiment was a success, and may be used on a wider scale next year.

Edison Averaged About 18 Hours a Day at Work

Edison always had a hundred things he was hurrying to try. It was away from his work, he made a long list of things to be done, next day. "Putting salt on the tail of an idea," was his happiness and when some experiment turned out successfully, he would dance about, to his assistants' amazement.

to be eighty or ready to be hundred forty-five years old.

Edison's energy was vital and tremendous. He worked about 18 hours a day. And he was a night owl by choice. But when he was fagged he could "hit the hay" and sleep like a baby. Short naps after exhaustion brought him back to a task completely refreshed.

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MYSTERIOUS SEX

By G. P. WILSON
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FOR a couple of years I've been showing a taxi around, and I don't know about this hamlet and the birds that sit around in it, there don't nobody else know, you can bet your last tip on that. But I ain't fool enough to think that there can't be no spring live and learn," as a feller once said to me after he'd bought a pint of water thinking it was gin.

Just a week ago a bird by the name of William Buckhorn clipped me one that hadn't never been sprung in vaudeville and my old bean has been sprouting thoughts about women ever since.

I was standing talking to the doorman at the Palace hotel, during my afternoon off, when he drove up. We seen him coming, he was driving one of them high-priced, classy-looking roadsters, and he wasn't paying no attention to the traffic rules. He swung into the curb at the hotel entrance and came to a stop with a jerk.

He was a guy that you like the minute you see him; one of the kind of fellers that you know is a good scout and on the level without having to look back over his pedigree. He took a deep breath of air like a feller that after he's gaffed there ain't no poison in the hoodlum and jives his brow with a silk handkerchief.

"Rest and peace and quiet, at least," he says, grinning at me and looking at the traffic. "Never again does the little Willie Buckhorn buck the traffic."

"You're headed the wrong way and you can't park here, noway," says the doorman.

"I'm parked, ain't I," says William.

"Don't be unreasonable brother," says my friend, not getting hard-balled as to his usual custom.

"I don't want to be," says William. "But nothing on this earth can persuade me to venture forth into traffic again. I didn't think I could drive a car, and now I know I can't."

"And I don't like the idea of the rest of the stuff you've been pulling on me," says William. "I'm going to keep you out in this car until you tell me definitely whether or not you'll marry me."

"Maybe you'll change your mind after we ride awhile," says William.

The girl was smart. She didn't say nothing. "But the first time we passed a cop she humped up on the seat next one on me. No, sir! 'We live and learn,' as a feller once said to me after he'd bought a pint of water thinking it was gin."

I called on the old boat and got an answer. They hadn't lied none to William about her speed. Once before we got out of town I missed a car because of sudden death by split second, and once I crowded a car so close I could hear the rattle, but outside of them two times we wasn't no closer to death than a feller that just started to drink a bottle of carbolic acid.

I was headed for a road I know that ain't traveled at all hardly and I figured if we could make it before anyone got close to see us, we'd be safe. I made the turn without slacking up much and without throwing a tire, thanks to Providence. About two miles further on I shot the car into a lane and brought her to a stop in a little grove where you couldn't see it from the road. William just layed back in a dead faint but the girl was as lively as Saturday after.

"Boy, eh, boy!" she says, smiling at me. "You're some driver. Billie passed out when you tried to careen that street car."

"He'll come out of it," I says. "A feller that can't stand a little excitement like that ain't got no business kidnaping a girl, has he?"

"He did it, anyway," she says, bristling up.

"And then faints like a woman," I says. "If I hadn't thought he was braver than that I wouldn't a' started out with him."

"Brave!" she says, giving me a cold look. "Listen, boy. A man who is actually afraid to do what Billie did and then does it, is a lot braver than you dare-devils who don't care."

"I thought you was off of him for life," I says.

"You've got a lot to learn about women," she says. Then she reached over and kissed William, and William woke up.

Sure they got married, with me as a witness and a justice of the peace doing the honors. William gave me a brand-new limousine and now I'm sitting pretty with the sweetest service-car in town. But I can't help worrying about women.

Seems like they want what they don't want, and don't want what they want. That's as close as I can come to figuring them out. You try and see if you can get a better answer.

Gulls Prove Efficient Scavengers Along Shores
The herring gulls of the Great Lakes are an interesting group of birds. As they fly in the wake of the large passenger boats plying the lakes they afford untold entertainment and enjoyment to the passengers leisurely reclining in deck chairs. They are marvels of perfection in almost effortless flight.

They can sail and glide for hours with apparently slight physical exertion, constantly watching the water in the hope that some edible food will be tossed overboard. Their persistence is generally rewarded, and just as the food reaches the surface the gulls swoop down and retrieve it before it is submerged, riding the waves lightly like bits of floating cork or cotton, writes Albert Stoll, Jr., in the Detroit News.

The islands of the Great Lakes undoubtedly are among the greatest nesting places of gulls. The most recent migratory bird survey in Lake Superior, one on Huron Island directly north of the Huron mountains and the other along the south shore of Isle Royale, are alive with nesting gulls all during spring and summer. They usually lay three or four eggs in a crudely built nest on the ground. The young are fluffy balls of spotted down.

The birds delight in following fishing boats to and from the fishing grounds, knowing that many under-sized fish will be tossed overboard from the boats while nets are being hauled. Returning to shore with the boats they wait along the beach and on docks for the refuse and waste that follows the cleaning of fish. They are by all means the most efficient lake shore scavengers.

Except when leisurely following boats herring gulls maintain a flight speed ranging from 25 to 36 miles per hour. Those frequenting the shores of the Atlantic and Pacific usually follow ships out to sea for a distance of 25 to 30 miles and then turn back to shore. They winter in the Azores, Cuba and the shores of the Gulf of Mexico, returning to us as soon as the ice goes out.

Regimental Colors Serve as Official Army Record

The Lancashire Fusiliers wear roses in their hats when celebrating to recall the battle of Minden, where the Twentieth Foot, East Devonshire regiment (which became the Lancashire Fusiliers in 1881) fought in rose gardens, says a writer in Pearson's London Weekly. The Royal Welch Fusiliers wear the "Welsh" black silk kerchiefs. It once protected the red coat from the powdered pigtail.

The Gloucestershire regiment, the old Twenty-eighth, wear their regimental badge on the back as well as the front of their caps.

This is because in the Peninsula war they were once attacked both from the front and rear and had to face about to repel the enemy.

The Royal Fusiliers, Buffs and Royal Marines have the exclusive right of marching with bayonets fixed through the city of London, because they were formed in the seventeenth century out of the city's trained bands of militia.

But it is generally on the regimental colors that the regimental history is written. For instance, the king's color of the South Wales Borderers bears a silver wreath in memory of the lives that were given to save it from capture at Landiswan.

The Queen's, Royal West Surrey, have a Paschal lamb on the regimental flag. It was the crest of Queen Catherine of Braganza, in whose honor the regiment was raised by King Charles II to Garrison Tanager.

Regiments with a record of service in Egypt have a sphinx on their flag; a tiger means that the unit fought in Bengal; a castle surrounding a key represents the fortress of Gibraltar; the regiments with it on their flag served through the four years' siege of 1757-58.

A rose above a crown denotes the six British regiments which fought in the Dutch service in the Seventeenth century.

In fact, the regimental color is the regiment's record and it is to honor these deeds from a great past that people take off their hats when the colors are carried by.

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