

The Scrap Book

First Lighthouse Built in Egypt by Ptolemy I

As late as 1750 the Southern lighthouse was merely a large bonfire of coal. The famous Eddystone lighthouse in 1759 was lit by tons of rallow candles, a clock being provided to ring a bell every half hour to remind the keeper to suit them.

In 1703 oil lamps with reflectors were used for the lighting of the Mersey channel and after the invention of the Argand burner twenty years later oil became the standard illuminant. Mineral oil was introduced in 1852 and the concentric wicks of the Argand burner in the course gave way to the incandescent mantle, which now furnishes the light for all the most important lighthouses of the world.

To Egypt belongs the credit of the erection of the first lighthouse on record, namely, the tower built on the island of Pharos at the mouth of Alexandria harbor, by that most enlightened ruler Ptolemy II, about 650 years before the Christian era. This tower was 100 feet high and stood as a monument to an ancient civilization until the fourteenth century, when it was washed away by the sea. Its lights consisted of an open fire of burning wood and the same practice was followed in all subsequent lighthouses until the beginning of the seventeenth century.—Detroit News.

Lamb's Unique Album Contained 1,000 Pages

The combination of scrapbook and commonplace book, in which were inserted the pages of Tennyson's poems utilized as writing paper, is a pretty quarto of a thousand pages. In it, during a period of thirty years, says Henry B. Smith in Scribner's, Lamb transcribed anything encountered in his reading, or experience which he considered worthy of preservation, "anything," as he says, " quaint, irregular, or out of the road, of common sympathy."

This was one of the volumes that he moved from Islington to Enfield, acting as "dray horse for his books," as he wrote to Thomas Hood, adding his only known disparaging reference to his "midnight darlings," being out of humor with them for once and calling them "indigestible dirty lumber." That Lamb's books formed a "ragged regiment" as disreputable in appearance as Fustat's own, there is abundant testimony.

His shelves were a hospital for superannuated tomes in the last stages of shabbiness and decrepitude, and the wrecks and remnants too far gone to be handled without falling apart, were sent, not to a bookbinder for repairs, but to a "vinted old cobbler hard by." No doubt this scrapbook had a peculiar and distinguished dilapidation of its own.

Without Change of Cars

Is a round-the-world journey—overland, by rail and across oceans by

plane, without changing cars—to fit an astronomical compass of tomorrow?

Late advices from England indicate that British engineers and inventors are approaching success in just such an adventure into supertransportation. The project contemplates great passenger cars capable of being transported either on railway trucks or lifted by huge airplane wings. Transcontinental trains, arriving at an air-transport point, would shoot these put-and-air cars into the wings of a giant airplane. Thus, without waiting from their sleep, passengers would be raced on rails over land one hour and on wings above the ocean the next.—Popular Science Monthly.

Two Kinds of Misses

Bill—Why the gloomy look, Joe? Joe—I'm in trouble. My wife overheard me telling Steve Jackson that I had had two misses in my car the evening before.

"But that is no excuse for a row. Why, every motorist has engine trouble."

"But she found out that only one of them was in the engine."

He Got the Dickens

Elderly Gent—Why are you crying, boy?

Kid—I was out by the lake fishing. Elderly Gent—And you didn't get anything?

Kid—Yes, when I got home.

New Language

Mrs. Nonres—The boy's getting on so well at school; he learns French and algebra. Now, Ronnie, say "How do you do" to the lady in Algebra.—Gosh!

Music in Hospital

The flame of my life burned low. They thought I was all but dead. "He has not very far to go!"

"Their whispering said. Suddenly over the way. Outwelling the din of the street, A piano began to play: I found it sweet.

One's hitting machine Grinding an elfin tune With whirrings and whangings obscene As a tipsy buffoon.

Yet to me it meant rapture and mirth And the endless continuance, after. These dainty adventures on earth. Of beauty and laughter.

Then the flame of my life burned stronger. Blown by that musical elf. And I settled to stay a while longer, Making music myself.

—Robert Haven Schaffer, in the Lyric West

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Make Many Interesting Discoveries of Bird Life

Ecuador is richer in bird life than any other country of equal extent in the world, approximately 1,000 species of birds having been recorded from it, or about one-third the bird life of the whole world, according to Dr. Frank M. Chapman, curator of birds in the American Museum of Natural History.

The wealth of the avifauna in Ecuador is due not only to the diversity of the country at sea level but more particularly to the development of life zones in the Andes from sea level to snow line. In addition to the tropical or basal zone, there exist subtropical, temperate and paramo zones, each one of which has species peculiar to itself.

A journey, therefore, from sea level to snow line in a massive epito-mizes one from the equator to the pole. Among interesting discoveries by Doctor Chapman and his associates was the presence on the coast of Ecuador in mid-July of large numbers of North American shore birds—curlews, plovers, etc., the breeding grounds of which are north of the Arctic circle.

It was found that these were non-breeding birds, and the fact that they continued to remain in Ecuador long after their associates had migrated to the north is evidence in support of the theory that migration from winter to summer quarters is prompted primarily by the desire to find a nesting ground.—Detroit News.

Just a Trifle

Prospect—No, I don't think I'm going to buy a car now. Only the other day a friend of mine ran over a man.

Auto Salesman—You couldn't even notice a thing like that with this car. It has the most sensitive springs on the market.

Beat Him to It

A certain canny Scotsman had carried on a courtship of long duration without definitely committing himself.

The girl, if she worried herself at the long probation, gave no sign until one morning her tardy lover, thumbing a small notebook, said: "Maggie, I have been weighing up your good points, and I have already gotten ten. When I get a dozen I'm going to ask ye the fatal question."

"Weel, I wish ye luck, Jack," answered the maiden; "I have also gotten a wee book, and I've been puttin' down your bad points. There are nineteen in it already, and when it reaches the score I'm gawn the accept the black-smith!"

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An American Millionaire's Daughter

By JUDY BLAIR

(© 1924, Western Newspaper Union.)

MILLICENT LANE looked out from the door of her little Devonshire cottage at the sound of a huntsman's horn in the distance.

She had rented it for the summer to palat, and none of the villagers knew that the American lady who had come to live among them was the daughter of Cyrus Lane, the millionaire.

Millie had been having the time of her life that summer in the quiet surroundings of the north Devonshire coast. The horns sounded again. Upon the comb opposite she saw the hunting party streaming toward her, the hounds a patch of white against the purple heather. Then suddenly the stag came into sight.

A great wild beast with twelve points to its horns, its mouth open, snorting with terror, it drove toward her. Millie sprang aside just in time. The stag broke through the doorway into the living room. There it stood, motionless, at bay.

Next minute the hounds were round the house, filling the air with their furious baying. A huntsman rode up, "the stag's inside my house," panted Millie, "so you can call your dogs off."

The ancient man, horrified by hearing his hounds called dogs, fell back. By now the rest of the party had ridden up. "You call those dogs off!" said Millie, standing with her back to the door. "That poor beast's not going to be killed."

She knew who the master was, Cyril Fordyce, the second son of Lord Chailston, who now leaped angrily from his horse.

"Nonsense!" he shouted. "We've had a three hours' run. Open that door!"

"You dare to try to open that door?" said Millie. "Or lay a finger on me and see what happens!"

"She's the American lady," whispered one of the whippersnappers. It was a stormy scene, but arguments and expostulations alike proved fruitless. Chagrined, almost beside themselves, the hunting party withdrew.

As soon as they had descended the comb Millie opened the door. Instantly the huge form leaped out, knocking her over, and planting two sharp hoofs in her chest—and in a few moments the stag had vanished down the combed, sighted and hotly followed by the hunting party.

It was only when they had run it down and secured the trophies that they returned, to find Millie lying unconscious in front of her door.

Fordyce leaped from his horse and lifted the unconscious girl across his saddle. Mounting behind her, he turned toward his father's place.

And thus, five days later, Millie came back to consciousness in Fordyce Court, in a small guest chamber.

It was a small one because the larger guest rooms were uninhabitable, through want of repair. In fact, when, two weeks later, Millie was able to descend the stairs, she discovered that Lord Chailston was one of the new poor.

He occupied only a small part of the ancestral mansion, and his principal occupation was thinking out ways of dodging the income tax.

During Millie's illness, Fordyce had succeeded in establishing a friendship on firm foundations—in fact, that first evening when they were together downstairs he showed her unmistakably how he felt about it. And Millie—well, if it was the glamor of her surroundings that at first attracted her, she was finding Fordyce a very prepossessing young man.

Before she left he put it to her frankly. "Did you know how I feel about it," he said. "I'd been urging me to go to your country and try to get a millionaire bride, but—well, I'd rather have you without a penny, darling."

"What makes you think I haven't a penny, Jack?" asked Millie. "Oh, well, I mean comparatively," he answered. "Will you?"

Millie considered—or pretended to. "I suppose it will be all right," she murmured. "You're sure you won't mind ruining the chances of a wealthy bride?"

"Not a bit. You see, that's really my elder brother's job, and—what are you laughing about, Millie?"

"My secret!" Millie smiled. "No, I won't tell you now—I want to enjoy it till tomorrow."

The Real Nimrod

Before the amateur Nimrod left for the station his wife called him upon the carpet for a few parting words of admonition.

"Now, John, you say you are going on a shooting trip."

"Yes."

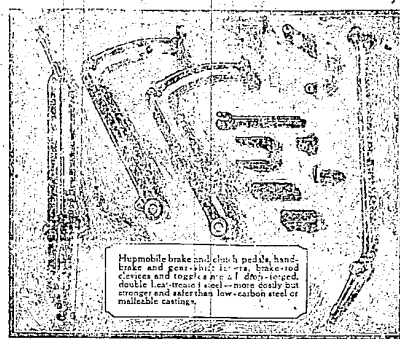
"I have no objection to that. But don't spend all your time playing cards. You are going out to shoot, so shoot."

"All right, my dear. If we can't do any better, we'll shoot craps."

Breaking It Gently

For days little Phyllis was warned that Miss Blang was coming on a visit and that she must not say anything about her being fat.

She came. Phyllis studied her for a while and then remarked, encouragingly: "You're not nearly so stout as I thought you'd be!"



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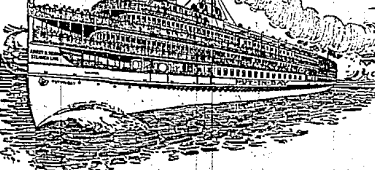
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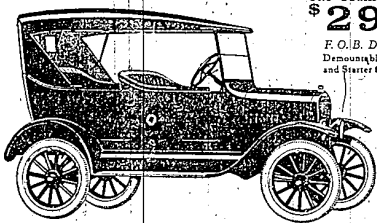
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