

### Wood Big Factor as Electric Power Fuel

Wood as a fuel for the production of electric power by public utility power plants is a factor of great importance in Oregon, according to a bulletin issued by the geographical survey. In that state during the month of June, 13,664,000 kilowatt hours were produced by burning wood, as against only 33,000 kilowatt hours from other fuel sources, and 47,857,000 from water power.

In the state of Washington wood fuel produced more electric power than all other fuels, the total for wood being 2,861,000 kilowatt hours, against 895,000 for all other fuels. Other states in which wood is an important electric power fuel are: Alabama, 90,000 kilowatt hours in June; Arkansas, 530,000; Florida, 150,000; Georgia, 320,000; Louisiana, 97,000; Minnesota, 494,000; Mississippi, 99,000; South Carolina, 64,000, and Wisconsin, 90,000. All the other states produced 2,303,000 kilowatt hours from wood, making a total for the country of 28,551,000.

### Modern Fashions' Good Influence on Health

Bobbed hair and short skirts as an influence on the health of women are emphasized in the annual health report of the London county council.

"Dame Fashion," declares the report, "would appear to have taken counsel with the Lady Hygieia. Formerly in many ways the vagaries of feminine modes struck deeply at the roots of health and sapped the vitality, especially of girls and young women. They dictated the compression of vital organs and the limitation of freedom of movement. The result was seen in malformations and diseases very prevalent in the population. The disappearance from the dress of girls of constricting devices such as corsets and garters has had a very great effect in improving both physique and health."

A review of the period from 1890 to 1925 shows the gradual decline in the death rate from 21 per 1,000 in 1890 to 12 per 1,000 in 1925.

### Much Wood Used as Fuel

In some of the forest states, notably Washington and Oregon, the showing for wood as a fuel in the production of electric power for private industries is impressive, as the lumber mills and other forest industries in those states frequently provide their own electric power from the combustion of sawdust, slabs and other waste from their operations. Wood, however, is used more extensively in domestic heating than for power. Surprisingly enough, about one-third, by cubic measure, of all the wood consumed in the United States goes into fuel—about as much as goes into lumber—although only a small proportion of it is suitable for lumber or other industrial uses.

### Objected to Reflection

Public men were always subject to misunderstanding, complained Mr. J. H. Thomas, M. P., at a luncheon of the Institution of Gas Engineers at the Royal Automobile club, London, lately.

When he visited Jamaica, he said, a local paper published in a column of gossip: "The Rt. Hon. J. H. Thomas passed through here yesterday."

That was an obvious statement of fact, but the next item was: "Petty larceny on the increase in the district."

"If they had not put in the word 'petty' there would have been no complaints at all."

### Water Under London

Apart from the vast network of railways, tubes, gas and electric light mains, and sewers, there is under the streets of London one of the most wonderful hydraulic systems in the world. It consists of over 180 miles of pipes devoted exclusively to the carrying of water for working cranes, lifts, pumps, artesian wells, and so on.

The water is driven through the pipes at the tremendous pressure of 750 pounds to the square inch, and during the past year over 24,000,000 gallons were used each week. Some idea of the enormous growth of London is shown by the fact that 30 years ago the amount of water needed for this particular service was only 6,000,000 gallons a week.

What a lot of things there are to disagree about at home. Wonder if the old boys ever did work sixteen hours a day?

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### Her Garden of Dreams

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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THE family laughed at Joan's garden—den—they called it Joan's garden of dreams, and they teased her about it in a kindly way. They all loved it and sat in it when they could, but Joan Worth was the one who loved it best, who worked in it, and dreamed over it, always seeing beauty in it at any season of the year.

Joan's children have gone to bed under a white blanket," smiled Mrs. Worth when the first snow came. The others looked on, seeing the arbor a great hump of snow, and garden benches misshapen oblongs. Every bush and vine wore a bridal veil of white, or sparkled with icy diamond drops. The sun shone wanly.

"Well, Joan, my dear," said Nan briskly, "what has your garden to offer today? A bouquet of icicles?"

Joan started out of the window—"I believe I can get a winter bouquet—there are some dried clematis seeds and daisy fluff, the barberry bushes are full and red."

"Is there any romance in your garden of dreams?" asked Nan. Joan's thin face flushed and her eyes were very soft.

"I am sure it must flower there, Nan. You remember your Stephen used to sit there with you?" she smiled as Nan looked down at her engagement ring.

"That is true," said Nan softly. "Stephen always said the garden had a great deal to do with his courtship! But, my dear girl, I am not talking about us; I am speaking about a romance for you in your garden! Are you sure there is not a root somewhere?"

Joan laughed. "There's love in a mist—and love lies bleeding," and bride roses," she said mischievously. Nan looked up shrewdly. "Those flowers are all asleep—like you, Joan Worth!" she declared, and stopped teasing Joan. She felt sorry for her younger sister who was so timid and retiring that only a very bold and persistent lover could win her love. "And where is such a man?" Nan asked herself. "Stephen was the last eligible man in Little River." And then she thought of Stephen's cousin, Mark Raymond—she had only met him once but he was a large, blond young man with an aggressive nose and chin and persistent blue eyes. "I must ask Stephen to bring him over the next time Mark comes to Little River," she thought, and planned some pretty frocks for the unexpected guest.

The afternoon that Stephen brought Mark Raymond was a Saturday half-holiday. Nan had persuaded Joan to wear a vivid orange tulle frock which made the girl look like some brilliant-plumaged bird. Donning an old russet cloak, she prowled around the garden, seeing it sometimes as it would be when the first buds pushed through.

She was planning the garden for another summer, when a quiet voice spoke. "Any room for weeds in your garden, Miss Joan?" She turned quickly to meet the admiring eyes of Mark Raymond—she had not seen him for several years—she had been a small girl then at her first grown-up dance, and Mark had taken pity on her mortification at being a wallflower, and had given her the most delightful evening of her quiet life. She was glad to see him.

"There is always room for friendly weeds, Mr. Raymond," she said. "I will have to explain—right along here is the place where my dahlias stand, all in a row like soldiers, and as I raised them all myself for several years, I have named the different varieties after the twelve disciples—see the stakes with the labels?"

Mark went down the row, glancing at the labels—he read them aloud, "Matthew, Mark, Luke, John—" and so on. "So I am not a weed after all," said Mark Raymond. "I am a nice dahlia in a lady's garden!"

"You are named for a saint," said Joan primly.

"Of course, I am only a humble namesake," he said modestly, his blue eyes never leaving her vivid face, wondering why he had ever called this child plain! "Seems only last week that you and I had our famous evening at the charity ball," he went on.

"It is ten years ago," Joan said, and when he did not answer she looked up to find him regarding her with the queerest expression—mild admiration, wondering amazement, as if he had just discovered a great treasure. Perhaps he had—for Joan was twenty-two, and the sweetest girl he had ever seen. What had he been doing all these years while she was growing up? Perhaps she was engaged, as well as Nan! He must find out. His aggressive chin was not there for nothing at all! "So it is you that are engaged to old Steve," he murmured meditatively.

"Mercy no," said Joan briskly. "It is Nan—and we must go in now and have some tea."

They came up the garden path together, talking, and Nan, waiting for them, turned away from the window, while Stephen stirred the fire. "How about it?" asked Stephen, grinning.

"It will be all right—I saw his eyes—we will have a double wedding, Steve!"

"In the rose garden," added Stephen.

More than a quarter of a billion dollars was handled last year by the money transfer service of one of the telegraph companies.

### Had Arm and Leg, but Where Was the Body?

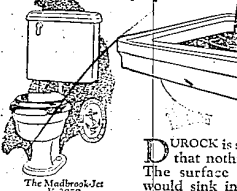
A man who now resides in Philadelphia had the misfortune to lose an arm during the war. He now wears a very cleverly made artificial arm and instead of becoming his loss he derives a great deal of amusement from the many funny situations it causes. At one time he was on a sea trip and had for his roommate a man who wore an artificial leg. As the two were retiring one night they tossed their extra limbs under the lower berth. As they got into bed a steward, a very superstitious native of Africa, came into the room. There had been a deal of drinking on board and seeing the gilded hand and a foot sticking out from under the berth, he concluded that one of the passengers had "passed out" and needed aid. Grasping the hand in one of his and the foot in the other, he gave a mighty pull. The owner of the arm says the sight of the negro, sitting on the floor, holding the wooden limbs, with his face almost white, and the ensuing yell and hasty retreat, is one of the many things that help to compensate him for his loss.—Philadelphia Record.

### NOT A GENIUS



He—That fellow you speak of can fill almost any man's shoes. She—I never suspected he was a genius. He—He isn't—he's a shoe clerk.

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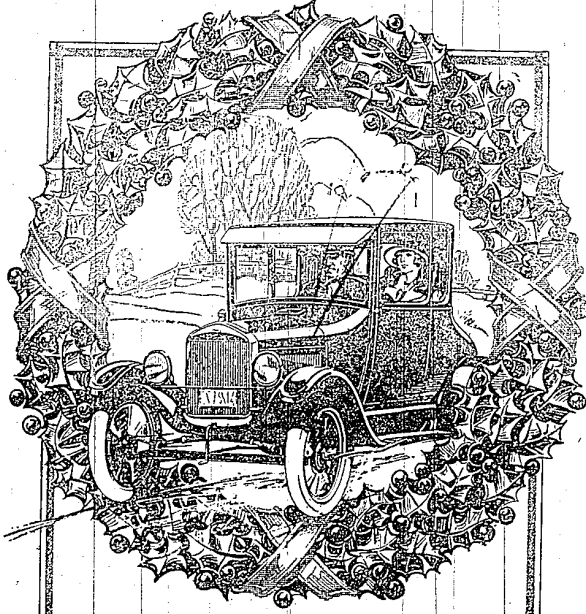
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