

The Price of Eggs.

From the New York Tribune.

That very clever journal, the Villager, makes some remarks on "the unescapable results that follow on the watering of the stock of money," and quotes from Hartley Withers a remark of Dr. Johnson. When told that in Skye 20 eggs might be bought for a penny the genial scholar observed: "Sir, I do not gather from this that eggs are plenty in your miserable island, but that pence are few." And that, as the Villager observes, "is the whole story."

If the number of pence in Skye had been increased twentyfold and the number of eggs had remained the same the "miserable islanders" would have had to pay 20 pence for their 20 eggs. We should need to assume, of course, that what is called the velocity of the circulation was all the while unchanged, and we quite fearlessly make such assumption, feeling that Skye would not betray us nor force us into unnecessary apologies. Anyway, it passes us to comprehend how aught than their main conclusion can be made out of it. It is the many of our successful business men, and even editors with business bent of mind, build up curious—we had almost said fatuous—arguments on the other side.

The only explanation for this that the Villager can find is that "economic theories are true only in the long run; that is to say, they do not show in detail, but only in the full cross section of the movement." And it goes on to say that business men are somewhat prone to confine their reasoning "to what happens between the morning's unlocking of the office door and the evening's locking of the cash drawer."

In Britain one of the foremost of living economists, Prof. J. Shield Nicholson, has gone so far as to endeavor to show by a series of tables and charts that the rise in the average of commodity prices in that country has followed promptly within three months each new increase in the output of treasury bills.

Professor Kemmerer's admirable article in the American Economic Review, shows that while the actual volume of American production and trade from 1914 increased about 25 per cent, the nation's stock of money and the volume of banking credit increased 70 or 80 per cent. This could have no other effect than an immediate and corresponding rise in the average of prices; and this is precisely what we got. The thing worked with the precision of a machine.

NEW POWER PROJECT BUILDING AT NIAGARA

Canadians to Harness Mammoth Falls to Limit Provided in Agreement.

Buffalo, N. Y.—One of the greatest water development projects of the many centering about Niagara Falls has been launched on the Canadian side of the river. It contemplates an immediate production of 300,000 electrical horse power, or equal to approximately one-half the development on both sides of the river, and it may expand to 1,000,000-horse power.

Actual work on the new channel was begun recently by the Ontario hydro commission, and the launching of the work was virtually unknown to the general public. The channel will encircle the city of Niagara Falls, Ont., one running from the Welland river, a tributary of the Niagara, and another to the escarpment below Queenstown heights. The power house will be located on the river level almost at the foot of Brock's monument. The channel is the first one planned to get the full benefit of the difference in level between lakes Erie and Ontario, approximately 300 feet. The old companies, with penstocks located close to the foot of the cataract, get a head of about 200 feet. The additional 100 feet head, it is estimated, will make it possible to develop the 300,000-horse power with the same flow of water required to develop 100,000-horse power at the falls.

While the under construction for the power house are planned to produce only 300,000-horse power, the canal itself will be built to allow a future flow of water capable of trebling this volume. The Ontario hydro commission is a provincial body, appointed by the Ontario government. It distributes power to Ontario municipalities within a radius of 200 miles of the falls at low cost. A large part of the current generated on the Canadian side, formerly exported and distributed by an American corporation, has been cut off. Canadian power for Canadian industries has been the motto of Sir Adam Beck, chief minister of Ontario, and war conditions have brought a speedier application of the policy than had been expected.

To replace the Canadian current thus lost, a steam generating plant has been built here under the ultimate plan of 140,000-horse power. Steam plants and water power plants far down the state have been drawn upon to keep Buffalo factories going. Part of the current from the new hydro plant will be available for American industries, but only those engaged in war work, Sir Adam has announced. Under the treaty between Canada, Great Britain and the United States the diversion of water on the Canadian side is limited to 38,000 cubic feet a second. The limit on the American side is 20,000 feet. Canada already has authorized the diversion of all but 6,000 cubic feet of her allotment. Under special war permits the American companies are also within a few hundred feet of their limit. The new channel will carry off about 10,000 cubic feet of water a second. This will necessitate some readjustment of the allowances to the other Canadian companies unless the treaty is modified. This has led to suggestions of consolidation of all the Canadian companies and the 1,000,000-horse power development.

"POTATO TRIPS" IN AUSTRIA.

From the Philadelphia Public Ledger. London.—One singular outcome of the exceedingly grave food shortage in Vienna is the institution of "potato trips." The people of the Austrian capital, carrying knapsacks and baskets, make their way into the country to bargain with the farmers for a few vegetables. In most cases the farmers will not sell from their stocks for money, but will barter for other food-stuffs.

The price of potatoes, says the Hague correspondent of the Times, has been driven up to a crazy height. If one city dweller finds a willing seller who allows him to enter the field and dig potatoes, other would-be buyers will not be denied. Some farmers at Stammerdorf are demanded as much as six shillings for two pounds of potatoes.

250 Miles an Hour.

From the New York World. "It would be easy for any British airplane manufacturer to produce a machine which could make better than 250 miles an hour," declared Capt. W. G. Aston, one of the leading English experts on air mechanics, here the other day. "This could be accomplished by merely altering the curvature of the planes, but this would mean a minimum landing speed of about 150 miles and hour, and there is the great difficulty.

The machine would be unquestionably flyable, but its successful landing would require an airfield five or six miles long, to say nothing of extraordinary skill on the part of the pilot."

HERO IN CUBA; WINS MEDAL IN FRANCE.



Sergeant Major JOHN HENRY QUICK



HE VOLUNTEERED TO BRING UP A TRUCK LOAD OF AMMUNITION AND MATERIAL OVER A ROAD SWEEPED BY ARTILLERY AND MACHINE GUN FIRE

The title of "hero of two wars" might be given to John Henry Quick, who also bears the title of Sergeant Major in the U. S. Marines. Quick got into the Spanish-American war as quick as the wind when it broke out, and one time during his service in Cuba the enemy lay in ambush for the American forces. Aid of the U. S. S. Dolphin was needed. Quick risked his life to stand on a prominent crest of land near the enemy and flash signals to the ship informing her commander where to fire to rout the enemy. Despite the fact that bullets sputtered and fell around him he stood there nonchalantly as if in camp and wigwagged the message.

Congress awarded him a congressional medal of honor for his conduct. When America got into the world war Quick got in, too. On June 6 he volunteered to assist in taking a truckload of ammunition and material into the town of Bouresches, France, over a road swept by artillery and machine gun fire. He was the only man to get through. For this he was highly commended and cited by General Pershing.

less of an absurdity in all cases, and it imposes severe hardship and even greater cruelty in a few.

Brothers in Arms. From the London Times. There was an exhilarating thrill in the air of London yesterday, and we shall not be wrong if we believe it to have been felt throughout the British Isles.

There was an exhilarating thrill in the air of London yesterday, and we shall not be wrong if we believe it to have been felt throughout the British Isles. Formal observance of the union in arms of Great Britain and the United States there was in plenty, and carefully attended to the true spirit of independence day.

For making rare finds, for comparison eye pieces for sunspots, for comparison oculars, binocular microscopes and for other purposes it has been found necessary to produce a one way glass; that is, a glass which looked through from one side is transparent, while looking from the other is opaque and functions as a mirror.

The invention was perfected in Germany before the war and it was immediately put to use not only for purposes of military observation, but also for the decoration of the most favored of the nobility. There was in, for instance, the high well born Freiherr von Namenvergessen, who, being a man of wealth and influence, procured enough of the one way glass to equip the guest room walls of his castle and they appeared as in practically all kinds of glass would often be put with profit and convenience.

This type of German humor would never appeal to America but there are, however, many uses to which one way glass could be put with profit and convenience. In a business office, for instance, the eye of the master is often a useful instrument, whereas he frequently needs privacy for conferences. Therefore, private offices are fitted with this kind of glass would often be desirable. It would be agreeable in many windows; in short, with considerable invisibility, less effective than the legendary gift of Minerva, but useful in 1,000 ways.

Status of Women Aliens. From the New York Times. Among other wise provisions in the new bill just adopted unanimously by the British parliament is one which changes the status of women aliens, in one making in the existing law a change the need of which has already been felt in this country. Its effect is to empower the home office to assist in the application of a British born wife for the privilege of resuming the rights of British citizenship, lost by her when she married a man who is now an enemy alien.

That wives, whatever their origin, acquire the political status of their husbands, whatever that may be, and that they can recover their former status only through the death of, or a divorce from, their alien husbands—these are well established principles of law in practically all lands civilized and uncivilized. They are, however, mere survivals from the era when everywhere it was held that men and wife are one, and the man is the one. Now that the separate individuality of women has gained nearly full recognition in some countries, and a tendency toward such recognition exists in a good many more, it is hardly to be wondered at that the status of citizenship has become more or

Great Britain's Share.

Louis Tracy, a Member of the British War Mission, in the Washington Star. New York and many other great cities in the United States love a procession, and a startling fact of the war is that the dead and wholly shattered youth of the British empire could march down Fifth avenue in platoons of 20 men in a rank the pallid host could not pass from Central park to Washington square in 10 long summer days. America is proud, and very properly proud, of the great army she has poured into France. It is 1,000,000 in round numbers. But Britain has already lost 1,000,000 in dead and grievously wounded, while 2,000,000 have been smitten by the pestilence called Germany.

It has been estimated that Britain has fought on 17 fronts during the last four years. One can readily enumerate most of them for her troops have been to the fore in Belgium, France, Italy, Serbia, Greece, Russia, Palestine, Mesopotamia, China and North, East and West Africa, to name only the main theaters of the war. She and her colonies have raised 7,500,000 soldiers and sent 1,000,000 to the front. (Not Great Britain's proportion is 60 per cent. In this regard I must remove a misapprehension, or, to be candid, nail down a Hun lie, which has found credence in some quarters. I shall not labor the point. It should suffice if I state with absolute authority that one man in every seven and a half of the population of England is in the army. The same ratio holds good of Scotland, Wales has contributed one man in every 10, Ireland one man in every 20 and a third, and the overseas dominions one man in every 15.

The ministry of munitions handles 50,000 articles per week, and sends abroad 60,000 consignments per week in

Good Work Slowly Done. From the Philadelphia Public Ledger. Some of us are trying to live our lives all at once. We would cram the slow development of years into the coming week or week; we would compress the work of an hour into the next five minutes. Nature—patient, tireless, cunning laborer that she is—does not favor this plan. She takes her time—"Because it is here, some one makes prompt answer. "She has a command of the time there is. She can be as deliberate as she chooses. We must make haste because our little lives are so soon clipped off. The darkness too early rounds our day. Our work must be done with a steady hand and under pressure or we shall not finish."

The best work even by these feeble mortal hands and minds of ours is done not in a fever but in a calm. Art (and the exception proves the rule) achieves most nobly when it achieves with tranquility. The personal circumstances of the artist may be distressing. He rises above them. His dream translates him to the skies above his mundane environment. His passion for the truth leads him to forget that he is poor and hungry and misunderstood. He writes his book or paints his picture or composes his sonata in a land where it is always summer and the skies are blue and tears are never shed and none ever dies. By the force of a creative imagination, he establishes for himself a new heaven and a new earth, and his spirit is tranquil because it is triumphant over the pinching and gnawing circumstances.

Artist or artisan, each of us must learn to make the pilgrimage a step at a time. Let not an anxious forecast corrugate the brow with the thought of a morrow sufficient unto itself. Epicurean delight lives for the moment, and a man's more serious purpose in existence would often do well to follow the example.

The Thresher's Dinner. From the Dubuque Telegraph-Herald. The farmer of this new era who comes to help at a threshing he will carry his dinner. The war has not yet touched the face against the old fashioned "threshing dinner," in the preparation of which each farmer's wife vied with her neighbor in quantity and variety of edibles.

The war board has not done this because it is sorry for the poor farmer's wife, sweating in her fiery kitchen, breaking her back over the oven and dishpan. What the war board is thinking about is the waste of food. The war board will be the same. For it has become bad form, even in the country, to try to outdo one's neighbor in the amount of food served. The rivalry for the remainder of the war will be in finding nourishment for the workers without waste, and without using those foods which are needed by our allies.

No longer is cottage cheese to be a side dish, added to a dinner already too rich in protein by heavy meats and by vegetables cooked with bacon or pork. Cottage cheese is to take the center of the table. Flanked with hard boiled eggs it becomes the piece de resistance. In vain let the farmhand raise his voice in scorn. His insides will be supplied with strength and energy as never before.

With the necessity for saving food comes a great stimulus to the study of scientific dietaries. After this year it should be rare to see a housewife working her body to the point where it is unseemly, and without the energy to work her brain. Hereafter, she is to work her brain first, that she may save her body. It is the most necessary reform which could be applied to any part of rural life. The passing of the threshing dinner in accordance with the request of the war board will put mark a milestone on the way of progress.

A Platinum Discovery. From the Worcester Telegram. The experience of something better than was anticipated has come to the Norwott Brothers of Spokane and Seattle. They report having spent \$28,000 developing what was supposed to be a great silver mine on the Kaslo river in the great northwest of Canada and this country, and finding that there was no silver worth mining. But he observed a kind of rock that puzzled them, and had it analyzed. The man of science reported a prospect of \$700 worth of platinum ore per ton of the rock, and the brothers have gone at it with the vigor that naturally pertains to an open chance to handle a ton of rock for \$700.

As the platinum is worth \$105 an ounce, it is plain that no great amount of trains will be necessary to move the fine product from that mine when it has been reduced to the sale stage of platinum. It is barely more than six ounces to the ton of rock. The millers of that rock will have to be watched and they must watch out for every bit of dust, for an ounce of platinum is in a pretty small pickings from a ton of ore. The incident is one more addition to the independence of this side of the Atlantic. It provides the necessary mineral, and what comes from the north-west will not be needed from the enemy countries of Europe.

The Petty Profiteer. From the Omaha World-Herald. The government is taking care of the direct profiteer, after a fashion, but the indirect profiteer, the man who handles a low priced commodity with a large volume of sales, is likely to be able to increase prices without attracting much attention, either public or official. If such a commodity is in common use and there is nothing to justify such an increase, he is no less a profiteer than the man who attempts to secure an exorbitant price for a war necessity. Since the United States entered the war the public has been educated to higher prices for many articles and it is comparatively easy matter to induce people

to pay a higher price for almost anything. On a article that formerly sold for \$100 to increase the price to \$150, you invite criticism and investigation, but nothing is likely to be said if a dime is charged for an article that formerly sold for a nickel, although there may be nothing to warrant the increase.

High cost of material, higher wages and increased overhead expenses are the reasons most generally given for an increase in retail price. A St. Louis investigation was conducted when shoe shining establishments raised the price 5 to 10 cents. Testimony showed the increase cost of materials to be less than 10 per cent; rent, lights and heat less than 20 per cent and labor about 20 per cent, with no increase in waste in many items, yet the public was asked for a 100 per cent increase. This is only an example of price increases on small articles, yet these small items, according to statistics, represent approximately 60 per cent of household expenses.

A Fable For Loafers. From the Jayhawk. If you have anybody working for you and they lie down on the job, don't fire them at once—just call them in and tell this story.

Down in Virginia a farmer had an ox and a mule that he hitched together to a plow. One night, after several days of continuous plowing, and after the ox and the mule had been plowing for the night, the ox said to the mule: "We've been working pretty hard, let's play off sick tomorrow and lie here in the stalls all day." "You can't play off sick," returned the mule, "but I believe I'll go to work." So the next morning when the farmer came out, the ox played off sick; the farmer bedded him down with clean straw, gave him fresh hay, a bucket of oats and bran mixed, left him for the day and went forth alone with the mule to plow. All that day the ox laid in his stall, chewed his cud and nodded, slowly blinked his eyes and gently swayed his tail. That night when the mule came in, the ox asked how they got along plowing alone all day. "Well," said the mule, "it was hard and we didn't get much done, and—" "Did the old man have anything to say about me?" interrupted the ox. "No," replied the mule. "Well, then," went on the ox, "I believe I'll play off sick tomorrow; it was certainly fine plowing here." "That's up to you," said the mule, "but I'll go out and plow." So the next day the ox played off again, was bedded down with clean straw, provided with hay, bran and oats, and lay all day nodding, blinking, chewing his cud and gently swishing his tail. When the mule came in at night the ox asked again how they had gotten along without him. "Did the old man have anything to say to you about me?" again inquired the ox. "No," replied the mule, "not to me, but he did have a damn long talk with the butcher on the way home."

English Estates Sold. From the Cleveland Plain Dealer. Britannia still rules the waves, but beneath the waves lie unseemly terrors, menacing the nation's commerce, its food supply, its very life. The nation cannot trust its sea borne trade now. It must utilize every possible means to provide the necessary sustenance for its armies and for the people who supply the fighting men. And the British government rises to the occasion. Before the war Lloyd George fought long and well to compel the breaking up of old estates, to make it possible the cultivation of land long idle, to give the laborer a chance at the soil. He failed, for the British are conservative by instinct, and the old way seemed easiest. They have learned their lesson now. In the years past the British government has taken over outright no less than 1,000,000 acres of British soil, purchasing some, renting more. It has, indeed, found necessary the establishment of the great department to handle the work of national regeneration. It is a great change, and one that should not be regretted. The England which makes peace will not be the England of its fathers, but a better one.

Paper matches are built into a new paper box for cigarets. THE VALUE OF CHEER. From the Christian Herald. A western court has awarded a goodly sum to a nurse who employed a rich man's declining years with her own hands. The court said that it was impossible to separate physical benefit from good cheer, and that while good cheer itself might not have a definite price, the physical benefit resulting from it is certainly high. Many a millionaire, when ill, health or failing strength compels him to drop the pursuit that has absorbed all his life, thought and interest, might be willing to give a large sum to be able to feel cheerful. To those who think that getting rich is the main aim in life, and the highest achievement it must seem strange that a poor man should have cheer as a court award to a rich one. But such is the way of the world. The most precious things cannot be measured in money.