

WRITING ALMOST A LOST ART

Typewriter Has Practically Put the Pen Out of Business, With Some Unfortunate Results.

Who remembers the old days when men of commerce and industry wrote a "good business hand"—when handwriting was one of the accomplishments and letters written in ink could be read with small effort? asks the Nation's Business. Handwriting has gone out of style because it gave way to something infinitely better. It was the old story. Hand work could not compete with machine work—the pen could not compete with the typewriter.

But we view with sorrow the fact that the decline and fall of handwriting has also meant the decline and fall of the business signature. You pick up the ordinary business letter these days, and while the body of the communication stands forth in clean-cut typography, you are lucky if you can make out the signature.

Unless you know who wrote it, the name may be anything from "Blatz" to "Jones." Some of them appear to be perfect; they are made up of regular, sharp saw teeth, but when you try to decode them you can't tell the "u's" from the "n's" or the "t's" from the "r's." Others confuse and dazzle you with scrolls and flourishes. And still another type is just plain awful.

Plainly something should be done about it. Maybe congress could be induced to pass a law making it compulsory for every letter to have the name of the signer typewritten in the near neighborhood of the signature.

APPRECIATED GIFT OF SHOES

Misplaced Footgear Eagerly Welcomed by the Unfortunate Children of Wretched Armenia.

A shoe factory in Boston recently offered the Near East relief a consignment of misnamed shoes—offered them doubtfully, not knowing whether such a gift would be acceptable. Nevertheless, the gift was joyfully accepted by the organization, and the odd shoes were more than eagerly received by the little folks in Near East relief orphanages.

For children in Armenia are no different from children anywhere. They love new shoes. Although these shoes were not mates they were without holes, they were shiny, they were soft and they creaked. They were, in short, shoes—real shoes—and when one has been entirely shoeless for a long time, or has worn at best odd, worn-out pieces of shoes, shoes full of holes, which have not seen polish for so long that they are quite the color of the earth—even misnamed shoes, that are shiny and new, seem a veritable boon from heaven.

And the misnamed shoes meant for the Near East children more than pleasure. They meant health itself. A recent report from an overseas worker contains a simple statement which makes one realize the larger value of the gift.

"An account of giving shoes to the children," the statement reads, "thirty pairs were dropped from over forty to about twenty."—New York Herald.

Big Price for a Flower.

Ten thousand dollars is an extraordinary price for a single plant; yet it was paid by English horticulturists for an orchid raised in the United States, the Cattleya gigas alba. This Cattleya was flowered in 1919, and exhibited at an orchid show in the United States, where it was awarded a gold medal. The plant was found in 1899 in a lot of other specimens of Cattleya gigas. It was only by chance that the plant was not sold for a dollar or two. The only reason was that after most of its companions had been disposed of this one, with some others that were not in very good condition, was set aside. Finally, all the specimens were potted. To the great surprise of the horticulturists when, next spring, the plant came up it was with pure white flowers. The plant was sold in London for perhaps the highest figures that an orchid ever brought.

Not in the Ritual, but Effective.

General Pershing tells the story of a volunteer battalion of rough backwoodsmen that once joined General Grant. He admired their fine physique, but distrusted the capacity of their uncouth commander to handle troops promptly and efficiently in the field, so he said:

"Colonel, I want to see your men at work; call them to attention and order them to march with shouldered arms in close column to the left flank."

Without a moment's hesitation the colonel yelled to his fellow ruffians: "Boys, look wild that! Make ready to thicken and go left end-ways. Tote yer guns! Git!"

The maneuver proved a brilliant success and the self-elected colonel was forthwith officially commissioned.—The Boys' Own Paper.

Found Big Water.

Silas Wright Titus, the "water wizard," is dead. Since boyhood, it is said, that he never failed to find underground water when he went after it. He made water hunting his life work. One of his big jobs was locating the underground water that supplies Brooklyn, N. Y., 10,000,000 gallons a day.

No matter how peculiar a demand rises, up from the people always comes some man intuitively fitted to handle the job. We may be masters of our own destinies, but there's a wonderful system back of it all, distributing human abilities to meet demands.

Is life staged, in some respects, in advance?

KIND HEARTS

By ADELAIDE R. REMPEL

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Maizie was in a very absent-minded mood. She generally presided over the notion counter in Smith & Carter's stuffy basement with the air of a queen, but this morning her mistakes were many and varied. Her latest customer, a stout lady, after an unsuccessful attempt to reach silk of an impossible blue had sailed indignantly away, when Maizie, glancing to the front of the store, saw something that brought the pinkest of roses to her pretty cheeks. A somewhat hulking young man in grimy overalls and flannel shirt was wending his way in her direction. He stopped for a few moments of low-toned conversation and then continued toward the hardware department.

"Who's your friend?" asked Annie, the blond girl.

"Oh, his name's Dan Blake," answered Maizie with a conscious blush. "I met him at one of the community socials. He works over in the machine shop. He just asked me to the movies tonight. Don't you think he's nice looking?"

"He might be if he cleaned himself up," agreed Annie.

This struck an answering chord in Maizie's heart. Then she glanced with admiration at the immaculately-clad floor-walker, Mr. Barker. Even as she gazed he turned and came over to her counter.

"Say, Maizie, you sure do bloom in the desert air," he said, looking with rather bold admiration at her pink cheeks and sparkling eyes. "There's a dandy picture over at the Paragon tonight. If you say so I'll meet you there at eight." Maizie accepted the invitation at once.

After that gloom seemed to settle over the basement like a dark cloud.

Of course she had not actually promised Dan, but she knew down in her heart she had fully intended to go with him when he had asked her. She had an uncomfortable tightening in the region of her throat. At that moment a bevy of high school girls came chattering down the stairway and over in her direction. Rich furs open at the throat showed georgette crepes, and short skirts displayed trim French heels and silk stockings. But they found no charm in Maizie's eyes.

"Did you see that good-looking floor-walker smile at me?" giggled one tall damsel.

"Oh, that's nothing," answered another miss, purchasing a paper of pins with a most patronizing air. "His mother keeps a boarding house on the corner of our block. He's an awful flirt and has a different girl about every night in the week."

After that Maizie's heart lightened in the face of a great resolve. When the big gong rang at half-past five she stopped on her way out of the store beside Mr. Barker who was arranging his splendid tie to a greater satisfaction to himself before a small mirror.

"I won't be able to go to the Paragon with you tonight, Mr. Barker," she said. "I have another engagement," and before the astonished young man could reply Maizie was gone.

That night, sitting side by side in the red plush chairs in the cinematograph resort, Maizie and Dan enjoyed the program to the fullest extent. Especially interesting was the little romance which showed the little apartment with a still prettier little wife getting supper and a fat baby lying in a crib. Dan reached over and took Maizie's hand in his. Out on the street they lingered in front of a brilliantly lighted furniture store. Ten dollars down and five a month furnished just such an apartment as they had seen in the movies. Dan pressed the warm little hand that he had tucked under his arm.

"Isn't it peachy?" Maizie began, then she checked herself and blushed with a good grace.

"We could have one just like that if you would, Maizie," whispered Dan. The quick, happy glance in her eye told Dan that Maizie would. "And," he continued, joyfully, after a moment's silence, "we won't have to get it like that, either. You see, Dad owns the biggest part of the shop, only he wanted me to know the business thoroughly, so I began at the foot of the ladder."

They walked on happily. Ahead of them Maizie could see the "swell" Mr. Barker, a shapely and stylish ornament. She only pressed closer to Dan with a happy heart and a deep gratitude that she had realized before it was too late that all that glittered was not gold.

Psychanalyzing Alice.

Andre Tridan, who is the extension of Freud's shadow over America, has been saying a few words about Alice of "Alice in Wonderland" fame. Alice, it seems, has grossly deceived us; she is, as her creator was, a dangerous paranoiac, and should not be allowed to play with nice little children. Tridan gives overwhelming arguments in proof of these assertions, their only weakness being that they apply with equal force to psychanalysis themselves, and he leaves us with the impression that Lewis Carroll should have been placed in an asylum and deprived of pen and ink. The creator of Alice has passed on, but the ouija board is very much with us; it would be delightful to have Lewis Carroll's candid opinion of the Wonderland created by Freud and Tridan.—Scientific American.

AMUSING TO WOMEN TODAY

What Was Considered Proper in Mid-Victorian Days Seems Somewhat Ridiculous Now.

In a book written in mid-Victorian days concerning the proper manners of well-bred women appears the statement that a woman with graying hair is "hardly respectable without a cap," and that the woman of thirty-five who does not don the cap as signal of the fact of her advanced age has something of a "masculine aspect."

Such statements are amusing and sometimes just a little annoying—especially to the woman of thirty-five. She consoles herself with the fact that times have changed enormously since those days and that now so long as a woman is slender enough to wear clothes selected by eighteen-year-old girls she is seldom criticized for wearing them.

But don't delude yourself into thinking that all women of thirty-five in mid-Victorian days donned the cap of old age. Empress Eugenie wasn't married until she was twenty-seven, and she continued to be regarded as one of the most charming and beautiful women in Europe for many years.

It is really no new thing for women of thirty-five, forty or over to retain their youthful charms and change very little their mode of dress or behavior as time goes on. Possibly our present mode of life, our athletics, our style of clothes, tend more to the retaining of youthful appearance and real youthfulness than did conditions of the Nineteenth century.

OF INTEREST TO ALL IRISH

In Region Adjacent to French City of Cannes St. Patrick Received 'Religious Training.'

"For true appropriateness Cannes might better be chosen for a discussion of Irish affairs than for an attempt to solve European financial problems," says a bulletin of the National Geographic society, in regard to the French Mediterranean winter resort, meeting place of the allied supreme council. "Cannes has its tie with Ireland," the bulletin goes on to explain, "because it was in a monastery on one of two little islands just off the Cannes shore that St. Patrick received the religious training which fired him with missionary zeal and led to his conversion of the Irish."

"St. Honorat founded, in 410, on the smaller of the two islands which bears his name, the monastery in which St. Patrick studied. It was one of the fountains of learning and missionary effort during the Middle Ages. According to a legend, the island was infested by snakes and St. Honorat miraculously drove them out—an example which his follower, St. Patrick, is supposed to have put to good use in Erin."

"In spite of its many letters Cannes is properly pronounced as a single syllable, like the English verb 'can,'" says the bulletin.

Ask Much of Inventor.

The helicopter, a machine capable of vertical flight, with which British inventors have already attained partial success, has caused plans to be made by the government for a \$200,000 competition open to the world for a further improved design. The conditions, which if met would make the helicopter practical and revolutionize the science of flying are: It must be capable of rising to a height of 2,000 feet under its own power, carrying one man and one hour's fuel supply. It must be able to remain stationary over a ground object for a half hour in a wind up to 20 miles an hour. It must be able to land safely in any wind up to 20 miles an hour without horizontal motion, and with the engine cut off, and must be able to maintain horizontal flight at a height of 2,000 feet at a speed of not less than 60 miles an hour.

A Lost Art With Him.

Warren G. Sayre of Wabash, an attorney and formerly a state representative, sent a letter several weeks ago to the county clerk of Boone county, asking for information concerning a divorce suit. The letter was written on plain paper in longhand and sent in a plain envelope. Finally the following letter was received from the clerk: "Dear Sir: I have submitted your letter to every officer of this court-house and we cannot read a word of it. We cannot even read your signature, so I am cutting it and the address off your letter and pasting it on the envelope carrying this letter, hoping that the post office employees are sufficiently familiar with your way of writing to assure the delivery of the letter."—Indianapolis News.

More Electric Lights.

During 1921 the increase in residential electric lighting customers in the United States was 1,001,700, according to a survey just completed of reports from electric light and power companies throughout the country. This brings the total number of residential lighting customers up to 8,467,690 or more than double the number in 1915, when only 4,006,300 families had electric lights in their homes.

What Next?

Paris beauty doctors are now specializing in the reforming of women's legs. Two specialists in Rue de la Paix are winning fame by reducing the size of women's ankles and increasing the size of the calf. They have not, as yet, found a way to take the curve out of bowlegs and some of the ladies of society there are hoping almost tearfully that something will develop in this direction.

HIS AWFUL HEIR

By EDNA BARNES

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Sylvester Pelam, in the parlance of his fellow-townsmen, was a rich old crab. He surely was rich, even as fortunes are reckoned nowadays; he was old, if one considers three score and 13 as such. As to being a crab—well, it might be said that he walked backward, at least as far as his ideas were concerned.

But everyone has one inconsistency, and old Sylvester's pet hobby was this. He was interested in chirography to the point of its being an obsession. He was forever having to explain to his acquaintances that chirography was not the care of the feet, but a science by which one can read character in handwriting. Let him get hold of a neighbor's writing, and he advertised the poor unfortunate's faults all over the town. Never did he have anything commendable to report.

So far did old Syl's hobby possess him that rumor had it that he had willed that his entire estate be used to establish an institute to promulgate the truths of the science (as interpreted by Sylvester Pelam) to the end of dispersing a universal knowledge of chirography.

Now, there was none to dispute this will. His only son was dead—really dead—although to old Syl he had been dead from the moment he announced his intention of marrying Edith Melville. She was an actress. Old Syl wouldn't even see her. Thus, for 23 years, old Syl had heard of his son only twice—once recently when he died and on another occasion when his wife died at the birth of their little son, Melville.

Old Syl might have softened toward the child, had he not been brufded with his mother's name. He had almost forgotten the existence of "the brat," when out of a clear sky came a letter from the youngster, now aged twenty-one. It was an ordinary enough letter, typewritten on the letterhead of a well-known brokerage concern in New York. Melville was applying for a life insurance policy and he wanted to know what his maternal grandmother had died of.

Old Syl might not have read the missive but for the signature. Never had he run across such a specimen. It was clear-cut and bold, with just enough slant to denote ambition, but with no trace of unpleasant aggressiveness. So he was interested in life insurance—more prudent than his father, old Syl reflected.

Old Syl went to the phone. Finally came the report that Melville was not yet in. Old Syl retired to brood over the wonderful signature, assured by the operator that he would be summoned as soon as his "party" could be located.

It was nearly 9:30. The "party" was in a tawdry New York boarding house, leisurely attiring himself for the day. He emerged looking like an advertisement for a haberdashery, whistling nonchalantly and feeling quite positive that his lateness this morning would be the last straw. The manager would surely stand for no more. He was a clever enough to know that. However, he didn't care. Something would turn up. Something always did.

The reason for today's lateness was the usual one—up until all hours the night before dancing with Kathleen, the pearl of all womanhood.

Kathleen talked to Pel-Mel frankly. Let him get a decent income and she would consider matrimony.

Pel-Mel Pelam's conjecture was right; his doom was already sealed when he reached office. The manager was prepared to deal the blow. "Yes, sir," was all Pel-Mel had to say when told his services would be dispensed with. He hardly had a chance to realize he now belonged to the vast army of unemployed when Boston called again.

Pel-Mel emerged from the booth ten minutes later, warm and dazed. The gist of it all was that his grandfather—his mysterious old grandfather of whom his parents had told him almost nothing—was arranging for \$100,000 to be placed to his credit in a New York bank that very day. "Don't want you to have to wait till I'm dead to be glad you have a grandfather," Old Syl had explained.

A more curious person than Pel-Mel Pelam might have wondered at this sudden interest, but Pel-Mel's mind was occupied only with the jingle of money. Why, \$100,000 would buy Kathleen's consent, with some change left over!

Pel-Mel grabbed his hat and started to Kathleen. "Pel-Mel" was the right name for him, thought many a clerk, as he dashed through the office. The accommodating stenographer with the big, serious eyes, sat near the door.

"O, Mr. Pelam," she called to him, and then she gave him a prosy message. Awfully decent of her, of course, thought Pel-Mel, but why stop him, even for a moment? Couldn't she see he was in a hurry? All she had said to him was: "You were gone last night when I finished that letter to your grandfather, so I just signed it myself. I hope you don't mind?"

In All Humility.

"You sometimes discuss subjects you don't understand," remarked the censorious friend.

"Yes," replied Senator Sorghum; "but in all humility. I'm perfectly willing to keep the conversation going so that the other fellow will have a chance to explain 'em to me."

Red Cross Pageant

Nearly 3,000 persons, including the largest civic clubs, federated clubs, patriotic organizations and the most prominent state officials are forming the living pictures of a spectacle said to be the largest of its kind ever produced west of the Mississippi. The "Pageant of the Red Cross."

They are now rehearsing the whole story of the development of humanitarian work from the days of the Good Samaritan to the Red Cross of today, with which the delegates from states of the Northwest from Illinois to Montana will be entertained in the Des Moines Coliseum when they attend the Red Cross Divisional Conference to be held in that city, March 7th and 8th.

For the realistic World War feature of the production, fifty maimed soldiers, some of them blind, crippled, gassed, shell shocked or otherwise badly disabled, and 75 nurses who were in the midst of the war overseas have volunteered their services. The men will be brought from the different U. S. Veteran's Bureau Rehabilitation Schools.

For the reproduction of a trench battle, and the Red Cross following up the action, army regulars will appear from Fort Des Moines and National Guard officers and leaders in the World War will lead members of the 168th Infantry and 315th Iowa Cavalry.

250 men and women in Red Cross uniform will revive our memories of the service rendered both at home and "over there" by Red Cross workers, sewers, knitters, canteen, motor corps and camp service workers.

Governor N. E. Kendall of Iowa, and his official staff, will have prominent parts in the cast of the big spectacle. Mrs. Ella Wister Haines, sister of the author of the "Virginian," Owen Wister, friend of Theodore Roosevelt, takes one of the leading parts. "The Red Cross as the Greatest Mother," and notable persons and actors have been selected for other star parts.

From 50 to 200 people have been enlisted in each of the five scenes depicting the Nursing, Health, Soldier service, Home Service and Junior Red Cross programs of Red Cross now being carried on in several thousand local Communities of the Northwestern States alone.

Among other pageant groups now in process of training under the personal supervision of the author of the Pageant, Mrs. Ruth Mougey Worrell, and management of H. B. Dickson, of the National Red Cross, both of Washington, D. C. are the Knights of King Arthur's Court, monks and nuns of the 6th Century, Knights Hospitaller, a Florence Nightingale group, a Spirit of '76 group, Civil War, 48 states, and a Symbolic group of Red Cross.

Red Cross Chapters from far and wide are announcing the appointment of delegates to take part in the program of discussions that have been arranged for the Division conference. Mr. W. Frank Persons, Vice Chairman in charge of Domestic Operations of the Red Cross will be present from National Headquarters, as will also Dr. Richard Bolt, Director of the American Child Hygiene Association, and other men of national prominence.

The Western Passenger Association has granted rates of one and one-half fares on the certificate plan, and an attendance of 20,000 is estimated for the five days of the Pageant and two days of the conference.

TOWN PESTS



The Poor Sap who leans against the Drinking Fountain is Entitled to Mention among the Town Pests, for he's Always in the Way. Why doesn't he go Park himself against a Building, so Us Citizens with our Tongues Hanging Out can tap up a Drink without first Pushing him Away?

Humor in Humidity.

The easier it gets to stick to the office chair literally, the harder it is to stick to it figuratively.—Boston Transcript.

Notice of Hearing

In the matter of Hannah Fishburn, Deceased, in the County Court of Webster County, Nebraska.

The State of Nebraska, to all persons interested in said estate, creditors and heirs take notice, that J. E. Fishburn has filed his petition alleging that Hannah Fishburn died intestate in Webster County, Nebraska on or about September 25, 1909 being a resident and inhabitant of Webster County, Nebraska and the owner of an interest in real estate, to wit: A tract or parcel of land bounded by a line commencing at the South East Corner of Lot Number 3, in Block No. 5 in Vance's Addition to the Village of Guide Rock, as surveyed, platted and recorded and extending thence North 90 feet, thence west 148 1/2 feet, thence south 90 feet, thence east 148 1/2 feet to place of beginning, Webster County, Nebraska, leaving as his sole and only heirs at law the following named persons, to-wit: J. E. Fishburn, son; Wm. H. Fishburn, son; Alice Rinard, daughter; S. L. Fishburn, son; Martha Pollock, daughter; C. D. Fishburn, son; Sadie Fishburn Schrock, daughter; D. A. Fishburn, son.

That Petitioner inherits an interest in said real estate and praying for a decree barring claims; that said decedent died intestate; that no application for administration has been made and the estate of said decedent has not been administered in the State of Nebraska, and that the heirs at law of said decedent as herein set forth shall be decreed to be the owners in fee simple of the above described real estate, which has been set for hearing on the tenth day of March A. D. 1922 at ten o'clock A. M.

Dated at Red Cloud, Nebraska, this sixth day of February A. D. 1922.

A. D. RANNEY
County Judge.
(Seal)
E. G. Caldwell, Attorney.

Notice of Hearing

In the matter of Houston D. Fishburn, Deceased, in the County Court of Webster County, Nebraska.

The State of Nebraska, to all persons interested in said estate, creditors and heirs take notice, that J. E. Fishburn has filed his petition alleging that Houston D. Fishburn died intestate in Webster County, Nebraska on or about September 10, 1909 being a resident and inhabitant of Webster County, Nebraska and the owner of the following described real estate, to-wit: A tract or parcel of land bounded by a line commencing at the south east corner of Lot Number 3, in Block No. 5 in Vance's Addition to the Village of Guide Rock, as surveyed, platted and recorded and extending thence North 90 feet, thence west 148 1/2 feet, thence south 90 feet, thence east 148 1/2 feet to place of beginning, Webster County, Nebraska, leaving as his sole and only heirs at law the following named persons, to-wit: Hannah Fishburn, widow; J. E. Fishburn, son; Wm. H. Fishburn, son; Alice Rinard, daughter; S. L. Fishburn, son; Martha Pollock, daughter; C. D. Fishburn, son; D. A. Fishburn, son; Sadie Fishburn Schrock daughter.

That Petitioner inherits an interest in said real estate and praying for a decree barring claims; that said decedent died intestate; that no application for administration has been made and the estate of said decedent has not been administered in the State of Nebraska, and that the heirs at law of said decedent as herein set forth shall be decreed to be the owners in fee simple of the above described real estate, which has been set for hearing on the tenth day of March A. D. 1922 at ten o'clock A. M.

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A Silly Song

by A. Cuckoo Bird

If Washington could step outside his weather-beaten tomb, and take one look around, he'd think it was the day of doom. When George was here if he had seen a plane, up in the air, he would have crossed a lot of things besides the Delaware. If he had seen a fliver full of flappers on a spree, his hatched he'd have thrown away, and climbed that cherry tree. If Washington could see his child, it would fill him full of gloom and he would promptly beat it back, and crawl into his tomb.