



How to Install New Radio Set

Possessors of Christmas Gift Sets Are Given Some Good Advice.

Radio sets supplanted many electric trains and toy automobiles in old Santa's sack this year, and the next question that arises is "how to install the set?"

It will not require long to install the receiver of the Christmas gift set, but care should be taken to install it properly. The first thing to be considered is a place for the apparatus. Do not put the outfit in a damp spot. Dampness causes leakage which will impair the efficiency of the instruments and batteries. The next factor of importance to be dealt with is the antenna. The outdoor antenna, consisting of a single No. 14 copper wire, about 100 feet long, including the length of the lead-in, is far more satisfactory than an indoor antenna.

The higher the wire the louder will be the signals and the greater the distance covered. Both ends of the antenna must be insulated from the supports by porcelain cleats, or ebonite insulators. If the antenna or lead-in wire touches an object such as a tree or the side of a building, the effect will be similar to grounding the wire, and the signals will be weak if not inaudible. Should an outdoor antenna be difficult to install, the wire may be stretched around the molding in the room. Another system is to use a condenser plug which fits into a light socket, permitting the use of the house lighting wires as a means of absorbing energy from the radio waves when they pass through the building. The loop antenna affords still another indoor method.

If the set is purchased complete the only necessary connections to put it in operation are to fasten the antenna lead-in to the binding post on the cabinet marked for that wire. Then from the terminal designated for the ground contact a wire can be run to the cold-water pipe or radiator. The point of contact should be filed or sandpapered in order to give a good electrical connection. Solder or fasten the wire firmly to the pipe. In radio receiving very feeble currents are dealt with, therefore all joints and connections must be clean and firm.

The next operation is to place the phone tips in the binding posts marked for them. If the set is provided with a telephone jack and plug the connection is obvious. Next come the battery connections. Bear this in mind, that the storage battery or ordinary dry cell is known in radio parlance as the "A" battery, and the high voltage battery as the "B" battery. There are several tubes which require a dry battery in place of the storage battery. Nevertheless, the dry battery is known as the "A" battery. Many beginners in radio fail to distinguish between the two batteries, with the result that the vacuum tube is burned out. It is estimated by radio dealers that 25 per cent of beginners in radio learn the difference between the "A" and "B" battery by burning out one or two vacuum tubes. These tubes are expensive and provide a costly means of learning the difference between two batteries which do not even look alike. Correct battery connections are extremely important.

The positive side of the "B" battery should always connect with the plate. On all finished sets the correct battery connections are indicated by signs near the binding posts or by printed instructions.

The Married Life of Helen and Warren

"Whom do you think I bumped into?" Warren threw his hat and stick on the bed. "The Bartons! Downstairs waiting—we're all going out to dinner."

"The Bartons?" amazed Helen, gathering up the Paris postcards she had been writing home. "Didn't know they were over here."

"Been here a month—sailing Saturday. Just ran into them on the Rue Royale. Hustle now. All right as you are—don't stop to fuss."

"Dear, have you any stamps? How's she dressed?"

"Didn't notice. Oh, you're good enough. That's all I got."

"Where're we going?" hastily affixing the stamps.

"I suggested Vian's—but Barton wants to go to the Cafe de la Paix."

"Yes, and order a lot of expensive dishes—and you'll pay the bill! That's the way it was with Crosby's last week. I don't mind entertaining at home, but I don't see why you should dine everybody you meet in Paris!"

"Now, don't start that!" frately. "Get me out a clean collar," peeling off his coat to wash up.

Ignoring his admonition not to dress with resentful haste Helen changed to her maise chemise.

She had looked forward to a cosy dinner at Henriette's, a quaint Latin quarter restaurant. Now they must go to a noisy expensive place—and of course it would be Warren's dinner.

Downstairs in the Louis XV reception room, she greeted the Bartons with forced cordiality.

After the usual volubility of Americans meeting abroad, they crowded into a taxi and were whisked off to the Cafe de la Paix.

At that popular rendezvous the head waiter, ever alert for tip-lavishing Americans, gave them a choice wall table with the long red leather seats.

"If we'd only known you were here!" Mrs. Barton threw back her wrap, exposing an unbecoming French gown. "We could've gone so many places together."

Helen, who loathed sightseeing with friends, murmured polite regrets.

"We'll pass up the oysters," Warren was intent on the menu. "Get oysters at home. Hors d'oeuvres. And what kind of soup?"

"St. Germain's one of their specialties. And we had some good duck here the other night," suggested Mr. Barton. "But I don't see it on the card."

The hovering head waiter eagerly assured them they could have duck, though it was not on the menu tonight.

"Duck's always so rich—and heavy," demurred Helen, knowing anything cooked special would be exorbitantly priced.

But Warren, ignoring her restraining nudges, gave the order.

"What do you people drink? How about Chablis? 1916 is a good year."

"Chablis? rather dry," protested Helen. "Don't you like Graves?" for that was always the cheapest of the white wines.

But again her economical suggestion was ignored.

The dinner ordered up to the desert, the usual exchange of experiences followed.

Hotel accommodations, the rates they were paying, the restaurants they had discovered, the shops and the general tendency to overcharge Americans.

"They're certainly out to do us this year," complained Mr. Barton. "Always did trim you in Paris," shrugged Warren.

"Well, I'll never buy another gown here," Mrs. Barton's tone was emphatic. "The styles are too extreme and they're not well made."

"Yes, I've found that out," agreed Helen. "You can do better at home—and for less money. And hats! I've given up trying to get hats here."

"Yet we've always been hypnotized by the thought of Paris hats and gowns. There never was anything so over-rated."

"About all I'm buying this year is veils, gloves and perfume."

"Their gloves are good and cheap, but you can't get long gloves with clasps and I hate buttons—they're always coming off. Just look—bought yesterday," Mrs. Barton held up a long white glove minus two buttons.

"That's the way they sew. You have to go over everything."

"And silk stockings! I always thought Paris was the place to get silk stockings, but they're much higher and not nearly so good as ours."

"I never bought but one pair here. They don't have size eight, so I had to get misses' stockings and lengthen them," laughed Helen.

"Of course, you can get lovely hand-embroidered underwear and very cheap, but nobody wears it any more—it's too bulky. We all wear silk."

"And shoes! No wonder the American shoe shops flourish over here."

"I was talking to some American women the other day and they all said the same thing. We're really finding out we can buy much better at home."

"Except antiques," qualified Helen. "I love the antique shops. Have you been along the Rue du Bac? Those narrow streets in the Latin quarter are lined with antique shops. That's where I buy all my presents."

"Present! Do you have to take something to everybody, too? Next time I'm going to buy them before we sail, so I won't have that hanging over me. And the duty—getting through the customs! It almost spoils the trip."

"Try Mrs. Stevens' plan," laughed Helen. "She keeps a box marked 'Presents From Europe.' When she sees anything cheap and attractive, she buys it. Then, after each trip, she has her presents all ready."

"Watch him carve that duck," interrupted Warren, who had been discussing exchange rates with Mr. Barton. "Great work! One of Volstein's waiters, wasn't it, who could get 60 slices from one duck?"

With surgical precision the elderly waiter carved, while his assistant stood deferentially by. Mashing the liver and gizzard to a pulp, he mixed it with the red blood gravy and poured it over all.

"Voila, messieur!" he beamed, placing the silver platter on the table.

"I want to take back some of these pepper grinders—we never see them at home," Helen ground a bit of pepper over her steaming duck. "I wonder where I can get them?"

"Oh, any of the big stores," suggested Mrs. Barton. "I think I saw some at the Bon Marche—one of those outdoor tables."

"Isn't that the cheapest way to display goods? Imagine any of our big department stores putting their bargain counters on the sidewalk! You'd think you were at a push-cart market."

"They've always done that here—the very best stores. Of course, they've lovely things inside, but those cheap street-tables piled with everything from tinware to tawdry jewelry!"

"Stop knocking and enjoy this duck," admonished Warren. "The French shops may not be all they're cracked up to be, but the restaurants are. Best food in the world! Worth coming to Paris once a year—if only for the eats."

"The waiter's voluble French was unintelligible."

"What in blazes is he spluttering about? I want the bill! L'addition!"

"He says there isn't any bill," grinned Mr. Barton, clipping a cigar.

"No bill? What's the joke?"

"This dinner's on me. I've a charge account—that's why I insisted on coming here. We always stop at the Grand, so we can eat here a lot."

"Now, you can't get away with anything like that," protested Warren. "I ordered this dinner."

"That's all right, we dined with you in New York. It's already chalked up against me," puffing at the cigar as the waiter held a match. "You can't always have things your way."

Helen felt the color rush to her face. She had been flagrantly unjust. Mr. Barton had intended to pay all alone!

"They were nice people! She even managed a genuine response to Mrs. Barton's once more expressed regret that they had not met sooner."

"Maybe we'll all be here next year. I hope to get over in August," remarked Mr. Barton, as they walked through the cafe to the lobby of the Grand hotel.

"Afraid I can't plan that far ahead. But if we're here, we'll certainly look you up," Warren assured them.

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"But you always do pay. Everybody takes advantage of you. I thought—"

"Well, what of it? What if I had paid?" belligerently. "We're not so hard up we can't have a few friends to dinner."

"But over here you ask everyone you meet. Dear, it isn't necessary to—"

"I'll ask whom I darn please! Met Holman this morning at the American Express. He's to dine with us tomorrow night. Now I'll not be held down while we're in Paris. We're going to blow ourselves every meal. Food's the best thing they do here—and we're going to hit it hard!"

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With the usual parting felicitations for a smooth channel trip and a pleasant homeward voyage, they left them at the lift.

Outside on the crowded Boulevard des Capucines, Warren signalled a taxi.

"No, dear, let's walk," demurred Helen. "It's a wonderful night," gazing down the festive avenue, gay with lights and sidewalk cafes.

"Well, that's the time you guessed wrong," he grinned, as they strolled on. "Kept trying to shove down the order—so darned afraid I'd spend a few francs!"

"But you always do pay. Everybody takes advantage of you. I thought—"

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Seminary Letter Sent 149 Grads

Lincoln, Dec. 30.—(Special)—Professor M. M. Fogg, professor of English and journalism at the University of Nebraska, who organized 21 years ago the Nebraska intercollegiate debate seminary, dubbed "The Think Shop," has just sent out to the 149 alumni of the seminary his 13th annual news letter reviewing the work of the seminary.

The letter is divided into six sections including reminiscences of debates, biographical paragraphs of alumni, statistics and general university news.

Scholarship honors of the seminary include three of the four Rhodes scholars from the university, nine fellowships and 10 scholarships at Harvard, Yale, Columbia, Cornell, Chicago and Wisconsin, and 24 members of Phi Beta Kappa, honorary scholarship fraternity.

Fraternity members won in competition more than half of the places on teams and in the seminary. Lincoln High school is represented by 24 graduates, Omaha Central High by eight and Beatrice High by seven.

Twenty-one of the alumni of the seminary are in Omaha and one in Council Bluffs.

Since 1908, the letter states, the student body of the university has tripled in numbers, the city campus has been quadrupled, and the buildings doubled in numbers. The \$3,000 at the 1922 summer session alone practically equalled the total attendance for the year 1906-07. In 1908 there were 3,051 students, while this year the enrollment will exceed 9,500.

Two-thirds of the debaters graduating from the college of law won election to the Order of the Coif which admits only the highest 10th of the classes. Advanced degrees have been taken by 99 graduates of the seminary, 44 of these at other universities.

Omaha alumni of the seminary are James E. Bednar, Frank C. Buita, A. E. Burr, Merton L. Corey, D. Gilbert Eldredge, Benjamin Harrison, Homer G. Hewitt, R. C. Hunter, Guy C. Kildoo, William R. King George A. Lee, Herbert B. Potter, Anan Raymond, J. Dean Ringer, Charles A. Sunderlin, A. C. Swenson, G. M. Tunison, R. A. Van Orsdel, Joseph T. Votava, George M. Wallace and J. O. Wentworth. C. C. Strimple of Omaha is a member of the class of 1923. Raymond A. Smith is the Council Bluffs alumnus.

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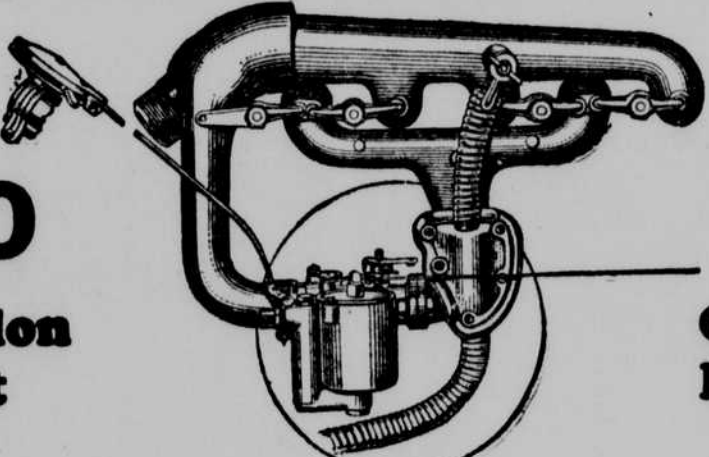
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Professor George Granger Brown, of the Department of Chemical Engineering, of the University of Michigan, in an article recently published in the Journal of Industrial and Engineering Chemistry, proves by tests made that due to poor carburetion the five million Ford cars in the United States waste approximately \$100,000,000.00 worth of gasoline per year.

an official test made under the supervision of the American Automobile Association.

This new carburetor equipment not only doubles your mileage, but starts your motor easily, increases your power, improves your acceleration and gives you a smoothness of operation never before experienced.

This is an average of \$20.00 for every Ford car.

Equip your car today. Perfect satisfaction guaranteed.

This useless waste can be stopped by equipping your Ford car with the new Stromberg carburetor and hot spot, which showed the remarkable efficiency of 51.6 miles on one gallon of 58 test gasoline in

Can you afford to drive your car another day and continue this constant loss in money, to say nothing of the conservation of our national resources?

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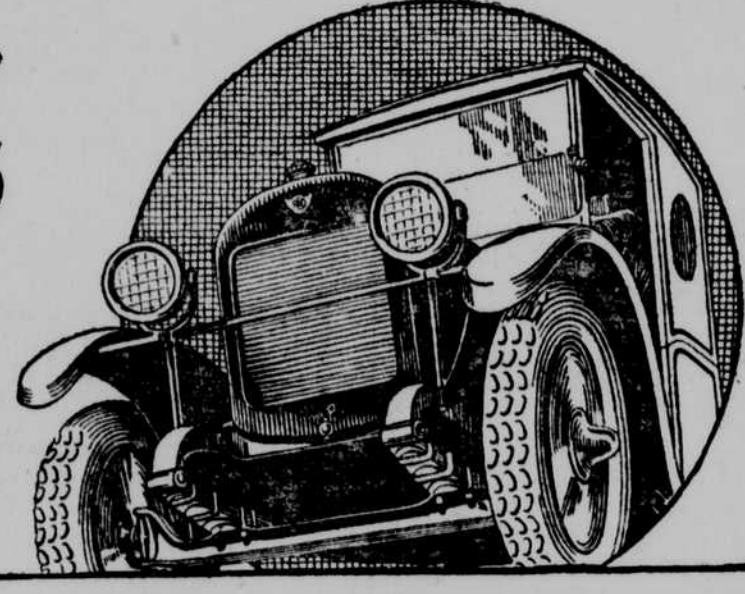
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