

Today

Stone, Good Choice.
Hughes, of Australia.
Nature Is Wonderful.
Kinds of Courage.

By ARTHUR BRISBANE

President Coolidge has appointed Harlan F. Stone attorney general. He is an able lawyer, recently dean of Columbia law school, and a great authority on constitutional law.

The president has picked out a good man, who will be neither for nor against anything, but for the laws. His appointment may disappoint some "interests" that demanded "our kind" of a man.

Mr. Hughes, the war prime minister of Australia, told some Americans about Australia yesterday in New York city.

Mr. Hughes' country, stretching 3,000 miles from Sydney to Perth, more than 2,000 miles from north to south, with a population of only 6,000,000 white people, stands as the vanguard of western civilization. Just beyond is the shadow of a thousand million Asiatics.

What Mr. Hughes had to say interests every man in America. This column will be devoted to his talk, presently, perhaps on Sunday or Monday next.

Nature is "wonderful." There are birds like animals, animals like birds. The strangeness of creation is inexhaustible. The University of Pennsylvania sends an expedition to catch an hoazin bird that breaks stones with its beak, swims like a duck, flies like a bat. The same expedition will look also for a "bell bird." Instead of singing it tinkles like a bell.

There are snakes that swallow their young to protect them, then let them out again. There is a lady toad that lays her eggs on the back of her husband, who hops around cheerfully in the sunlight, hatching the toads. Nature really is wonderful.

There are various kinds of courage. Fighting courage is the most important perhaps, in such a civilization as ours. The courage to express your opinions in the face of opposition is real courage also. That should be remembered by those that meet Bertrand Russell on his next visit to America.

He opposed conscription, but bear in mind that he is 52 years old, and conscription could not have touched him. That is different from opposition by a husky man in his youth, who dislikes the thought of going under fire.

This is a prosperous country, worth defending. Yesterday 1,500,000 stockholders received little envelopes containing dividends amounting to \$250,000,000. If you didn't get any of the dividend envelopes don't waste time envying or hating those that got them. Save your money, invest it, and you can get dividends also. Except for the very unfortunate there is no need to stay really poor in this country.

The interchangeable character of forces, apparently entirely different, is a great aid to science. You send out an electric wave, transform it into a wave sound, and the radio works.

French experimenters literally have transformed the light from Capella, a sun billions of miles away, into sound waves, literally producing "music of the spheres." By this transforming of forces our sister planets, at least, if not the outside suns, will eventually talk to us.

What would be the first question you would ask a lady or gentleman on the planet Mars or Venus?

Mrs. Gross is on trial for killing her husband. She admits the killing. These facts are brought out: The husband said children were too expensive and his wife mustn't have any. She got up at 6:30, got his breakfast, then started at 7:30 for the shop where she worked, getting home at 7:30 at night. The money she made she turned over to him. He beat her quite often, but she didn't mind that at first, because she liked him—not even when he beat her because she didn't make enough money. When he gave her a \$25 diamond ring it was her money that paid for it.

"Justice must be done, the guilty must be punished." But you don't exactly hope that Mrs. Gross will be electrocuted.

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Adele Garrison

"My Husband's Love"

What is Dicky up to now? That low knock upon our living-room door, almost stealthy—or so it appeared to my excited imagination—brought me to a sitting posture as suddenly as if some electric mechanism had propelled me thither.

I found my ears straining for the sound of voices, although I told myself that the answer to my mental query as to the identity of the caller was, no doubt, a most prosaic one.

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Doubtless the janitor—I put that solution impatiently away as the memory of his clumping footsteps came to me—and then the unmistakable voice of my neighbor, Mrs. Marks, sounded in her invariable greeting of "Say!"

There was sudden silence as if further words had been chopped off short, and I visualized some silencing gesture on Dicky's part. Then I heard his voice in low but distinct articulation, and I knew that he was taking no chances upon my being asleep, but meant to make every word audible.

"Yes, she's here. She came in just a little while ago. But she's taking a nap just now. As soon as she wakes up I'll tell her you called. I know she'll be very glad to see you."

"And I'll be very glad to see her," my neighbor replied, heartily, and if she had stopped there I should have gone peacefully to sleep with a smile at my own jealous vagaries. Mrs. Marks was an attractive woman of her type, but I knew my fastidious Peter Pan far too well to imagine his giving her a second glance. I had kept him from being really rude to her upon two or three occasions, because in her rough way she had tried to be neighborly, and I knew that his courtesy to her now was

A Puzzling Situation. simply on my account—or I was not mistaken. The conversation had not ceased. A low indistinct murmur came from the hall, lasting only for a few seconds it is true, but telling me unmistakably that for some reason my husband and my neighbor were talking of something they did not wish me to hear, indeed, fancied that I could not. Then Mrs. Marks' voice rose again in her natural high-pitched tone:

"Sure I can't do nothing for her?" Dicky's reply was the perfunctorily courteous one I naturally should have expected from him, and with a hasty "So long, then," Mrs. Marks went away, or I suppose she did, for I heard no further sound of voices. But, on the other hand, there was no noise of tapping high heels which always signaled her approach or departure, and I wondered why she had chosen different footwear for this particular occasion.

The door into the living room closed and I heard Dicky come back to his chair. With my hand clenched tensely beneath the bed clothing, I lay motionless, with closed eyes, waiting, vaguely, unreasoningly for—what?

I had not long to wait. It was less than five minutes afterward that Dicky rose from his chair and tiptoed to the bedroom door, looking in at me. Instinctively I feigned sleep, and after a few seconds he turned away and the next thing I heard was the closing in quick succession of our living room door and the door leading from our hall into the public corridor.

The sounds galvanized me into an action which ordinarily I would have scorned, but which seemed the inevitable thing to my tortured nerves. Soberly I got out of bed, found a pair of soft slippers and put them on, gathered Dicky's bathrobe closely around me and went to the door leading from the bedroom to the hall.

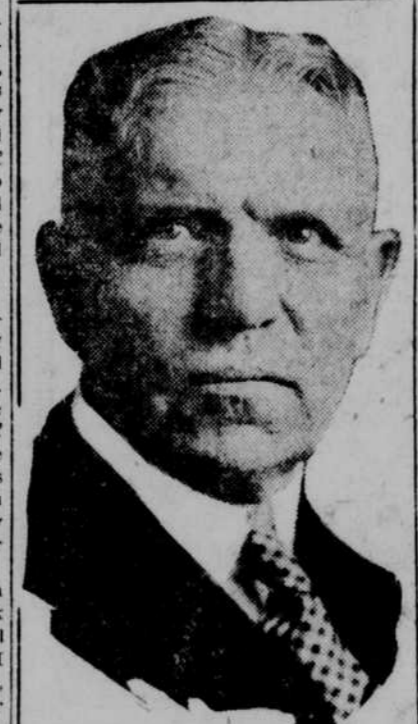
Quick Recognition. This I opened a tiny crack, and peered through it until I was satisfied that the hall was empty. Then I passed through it, leaving it apparently shut, but in such a position that a push would open it, and arranged the bathroom door in the

same manner as I passed by it. Resolutely shutting my mind to the fact that some member of the Marks household might come out of the rear apartment and find me in the hall clad in my bizarre costume, I stole hastily down the hall to the cunningly arranged panel in the colorful glass windows surrounding the well of the stairway, to whose use Mrs. Marks had once introduced me. Standing there, I was effectively sheltered from Dicky's observation should he come back into our hall suddenly.

With infinite care I opened the panel wide enough to give me a view of the hall below. There was no sound of anyone on the stairs or in the hall, and I was just about to close the window and go back to my room with a scathing self-denunciation of my suspicious folly, when down the staircase came in sight a slender girlish figure which walked rapidly out of the building. There was no turn of her head to the left or the right, so that I could not see her features, and she wore a costume unfamiliar to me, but I was certain that she was none other than Mollie Fawcett.

In 1749 Benjamin Franklin elected a turkey for his dinner.

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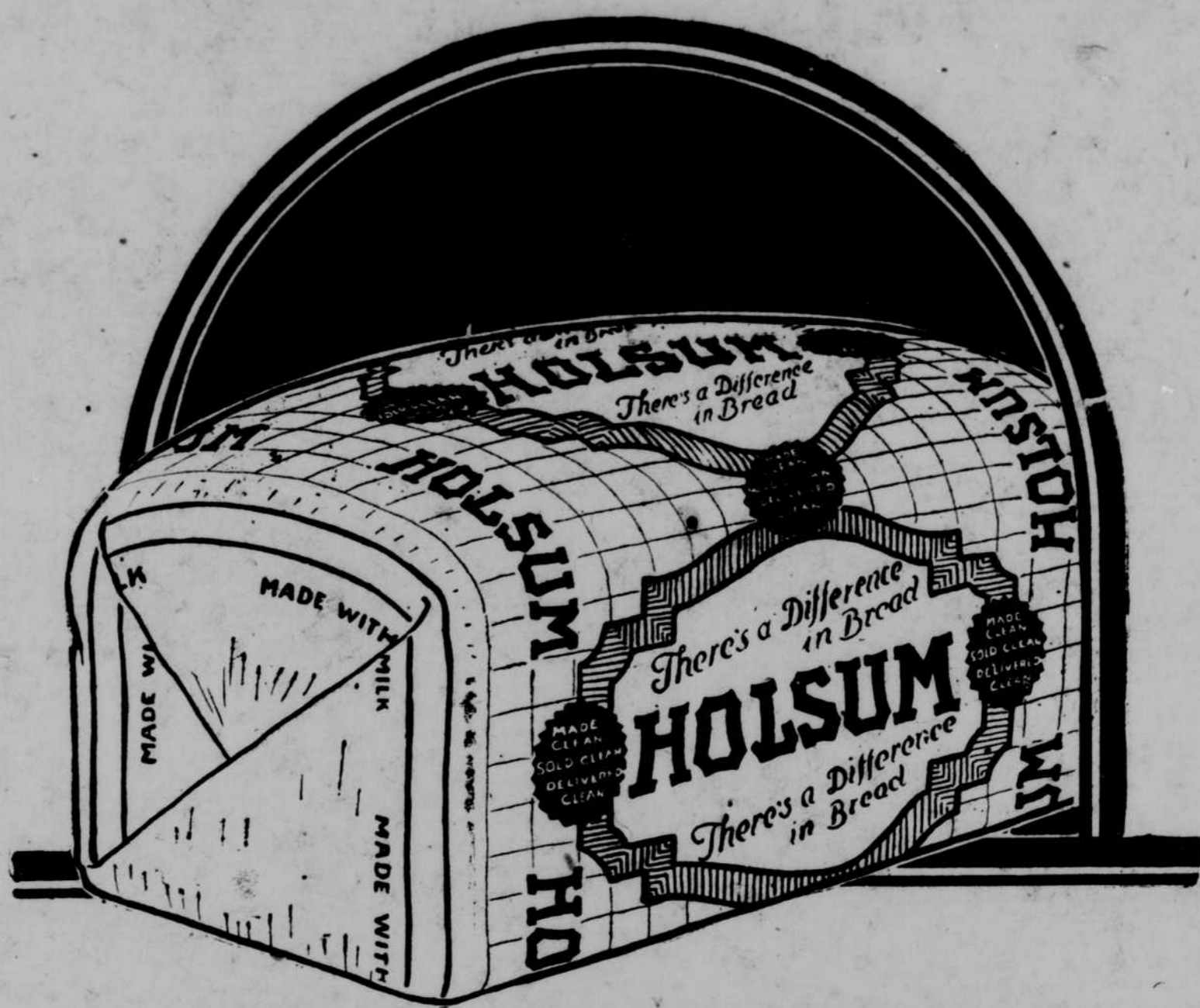
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