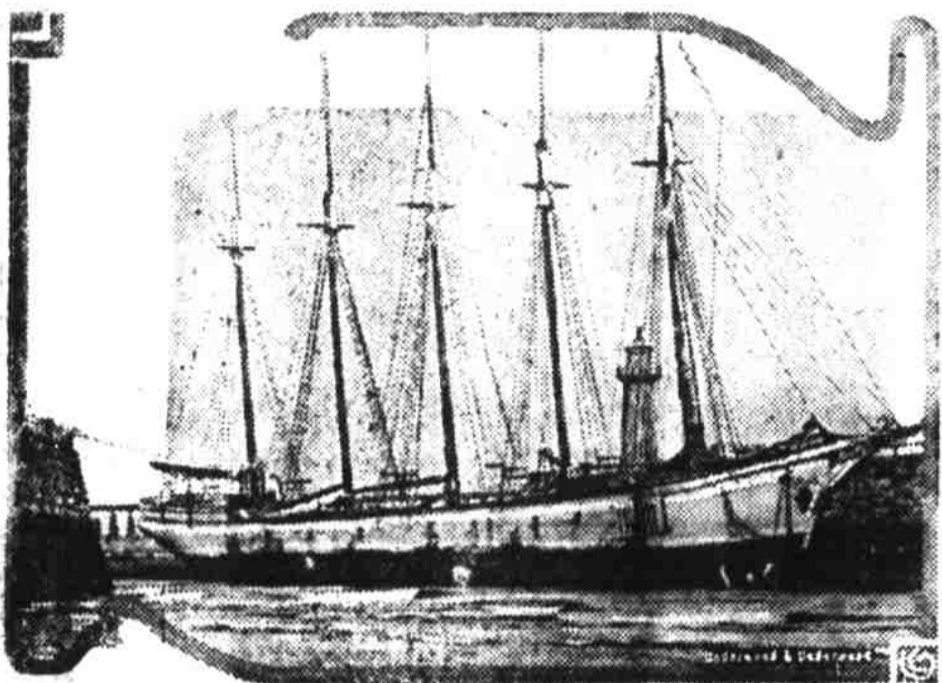


Earl Hanson and His Invention



Earl C. Hanson, American inventor who served in the navy department of engineering during the war, with the receiving apparatus of his new invention on the United States torpedo boat destroyer Semmes, while his apparatus was guiding the vessel through Andros channel. An apparatus on the ship receives impulses from a submarine cable for the purpose. Hanson invented an amplifier which renders the electric signal currents as understandable as a telegraph message. Receivers on each side of the ship give out sounds through ear pieces so the message can tell by the loudness of the sound in each ear when he is over the cable.

Yankee Ship, Long Aground, Is Floated



The five-masted American auxiliary-powered sailing ship Cappelos, which went ashore at Robin Hood's bay on the Yorkshire coast October 24, 1919, and which has just been floated and towed into Whitby harbor.

DELEGATES ARE SERVED SEVENTEEN-CENT DINNER.

(By The Associated Press.) NEW YORK, Nov. 19.—Delegates to the convention of the National Hotel Association here couldn't believe that only 15 minutes from the tip of Manhattan tempting meals are served for exactly 17 cents each. So Frederick A. Wallis, Immigration Commissioner on Ellis Island, invited doubters on a tour of culinary inspection, just to show they do it on Uncle Sam's doorstep.

A number of the hotel men, who say they are intent on bringing down the cost of tavern fare, accepted the Commissioner's invitation, with the idea of infusing some of the Ellis Island method into the conduct of their own kitchens.

"For particulars," said the Commissioner, "see MacGowan."

The secret of reducing the costliness of provender as it appears, steaming and succulent, on the dinner table, is a mystery, but MacGowan, D. T. MacGowan, caterer on the island, is on the inside. His explanation runs: "Purchases on a lowest bid basis, quantity production, and profits never more than 1.95 per cent on the monthly investment; result, 17 cent dinners."

And someone interposed that MacGowan "couldn't serve a regular meal for 17 cents," he exhibited, as a sample menu, the following:

Breakfast: rice with milk, stewed

prunes, bread and butter and coffee with two lumps of sugar to the cup.

Dinner: English beef soup with barley, Irish stew with vegetables, tapioca pudding and coffee.

Supper: Lamb hash, green peppers, bread and butter, blackberry jelly, coffee and tea.

NEW YORK, Nov. 19.—Capture off the coast of British Columbia of a remarkable humpback whale with two hind limbs became known here recently when the bones of the unique appendages arrived at the American Museum of Natural History. Scientists attached to the museum thumbed their tomes on evolution, edged their brains and concluded the legs might have been a singular reversion of primitive type.

Back in prehistoric ages, they said, the multicart granddads of modern whales may have strutted about on land. But, so far as they knew, no other whale with bones outside the body had ever been seen by man.

There was no earthly or waterly reason for the rear legs of the whale found off the British Columbia coast. It couldn't use them for swimming, as they were not flappers nor were the pedal extremities webbed. They were simply excess baggage.

But now they are the subject of lectures, lantern slides and profound discussion.

Uncle Walt's Story



BALMY PEACE

"IN THE sylvan solitudes," said the wild man of the woods, "a man doesn't see any magazines and doesn't receive any bulletins from the health authorities, so he enjoys a peace that is never known in the busy haunts."

"There a man simply has to subscribe for a lot of magazines, as a matter of self-defense. Canvassers are after him all the time. Some of the canvassers are lone widows with many children to support, and others are energetic young men who are trying to work their way through the veterinary college.

They are deserving people, and you feel it a duty to help them along, so the first thing you know your mail box is jammed full of literature. Having paid for it, you feel that you ought to read it, and your life is ruined thereby.

"When I was young, the magazines tried to entertain people. They had good stories and a Poet's Corner, and a department devoted to timely jokes, and another to household hints and domestic recipes. There was some sense in reading a magazine then, for it soothed and sustained you. But nowadays the magazine editors consider it their duty to harrow your soul and make your hair stand on end like quills upon the porkful freckle, or words to that effect. They are always viewing with alarm, and trying to convince you that you take your life in your hand every five minutes.

"They have a lot of health specialists writing for them, and these health sharps point out that pretty near everything you eat and drink is a deadly poison. They didn't scare me to any great extent, for I am a most intrepid man, but they soon had my wife so rattled she didn't know whether she was going or coming.

"I always was passionately fond of a good cup of coffee, and my wife could make the best coffee you ever heard of. She went to work at it like a learned apothecary compounding a prescription. There was no guess work about it. She took an honest pride in it, and her coffee was a revelation to every consumer. I used to lie awake at night wishing it was breakfast time, so I could have my morning cup of coffee.

"But one morning when I went to the table the coffee was missing. In its place there was a sickly beverage I had never seen before. I asked an explanation, and my wife said that no more coffee would be made in our house. 'The wonder is,' said she, 'that we still live and move and have our being, for coffee is a rank poison. If you read Dr. Zinkfoogle's article in the Junkopolitan Magazine, you will see that coffee contains a large percentage of tannin, which is so deadly that if you place a drop on the tongue of an alligator, it will roll over, dead.'

"I told her that I had no alligators on the premises, and consequently could not try the experiment, but I assured her that I didn't care anything about the poison. I wanted my coffee at regular hours. She said I'd have to keep on wanting. She thought too much of me to send me to an untimely grave. And, anyhow, she explained Dr. Zinkfoogle had told how to make a substitute for coffee that was perfectly wholesome. She had followed his instructions, and the result was before me. Perhaps it didn't taste as good as coffee, but it was wholesome. It would fill my veins with red corpuscles and restore hair to my bald head. It was made of marrowfat peas which had been carefully roasted in a hot oven.

"In order to get a cup of coffee after that I had to make a sneak to the chop house, and the kind dished up there made me old before my time. My wife cut out all my favorite dishes because Dr. Zinkfoogle or some other magazine writer denounced them, and finally I was living on roasted peas coffee and boiled spinach, and I concluded that if I had to feed like the cows I'd live like them, so I came to the forest fastnesses."

"Marriage Breaker" Busy. One of the deplorable results of bolshevik misrule in Russia is the installing of a "breaker of marriages" in Petrograd, who is said to be granting more than 500 divorces a week. No investigation is necessary, the only requirement being the signature of the person desiring freedom from marriage.

A Helpful Hint. "A-T-T-E-N-T-I-O-N" growled a hypercritical customer in the rapid fire restaurant. "This confounded piece of meat is so tough I can hardly eat it!" "Get it down on the floor where you can put your foot on it when you gnaw it," briskly returned Heloise, the waitress.—Kansas City Star.

The Difference. "A good housewife is very different from a good husbandman." "How so?" "She is always sewing tears."

Today's Geography



CAROLINE ISLANDS: AN OCEANIC MUSEUM

Whatever the political future of the Caroline Islands, which Japan seized from Germany, they are bound to be objects of scientific interest for generations to come.

Who built the massive stone structures which give evidence of a high degree of civilization at some prehistoric time?

What was the origin of the stone currency, some "coins" of which weigh five tons?

These are but two of the many questions which these Pacific islands of mystery present.

The stone ruins extend from Ponape, an island toward the east of the group, to Yap, on the west. Yap will be recalled as the island which figured so conspicuously in the peace treaty discussion because of the proposal to cede it to the United States.

On Yap are great stone terraces, embankments and roads, composed of neatly laid stone blocks, stone graves, stone platforms and enormous chambers resembling council lodges with gables and tall pillars, frequently carved.

Ponape is the "Pacific Venice." There the ruins are partly submerged. Apparently they once stood on an island city, unless their site was connected with other islands before a terrific upheaval inundated them.

What remains today is more than half a hundred rectangular walled islets, projecting above the waters of a lagoon. There is an outer lagoon, separated by a breakwater three miles long. In all this construction huge basalt blocks were used. Apparently they were untouched by iron tools. Recent study has confirmed the belief that these mighty megalithic monuments antedate the present native population of the Carolines.

Origin of the unique stone coinage is not known. Shell money seems to have supplanted the unwieldy stone disks for "small change" long before the white man arrived. The stone "money" is made from limestone or calcite. It probably was employed for primitive banking rather than for general circulation. Its security from theft was assured by its weight. Specimens are found piled about the homes of native chieftains.

Including reefs not inhabited, the Caroline Islands number more than 500. Of the total land area of 300 square miles 307 square miles is com-



King of Mual District and One of His Wives.

prising in Ponape, Yap, Kusale and Hologu, or Tuak. In 1911 the total population was about 55,000, and of these fewer than 400 were Europeans.

The islands extend for about one thousand miles east and west. They lie more than fifteen hundred miles to the east of the Philippines and about a thousand miles north of New Guinea.

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FRENCH GENERAL THINKS AMERICA A WONDERLAND

(By The Associated Press.)

PARIS, Nov. 1.—General Fayolle said upon his return recently from his three weeks stay in the United States, "I have just discovered America and America has conquered me. It is a wonderland."

"It has been a hard fight, those three weeks in America," the General went on with the usual humorous twinkle in his eye. "I come back on the verge of collapse with grim dyspepsia holding me in its grip. Without taking back anything that I have said about American Expeditionary Force cooks being rank amateurs, I must take off my hat to American chefs. There were many banquets, luncheons, I survived them all."

To the suggestion that most of the chefs at the leading hotels were French, General Fayolle replied: "They may be

but they certainly have undergone an evolution for they had strange dishes of their own."

"Did you miss your wine with your meals," he was asked.

"I never missed my wine," Fayolle replied.

"Don't ask me to talk local American politics," General Fayolle went on when requested to explain whether he meant that he had his wine twice a day as is his custom or that he did not miss it temperamentally.

"I have had a grandiose reception that I shall never forget although I am certain that it was not for me personally but because I represented Marshal Foch and the French Army."

"I have lived through it," said the General, "but even the most of my tour had to admit that it was a hard one."