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The World's Greatest Dam.
Plans have been made to build a dam on the Colorado river which will hold back a volume of water equal to two years' flow of the entire 1,800 miles of rushing river. The dam is to be 700 feet high, approximately the height of the Woolworth building in New York city. The dam will form a reservoir with an area of 200 square miles and an average depth of 350 feet. This body of water will constitute the largest artificial lake in the world. One western railroad system is already planning to operate a fleet of steamers to carry tourists over this man-made lake to the Grand canyon, the wonder spot of America. The Panama canal is the only undertaking ever attempted in America which may be compared in magnitude or boldness of conception to this engineering project, which will transform an empire of waste into a region of productivity.—World's Work.

YONKERS HAS THE CUCKOO

Citizen Complains That the Birds Are Somewhat Too Attentive to Business.

A proud but truthful resident of Yonkers admitted that there were a lot of cuckoos there. He wasn't proud of the cuckoos, particularly. As far as cuckoos are concerned, his pride is strictly civic. If one must have cuckoos, he prefers the Swiss kind, which are vocal only when wound up and then only at intervals.

The Yonkers cuckoo doesn't have to be wound up. The imported eight-day cuckoo is a piker beside the Yonkers cuckoo. The Yonkers cuckoo stays awake half the night waiting for the dawn and each has the same pride in being the first to salute the earliest gleam of the sky that a farmer's wife has in getting her washing out before a neighbor's line is strung.

From the moment that the night becomes faintly luminous until about 9:35 a. m. the air is tremulous with cuckoos. From 9:35 to 10:05, the cuckoos knock off for lunch. Then they're at it again until dark. They yelp "cuck-oo" at every resident of Yonkers they see and even at strangers from Peekskill. When the street is utterly deserted they murmur "cuck-oo, cuck-oo" just for practice.

BIRD DOESN'T HAVE TO FLY

Washington Specimen Uses the Street Car as His Particular Means of Transportation.

Now that spring is here, it may interest bird lovers to know that at least one bird has solved the problem of transportation without the use of wings.

Birds are famous for their migrations, but hitherto they always have used wing power. Now comes along one local bird who gets himself from place to place with scarcely the flap of a wing.

This bird came riding down Pennsylvania avenue about eleven o'clock one morning last week. He was perched on the roof of a street car coming from Georgetown.

When the car stopped at Eleventh street the bird alighted, and walked gravely up and down the platform. He was a fine, big fellow, with a black body and a blue head, but did not look like a blackbird.

After surveying the post office department for a bit, the bird flew over to a car about to leave for Mount Vernon, and established himself on the roof.

When the car pulled out, the bird was with it.—Washington Star.

The story that the soviet authorities have removed vast treasures in gold, silver and precious stones from the churches causes us to wonder how they happened to remain there so long.

FALL ONE BY ONE

How Time Brings Changes in a City's Landmarks.

Famous Old Washington Square, in New York, is a Good Example—Once Place of Execution.

It is sweet to dance to violins
When love and life are fair—
To dance to flutes, to dance to lutes
Is delicate and rare;
But it is not sweet with nimble feet
To dance upon—the air.
—Oscar Wilde. "Ballad of Reading Gaol."

A city grows. Landmarks which have defied time fall before wreckers and landmarks of the future take their places. The tales whispered about them are lost in the crush of riveting hammers, in the rumble of subway trains, in the roar of truck engines and the shouts of truck drivers.

Often time works to change completely not only the physical aspect of a locality, but also its spirit.

Washington square, says a New York Sun writer, is a name to conjure with, more, of course, in cities and towns far from New York than within the limits of the greater city. Wherever aspiring and hopefully artistic youth congregate, in every city in every state, eyes are turned toward the radical artistic groups with which the square and its environs are inevitably associated. And feet have a way of following eyes.

Countless thousands come every year from Iowa and Missouri, from Arkansas and Texas, to spend a few weeks in the metropolis; perhaps to stay, if the city is welcoming.

They go, after the Woolworth tower, straight to Greenwich Village. They drink bohemian tea in eagerly artistic places; they dance to the strains of violins in the hands of unpublished poets. They dance and are thrilled.

Most of them—perhaps even some New Yorkers—who "dance to violins"—not, it is to be feared, "to flutes, to lutes"—are missing a thrill justifiably theirs.

On a gray morning a hundred years ago a trembling negro girl was led up the steps of a gibbet. Whether the girl, Rose Butler, had committed the murder for which she died cannot be said. Probably, not to do our ancestors injustice, she deserved her fate. At any rate she paid the penalty. "It is not sweet with nimble feet to dance upon the air."

The gibbet upon which Rose Butler and others died was set up at the point where now the Fifth avenue busses sweep into Washington square to discharge their loads of sightseers, many of them to dance in the more commodious of the village tea shops.

But there was no Washington square in those days. Instead, the space it now covers was part of the pauper field in which those too poor to be given the luxury of tombstones were buried. Hundreds of pauper funerals passed through lanes that are now famous streets of New York's "Quartier Latin," wending their way to the public burying ground.

Even in those days the district was taking on a more fashionable aspect, however. Monument lane (or Greenwich lane) passed on one side of the cemetery and it was at the insistence of those who rode over the fashionable drive in still more fashionable carriages that the field was abandoned as a cemetery in 1823, after 26 years of service to the city.

Washington arch has replaced the gibbet as the laughter of gaiety has replaced the silence of the pauper field; as polished wood has replaced the air as a dance floor. And time changes thrills as it changes landscapes.

"Poison Squad" at Work.

The Brooklyn Botanic garden has a poison squad which has enjoyed little publicity, but has enjoyed poor health. A paragraph of a recent report of the garden reads:

"Dr. Perley Spaulding, pathologist, United States Department of Agriculture, called at the gardens and secured cuttings of five species of currant. The shrubs propagated from these cuttings will be used by Doctor Spaulding in his investigations of destructive diseases."

The scientist now has this currant bush poison squad working night and day seeing how unhealthy it can get. These currant bushes have all the ailments that a currant bush is heir to, and the chances are they may never get well. If it were possible for these bushes to express their opinion of all this listeners would probably hear some sizzling current opinion.

Elephant Desk Light for Good Luck.

Elephants carved from ebony or ivory have long been popular in the home, superstition having attached to them the power to bring good luck to their owners.

Now comes a glorified symbol of fortune's smile for desk or boudoir, consisting of a beautifully made electrolier. In this the animal, sturdily made, bears on his back the palanquin-shaped lamp, which furnishes a richly colored light.

Whether or not an elephant so fitted brings good luck to his possessor beyond the luck of owning such an exquisite accessory, the average girl would find sufficient pleasure in ownership to believe the sign had already "come true."—Exchange.

"White Coal" in Sweden.

In 1920 Swedish hydro-electric stations were developing 1,300,000-horse power. The equipment since added probably brings the total close to 1,600,000-horse power.

The hand that pulls the plowline feeds the world.
Instead of crawling on all fours business is now hitting on them.
A sane view of it is what is needed most for the psychopathic clinic.
A good judge of fruit is one who can tell a cantaloupe from a lemon.

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