

PICKED BY TYPE

Observant Man Explains Average Stenographic Force.

Generally Selected as the Result of the Boss' Early Experience—Wife Sometimes an Influence.

"How do you account for the fact that in some offices all the stenographers are fat, in other offices all the stenographers are thin, and in still other offices are medium sized?" demanded the loquacious commutator, the New York Sun states.

"You aren't," replied the sleepy commutator crossly. "In offices I know there are thick, thin and medium stenographers 'all together.'"

"No, you're wrong, old man," commented the loquacious commutator cheerfully. "I've given this matter my serious attention for some time. The offices where stenographers are of mixed sizes are the exception. In nine offices out of ten you'll find the stenographers all run true to form—whether the form is light, heavy or medium."

"It's the same way with coloring. In some of the offices all stenographers are dark and in other offices all, or almost all, of the stenographers have medium coloring."

"Well, what's the answer?" sighed the sleepy commutator, resigning himself to instructions.

"My opinion is," explained the loquacious commutator happily, "that it's all due to the proprietor's early experience."

"When he began business and was only able to employ one stenographer, he happened to draw a plump one. She proved amiable, reliable, and just what he wanted, and without realizing it, he stored away in the back of his mind the experience that fat stenographers are desirable. When engaging stenographers ever since he has always leaned to this type. He may have had many good stenographers who were plump, but in a big office the work goes on in such a way that this would scarcely come to his attention. Quite unconsciously he continues to cling to the type he first favored."

TRADE WITH THE FAR EAST

Writer Points Out How It May Be Developed Almost Beyond the Imagination.

Some people say the Chinese are so poor that it will be difficult to increase their trade with us, writes Robert Dollar in the Nation's Business. I say that opportunities in China are greater than in any other country, and I will illustrate how this trade can be enlarged with a conversation I once had with a Chinese on a street in his native city. I said to him:

"We are going to increase trade here by increasing the purchasing power of the people."

"But," said he, "it cannot be done." At that moment a wagon load of lumber from my lumber yard came along; it was being pulled by thirteen men. It was in the winter and snow lay on the ground, but those men were all barefooted. I was paying them eight cents a day. I said:

"You take those thirteen men off that wagon, put a horse there with one man to drive and put the other twelve men into a factory and you will increase their purchasing power. They will buy more and develop the commerce of your country."

I asked him how many persons in China were going barefooted, and he replied that there must be 100,000,000 anyway, if not more. I told him that they were going barefooted from necessity and not from choice and that if they could earn more they would not go barefooted. Each one of them wanted to buy a pair of shoes and stockings. Maybe a shoe manufacturer will read this. What would it mean to him to supply 100,000,000 people?

And bear in mind that shoes are not the only necessities that these 100,000,000 people are doing without for the simple reason that they have been too poor to buy.

ORIGIN OF COATS OF ARMS Employed as Method of Recognition in Days When Learning Was in Its Infancy.

Almost every name of European origin, which has been passed down for the centuries unchanged, except for a slight alteration in its spelling, had in the earliest time, before surnames were used, and when language was undeveloped and few could read or write, a totem or seal, which represented it. The totem was used as a seal. All persons of property had a seal, and when knighthood was introduced in feudal times, after the Roman era, the device of the seal was painted on the knight's shield, and he was known thereby when the helmet was closed in warfare or in tournaments. The earliest knights had no crest. Later, when the knights in a family multiplied, crests on the top of the helmets were adopted to distinguish those who bore similar arms on their shields. Crests represented the Christian name, the arms the surname. The arms were often printed or embroidered on the knight's mantle and horse blanket, and hence was termed "coat of arms."

"SCADS" MAKE A DIFFERENCE

Romanticists May Deny It, but Average Man Beyond Middle Age Knows It to Be a Fact.

Someone—Raymond Hitchcock, I think—used to sing a little song about the difference just a few hours makes. He might have gone a little farther. What a difference just a few dollars make.

Rebecca Colt—it is Cole, now though it used to be something else when Old Abe opened his boots, bottles and iron emporium in our back-alley—Rebecca and I used to be good friends. She was a turnation pretty girl, Becky was. More than that. She was a ripping, raving, tearing beauty. She didn't have the clothes, then. The most you could say for them was that they were clean. The girls in our town were just finding out that hair could be marcelled, waved and what-not by hired help. Their mothers had always washed their own hair and sat on the back porch until it dried. Becky had to wash her own and fluff it around with her hands until it could be put up. Entrancingly pretty, Becky was, at such moments.

I was in love with her, of course. But my mother savaged me whenever the fact came to her attention. Becky was pretty, she admitted, but that was about all that could be said of her, and she was handicapped by that boots, bottles, and old iron ancestry. Becky was sort of in love with me, I think. Just propinquity, probably, but her eyes used to shine very pretty when I hove in sight. Well, I was chased away from the paternal hamlet for one reason and another, and when I got back the old man had moved to a better street, and mother rode down to market in a glass-enclosed car that had a sort of family likeness to a hearse, and the town newspaper printed my picture, as the son of the well-known and popular, etc.

So I sort of looked down on Becky. When we met we were both embarrassed. We could not get back to the frank camaraderie of our youth. That infernal boots, bottles and old iron skeleton rattled its dry bones in our ears. I walked down Main street with Becky one day, but I was conscious of my concealment.

I met Becky again yesterday, for the first time in years. Old Abe has had that second-hand shoestring of his in to a large and odorous tannery. He will always be Old Abe, essentially bootsy, bottley, and old iron, but nevertheless rich. Becky has married a rising young millionaire. They have more bottles in their cellar than I ever saw in a fancy grocery.

Becky descended to me. Nothing nasty. But she was conscious of her social superiority. Ain't it funny what a difference just a few scads make!—Chicago Daily News.

Wedding Rings. It was once an old English wedding custom for the bridegroom at the ceremony to present the bride with a purse of money as well as a ring. This appears in the words of the ceremony as given in an old edition of the prayer book:

"With this ring I thee wed. This gold and silver I give thee." The ring was the sign that the wife was entrusted with her husband's property; specially valuable possessions were delivered into her care. She was responsible for them. Wedding rings were often used as seals, and with them the fastenings of household treasures were stamped. Roman rings were iron seals, rings, and it was common for a man to give his wife two of them—one, of gold, to wear outside the house for show and one, of iron, for ever; day use. The tradition of the "fourth finger of the left hand with the vein leading directly to the heart" seems to have an ancient origin, the thumb being reckoned as first finger.

Once Was Enough. There's one taxicab driver in New York who has an inordinate fear of highwaymen, especially when he's crossing a bridge, says the Sun, of that city. He takes ingenious precautions to foil holdup men.

IS RICH REGION

Valley of the Rio Grande Famous for Its Early Crops.

River Also a Landmark in Expeditions of Spanish Explorers—Heard Shot Like That at Concord.

"The Rio Grande, flowing between Texas and Mexico, which has been giving an all too realistic imitation of the Mississippi on a rampage, is normally so shallow and sluggish that immigration agents and customs officers are kept busy 'shooting' back Mexicans who would enter the United States by the simple and informal procedure of wading in," says a bulletin from the Washington headquarters of the National Geographic society in regard to the country's latest flood region.

"It is hard," continues the bulletin, "for the Mexico-bound traveler to realize under normal conditions that the ribbon of water meandering through a broad bed of sand is the stream that in Spanish means 'The Great River.' But once a year, at least, and sometimes often, the Rio Grande fully lives up to its name.

"The loam banks of the lower Rio Grande and its broad, fertile valley, covered with a heavy growth of thorny mesquite—half shrub and half-tree—was long considered a wilderness and given over to deer, wild pigs, armadillos and jackrabbits. Then came ranchmen to graze great herds of beef cattle among the feathery sea of green. Large areas, somewhat removed from the river are still given over to cattle raising.

"But near the stream pumping stations and irrigation canals have come into existence in recent years, and each spring, and summer thousands of carloads of watermelons, cantaloupes, onions, cabbage, and other vegetables stream north from the region to help feed the more northern portions of the country. For this region, near the warm Gulf of Mexico and barely outside the tropics, competes with Florida and the Imperial valley in producing early crops.

"Still more recently another development has taken place which promises to make the Rio Grande a second San Joaquin valley. Between a million and a half and two million citrus fruit trees have been planted, and in the winter of 1921-'22 the first carloads of oranges and grapefruit were shipped out.

"Historically, the Rio Grande has held a prominent place. It was one of the chief landmarks in the famous expeditions of the Spanish explorers who pushed up into Texas and on to New Mexico and California four centuries ago. Later it became a sort of southern Concord; for if the shot fired in Massachusetts in April, 1775, was heard round the world, a shot fired on the banks of the lower Rio Grande on another April morning seventy-one years later by Gen. Zachary Taylor's soldiers might be said to have been heard over an area of half a million square miles. That area was added to the United States as a result of the shot; for it brought on the Mexican war which resulted in the annexation of what is now California, Nevada, Utah, Arizona and parts of New Mexico, Colorado and Wyoming. In addition, this skirmish near the mouth of the Rio Grande led to the confirmation of the annexation of Texas which had brought an additional quarter million square miles under the American flag.

"Part of the region lately inundated was known to thousands of doughboys during the mobilization along the Mexican border, shortly before the United States entered the World war. Port Isabel, almost at the mouth of the Rio Grande, came into newspaper fame in the fall of 1920, when Senator Harding, having just finished the strenuous campaign which took him to the White House, went there for big game fishing.

The Bloom of Summer. There is a slight but perceptible color in the atmosphere of summer. It is not visible close at hand, nor always where the light falls strongest, and if looked at too long it sometimes fades away. But over gorge and heath, in the warm hollows of wheat fields, and round about the rising ground there is something more than air alone. It is not mist, nor the lazy vapour of autumn, nor the blue tints that come over distant hills and woods. As there is a bloom upon peach and grape, so this is the bloom of summer. The air is ripe and rich, full of the emanations, the perfume from corn and flower and leafy tree. In strictness, of course, the term will not be accurate, yet by what other word can this appearance in the atmosphere be described but as a bloom?—Richard Jefferies.

ALL ACCORDING TO NATURE

Animals and Birds Universally Obey Law Seemingly Implanted by a Supreme Intelligence.

Strange things happen in the jungles. Curveth Wells, explorer and lecturer, tells about the hornbills, long-tailed birds so big they often measure five feet from tail tip to beak. In Malay Jungles Wells saw the male hornbill during the mating season drive the female into a hollow tree, then wall up the opening with mud. This protects Mamma Hornbill against enemies. She stays in her jail until eggs are laid and hatched. Then pa lets her out. Meantime he has fed her through a small opening left in the mud. He gathers the food by using his saw-toothed beak to cut fruits and flowers from their stalks. Maybe that's where man originally got his idea for the saw, now used to cut boards.

"Not necessary to go as far as Malaysia. In Canada, when timber wolves mate, Mrs. Wolf hunts a cavern with a roof that slopes downward to meet the floor in a V-shape. She pushes her young far back in the V. This is to keep Pa Wolf from eating his family. Mother Wolf can get at the babies easily, with her small body. Pa Wolf, having a larger body, cannot wedge himself in far enough to reach them. Wise nature that makes Mother Wolf smaller than pa. Wise Mother Wolf that knows, in advance, her husband's appetite and how to baffle it.

Seals swim north to rookeries or breeding grounds. The male seals go first, house hunting. After they have located good homes, near plentiful food supply, messengers swim back to summon the cow seals.

In the baby ward of a hospital you see infants, each in his own bed, all very orderly. Mother Bee does the same, builds an apartment house of cells with wax walls. In each cell one egg is laid and one individual raised. Wasps have the same system, manufacturing in their bodies the paper with which they make the cells. Ants build their nurseries in the earth or rotted trees, with many bedrooms, also corridors through which Mother Ant dashes about, peering into each room to see that baby is O. K. then on to the next.

You cannot explain these peculiar things in nature, any more than you can explain why a male peacock always has four wives, never more, never less. All forms of life seem to revolve around the function of having children. Considering the intricacies and far-sightedness of what we call nature, it is bewildering how any man can fall to believe that a Supreme Intelligence is behind it all.

To Explore the Sahara. Under Rothschild auspices, a zoological expedition, composed of one Englishman and one Scotchman, is foraging its way deep into the heart of the Sahara desert, a region which is practically unmaped zoologically, the Living Age states.

At its head is Capt. Angus Buchanan, a zoological explorer of great skill and experience. The expedition has been sent to find and collect birds, animals and plants wherever it is able to penetrate, to look for any traces of Roman or other classical civilization in the central Sahara, and to secure camera and motion-picture records of the habits, customs and general mode of life of the inhabitants of the country.

The expedition, with its camel caravan, is now heading for the desert north of Nigeria. Communications are necessarily very irregular, for there are only five main roads across the desert, some of which have never yet been traveled by Europeans. Once Captain Buchanan leaves the French post of Agades there may be no news from him for months.

COMFORTABLE SUM IN SIGHT

North Carolina Man Has Valid Claim Against the Government for Million Dollars Cash.

A novel document, upon which is based a claim on the federal government for approximately \$1,000,000, principal and accrued interest on a deposit made in the United States treasury in Philadelphia in 1795, is in possession of Major J. L. White, a retired physician of Rowan county, North Carolina.

The document consists of an inscription on a copper plate bequeathing to the finder of the plate the initial deposit and accrued interest.

Major White, who served in the war between the states as the youngest major in the Confederate army, says he found the plate in a cave in North Carolina while taking refuge from a storm.

The circular sheet of hammered copper has the following inscription: "As I came from the old country I deposited \$9,000 (nine thousand dollars) in the United States treasury, in Philadelphia, in 1795. I donate this money to the finder of this plate, as I am wounded and bound to die.—H. A. Barkley."

Major White says he found the plate in 1914 and went to the North American bank in Philadelphia, which took over the affairs of the United States treasury about 1812, where, he said, he was shown the treasury record where one H. A. Barkley had made deposit as specified on the plate.

The president of the bank told him the interest and principal would amount to approximately \$1,000, but advised him to delay efforts to get possession of the money owing to unsettled conditions attendant upon the World war, which had already begun.

He says he showed the plate to William G. McAdoo, then secretary of the treasury, who, he declared, assured him it was a perfectly valid claim against the government.

"I don't need the money now," says Major White, "but it is a comfortable feeling to know that Uncle Sam owes me \$1,000,000."

Solid Comfort. Little Florence had been tucked in bed shortly after the woman called, and her mother seated herself comfortably in a chair by the grate and remarked, "Now we can have a good, old-time gossip."

MAN TO BE ENVIED

Follower of Confucius Has Many Advantages.

Both at Home and Abroad, Writes Points Out, He is Favored Over Other Nationalities.

Wherever the Chinaman may be—and he is found in every part of the world—he has certain advantages which, for instance, the American or Englishman does not have. Let us first mention the advantages of being a Chinaman in his homeland, being Chaolin writes in the New York Evening Post. For one thing, he never has to be bored by political speeches. Chinese politicians hardly make any speeches; the few speeches they make are more refreshing and more revealing, for they tell in a few phrases the full tragedy of the politician. For example, a Chinese politician is likely to begin his remarks, be they oral or written, in some such way as this: "I, unworthy Chenling, who have neither upheld the honor of my illustrious ancestors nor met the expectations of the honorable people of this land, who am without both ability and learning..." How much more educative political meetings in America would be if tradition compelled the speakers to make such frank revelations about themselves!

Another of the inestimable advantages of being a Chinaman in his homeland is the careful way in which the illusion of life's drama is maintained for him. This drama, as is commonly known, has only two actors—man and woman. And the elementary requirement of any drama is that the mechanics of it should be hidden, that the property man should not get on the stage when the curtain is still up. Now in China, the heroine of life's drama never spoils the show, as is done in some other countries, by exhibiting the mechanical processes of makeup right on the stage; she would never think of powdering her nose in a restaurant scene, nor would she interrupt the action to puff out her curls whenever the exigencies of the drama should require that she take off her hair. These are trifles, but then the illusion is thin enough as it is.

Another advantage which the Chinaman shares with the Chinawoman, in a country where marriages are always romantic and must always remain romantic, acting romantically toward the husband or the wife is a part of good manners. In China, romance may or may not co-exist with marriage; if it does, well and good. The Chinaman and the Chinawoman are under no circumstances compelled to recall the expressions of endearment as soon as company enters the home. If the American and the American woman shared this advantage how much suffering could be spared!

Abroad, as at home being a Chinaman has advantages. Let us suffice to mention the general advantage of being a Chinaman in America. We are anxious to tell this advantage because we have enormously profited by it. The language which the American use may be hard and perverse, yet a Chinaman, by making the subject agree—sometimes disagree—with the predicate in three successive sentences, acquires instantly the reputation of speaking excellent English. Again, every Chinaman in America who can make any kind of speech or write any kind of composition becomes immediately an authority on China. The thirty American intellectuals, in view of the many criticisms they have suffered, must envy the ease of the Chinaman in becoming an authority on his own country.

If life is so drab, so materialistic in America, mayn't the solution be in all Americans becoming Chinamen?

Monarch's Target Practice. Interesting stories of the late King Buno of Swaziland are told in "Adventures in Swaziland." The author is Dr. Owen Rowe O'Neill, who in spite of his Irish name is a South African Boer. King Buno was a savage of the old school. He preferred the gin which he could drink to gold which he could only look at. He drank the gin all at once, as soon as he got it. On one occasion, when he had come into possession of a Mauser rifle and cartridges, he had his whole army paraded in front of him, and began a sort of shooting competition into the motionless ranks. (The savage king slipped a clip into his Mauser, the metallic click intensified by the silence. He raised the rifle, sighting down first one line of warriors and then the other. The next instant a shot rang out and a plumed Swazi pitched forward and lay writhing in the sunlight. "Four more shots rang out," says Doctor O'Neill, "and at each a plumed head came down."

Keep Hands Off. The love of the wood rose is rightfully in all our hearts. That city motorists can take city dwellers to it in a day is a boon that the genius of modern civilization has lately conferred and that is worth much, says the American Forestry Magazine. It is necessary that with privilege should go the power of self-restraint that reaches all not only to love beauty, but that others, as worthy, may equally enjoy it.

Baby Wanted It. "How far is it to the moon, dad?" "About 240,000 miles, so the astronomer tells us."