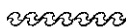


ONLY A DREAM.

Hubby listened intently. His wife and his mother were talking. The latter was saying: "You have indeed secured a splendid husband, and I think you ought to treat him with a little more tact and consideration. Don't always want to know where he is going, and if he comes home a little late, be agreeable and wait until he explains before you begin asking a lot of awkward questions. He's just the sort to appreciate any generosity on your part. Be kind to him."

Hubby stirred uneasily, trying to hear more, when—he awoke.



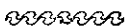
DIFFERENT.

A well-known man was asked to write his autobiography, which was to be called *Twelve Milestones in My Life*. He set to work and made a list of the various incidents he proposed to include.

Then he took the manuscript upstairs, and, after having explained the general plan of the proposed book, proceeded to read out the skeleton of the twelve chapters to his wife and daughter.

When he had finished they both exclaimed, almost simultaneously: "Well, I do think you might have included me as one of the milestones in your life."

"Aren't you both forgetting that I have been asked to write of the milestones in my life—not the millstones?"



SMILE RAISERS.

"Why does a stork stand on one foot?"

"Give it up. Why does he?"

"If he lifted the other foot, he'd fall down."



Said a hunter to a farmer who rode beside him: "I wouldn't ride over those seeds if I were you. They belong to a disagreeable sort of fellow, who might make a fuss about it."

"Well," said the farmer, "as him's me, he won't say nothin' about it to-day."



"Yesterday, darling," said the young wife, "I got a diploma from the School of Cookery. And—how do you like my cooking now?"

"Fine," said her husband, his mouth full of omelette. "And what is this I'm eating?"

"Oh, darling! Guess!"

"The diploma."



Small Nephew: "That shilling you gave me slipped through a hole in my pocket."

Uncle: "Well, here's another. Don't let it do the same."

"Perhaps half a crown would be safer, wouldn't it, uncle?"



"I didn't know you were back, Mrs. Jones," said the neighbor's little girl. "Did you have a good time?"

"But I've not been away, my dear," replied the other, in a puzzled tone.

"Haven't you really? Why, I heard mother tell father that you and Mr. Jones had been at Loggerheads for a long time."

Science Siftings

By "Volt"

An Old-Fashioned Industry.

There is at least one industry which remains unaffected by scientific progress. It is carried on in the beech woods of Buckinghamshire, and still employs for its work—the turning of chair-legs—exactly the same type of tools used hundreds of years ago when the industry began.

A primitive pole-lathe is used, the peculiarity of which is that it requires no fly-wheel or crank to drive it. A springy pole, or even a young sapling, is bent over the head of the worker, and a cord connects this to the treadle. On its way from the pole to the treadle the cord is wrapped once or twice round the piece of wood being turned in the lathe. Thus, when the treadle is pressed down the piece of wood revolves, and the sharp turning tool held in the hand of the worker rapidly cuts away the superfluous material.

When the treadle is released, the pole pulls the cord up again, and the work revolves backwards. The tool is withdrawn during this period, as it cuts only while the work is running in a forward direction.

The lathe—and the hut which covers it—is moved to the place where the most suitable trees are to be found, and although modern power-lathes have been tried, their work has not been satisfactory, and they have been discarded.

Trick Chairs to Test Fear.

The collapse of a faulty chair in which he was seated during a class period at the University of Chicago, and his consequent tumble to the floor, have been turned to good account by Dr. W. E. Blatz, of the psychology department. Remembering his own sensations as he clutched at his desk for support, Dr. Blatz has devised and put into effect a scheme for arousing the emotion of fear and controlling it for experimental purposes. We read in *Science Service's Daily Science News Bulletin* (Washington):—

"The scheme takes the form of a specially constructed chair which will collapse and let the occupant drop suddenly when an electric switch is turned. As the chair is heavily upholstered, no injury results, but fear is aroused in the mind of the subject, as falling, or loss of bodily support, is one of the two fundamental ways in which fear is created. Unaware of what is about to take place, the subject acts as he would naturally if the drop were not prearranged. His heart beats faster, breathing becomes more rapid and he grasps for support. Electrodes, fastened to the subject's arm, are connected with an electro-cardiograph in another room, which records in detail the effect on his heart-beat and the change in his electrical state before, during, and after the fall of the chair. An electrical pneumograph records the effect on his respiration. The same experiment is tried a second, third, and fourth time. Knowledge of what is to happen results in the subject making no effort to save himself, and he may think he no longer has any fear during the test, but the recording instru-

ments prove that the heart still beats faster and the breathing is more rapid. Dr. Blatz believes that the experiment may some day develop a method of studying, diagnosing, and treating emotional abnormalities which are conducive to certain forms of insanity."

Fortune in a Clock.

The achievement of an officer of the Admiralty Hydrographic Department is re-starting an ancient clock which had been unused for nearly two hundred years sheds light on a long-forgotten romance.

The clock was the invention of John Harrison, the self-taught son of a Yorkshire carpenter, and it gained for him the Government prize of £20,000 offered for a ship's chronometer which would accurately indicate longitude.

Comprising more than five hundred parts, this remarkable clock weighs a hundred-weight, and took two years to construct. Actually, it is a clock within a clock, the lesser clock keeping time for four minutes only, when it is automatically rewound by the bigger clock, which itself requires to be wound once daily.

Another clock by Harrison, an eight-day wooden timepiece, is still working in the Patent Museum at South Kensington.

The Seaweed Cure for Colds.

Seaweed has wonderful healing and anti-septic properties. If you are a sufferer from catarrh, the following simple remedy is recommended: Gather some fresh weed of the bulbous variety, squeeze it hard between the palms of your hands, and inhale, sniffing hard for a minute or two.

Repeat this at intervals during the day, and you will be surprised at the result. This is because seaweed contains iodine, in combination with valuable healing salts, such as potassium and sodium.

Several kinds of seaweed have been used in cases of consumption for hundreds of years past. One old book published in 1730 recommends "sea-holly" as being an excellent remedy for 'meagre and consumptive people'; and at one time many places along the coast carried on a regular business of gathering the "weed" and candying it.

Peasants who live along the western coast of Ireland, bordering on the Atlantic Ocean, treat consumption with a certain kind of seaweed known as carrigen moss.

PAUL SALDAIGNE

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