

STREET CROWDS AVOID PASSING UNDER LADDER

(New York Sun.)

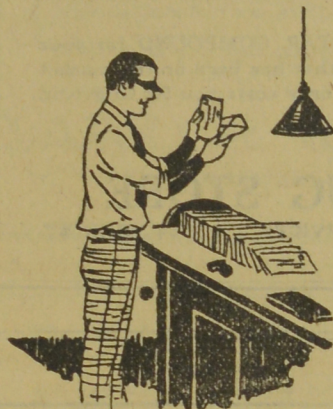
There is one window display on Forty-second street which invariably attracts a crowd of people of both sex. Day and night they can be seen gazing in at the tempting array of sporting goods, clothing toys and games.

The other day a ladder stood up against the front of the store, its lower end resting on the sidewalk at least ten feet away from the show window and the upper end reaching the ledge of the second floor where a man was repairing some wires.

The crowd, coming from both directions, veered off from the window and walked around the ladder avoiding the large spot underneath as though it were afflicted with a plague.

A garage hand is an earnest young man with a taste for mechanics, who stuffs oil waste into his back pocket and sits on veldur.

BLUNDERS



WHY IS THIS WRONG?

One of the many annoyances that the postal service has to contend with is the receipt of bundles of carelessly sealed letters, many of which are stuck together. Since letters can be run through the cancelling machines only one at a time, all those stuck together must first be pulled apart by some postal employee. This may result in mutilation of the addresses or in placing the letters to one side until other mail has been handled.

BOBBED HAIR ONLY FOR SPORT OR MORNING

(Boston Globe.)

Bobbed hair is definitely out—except for sport and morning wear.

This is the edict of the Ladies' Hairdressers' Association of New England, made decisive last night when a score of beautiful models showed those in attendance at the style show in Horticultural Hall just what the smart young woman will wear on her head this season.

There's a trick to it. The bob is still there, but the hairdressers have designed what is known as the "Well," anyway, they are not "transformations."

They are thingamajigs that look just like the natural hair and give the appearance of luxuriant locks. They are worn with afternoon and evening gowns and still, in the morning, there is the comfortable bob, too.

The young women weaved back and forth showing several varieties of waves. The waves were in the walking and the waves in the hair, of course.

L. Max and Miss Dollie Donovan are in general charge of the show, which will continue two more days. Around the hall are displays of all sorts of things to beautify lovely woman.

MY! WON'T THE LADS BE FRILLY

San Francisco, Cal., Jan. 22—Men are going to wear the "most exquisite thing" this year, the Pacific Coast Merchant Tailors' Association, in conclave here decreed.

Perfectly rapturous golf trousers of silk and linen—the Canadian or boy scout "short" with just a peek of the bare knee.

Longer overcoat, the tube type, will be all the vogue, too. Oxford bags, the tent type, will also hold their own.

Colors! The fashionable male of today will break out all over in a chameleon complexion that, to use the tailoring term, will knock your eye out.

Three hundred and fifty tailors from seven states and Canada are responsible for the fashion edict which was promulgated today when the 1926 style show for men opened.

CAT HAD MEAT BUT ARTISTS WENT WITHOUT

(New York Sun.)

A certain artist and his wife—who is an artist too—recall an incident of their early studio days in Greenwich Village. A friend leaving the city for a few weeks left in their care a large healthy and hungry black cat with injunctions to give it good care. The feline's owner left with them sufficient funds to keep the cat in meat.

The artistic pair, not having attained their present success, were the reverse of affluent at the time.

"There we were, not eating regularly ourselves," said the husband the other evening as he consumed the last of a large pork chop, "and we seldom had meat. But we had to sit around and watch the cat eat good liver."

"Why didn't you steal the cat's liver sometimes?" he was asked.

"We wanted to," he answered, "but the animal wasn't fat and we were afraid its ribs would show when its mistress got back."

Sympathy is that comfortable feeling one has for the other fellow's trouble.

In the new scheme of styles, sport clothes will run wild, the fashion dictators said. Conservative business suits will outflash the northern lights.

Favorite colors are the new sand tones, silver gray and Glengarry plaids. Coats will still be worn long enough to hide the hip pocket and hip pockets will have a trend toward the larger sizes.

Men will be permitted to use their judgment in selecting neckties, but all correctly dressed men will lean toward the bizarre.



FIRE ALARM LOCATION IN THE CITY

6 Argyle and York Sts.
7 Victoria Hospital.
8 Childrens' Aid Home.
12 Westmorland and Aberdeen Sts.
13 Northumberland and Saunders Sts.
14 Brunswick and Symthe Sts.
15 Charlotte and Smythe Sts.
16 George and Northumberland Sts.
17 King and Northumberland Sts.
21 Queen and York Sts.
23 York and George Sts.
24 Queen and Westmorland Sts.
25 Brunswick and Westmorland Sts.
26 Charlotte and Westmorland Sts.
27 King and York Sts.
28 Saunders and York Sts.
31 Queen and Regent Sts.
32 Needham and Regent Sts.
34 Queen and Carleton Sts.
35 Brunswick and Carleton Sts.
36 Charlotte and Carleton Sts.
37 George and Regent Sts.
38 King and Regent Sts.
43 St. John and Aberdeen Sts.
44 Queen and St. John Sts.
45 Brunswick and St. John Sts.
46 Charlotte and St. John Sts.
51 King and Church Sts.
52 George and Church Sts.
53 Union and Church Sts.
54 Shore St. and University Ave.
55 Brunswick St. and University Ave.
56 Lansdowne and Waterloo Row.
57 Grey St. and University Ave.
112 Smythe and Aberdeen Sts.
113 Argyle and Northumberland Sts.

The Time Of His Life.

Pat O'Brien met Mike Casey coming out of the local police court.

"Oi had a most illigant toime on Saturday, O'Brien. Sure, 'twas the toime av me life."

"Indeed! And how was that?"

"Why, Oi was at the Blue Pig and niver a thing do Oi remember after about 7.30."

"But if ye can't remember anything, Mike how do ye know that ye had such an illigant toime?"

"How do I know?" repeated Casey. "We'll Oi've just overheard a policeman telling the magistrate all about it."

You'll have to hand it to Nero for one thing. He solved Rome's heating problem.

THE WHITE PERIL OF THE OCEAN THE CAUSE OF MANY DISASTERS

Ocean travel is now as safe as human skill and ingenuity can make it.

But there is one danger to shipping, says a writer in the Vancouver Province, which no device of the ship-builder's can guard against and which may sometimes take even the most alert ship's officer unawares. This is the white peril of the ocean—the iceberg.

Every year, early summer, the bergs come drifting down from Greenland and the Arctic, right across the track of the ships. The path they follow is 200 miles wide, and all across this belt there is need for the most constant vigilance, the most cautious and adroit seamanship; for during the fogs, which are frequent at certain seasons of the year, it is possible to come very close to one of these floating deathtraps without knowing it.

The reality of this ocean menace was brought home very forcibly to the passengers of the Cunard liner Aurania recently. The liner was bound from Montreal to Liverpool, and ran into fog. In consequence the vessel was steaming dead slow, much to the disgust of the passengers, who were grumbling about what seemed to them a waste of time.

Then off Cape Race, Newfoundland, a huge iceberg loomed up through the fog, right in the path of the ship. It was only a hundred to a hundred and fifty feet away from the liner, and for a moment those on deck must have thought a collision was inevitable. It would have been had the vessel's speed been greater. But the situation was saved by the splendid seamanship of Captain R. V. Peel, who was in command. The engines were reversed, and the berg was cleared, and what might have been a great disaster was avoided.

Even after collision with an iceberg expert seamanship can sometimes work miracles. One night, when the face of the waters was covered with the densest fog, the Guion liner Arizona ran into an iceberg. The force of the impact was so great that the fore part of the ship was smashed in from stem to foremast. The gap thus made was entirely filled with great blocks of ice. The deck, too, was littered with ice—four hundred tons of it.

Then began a grim race with death. The scene of the collision had been the Grand Bank, 150 miles from Cape Race, and the nearest port was St. John's. For St. John's, then, the Arizona made, but she was sinking all the way. When forty-eight hours later, she did finish her night-mare journey she was on the point of going down. It was a terrible experience for the six hundred passengers aboard. But the coolness, courage, and skill of the ship's officers brought them through to safety.

A still more terrible ordeal fell to the lot of fourteen men, the crew of the ship Hansa, which was crushed in the ice. They managed to escape from the vessel, but they were marooned on the ice-floe on which they had taken refuge for about seven months. During the period the floe drifted south for a distance of 972 miles.

One of the most amazing adventures with an iceberg was that which befell the Intrepid during the search for Sir John Franklin. A gale compelled the ship to make fast to a land-floe (ice attached to the land.) Suddenly this ice began to move, and drove the Intrepid broadside on to an iceberg 250 feet high. Nothing could avert a collision, but instead of a crash the Intrepid was forced up the face of the berg, until her bow was thirty feet out of the water.

The situation was still highly dangerous, but after being suspended thus for a moment or two, the Intrepid slipped gently down into the water, not a bit the worse.

Icebergs have sometimes produced beneficial as well as harmful results. They are usually formed on land as glaciers, and so when they slip down into the sea they have a large quantity of earth, gravel, and stones attached to them.

When, off Newfoundland, they encounter the warmer waters of the Gulf Stream, they begin to melt, and the earth which they carry drops off and falls to the bottom. It is in this way that the banks, which are among the greatest fishing grounds in the world, have probably been formed.

ARTISTS MAY CREATE A NEW SCHOOL OF DESIGN

London, Jan. 27—An appeal to British artists and manufacturers to get together and create a "new school of design," as part of a "brighter England" movement was made by Colonel Vernon Willey, president of the Federation of British Industries, at the annual meeting in Leeds of the National Society of Art Masters.

"One of the strong features of the new school must lie in color," said Colonel Willey. "Modern life is becoming so increasingly urbanized that town dwellers feel the necessity of recreating in their homes and in their clothing the bright colors which formerly satisfied their eyes in natural surroundings."

"One of the strong features of the new school must lie in color," said Colonel Willey. "Modern life is becoming so increasingly urbanized that town dwellers feel the necessity of recreating in their homes and in their clothing the bright colors which formerly satisfied their eyes in natural surroundings."

Colonel Willey is opposed to dust catchers in the homes under the guise of decorations. "The modern tendency," he said, "is to avoid decorations which accumulate dust and make cleaning difficult. Similarly, the complexity of modern life tends to react against complication in design, and leads to a demand for simplicity. I venture to suggest that it is in these directions that new developments will be sought."

(New York Sun.)

The radio has entered the field of street shouting in shops on lower Third avenue. No human voice could sound any further than do these amplifiers and when one enters to ask what all the "shootin's for" he is told all about the wonderful apparatus and assured that if it were really working right it could sound much louder.

Rival dealers in radio supplies try to get an electric shout to outshout the other. When two or three are going at the same time in the same block the result is an actual bedlam.

MORE BOYS AND GIRLS DRINKING IN BOSTON

Boston, Mass., Jan. 27—Boys and girls are drinking more liquor than ever, according to figures made public at Police Headquarters yesterday. The figures deal only with those who are arrested.

In 1925, 1183 boys and girls were arrested for drunkenness. In 1924, 871 were arrested for the same offense and in 1923 the number was even smaller, 738. A surprisingly large proportion of these were girls, the police officials say.

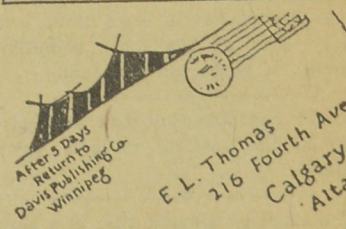
END OF FRIENDSHIP.

I thought the man next door was nice

And we had many a chat,
Until his wife saw my wife's hat.
And bought one just like that.

Probably we shouldn't complain if the reformer thinks the world will be better when it is made over to harmonize with his ideas. Not one of us but has our weaknesses.

BLUNDERS



WHY IS THIS WRONG?

Thousands of letters are delayed in delivery from two to ten hours in big cities because business men do not place their return street address on letterheads and envelopes. Even though a company may be an important one, all postal employees do not have its address committed to memory. Consequently its mail will surely be delayed if persons who must reply to its letters are given no street address.

Where An American Hangs His Hat

Once a hat was not just a hat; it was also a badge of sectionalism. That was when the broad-brimmed Stetson and the nobby derby seldom met. When South, East, North, West lived differently, dressed differently, and thought differently. When a traveling American could feel like a stranger in his own land.

Before advertising—

But now Mrs. Green of Boston and Mrs. Brown of El Paso use the same vacuum cleaner, face powder, soap; Adams of Boston and Sims of Seattle are alike in the cut of their clothes. And where an American hangs his hat, within the borders of these United States, he feels at home. Advertising did that.

Advertising is still at work helping to make these states united. Here is a better bed, a handsomer shoe, a more delicious food. Let it be known from Maine to California, from Washington State to Florida! Here's a healthier way to live, another safeguard for your family, a new service of self-improvement. Spread the news everywhere!

Advertisements.

Read them. They are Couriers of Progress and Unity. Without them you'd lack half the comforts you now have. Ignore them and you'll miss many a good thing to come.

TO KEEP PACE WITH THE TIMES, READ THE
ADVERTISEMENTS EVERY DAY