



IN OLD COOMASSIE

West African Town Not Always
A Quiet Spot.

Considered Thoroughly Up to Date
Today, It Was the Scene, Twenty
Years Ago, of Grim Tragedy
of Frontier Warfare.

Marjorie and Alan Letheridge, the special correspondents of the London Daily Telegraph in West Africa, write as follows from Coomassie, capital of the British colony of Ashantiland:

At the present day Coomassie looks more like an Indian town than any other on the coast, and it is the pride of its residents that socially it is also like India. There are real grass tennis courts, a real regimental band, and, before the war, there was the best polo team in the colony. Such it is today, and yet, only twenty years ago, the quaint little fort in the center of the town was the scene of one of the grim sieges of Britain's many frontier wars.

Only the fact that all eyes were turned on South Africa at that time prevented the siege of Coomassie from taking its proper place in history. But we who have experienced the inconveniences and discomforts of trekking "de luxe," and who know how much is needed in this part of the world to make life even bearable, appreciate somewhat the sufferings borne by the defenders of the fort and the agonizing suspense that they endured until they heard the first shots of the relieving force.

The chief commissioner of Ashanti now lives in the fort which gave its meager protection to Captain Bishop, Lieutenant Ralph and Dr. Hay, with their 125 soldiers, during those interminable weeks. One now has an evening gin and bitters on the very spot from which those three officers could see the fires of burning villages and hear the wailing of starving women and children. The Ashantis themselves seem to have shot their last bolt in the way of "frightfulness," however, and no longer rank among the brave tribes of the colony. Only one trace of the romance of the past remains.

Where is the golden stool of Ashanti? It disappeared in 1896 and has never been seen since. On it the Ashanti chiefs had sat and dispensed their own peculiar form of justice from the earliest days and, so far as is known, it is still concealed in the innermost recesses of their land. But it would be a brave European who openly attempted to track it to its hiding place, and there is just a possibility that it has been privately sold during a period of financial stress.

Kofe Karikari, the King of Ashanti in 1873, behaved in an even more sacreligious manner. He secretly opened the mausoleum of his ancestors and robbed their bodies of the golden ornaments without which no Ashanti of any means is ever lowered into the tomb.

It would never have been discovered had not the lynx eyes of the queen-mother observed that the favorite wives of the king were inexplicably wearing rings and bracelets of antique workmanship. A little investigation and she denounced him publicly.

An admission of his guilt was the only thing left for King Kofe. He had sold the major proportion of his plunder, so he magniloquently informed his chiefs that he intended to blow himself and them up with gunpowder in order to obliterate his shame. "We are quite ready to die as you request," was their reply, "but blow yourself up first." It is perhaps superfluous to add that King Kofe did nothing of the sort.

Wood Alcohol.

The wood alcohol used in the United States is obtained chiefly from the destructive distillation of wood—hard wood, birch, maple, oak, elm and alder being those most frequently used. The chief uses to which it is put are for the denaturing of grain alcohol; for various purposes in lines of common manufacture (especially as a solvent in the preparation of shellac, varnish, dyes, etc.); as an ingredient in medical and pharmaceutical preparations; in the chemical industries and as a fuel and illuminant. Only within recent years has wood alcohol become so dangerous to life and sight. Formerly it was a dark, bad-smelling, bad-tasting fluid which no one was tempted to drink. Later a process was developed by which this color, smell and taste are removed. Wood alcohol, when purified in this way, looks, smells and tastes like grain alcohol, and may thus be easily substituted for it by unscrupulous persons.—Illinois Health News, October, 1919.

To Restore Respiration.

The method introduced by Schafer is the simplest, least injurious and most effective in restoring a person who has been rescued from drowning.

The subject is laid on the ground in a prone position, with a thickly folded garment under his chest. The operator kneels by his side or athwart him, facing his head and placing his hands on each side over the lower ribs of the subject. He slowly throws the weight of his body forward, and thus presses upon the thorax of the subject and forces air out of the lungs; he then gradually relaxes the pressure by bringing his body up again, but without removing his hands. This is repeated regularly at the rate of 12 or 15 times a minute, until normal respiration begins, or until all hope of restoration is given up.

WELCOME FOR CHESS PLAYER

Devoted to Game, Traveler Asserts,
Will Never Lack Companionship
or Entertainment Anywhere.

If you want to travel but feel unequal to learning a supply of modern languages, for the purpose, then play chess. The ideal substitute for Esperanto and Latin at last has been found, if the experiences of a scholar who lately returned from long wanderings on foot through Europe may be trusted, for he says that everywhere the enthusiast can find chess players—That he need never lack companionship or entertainment.

The speech of chess is more reliably universal than musical notation. You may employ it in hut and castle without danger of going astray from etiquette, and it has no pitfalls of double meaning. The traveler may enjoy his little game in the Alhambra, in the mosques of Stamboul and in London clubs. His chess men being his faithful companions, a partner was sure to turn up, of what nationality it mattered not at all.

Once, on a walking trip the whole length of the Italian peninsula, he visited the ancient Benedictine monastery of Monte Cassino, whose learned monks were all devoted to chess and set aside a spacious room in the great building for their games. Its furniture consisted merely of a chess table; players and spectators stood. The monks kept him two days as their guest in a continuous tournament, and he lost but one game after a banquet in his honor whereat old, rare vintages appeared in profusion. The scene of the play was dramatic, the contestants standing in the center of a circle of cowed monks, who followed every move in intense silence.

Another "continuous tournament" he played on horseback while journeying through Mesopotamia; another while drifting down the Tigris on a raft of goatskins to Mosul, where he tried his skill with the archbishop of Bagdad, a genial opponent. At Tabriz, metropolis of Persia, he played simultaneously against the eight strongest players of the city. The traveler attributes his success in a diplomatic mission to an act of great self-denial—he permitted a distinguished nobleman, commissioned by the shah to conduct negotiations with him, to defeat him in a series of games which preceded the contest of wits.

Moths Use "Wireless?"

Because scientists have found that though they place a female moth in a wooden pillbox, soundproof and scentproof, the male moth always will find its mate, they have been led to believe that moths make use of a system similar to wireless telegraphy. A Vapooper moth in a sound-proof box will attract the male of its species from all directions. It has been proved that the males are attracted neither by sound nor scent.

The London Daily Mail says that if experiments were conducted it undoubtedly would be shown that electro-magnetic waves of a very short length are used, as both glow worms and fireflies emit light under similar conditions, and that it is not improbable that other insects use longer and invisible waves.

Moths have antennae, which, besides acting as feelers, may be employed as transmitting and receiving aerials. The antennae of the female, who is the transmitter, differ in design from those of the male, who receives. When the male alights he swings his antennae much as an operator swings a wireless direction finding frame to find out from what directions signals come.

"Divorcee" Among Birds.

Our little feathered friends took a tumble in the estimation of their admirers, who have cited them as models of "mates for life."

"Divorcees" have been discovered in birdland! The biological survey, Department of Agriculture, is responsible for this new blow at the sanctity of the marriage vows.

"Bird divorces," it says, first were suggested by information obtained from a Cleveland bird lover, the first user of trapping methods adopted by the biological survey.

"He found," says the announcement, "that in one case, at least, a retrapped bird had remated (though the former mate still was alive) and was rearing a brood with its new mate, just as it had done with its first love."

The extent to which birds "divorce" themselves from their mates and start on new material careers is one of the sidelights which will be developed in new studies now under way.—Washington Star.

Trade Dollars Coined in Italy.

A silver dollar is now being coined by the Italian government especially for its trade in the African colony of Eritrea and it is likely that this new dollar will become the medium of trade all around the Red sea. For 100 years the most widely used coin in the Red sea district has been the Australian Marie Therese dollar, of which about 200,000,000 were in circulation there at the beginning of the war. It is estimated that at least one-third of these have been melted down in the last seven years. The new Italian dollar greatly resembles the Marie Therese dollar, because the Arabs are so conservative that any radical change would have prevented its introduction.

Not Even Watchfully.

As a preacher recently said, we need a Moses to lead us out of the wilderness, but our Moses would have to get a bustle on; we couldn't wait anything like 40 years.—Boston Transcript.

GOT BILL'S GOAT

He Simply Couldn't Understand
About Wife's Hands.

Doing Only a Small Part of House-
work Allotted to His Helpmate
His "Fine" Were a Sight,
but Hers, Never.

Bill is wearing gloves!

Any time you see Bill wearing gloves know ye that something has occurred.

It may be a death and Bill may be going to attend the funeral, or it may be that Bill is bound for a wedding, or else there is always the chance that the Improved Order of Jolints is going to have some sort of a ceremonial and that Bill is going to be a participant.

It was a knowledge of this peculiarity which caused all to look at Bill in an inquiring sort of way when he came in 't'other night and which prompted Joe to ask: "What's the big idea, Bill, that you've got your fins covered?"

"Wife sick."

Bill said no more. You'll agree that it was far from a satisfactory explanation. Joe voiced the sentiment when he remarked, petulant like, "that's a b—l of a reason!"

"Huh!"

It was plain Bill wasn't going to be voluble on this subject of "them" gloves. Now if there is one thing in this world that Joe delights in more than another it is in pecking away at Bill, and Bill equally enjoys seeking to harass that person's nanny.

"I said that wasn't much of a reason," repeated Joe. "My wife's been sick and I didn't wear gloves; don't see no reason on earth why you should be wearing gloves just because the Missus is ill, unless you're expecting her to pass over and are making preliminary arrangements for the services."

That nettled Bill. "Smart, aren't you," he asserted. "It's the great wonder of my life that some of the funny papers like the Undertakers' Herald haven't engaged you to conduct their humorous column. You're about as funny, as, as—as a stick of wood. Now you're so darned inquisitive, just look at them."

Bill peeled off the gloves and displayed his hands.

Say, but you ought to have seen 'em. Red! A fresh boiled lobster was a dark blue compared to those hands!

"There's the answer," says Bill. "The wife's been sick and I've been doing the housework. I didn't mind it much at first, sort of fun, you know. Made me think I was some cheese around the house. Didn't do it just because I wanted to, but because I had to. Couldn't get any help and the wife had to be cared for, had to have a bite to eat and the house had to be looked after. I did it; yes, I did. I cooked and I swept and I washed dishes and, believe me, I did some chores, but gosh almighty, I don't understand it yet, why my hands got so blasted red."

"Just look at 'em." Again Bill displayed those hands. "Look at 'em; aren't they beauties! Honest, the only thing I can think of every time I look at those hands is Joe's nose before the first of last July."

"Those hands, I say, began to get red. They got redder and redder until they're what you see displayed before you. Will they stop there? I dunno. But this here is what gets me: When the wife is on her feet doing the work, she does 100 times as much as I've been doing; she not only washes the dishes, but she scrubs the floors and washes the clothes and cleans the house and gosh only knows what and, by hookey, I've yet to see her hands when they look even slightly red. What's the answer? Tell me?"

—Sam, in Lewiston Journal.

Boil New Shaving Brush.

When you buy a shaving brush, boil it, thoroughly before using it or leave it for four hours in a 10 per cent dilution of formaldehyde liquor at 110 degrees F. Either of these methods will protect you from anthrax.

Before the war there was little danger of anthrax from the shaving brush, as almost all of these were made from hair that had been thoroughly disinfected in France or Germany; but after 1914 the hair came direct from Russia and China via the Pacific ocean, and twenty cases of anthrax have been traced directly to this source.

As 64 per cent of anthrax cases are fatal it behoves us to be extra careful, in spite of the fact that human susceptibility is low—how low is indicated by the fact that only one case is known to have developed from a lot of 10,000 infected brushes.

Roundabout Way Home.

Four thousand Czechoslovakian men on transport bound from Siberia to France, en route home, with their Russian wives, landed in Norfolk, Va., recently to await repairs to their ship. It was impossible for them to return home through Russia, so they had to make the roundabout trip. During the trip children were cared for by the Red Cross workers and Y. W. C. A. secretaries who had been in France and Russia during the war. The Y. M. C. A. looked after the men.

David Warned Against This.

"I shall never forget the look on her face when she found me in her pew," said the plainly dressed woman.

"You were evidently sitting in the seat of the scoundrel," remarked her friend.—Boston Transcript.

Your Friends-- the Advertisements

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stranger.

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