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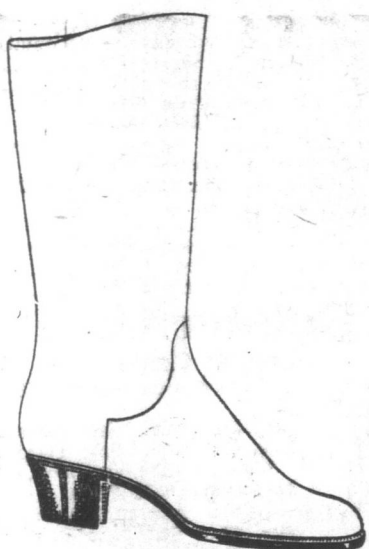
Heinz Peanut Butter
Mayonnaise
Salad Dressing
Mince Meat, 1-lb tins
Boneless French Sardines.
Skipper Sardines, Oil and Tomato.
Millionaire Sardines.
Enos Fruit Salt, Large and Handy Size.
"Sunrise" Jams—Raspberry & Strawberry, 1-lb
Goddard's Original Plate Powder.
Rennet Tablets—Glass Tubes.
Essence of Rennet—4-oz. Bottle.
Junket Powders—18c. Package.
French Beans, French Peas.

LOCAL CARROTS, by the Pound.
LOCAL BEETS, by the Pound.
DAMSONS—75c. Gallon.

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The Strangest Ship Afloat

THE "CARNegie" HAS SAILED 300,000 MILES TO MAKE THE OCEANS SAFE FOR MARINERS. BY HAWTHORNE DANIEL.

Tied at her pier in Washington, D. C., is the strangest ship in the world. At present she is laid up, with her decks hidden beneath a tentlike structure that covers her from bow to stern. But within a few weeks she will set out on the latest of a series of cruises around the world, engaged in one of the most unique missions on the seas.

The ship is the Carnegie, a 155-foot brigantine, owned by the Carnegie Institution of Washington and operated by the Institution's Department of Terrestrial Magnetism. Her task is to voyage all over the navigable waters to make a magnetic survey of the oceans, to cruise in search of the mysterious magnetic and electrical phenomena that appear to occupy all space, that attract the needle of compasses, that cause the brilliant displays of the aurora borealis, that produce the radio bugbear—static—and that assist in balking the waves sent out by radio stations.

In her 16 years of voyaging she has passed through many thrilling adventures. She has been within 600 miles of the North Pole, and is the only ship that ever circumnavigated the South Polar regions in a single season. The whole nautical world is indebted to the scientists on this little wooden ship, which already has sailed 300,000 miles.

The Carnegie is like no other ship ever built because she is put together with practically no iron nor steel in her. It was extremely important that ship investigating the world's magnetism carry nothing to deflect the instruments.

She is made of wood fastened with locust treenails, copper, and bronze. All rigging is of hemp, anchors are of bronze, and she has no anchor chains, using instead great manila hawsers 11 inches in circumference. The chairs on board are put together with aluminum and copper ketles. If the sailors carry pocket-knives aboard, they must throw them overboard before sailing. Every bit of metal must be tested carefully with a magnetic needle before it is allowed on board. While the Carnegie is a sailing vessel, she carries an auxiliary motor and in this, steel could not be eliminated entirely. The specially built engine is made of brass, bronze, and copper but the pistons and cams are of steel.

As the ship wanders from North to South Pole, the scientists on board determine the variation of the compass. This information, used in charts prepared by the United States

Hydrographic Office, in collaboration with the British Admiralty and the French, Japanese, and German governments, has saved hundreds of sailors from shipwreck.

Compasses, as generally is known, rarely point exactly to the north. Because the earth's magnetic poles are approximately 1200 miles from their respective true or geographical poles, compasses may point in any direction, depending upon where they are used. The difference between true north and the direction indicated by the north end of a compass needle, is known as the "variation of the compass." This variation must be determined by a navigator to find his real position. The calculation is complicated, because the magnetic poles and the magnetic lines of force connecting them are shifting constantly and not in a regular manner.

In the cruise that now is planned, the Carnegie will cross many hitherto unstudied regions, check up on earlier data, and gather new information about the electrical phenomena of the oceans.

Combs for waved hair as advertised in English and American papers. G. KNOWLING, Ltd., Oct 24, 1925

The End of an Imperfect Story

(Judge)

Mr. Crabbe threw his copy of the almost-complete-final-home-pink-peach-night-sports edition of The Daily Blah to the floor in disgust, called for his stenographer and dictated the following letter to the city editor:

"Dear Sir: I have just finished reading The Evening Blah of this date. Although there is mention in your columns of a murder I wish to call your attention to the fact that nowhere in the story is it stated that:

"The police dragnet is out."
"Detectives are scouring the city."
"The murder mystery is the most baffling in local crime annals."
"Every available clue is being run down."

"The slayer evidently planned a 'perfect crime.'"
"A strange man was seen loitering around the place."

"The slain girl was pretty and known to have been friendly with several men prominent in the business and financial world whose names are being withheld by police."
"Sensational developments are expected."

"Capture of the slayer is but a matter of a few hours."
"The murder is believed to have been the result of a love triangle."

"In view of those omissions it is apparent that your reporters are laying down on the job. When I read a paper I expect to get all the news. I hereby cancel my subscription."

I. W. CRABBE."



As Little Jack Rabbit hopped along, whistling a merry little song, by and by he came to a tree in which sat Peter Possum. It was a perimmon tree, tall, with a handsome round head, and covered with zig-zag branches. Peter Possum had waited a long time for the green perimmons to change from a green color to a red-dish-yellow, but now that the frost had mellowed the pulp, taking away the puckery taste, he had decided to have a feast. It was now dark, for the little rabbit had hopped into the Old Hollow Stump Telephone Booth to tell Lady Love that he would not be home for supper. Yes, he was too thoughtful a little bunny to keep her waiting anxiously for him. He had said to himself earlier in the afternoon that he would like to see Peter Possum, knowing that this old fellow slept all day in a hollow tree, waiting for the darkness to come before venturing out for food. Now, hanging by his tail from a limb, the old fellow was feasting on the soft, sugary berries of the tall perimmon tree.

"My, these berries are fine," cried Peter Possum, loosening his tail about the limb and propping himself upright in a crotch in order to talk more easily to the bunny boy. "I declare, if I eat many more I shall be too fat to squeeze into the old hollow tree. That would be unpleasant, maybe dangerous. Yes, I'd better stop before it's too late," and he scrambled down the trunk to the ground.

"You'd better look out for the Farmer's boy," advised the little rabbit. "He may be out with his old gun. I once heard

"Possum meant it nice and sweet; Possum meat is good to eat."

"Dear me," shivered Peter Possum, "guess I'll hurry home. Mrs. Possum and the youngsters will be worried," and off he went and so did the little rabbit, only faster. As the bunny boy passed the Big Brown Bear's cozy cave, he noticed a light in the window.

"I'll just stop for a minute," he thought, and the next moment he rapped, uppey tap, on the front door.

"Who's calling on me when the moon is bright?" Asked the Big Brown Bear, coming out in the night.

Yes, sir, he opened the door so quickly that he almost frightened the little rabbit.

"Oh, it's you," laughed the big kind bear, smiling down on his small, long-eared caller. "What are you doing out so late? It's nearer nine than half past eight."

"I know it," answered the bunny boy. "But mother won't worry, for I telephoned her from the Hollow Stump Telephone Booth that I'd be late."

"That's a good boy," chuckled the Big Brown Bear. "Never make worry for mother. She had enough when you



Hanging by his tail from a limb, the old fellow was feasting.

had the measles," and with another chuckle, he invited the little bunny to come in.

"Don't make any noise," he whispered, as he closed the door. "My little cubs are sound asleep; or almost," he added, as Mrs. Bear's lullaby song came from the bedroom:

"Go to sleep, your curly head; The moon looks like a trundle bed."

"S-sh," cautioned the Big Brown Bear, and in the next story you shall hear what happened after that.

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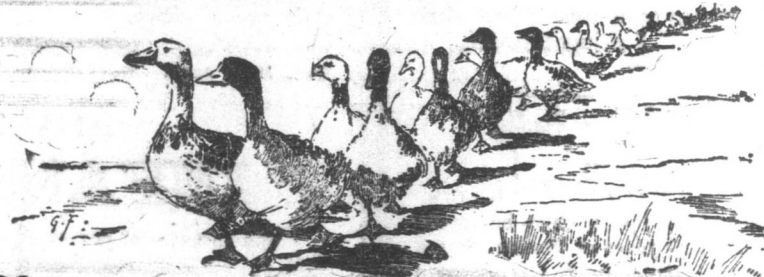
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