

EDISON AT SEVENTY.

HE ONLY SLEEPS FIVE HOURS A DAY.

Thomas Edison, the greatest inventor of modern times, is no friend of the time-waster or slumberer. It is interesting to note that his most famous inventions are those which produce sound, light, and action—all wideawake inventions; but he has never attempted to lighten the burden of the sleeper or slacker.

Oliver Simmons, in a remarkable article in "Munsey's Magazine," says that sleep and food, light and dusk, the things that punctuate other men's lives, are negligible in the great inventor's life. When he is at work—and that is most of the time—Edison has never allowed his mental capacity to be dulled by a meal or a bed.

The sun tells other people, twice a day, that it is time to rise or time to go to bed. It tells Edison nothing. It would not concern him—except as a scientific puzzle—if the sun ceased its apparent rising and setting.

Although he is nearly seventy years of age he looks ten years younger, and has put in more practical work during his lifetime than any other man would do, even if he lived to be 150 years old.

Edison generally sleeps five hours a day—that is if he is not particularly busy—going to bed at two in the morning and rising at seven. He is somewhat sceptical about the motto, "Early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise."

"Humanity adjusts itself to almost any circumstance," says Mr. Edison. "But," he adds, "if he wishes to half his sleeping hours he must observe certain rules."

Here are the health rules Mr. Edison follows: Alcoholic stimulants must be avoided; or as Mr. Edison himself would say, "No booze!"

If you use coffee to keep your lids open, dilute it freely, as Edison does, with hot milk.

Don't take any more food than you need to keep you going. Your system has plenty of work without being asked to dispose of superfluous fuel.

See that you have plenty of fresh air, and that your lighting system is adapted to the requirements of your eyes.

When you go to bed, don't take your troubles with you. Edison doesn't, and he is asleep in half a minute.

But the thing that you must have to start with is a job which interests you more than anything else in the world; a job which is full of variety and action; a job which is your life and your play, your present and your future.

The latter in the inventor's mind, is most important, and unless you have the work you are exceptionally interested in you will have to go back to the eight hours' snooze. But Edison, who is nothing if not energetic, naturally likes to have around him men of his own tastes and stamp, so he has formed a squad called the Insomnia Squad. It is comprised of a group of his most trusted assistants, who spend sleepless nights and days when they are searching for some missing link to complete a new discovery.

Edison makes the plans. He lays out perhaps four or five hundred things to be done. The Insomnia Squad proceeds to do them.

If there is a quarter of an hour when the chief can do nothing personally, he stretches and in thirty seconds he is asleep. For years his pillow was his own coat thrown over a chuck from a laffe. One of the family gave him a regular pillow, and he uses this now, because it saves the time that it would take to fold his coat.

The following story shows that the Wizard is never discouraged by failure. After forty-eight hours of sleepless, fruitless toil a friend remarked that it was too bad that all his plans had produced no results.

"No results," said Edison. "Why, man, I get a lot of results. I know several thousand things that won't work."

WONDERFUL AIR FEATS.

11,000 FEET DROP.

To the amazing parachute feat of Lieutenant-Colonel E. M. Maitland, who recently jumped from a balloon flying over London at a height of 10,000ft., descending by parachute, must be added the even more astonishing story of a French lieutenant who actually dropped 11,000ft. from a balloon and landed uninjured except for a few bruises. This young lieutenant was in charge of a captive balloon at the Battle of Verdun. The balloon suddenly broke loose, the steel hawser being severed with a shell.

Describing his experiences the lieutenant says: "The first intimation I received that something had gone wrong was when I felt a slight shock. I thought the telephone cable had parted. All at once I became aware that the outer balloons were growing smaller, and I grasped the fact that I was adrift. A glance at my barometer told me I was already 5,000 ft. up. I tried to pull the cord working the hydrogen automatic control, but it had become entangled and refused to work. I tried to climb up to it, but failed. Then I feared I was lost."

"My first thought was to destroy my papers, then I thought of blowing out my brains to avoid falling into the hands of the Boches. Then, however, came inspiration. Why not try the parachute? I had to be quick, for I was now 11,000ft. up. The cord which was tied round my body was 65ft. long, so I had to jump that distance into the void before the box containing the parachute could open and set it free. For a few seconds I held on to the car by my hands. Then I let go."

"I must have dropped over 100ft. before the parachute unfurled, and it was not an agreeable sensation. But after that I did not mind, and was able to look about me. After a time I felt the sensation of complete security. When I was only 2,500ft. from the earth I became aware that the wind was carrying me towards the German lines. Then I seemed to lose consciousness. I rebounded three times before I finally landed and discovered I was 300 yards from the enemy. I had been twenty minutes falling."

"My boy, you want to practice thrift."
"I know, dad, but I haven't the tools."
"What do you mean by that?"
"If you'll let me have the five dollars I need I'll see how long I can make it last."

At a church adjacent to a big military camp a service was recently held for soldiers only. "Let all you brave fellows who have troubles stand up," shouted the preacher.

Instantly every man rose except one. "Ah!" exclaimed the preacher, peering at this lone individual. "You are one in a thousand." "It ain't that," piped back the only man who had remained seated, as the rest of his comrades gazed suspiciously at him. "Somebody's put some cobbler's wax on the seat, and I'm

FICTION.

When I had been writing for about half an hour, I threw my pen down in disgust, and rang the bell.

"Jane," I said, when that young woman appeared in the doorway, "fetch me a soldier."

"Yes, sir," said Jane. "Where from, sir?"

"Anywhere," I replied. "Doubtless you will find plenty outside."

"Yes, sir," said Jane, and he retired gracefully. Wonderful girl, Jane. In a few moments I heard her returning, accompanied by what I imagined to be a herd of elephants. She came in, followed by two large gentlemen dressed in that neat, quiet garb—obviously designed by some artistic genius—the butcher blue and red tie of the wounded soldier.

"I couldn't get one to come by 'isself, sir," she said, "so I've brought two."

"Thank you, Jane," I said. "These gentlemen will do nicely."

I turned to them. "Sit down, will you?" I said. "I want your advice on one or two points, but before we get to business, perhaps a cigar and—"

"Thank you, sir," said the British Army in chorus.

"I am an author," I said, and caused to watch the effect. None.

"I am writing a war novel," I went on, "because the public will have nothing else but war novels. I know nothing of my subject—a not unusual thing with novelists—owing to the fact that all my efforts to get to the front have been frustrated by a misguided body of men known as Army Doctors. Consequently I want some technical advice which I think you can supply."

"Always ready to oblige a gentleman, ain't we Bill?" said one of my guests.

"Thank you," I said. "Thank you," and I picked up my manuscript. "Now, in the first place, how long do you think it would take a man to walk from Pozieres to Ypres with a piece of shrapnel in his leg?"

They answered in chorus.

"Bout an hour," said Bill.

"Bout a week," said George.

A hot discussion followed while I sat waiting their decision. At last they came to terms.

"Couple o' days," said Bill.

"Thank you," I said, and jotted it down.

"Now, do you think it would be possible for three men to make their way into the German lines and steal a howitzer?"

"Easy," said George. "Easy. Why, I knew a bloke wot brought back two by 'isself. Chap name of 'Arris. 'Is mother kep a shop in—"

"Thank you," I put in. "Your information is most valuable."

For some time I went on questioning them and incidentally picking up some useful hints. I learned, for instance, that in wet weather all men in the trenches are supplied with water-wings; that parties of Russians frequently arrive in our lines, having fought their way through from the Eastern Front; that poison gas is good for lumbago; and that both British and Germans knock off at one o'clock on Saturdays.

In fact, I found my informants most helpful.

At last, with many expressions of good will and a pocketful of my cigars, they departed, and I started work again, happy in the knowledge that my story would at any rate ring true. There is nothing like getting first-hand knowledge.

By and by Jane came in to clear away.

"Two very interesting gentlemen, Jane," I said. "They seem to have had some wonderful experiences at the front."

"Them?" she said, and sniffed. "Lot they knows about it. They only bin in the Army a month, an' they ain't never bin near no front."

"But—but they appear to have been wounded, Jane. I ventured. "Surely they—"

"Wounded? Oh! 'ave they? P'raps they calls it wounded. I don't. They are in 'ospital, certainly, and 'ence their butcher blue; but one's 'ad measles, an' the other one scalded 'isself washin' up dishes; 'Adn't I better bring in another siphon, sir?"

NO STAMPS, NO REPLY.

Many letters were received by the Heart Specialist during the past week, some from a distance, asking for the addresses of various numbers in the introduction bureau. Some, however, failed to comply with the rule calling for a self-addressed, stamped, envelope, and while these were answered this week, no notice will be taken of such in future.

PITHY POINTS.

Many a marked man has a tattoo artist to thank for it.

The longer the engagement the shorter the married life.

The under dog gets a lot of sympathy—and that's about all.

Trouble is the most practical teacher in the school of experience.

It is absurdly easy to convince a man that he is smarter than you are.

Some women seem to be ashamed to eat real food in a public dining room.

Poets are born, and occasionally one is paid.

Some men think they are so unlucky that if it were raining soup they would have nothing but a fork.

His first love and his first shave are two episodes in every young man's career that he never forgets.

A man may lead a woman to the altar, but after that he becomes a follower.

Every man who is a dreamer attracts attention—when he snores.

The more a woman has in her head the less she thinks about what is on it.

Misery loves company and she usually has plenty of it.

NOT A GERMAN.

N. Sister Sharpe had a somewhat amusing experience recently in Lester, whither she had gone to visit her sick brother. As she was about to take the train on the return journey her uniform attracted the attention of a crowd of youngsters who had apparently never seen a sister's uniform before, and noticing that this was attracting others the sister sold them to go away.

"Now!" exclaimed one of the urchins, "didn't I tell ya she wasna a German!"

Of course the sister could not help but appreciate the joke, but still she realized that many serious consequences have arisen from just such

INTRODUCTION BUREAU.

By "THE HEART SPECIALIST."

This department will be a permanent feature of this paper.

In order to obtain any benefit from this column you must observe the few following rules:

1. In replying to these adds. (which are genuine) you must quote the number of the person you wish to correspond with.

2. When you wish to learn the address of a person who has advertised, you must write your application to "The Heart Specialist," Canadian Red Cross Special Hospital, Buxton.

3. Every communication must be accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelope. If these rules are not complied with no attention will be paid to your letter. No fee is charged.

1. I am young lady, aged 25, medium height, brown hair and eyes; can work; good housekeeper; would like to correspond with a nice Canadian Soldier.

2. Young lady, age 22, ladylike, refined, and considered pretty, would welcome correspondence of Canadian soldier.

3. Young Lady (resident of Buxton), age 26, blond, pleasant disposition, jolly, would like to correspond with Canadian Soldier.

4. English girl, vaudeville artiste; fair, tall, cheerful and jolly, invites correspondence; age 21 years. D.W.

5. English girl, age 18; tall, musical, cheerful disposition, will write jolly letters to Canadian Soldier. J.W.

6. A Widow, age 38; entertaining, pleasant disposition, would like to correspond with Canadian about same age.

7. A Bugler Corporal, age 22, would like to correspond with nice young lady.

8. Young Man on troopship would like to correspond with young lady.

9. Middle-aged Widow, in business for self, would like to correspond with Canadian about 35 years of age, or older.

Editor's Note.—Anyone wishing to have an address sent to them will please send applications to "Heart Specialist" and all communications will be treated with absolute privacy and in strict confidence.

PROBLEM.

It is one and a half times as many minutes to three as it was past two, three quarters of an hour ago. What time is it?

S.M. Carpenter offers suitable reward for the solution of the above problem.

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE.

The value of "The Canadian Red Cross Special" as an advertising medium was exemplified last week.

Ten minutes after the paper was on the streets a brooch which was advertised as lost was returned to the owner by a young lady resident in South Avenue.

The advertising medium which brings quick results is the one to patronize.

CARRIED OUT.

"Madam," said the ticket-examiner, as he stood at the railway-carriage door, "I am very sorry, but you can't have your dog in here. It is against the rules."

"I shall hold him in my lap all the way," she replied, "and he won't disturb anyone."

"That makes no difference," said the other. "Dogs must ride in the luggage van. I'll take and fasten him for you."

"Don't you touch my dog, sir!" exclaimed the young lady, excitedly. "I will trust him to no one." With indignant tread she marched to the luggage van, tied up her dog, and said:—

"Remember, please, I don't want a soul here to touch my dog or untie him."

As the train approached her station the young lady, hailing the guard, asked:—

"Is my dog alright?"

"I don't know, miss, replied the guard. "Don't know?" she replied. "Why don't you know? It's your business to know. You haven't touched him or untied him?"

"No, we didn't touch him or untie him, and that's just it. You tied him to a trunk labelled to the last station. The trunk had to be put off, so the dog went with it."

HIT THE RIGHT SPOT.

A Wesleyan chapel in a Cheshire village was in a very dilapidated condition, and a meeting was called to discuss the subject of repairs. The squire was present, and great things were expected from his speech. He stood up, declared the place was not so bad, after all, and only needed little doing to it, promised to make a donation of £5, and sat down again.

Scarcely had he resumed his seat when a lump of plaster fell from the ceiling on his bald head. Jumping up wildly, he exclaimed:—

"The place is worse than I thought. I will give £40."

An old man in the rear stood up and, extending his arms, murmured, quite audibly: "Hit 'im again! Hit 'im again!"

He (anxiously, after popping the question): "Why do you cry, my love? Did I offend you by my proposal?"

She (quietly sobbing): "Oh, no, dear. Mamma always said to me, 'Lill, you are such an idiot that you would not get even a donkey for a lover, and now I've got one, after all.'"

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