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The Time Has Come, The Walrus Said, To Talk Of Many Things

PHENOMENA AND SOME THINGS LESS

"There Are More Things In Heaven And Earth, Horatio, Than Are Dreamt Of In Your Philosophy"

BY M. E. LANIE.

IN a recent issue of The Birmingham News an item appeared captioned "Strange Phenomena," signed by Charles Fort. The item, in part, follows:

"The 'Monthly Weather Review,' volume 26, page 166, quotes the Montgomery Advertiser in an account of numerous batches of a substance like spider web which fell from the sky into the streets of Montgomery, Nov. 21, 1898. The editor of 'The Review' thinks that it was a spider web, but according to the writer of the account, the substance was like asbestos and was phosphorescent."

It will be noted that the editor of 'The Review' simply states that he 'thinks it was a spider web' and lets it go at that. Charles Fort, American born scientist, is not satisfied with such phlegmatic explanations. He has ideas of his own which are, at least, interesting, and those ideas are fortified (with no intentional pun) by things alleged to [illegible]

[illegible] look at this "damned" thing, the fall of a thousand tons of butter!

But scientists say there are no stones in the sky, consequently, no stones can fall from the sky. Let us see what has happened, quoting from reliable scientific authorities:

That, in the Leyden Museum of Antiquities, there is a disk of quartz six centimeters by five millimeters by about five millimeters, said to have fallen upon a plantation in the Dutch West Indies.

"Bricks," suggests Fort.

According to M. Sudre, professor at the Normal School, Tarbes, France, reported in "Comptes Rendus," 1887, page 182:

That upon June 20, 1887, in a violent storm, a small stone had fallen from the sky at Tarbes, weight, two grammes. Further phenomenon: the stone was covered with ice. (Note the date.) Further wonderment: the stone had been cut by what seemed to be a human agency, for it was disk-shaped [illegible]

[illegible]

CHARLES FORT

[illegible]

Things From The Damned

As Mr. Fort stated, once, "everything would be heavenly in the scientific world if the damned would only stay damned." But, these things persist in showing their corpses every once in a while to the consternation of the scientists and the bemusement of Mr. Fort. What are they?

Gelatinous substances falling in great batches; luminous objects, like the alleged spider web at Montgomery; frogs and snakes and anvils and butter wrapped in strange fabrics and triangular bodies floating near the face of the moon. Black rain and red rain; jet black snow, red snow and hailstones which have the flavor of oranges. And, [illegible]

[illegible] birds had fallen, far away in Louisiana, I conceive, conventionally, of heavier objects having fallen in Alabama, say, and of the fall of still heavier objects still nearer the origin in Florida.

"The sources of information of the weather bureau are widespread.

"It has no records of such falls.

"Perhaps the birds of Baton Rouge were only from the Super-Sargasso Sea.

"I suppose there had been a storm somewhere, the storm in Florida, perhaps, and many birds had been swept upward into the Super-Sargasso Sea. It has frigid regions and it has tropical regions—that birds of diverse species had been swept upward, into an icy region, where, huddling together for warmth, they had died. Then, later, they had been dislodged—meteor coming along—boat, bicycle, dragon—I don't know what did come along—something dislodged them."

But enough of the various phenomena which has baffled and puzzled scientists into ignoring or giving fatuous excuses as to their origin.

Damned, Meaning Excluded

Charles Fort has some definitely indefinite views which, once heard, cannot be forgotten. With the aid of letters, remembrance and "The Book of Damned," which has neither beginning nor ending, we will attempt to give a synopsis of those views.

"By the 'damned,'" says Fort, "I mean the excluded."

It is the impression of Mr. Fort that nothing can attempt to be, except by attempting to exclude something else, and that there are no positive differences; that red is not positively different from yellow, it is only another degree of color vibration and that red and yellow are continuous, merging in orange. This merging, he insinuates, predetermines the possibility of science categorically classifying phenomena on the basis of redness and yellowness, including all things in the red category as veritable and all things in the yellow category as false or illusory, for the demarcation would necessarily include the orange things which they could not put in either category. These things, science tries to do, and they become, consequently, the damned.

In a later work, or which is, rather, a continuation of what is begun in "The Book of the Damned," Charles Fort seeks to establish, in "New Lands" (Boni and Liveright, N. Y.), by testimony from 2 to 500 years old, that neighboring planets have sought to communicate with the earth; that the moon may be inhabited and that its inhabitants have repeatedly flashed lights and given other evidences of their existence; that earthquakes have been caused by mysterious explosions in the sky; that such things as seeds, pebbles, blood and animals have fallen from the sky.

Both books are filled with sarcasm and verbal fireworks; but the books are mild. Night after night Mr. Fort assailed these scientists with only Mrs. Fort, the writer and several bottles of beer together with limburger sandwiches present. His invectives are quaint, curious and damning. He raises his voice with righteous indignation, for he holds that scientists, supposedly in existence to teach mankind, are lethargic, stupid, phlegmatic, fear-ridden and easily susceptible to lying when they attempt to explain, or explain away the phenomena which have been noticed by both unlearned peasants and savants.

To listen to Mr. Fort is to be steeped in wonder. One finds that the thought persists, "is this man sincere in his grotesque theories, or is he just kidding [illegible]

[illegible]

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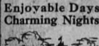
America's leading hotel for women. Located near Capitol and Union station. Excellent accommodations and service. Reasonable rates. No tipping.
Send for booklet.

Enjoyable Days Charming Nights



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O. O. McIntyre, Prophet Of Broadway, Takes Peep At The Paris Boulevards

O. O. McIntyre, daily historian of the lights and shadows of New York City, is spending the latter part of August looking over the boulevards of gay Paree, following his yearly custom. Mr. McIntyre sees the French capital with trained eyes. Very little escapes him.

"All cosmopolitan cities are alike," he writes, "because they are inhabited by people. The midinette, tripping along the street with her gay box or package of dainty frippery, looks different, but the thoughts she is thinking are the same as those of any shop girl in New York. The language, the architecture, the food, and the styles may be strange, but it is a little old world after all."

McIntyre doffs his Fedora to Paris.

Mr. McIntyre, whose "New York Day By Day" is a cross-section of life in the most unique city that civilization has so far produced, takes a great delight each year in dipping beneath the surface in other lands and bringing forth new bits of romance to amuse American readers. But he will be back at his old listening post along Broadway in a few weeks.

AUCTION BRIDGE

BY R. F. FOSTER,
Author of "Foster on Auction," "Auction Made Easy," "Foster's Complete Hoyle," Etc.

PROBABLY about the last thing the average player learns about bridge tactics is the difference between asking a lead and bidding a suit fourth hand, when the dealer's no-trumper has been passed by the two other players. The object of the first is to save the game. The object of the second is to win it.

The theory of saving the game is based on the fact that if one can get the right suit led at the start, and can afterward make four tricks in it by getting in on some other suit, those four tricks added to the one that got the lead make five, and five tricks saves the game. This is assuming that the dealer, or his partner, goes back to no trump. If he does, he has to bid two, and if the game is more than saved, he is set.

The necessary strength to justify a bid fourth hand is usually set [illegible]

[illegible] things, which costs tricks.

The usual result of such an ask fourth hand is that the no-trumper is abandoned in favor of a suit-bid of some sort. This is by many thought to be an advantage for the fourth-hand bid, a it frequently drives the no-trumper into a minor suit which cannot go game. If there is a good major suit it would probably have been named in the first place, instead of no-trumps.

When we come to consider bidding fourth hand over a no-trumper for the purpose of going game, we are assuming two things: a pretty strong hand and fair strength in the partner's hand, and also an overage or weak no-trump bid on the left. That is the usual idea of it, but players do not follow it by any means. They will call suits that they have no chance of going game on, and which would not be of any value even if led, just to bluff the dealer out of his no-trumper. This sometimes gets the bidder into a nice jam.

Take this example, played in the championship games at New London last month by one of the most famous pairs, who lost many points by trying bluffing tactics. Bluff will not win against players who know how to value hands. The deal was No. 23.

[illegible]

Z dealt and bid no-trump. A and Y passed, but at one table B called [illegible]

[illegible] trumper, Z would have made five odd. B and Z passed.

As it was A rescued the double of his partner's clubs with two diamonds, which Y also doubled. Again B and Z passed.

Y led the spade ten; the modern style of leading interiors. Z put on the queen, as Y denies the jack and it is not in dummy, and A won with the ace, leading a high trump, which cost him 100 points.

Z won the trump with the king and returned the spade, to give Y the finesse over the jack, marked in A's hand. Y went right on with the spades, eventually forcing A to trump. A then led the club, as the trump ten-ace was marked against him, but that did not save him as he had to trump the fourth heart and [illegible]

[illegible] rule, 7 3 2 1.

This was the distribution in Problem No. 165:

	♥ A, ♣ K, ♦ 4 2, ♠ A 3 2 (Y)		
♥ J, ♣ Q, ♦ Q 6, ♠ K 10 9 (A)		♥ —, ♣ 3 2, ♦ 10 9 8, ♠ Q J (B)	
	♥ K 2, ♣ A 5, ♦ J 7, ♠ 6 (Z)		

Clubs are trumps and Z leads. Y [illegible] wants six tricks. This is how they get them:

Z starts with two rounds of trumps, holding the lead by beginning with the ace. Y sheds the heart, which is also A's best discard, as the jack is useless. Two winning hearts follow. On the first, A discards a spade, Y a spade, and B a diamond. On the second heart lead, A is in trouble.

If A lets go a diamond, Y sheds another spade, and Z leads a diamond, putting A in. Now the ace of spades and jack of diamonds are good for two tricks. If A discards a spade, instead of the diamond, trusting B to stop the spade suit, Y changes his discard to the diamond.

Now B has to let go something. If he discards the spade, both Y's are good. If a diamond, Z leads the spade, which Y wins, returning the diamond. Z plays the jack, forcing A's queen, and Z makes a trick with the seven.

BRIDGE PROBLEM No. 166

	♥ —, ♣ K, ♦ A Q, ♠ 7 6 5 4 (Y)		
♥ 7 3, ♣ 9 7, ♦ 5, ♠ A 9 (A)		♥ K 6, ♣ A 6, ♦ K J, ♠ K (B)	
	♥ J 10, ♣ Q 10 8 2, ♦ —, ♠ 2 (Z)		

There are no trumps and Z leads. Y and Z want three tricks. How do they get them? Solution next week.

MY ROMANTIC HUSBAND

Ann Lisle's New Phase of When a Girl Marries.
By ANN LISLE.
Whose Serials of Married Life Have Won a Big Popular Success.
Copyright, 1924, by King Features Syndicate, Inc., for The Birmingham News.

CHAPTER 182

"YOUR wife—Lucie Tremaine—is to have Brooke de Courcey's part in the Frothingham-Hawley Revue!" I half gasped, half questioned, staring in amazement at the insouciant Johnny, who sat on the other side of my desk twirling his cane and pensively stretching one silk-clad ankle with the other. Then with belated tact I added: "You are to be congratulated."

"I wouldn't swear to that," grinned Johnny. "If Lucie makes the grade tonight and gets the part she will think she runs our roost for sure. With Lucie telling me how I rate at home, and with you acting as if I were nothing but a sappy baby whenever I get off business and onto the personal, I know where I stand with the only two women who are ones with me."

I couldn't help laughing at the infantile gravity of Johnny Tremaine. But he scowled as he complained about my refusing to take him seriously even in a moment like this. And then he plunged back into business with the [illegible]

[illegible] house with her father playing squire, were so many more little offerings like a dozen American beauties and set of books from the average guy. And all these trifling tributes Brooke thought old Matt would hand over to win him a fair young bride. His full reward was to be the glory of annexing said fair young bride when she got around to it—if ever she did. But if she didn't she was not planning to return any of his presents."

Johnny stopped, picked up his hat, twirled it, set it on the back of his head, gave his shoulders a jaunty shake, smiled apologetically, removed the hat and sang in a nasal voice:

"Take your gifts and go. Or try to take 'em if you can. That's the song our Brooke would like to sing to her big Matt Hawley man."

I couldn't help laughing at the boy's absurd pantomime and still more absurd jingle. But I realized that I was learning a few things it was absolutely vital for me to know. And even if I did not approve of Johnny Tremaine's method of conveying his information [illegible]

[illegible] Hawley Enterprises.

"That I can't tell you," smiled Johnny. "But if you're worried about your share of this publicity thing, I'm here to tell you that if you'll help put Lucie over, you can count on us to the limit."

I stared at him, questioningly. He fidgeted for a moment. Then he said crudely:

"No matter what I know—or guess—or see, I won't say a word to old Matt to tell him who his rival is. Your job is safe anyhow. You're a good kid, and Lucie would be as hopping as I would be to have you lose out through any member of your family."

And with a sick lurch of my heart, I realized that what Johnny Tremaine was saying bade fair to cost me my last bit of faith in Jim.

To Be Continued Tomorrow.

Watch your pimples vanish

Why? Pimple-Poison goes when Red-Blood-Cells increase! S. S. S. builds these Red-Blood-Cells!

You can be sure of this, nature has no substitute for red-blood-cells. Pimple-poison can't live in the red rivers of your blood as long as there

[illegible] power in your blood! The tremendous results, produced by an increase in red-blood-cells is one of the A. B. C.'s of medical science. Red-cells mean clear, pure, rich blood. They mean clear, ruddy, lovable complexions. They mean nerve power, because all your nerves are fed by your blood. They mean freedom forever from pimples, from the blackhead pest, from boils, from eczema and skin eruptions, from rheumatic impurities, from that tired, exhausted, run-down feeling. Red-blood-cells are the most important thing in the world to each of us. S. S. S. will build them for you. S. S. S. has been known since 1826, as one of the greatest blood-builders, blood-cleansers and system strengtheners ever produced. S. S. S. is sold at all good drug stores. The large size bottle is more economical.

S.S.S. makes you feel like yourself again

Love Defies Commandment; Jury To Free Wife Who Ended Husband's Pain

BY BASIL WOON.
Universal Service Staff Correspondent.

PARIS, Aug. 30.—"Thou shalt not kill!" So runs the commandment. The inscription handed to Moses on the mountain was explicit enough—but was it final, adamant, inalterable, complete?

Could any circumstances, apart from the punishment of crime or self-defense, make legitimate the slaying of a human being?

Is murder, cold-blooded murder, ever justified?

Within a few weeks, two months at most, a Paris jury will answer that question in the affirmative.

And they will turn loose on the world that has so misused her the heroine of one of the strangest tragedies ever re[illegible]

[illegible]

She drew a revolver, and, before the startled nurses could stop her, she shot her husband dead.

Even the calloused police refused to arrest her. They put her in a private ward, and there she lies still—an honored prisoner. Flowers heap her room.

Six hundred famous names are on the list of witnesses her attorney will present at the trial. Every one is a witness for the defense. Every one will swear that, in such a case, murder is justified.

And there remains not the remotest doubt that the jury will agree with this view and discharge the woman who killed for love, for a love that in itself holds more than a little of the divine.

There are fewer illiterates among the Czechs than in any other nation of Europe, not even excepting the French.

The death rate in the Philippines today is lower than at any time for which records have been kept. This is credited to the medical training of Gen. Wood, who has enforced sanitary regulations.

In the year 4000 B. C. clay pipe was used in Babylonia. It may have been used even earlier.

OLD SORES

[illegible]

IF SICK TODAY! TAKE NO CALOMEL

"Dodson's Liver Tone" Straightens You Up Better Than Salivating, Dangerous Calomel and Doesn't Upset You—Don't Lose a Day's Work—Read Guarantee

I discovered a vegetable compound that does the work of dangerous, sickening calomel and I want every reader of this paper to buy a bottle for a few cents and if it doesn't straighten you up better and quicker than salivating calomel just go back to the store and get your money back.

I guarantee that one spoonful of Dodson's Liver Tone will put your sluggish liver to work and clean your thirty feet of bowels of the sour bile and constipation poison which is clogging your system and making you feel miserable.

I guarantee that one spoonful of this harmless liquid liver medicine will relieve the headache, biliousness, coated tongue, ague, malaria, sour stomach or any other distress caused by a torpid liver as quickly as a dose of vile, nauseating calomel, besides it will not make you sick or keep you from a day's work.

Calomel is poison—it's mercury—it attacks the bones, often causing rheumatism. Calomel is dangerous. It sickens—while my Dodson's Liver Tone is safe, pleasant and harmless. Eat anything afterwards, because it can not salivate. Give it to the children because it doesn't upset the stomach or shock the liver. Take a spoonful tonight and wake up feeling fine and ready for a full day's work.—Adv.

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