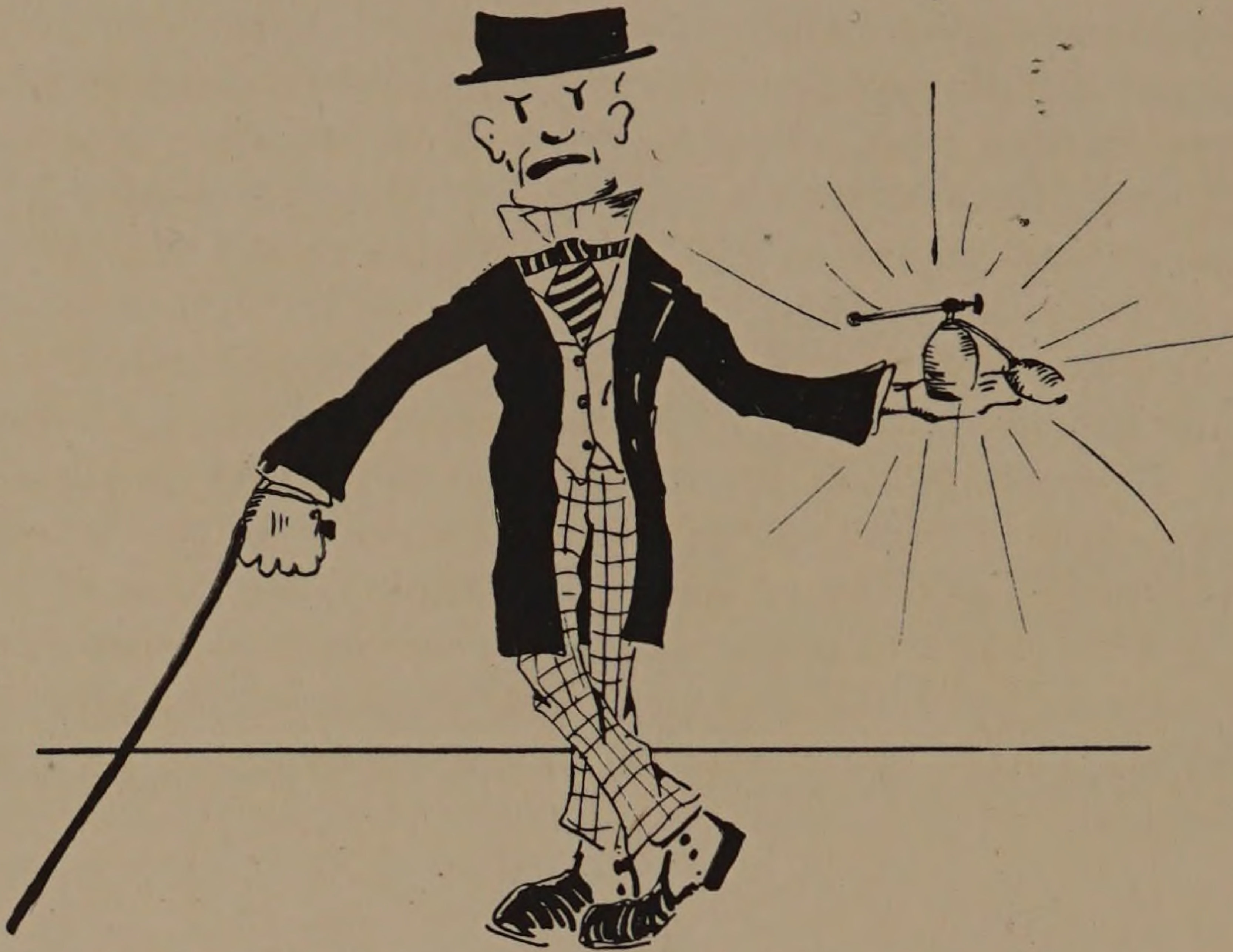


HUMOR

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE INVENTOR OF THE ATOMIZER



Being in need of "copy," the managing editor gave me this annoying assignment: "Go out and interview Harold Bruce, the inventor of the Atomizer." This astounding assignment puzzled me for a moment, for, as you know, the fame of H. Bruce, C.Q.D., Q.E.D., S.O.S., B.V. D., C.O.D., had spread worldwide. He had just recently evolved in his mind an instrument known as the "Atomizer," by means of which he has been able to weigh the earth. Think of the

wonders of the human intellect, of the powers of the brain by which a frail human can, with a simple contrivance weighing less than a pound, actually put this old planet of ours on the weighing scales and determine its mass, e'en though it be millions of tons. As I stated, the magnitude of this assignment nearly "floored" me, but, gathering courage, I set out for his abode.

I was met at the door by a shrewd looking member of the opposite sex—I advisedly omit the "gentler." After estimating my negotiable value to the last fraction of a pennyweight, she icily informed me that the "upper third floor back was not for rent." Somewhat abashed at this estimation of my financial worth, I let her know that my mission was not to rent rooms, but to see the honorable "Atomizician."

"But he has left," she replied.

"No, I think not," I ventured.

"Yes, there is some of his magic stuff which I keep for my board bill. These magicians are——"

"I didn't say 'magician!' 'Atomizician!' Atomizer! Is it possible you do not know the meaning of this term? Please let me see Harold Bruce."

They say that true genius is characterized by extreme simplicity, and only the shamblers "put on the dog." If such be true, here was a genius of the first order. In this laboratory there was no complicated array of test tubes, retorts, crucibles, transformers, etc., which are generally associated in our minds with all great scientists. This home of genius was a model of simplicity. On the table in the center of the room was a leather-covered sphere, evidently a model of our own terra-firma, which he had just recently placed on the scales of his atomic balance. In a corner of the room was a simple lever, rounded to a tapering handle. On the walls were numerous likenesses of men in bloomer trousers, swinging these levers at the leather-covered spheres. The meaning of this strange performance was a puzzle to me for a time. I could not quite grasp the idea of striking the earth with a lever, but my slow, unimaginative brain, after labor, came to a satisfactory conclusion. This man was testing the levers for the center of percussion. A rather novel method, I thought, but surely effective.

And now for the "Atomizician" himself. His garb was simple, a black knit sweater coat with a large gold "A" emblazoned on the front. My brain was working faster now and I immediately saw the connection, "A," atomizer. The learned scientist treated me in a most cordial manner, but somewhat abruptly, "How's the boy?" If it