

# SOUTH JERSEY STAR

Twenty-first Year, No. 8.

Entered as second-class matter at Ham-  
monton, N. J., post office.

Thos. B. Delker, Publisher

Single Copies, 5 cents.  
By Mail, \$1.25 per year.

Hammonton, N. J., June 24, 1921.

*W. R. Seely*

★★★ The Place for Good Eats ★★★  
**Thin Dried Beef**  
**TASTES BETTER**  
The Thinnest and Best  
You Ever Tasted  
AT  
**Jackson's Market**

★★★ The Place for Good Eats ★★★

"FOR THE GOOD OF  
HAMMONTON."

"To every man there opens a way,  
And the high soul climbs the high way,  
And the low soul gropes the low,  
And in between on the misty flat,  
The real drift to and fro,  
But to every man there opens  
A high way and a low,  
And every man decides  
The way his soul shall go."

**100,000 PLANTS TO SELL**  
Principally Tomato and Sweet Po-  
tato. Tomato plants, \$3 per thousand;  
sweet potato plants, \$2.50 per thou-  
sand. CHAS. CAESSETTA, Ninth  
street, Hammonton.  
**TYPEWRITER RIBBONS**  
You can get ribbons for various  
makes of typewriters, such as Oliver,  
Underwood, Smith-Premier, at the  
"Star" office at 75 cents each.

**NEW PRINTERS**  
Raymond Buck, an overseas vet-  
eran, has purchased three job presses  
and a type equipment from Thomas  
B. Delker and rented a portion of the  
"Star" building, preparatory to going  
into the job printing business on a  
larger scale. The new plant will open  
for business on Friday, July 1. Every-  
body wishes Comrade Buck a full  
measure of success in his new ven-  
ture.

**CHASING MOSQUITOES**  
Charles Cunningham, Jr., son of  
Mayor Charles Cunningham, is now  
engaged in endeavoring to chase B'er  
Mosquito to his lair, having been ap-  
pointed Mosquito Inspector here.  
Young Cunningham is a Hammonton  
High School graduate, and was a page  
in the House of Assembly at the late  
session of the Legislature.

**HAMMONTON NOTES**  
The Ambassador from China to the  
United States was a recent guest at  
the Hotel "Lillian-on-the-Lake" at  
this place.  
Announcement has been made of the  
marriage of Helen White, daughter of  
Councilman Edward H. White, to  
Thomas W. Monahan, of Washington,  
D. C., where the wedding occurred on  
June 15.

**ITALIAN IMMIGRANTS TO COME  
HERE**  
Adolfo Vinto, Counselor for Immi-  
gration at the Italian Embassy,  
Washington, D. C., has been on a visit  
to this place regarding a plot for the  
forwarding here of a large number of  
recently landed Italian immigrants.  
Many will also locate in or near Vin-  
land.

**PALACE THEATRE**  
THIS SATURDAY  
-Wm. Farnum, "When a Man Sees Red"

**IMPORTANT NOTICE**  
Owing to the excessive amount of water used for  
sprinkling purposes it has become necessary to issue a  
warning to those who have so indulged that unless a mat-  
erial reduction is promptly noted that the Water Commis-  
sion will be compelled to take drastic action to ensure a  
reasonable quantity of water in the stand pipe for fire and  
other emergencies.  
The Commission trusts that this notice will produce a  
beneficial effect and that it will not be necessary to take  
drastic measures to compel those who are abusing the  
sprinkling privilege to cease from so doing.  
Hammonton Water Commission.  
Sprinkling period is from 6 and 8 A. M. and 6 and 9 P. M.

**PIEZ BACK ON JOB**  
Anton Piet, former Councilman, and  
for some years past a member of the  
Hammonton Water Commission, who  
has been ill for several months, having  
returned recently from a Philadelphia  
hospital, resumed his labors as a mem-  
ber of the Water Commission, at its  
session last night, although in far  
from a well condition.  
**MUST USE LESS WATER**  
The Hammonton Water Commission  
has given public notice to users of the  
town water that sprinkling must cease  
except during the hours designated by  
the Water Commission, from six to  
eight in the morning, and from six in  
the afternoon until nine o'clock. It  
appears that many have been ignoring  
this rule, with the result that at times  
the water supply in the stand pipe has  
been dangerously low. If users of  
water fail to heed the request of the  
Commission that they will either pro-  
ceed to collect fines or withdraw the  
sprinkling privilege altogether.

**CENT-A-WORD-COLUMN**  
Minimum charge, first inser-  
tion, 25c.; thereafter 1c. a word  
straight.

**REAL ESTATE**  
FARM WANTED—Want to hear  
from owner of farm or good land  
for sale worth the price asked. L.  
Jones, Box 551, Olney, Ill.

**HOUSEWORK WANTED**  
WASHING or housework wanted.  
Address Mrs. Rosa Mezzina, Ham-  
monton, N. J.

**JAMES J. ...**  
Real Estate ...

**We Specialize in Farms**  
Bell phone, 6-R Hammonton, N. J.

**REAL ESTATE**  
HAVE YOU any kind of real es-  
tate for sale? List it with me. No  
charge until sold.  
CASCIANA

**FOR RENT**  
10-room house, electric lights, three-  
quarter acre land, pear and apple  
trees, strawberries. Mary Vuotto,  
Main Road near Fairview.

**FOR SALE**  
Progressive Everbearing Strawberry  
Plants. Plant now for crop this ses-  
son.  
D. M. RODEFFER,  
Folsom, N. J.

85 acres cranberry land in Borough  
of Folsom.  
D. M. RODEFFER,  
Folsom, N. J.

**FOR SALE**  
Two good first-class violins, perfect  
condition.  
Piano tuning.  
PROF. CARLO NICOSIA,  
Hanco Building.

**ROOMS TO RENT**, 114 Pleasant  
street. Three rooms, furnished,  
second floor, gas and electric. Con-  
venient to station.

**FOR SALE**  
Choice building lot, 40x122, Grand  
street, close to 14th street. \$200.  
Also splendid location on Twelfth  
street between railroads, a coming  
money-making center. James Myers,  
Egg Harbor road.

**WANTED**—Ford Half-ton com-  
mercial truck, covered body. E. S.  
Freed, Hammonton R. P. D.

Mr. and Mrs. N. Albroton, of At-  
lantic City, are here to spend the sum-  
mer at the Hotel Jackson.

**GOSPEL TENT SERVICES**  
Evangelists Keller and Patrio  
have pitched a large gospel taber-  
nacle at the corner of Third and Grand  
streets. The tent is fitted up attrac-  
tively and is well lighted. The plain,  
old fashioned gospel is being pro-  
claimed every night at 8 o'clock, ex-  
cept Saturday. Meetings will be con-  
tinued indefinitely.

**PIPE FOR SALE**—I have, chan-  
nels, angle iron, shafting, pulleys, re-  
inforcing iron, sash weights, equip-  
ment of all kinds, etc. ACORN IRON  
& METAL COMPANY, Atlantic City,  
N. J.

**Get That Radiator Fixed**  
...THE..  
**Brown Auto Radiator Co.**  
Can do it quickly, well and  
at reasonable cost  
Just located in the Star Building  
Second Street Opposite Post Office. HAMMONTON, N. J.  
Bodies and Fenders Straightened

**EDWARD J. FESER**  
General Electrical Contractor  
Power and Lighting Installations  
Motors Dynamos Appliances Repairs  
203 Egg Harbor Road, Hammonton, N. J.  
Local Phone 756

**EAGLE THEATRE**  
Friday and Saturday  
June 24th and 25th  
Matinee, Saturday Afternoon at 4.30 P. M.

**A CHILD FOR SALE**  
FOR the past six months  
the hundreds of thou-  
sands who have witnessed this  
photo-drama, amazing, have  
been thrilled, made sigh, feel  
deeply by the light of love, it  
has illumined the human  
heart.  
Depicting the drama that  
lies buried in every breast.  
The theme of the author  
the preacher.  
A nation wide topic of con-  
versation touching the most  
vital question of the day.  
Little Peggy appears

Prices, Evenings 25 Cents  
Matinee, 15 Cents  
(Including Tax)

**FISK TIRES**  
Sold only by dealers  
give tire mileage  
at the lowest cost  
in history  
**30 x 3 1/2**  
**\$15.00**  
NON-SKID  
Reduction in all styles and sizes  
A New Low Price on a  
Known and Honest Product

**THE MODERN FUNERAL**  
In matters of sympathy and condolence there can be suggested  
no forms of expression, nor can we invent any code of laws. These  
are emotions of the heart prompted by what we see at the time,  
and no tongue or pen need suggest to us how to express our feel-  
ings for another's woe.  
A human heart that feels not the affliction of others is un-  
worthy of a place in the ranks of the undertaking profession, and  
the heart that truly feels knows best how to impart sympathy and  
help, lifting them from an abyss of hopeless grief into the sunshine of  
hope.  
No funeral director can ever be brought to consider his  
duties so much matters of business as to forget the suffering by  
which he is surrounded, and the kindness, patience, indulgence and  
gentleness he owes to affliction even above the claims of duty. Sym-  
pathetic bearing and unwearied patience are requisites we must  
never for a moment forget.  
**THE JONES SERVICE**  
Embalmer, Funeral Director and Sanitarian  
Hammonton - N. J.

**Fordson**  
"THE FORDSON AT WORK"  
A mighty valuable booklet just issued by the Ford Motor  
Company. It is yours for the asking. Drop in and get one or drop  
a card or letter and we will mail you a copy free.  
This book is not what the Ford Motor Company has to say  
about the Fordson Tractor, but what the tens of thousands of  
users have to say. Get the book. It is yours for the asking. Keep  
in mind the fact that behind every Fordson Tractor are all the  
resources of the great Ford Motor Company; likewise that reliable  
"Ford After-Service" which assures the keeping of the Tractor in  
working order every day in the year. Remember also that the  
Fordson Tractor, like the Ford car, is simplicity itself in design  
and construction; easy to understand and easy to operate. Come  
in and let us tell you more about it. It is more important to the  
farmer today than anything else.  
The Age of Machine Power on the Farm is no longer a matter  
of speculation; it is here—an established fact. It is the latest ad-  
vanced step civilization has taken. It comes to the farmer with the  
full promise to lift the great burden of drudgery and wearisome,  
wearing-out toil from the muscles of man and carrying them with  
much more profit by power of machinery, with the result that  
larger production, more comfort and greater wealth will come to  
the farm homes wherever the Fordson is employed. COME IN  
AND TALK IT OVER.  
**BELLEVUE GARAGE, INC.**  
E. A. CORDERY, President.  
Egg Harbor Road, Hammonton, N. J.

# WASHINGTON SIDELIGHTS

## "Major Inkpen," "Captain Rarehorse"



WASHINGTON. — Official Washington smiles. By order of Secretary of War Weeks, Robert J. Quinn, a \$2,400 clerk in the army adjutant general's office and a government employee for 18 years, has been summarily dismissed following publication of a serial novel in which he is accused of belittling and ridiculing Maj. Gen. Peter C. Harris, adjutant general of the army, and Col. F. W. Lewis of that office.

Alleging that two laudatory characters in the novel are designed to portray himself and Colonel Lewis, General Harris had charges preferred against Quinn, alleging "conduct to the prejudice of the good order and discipline and morale of the civil service should be remedied."

## Does the Mississippi River Flow Up Hill?

GEORGE OTIS SMITH, director of the United States geological survey, solved the old school debating societies' problem whether the Mississippi river does or does not flow uphill and settled the question definitively for all time. Here is the answer: "Some describe 'down' or 'at a lower level' as the point nearer the center of the earth, and consider the 'upper' as the one further from the center. "If only a small area is considered this is practically true, but in referring to widely separated localities, such as the source and the mouth of the Mississippi river, such a definition would lead to an absurdity, and must therefore be incorrect.

And that's how the hero and heroine of "The Clan Call" meet. One of the ordinary fathers. But then they meet in an extraordinary part of the United States of America where live "the purest-blooded of all Americans, whom other and educated Americans left in the darkness of ignorance in order that they might send missionaries and educators to foreign countries—the greatest mistake of church and society since the Civil war."

## American Defense Society Is Worried



THE far west islands of Alaska are endangered by the bill (H. R. 5084) introduced by Representative C. F. Curry of California, says the American Defense Society. This bill transfers to a board of five residents in Alaska, with great powers, pretty much all the national things in Alaska, except the coal mines and the national parks.

CHAPTER I. — David Moreland's Mountain. Carlyle Wilburton Dale—known to himself and a few close friends as "Bill Dale"—was a young man of about twenty, who had just finished his high school course at the northward train had left the outskirts of the state capital. It occurred facing big odds; but other men had faced big odds and won out, and what others had done he could do. Indeed, he had already done several things which other men might not have thought of doing, and one of them was leaving a bride, not figuratively but literally, at the altar in a fashionable church! But he knew Patricia hadn't wanted to marry him any more than he had wanted to marry her.

## Chicagoan Says Bible Bars Photographs

CHICAGO has a man who believes in the Bible, thinks he understands it and has the courage of his convictions. Whom the following letter which has been received by the Department of State:

Chicagoan Says Bible Bars Photographs. "I have been reading in the Chicagoan a notice of a man who believes in the Bible, thinks he understands it and has the courage of his convictions. Whom the following letter which has been received by the Department of State:

# The Clan Call

By Hapsburg Liebe

Copyright by Doubleday, Page & Co.

## A FEUD OF THE TENNESSEE MOUNTAINS

From somewhere on a nearby mountainside a rifle's keen report split the air; a bullet whined like a mad hornet; Dale's hat jumped a little on his head. The attack was exceedingly rude. Dale wheeled, his gray eyes ablaze, and saw only a tiny cloud of smoke-mist rising from the laurels more than fifty feet away. "Come out, you coward!" he roared. "Come out and let me see you," curiously taking the place of anger in his voice. "I've always wanted to know just what a real highwayman was like!" The muffled sound of a twig breaking a short distance off to his left next claimed his attention. He was being closely watched by a pair of the finest, clearest brown eyes he had ever seen. He saw her eyes first; he never forgot that.

disappeared among the blooming laurels. The man By Heck wore the poor clothing of a poor hillman. His hat, which had once been black, was all brim and yet all crown; his suspenders, which had been bought with a 'coonhide, were redder than fire; his rindown cowhide boots seemed ridiculously short because of the great length of his slender legs. When he had reached a point some three yards from Dale, he halted, placed the butt of his rifle carefully between his toes, and leaned on its muzzle; then he deliberately began to take eye measurements of the newcomer. Dale didn't like the stare—he hit it was impatient. "Well, what's the verdict?" he asked sharply. "Spoke like a man," drawled By Heck. "I reckon you must be up here a-lookin' for coal."

other, but they don't hardly ever fight; they're all strappin' big men, and they fights so danged hard it don't pay. My gosh, Bill, every man of 'em can shoot a goat's spleen off at four hundred yards—I wish I may drop dead of they can't! Do yo see that big cabin right plumb in the middle of the algh half o' the settlement, Bill? Well, the boss o' the Morelands he lives thar—John Moreland. That's whar you want to go, Bill, sence yo've got a oncyforable case o' the disease knowed as coal-on-the-brain. But I can tell ye aforehand, you ain't got enough money to buy that coal, don't matter how much money yo've got."



"Carlyle!" Moreland Repeated in a Hoarse Growl. "You Say Yore Name Is Carlyle!"

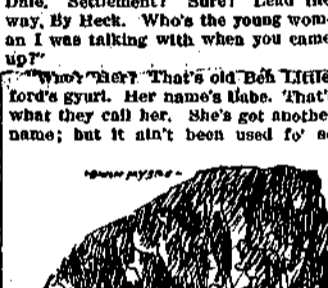
And that's how the hero and heroine of "The Clan Call" meet. One of the ordinary fathers. But then they meet in an extraordinary part of the United States of America where live "the purest-blooded of all Americans, whom other and educated Americans left in the darkness of ignorance in order that they might send missionaries and educators to foreign countries—the greatest mistake of church and society since the Civil war."

Bill Dale, Settlement? Sure! Lead the way, By Heck. Who's the young woman I was talking with when you came up here?" "That's old Bek Littleford's girl. Her name's Dabe. That's whar they call her. She's got another name; but it ain't been used for so long it's been forgot, I reckon. She's the youngest one o' old Bek's children. She looks like some of the rest of the Littlefords. By gosh, she's awful high-bred. She can read good, Dabe can. Old Major Bradley, from down at Carlyleville in the lowland, he spends his summers up here for his health, and he teaches Dabe how to read. Fins, father, Major Bradley, lawyer. Dabe she has done read everything in the whole danged country. There's several Bibles, and a book about a Pilgrim's Progress, and a Baker's How and Gutter Almanack, and a well-dictionary. "But whar's the light out for the settlement, Mr. Bill, or yo'll ain't dismember, mebbe. I'm a plumb danged foot about carlin'. I'll twenty-two blacchin' o' non-sense this mornin' to break fine, asidde a whole bill'd handshank, and other things accordin'. It's the slyt' treat! Come on, Mr. Dale. "They went down to the creek, crossed it on stones, and began to climb the low cliff.

John Moreland's house was built of whole oak logs, which were chinked with oak splits and dabbed in between with clay; the roof was of hand-made boards, and a chimney of stones and clay rose at either end. John Moreland himself sat on the front porch, and beside him lay a ream of paper, and a pen, and a book. He had been very busy, and through the head, and a weary black-and-tan hound. He was an uncommonly big man, and about forty-seven; his eyes were gray and keen; his thick hair and full beard were a rich brown, with only a few threads of white. There was a certain English fineness about the man. One felt that he could trust John Moreland.

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CHAPTER I. — David Moreland's Mountain. Carlyle Wilburton Dale—known to himself and a few close friends as "Bill Dale"—was a young man of about twenty, who had just finished his high school course at the northward train had left the outskirts of the state capital. It occurred facing big odds; but other men had faced big odds and won out, and what others had done he could do. Indeed, he had already done several things which other men might not have thought of doing, and one of them was leaving a bride, not figuratively but literally, at the altar in a fashionable church! But he knew Patricia hadn't wanted to marry him any more than he had wanted to marry her.



"Cause I Won't, I Don't Never Keep Company With No Strange Men-folks."

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"What was you a-doin' here a-lookin' in my yard?"

Through the Sky—light in the Studio

By RUBY DOUGLAS

(By McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Tom Foster opened the door of the little apartment he shared with his sister. He had left some important papers in the pocket of another suit and had been forced to return home from the office to get them.

He stepped back in amazement at what greeted his eyes. Then he closed the door behind him and looked about the little room that served jointly as his sister's bedroom and their living room.

Almost every drawer or cabinet pulled inside out and the contents were lying all about the room.

"Burglars," he said to himself. "I can't tell what is what in Hazel's belongings. I wouldn't know if anything were stolen. I'll take a look at my own things."

Yes—his own chest drawers had been rummaged also, but not to such an extent. "Looks like the work of women thieves," he said.

He looked about for other signs of the burglars' work, but everything else seemed to be in good shape. There were bits of brick-a-brac, a good small rug or two and some silver in the sideboard, but evidently the thieves had not cared for that sort of loot.

There was a skylight in the room; it was a studio apartment in a building adjoining other edifices of the same character.

Tom got out the little stepladder that he and Hazel used as a chair when they had extra guests. He climbed up and out onto the roof to see if he could get traces of the thieves.

He decided that they must have been in the rooms within a couple of hours, since Hazel always remained to have breakfast before going out to teach.

On the roof he came upon a startling picture. A very lovely young woman was drying a mass of gold-brown hair in the sunlight. She held a book on her lap under the curtain and hair and she evidently had not heard him come up through the skylight.

"I'm sorry," Tom began. "Oh," the girl cried, startled. "And I did not dream there was any one here. I am looking for my hat."

"Where?" the girl threw back the "bons" of hair and looked inquiringly at the intruder.

"Yes; I happened to return home and have found the drawers in our apartment all ransacked. Have you, perhaps, seen any strangers on the roof?"

The girl shook her head. "No. I have been here an hour drying my hair, but I have seen no one." She held him how sorry she was and he found himself telling her all about his sister and incidentally about himself.

He had forgotten all about the burglars and was observing the wonderful lights in the girl's hair and the same tones in her large, soft brown eyes.

"Could I, perhaps, give you a little assistance in divining a reason—finding a clue?" she asked, and more recently on our proud notes, is founded on the tradition that Aja, the daughter of an ancient monarch, was once bit by a dragon, which attacked her and threatened to devour her.

At this fearful moment St. George passed by, slew the dragon and rescued the lady.

The legend has probably come to us from the East, and belongs to the age of the Crusades, when St. George is said to have been honored with the name "Victorious."

The drawing, which has become so familiar to us on our coins, and more recently on our proud notes, is founded on the tradition that Aja, the daughter of an ancient monarch, was once bit by a dragon, which attacked her and threatened to devour her.

At this time she was joined by the other two. "And there are no burglars after all!" said Helen, disconsolately.

Hazel looked at her, astonished at her tone. "You regret it?" she asked. Helen shook her head. "Of course not. But I was just telling your brother how deadly dull it is here visiting my aunt and this had given me hope of a little diversion at least."

"Why don't you—but oh, I'm going away on the afternoon train. I was going to ask you to come in to see us," Hazel told her.

"It is good of you. I'd love to come," Tom quickly came to the subject. "Hazel won't be gone long, Miss Rogers, and perhaps, if you don't mind, you could happen up on the roof after dinner in the evening and I—well, I could be looking for further burglars," he laughed.

Hazel looked at her brother. It was unusual for him to have so resourceful a mind. He was not given much to doing anything but attending to his business. "And by the time I get home you will be better acquainted," she said.

"Would you?" Tom asked. "Would you be able to do that?" Helen nodded. "Yes, Aunt goes about a lot to meetings, and I can easily get to the roof. And—"

"Oh, yes; and after I return I'll make the acquaintance of your aunt if you like and you may come properly to see us," Hazel told the girl. "And now I must hurry and pack. Sit down."

Tom had to get back to his office with the papers he had been forced to return for, and Helen said she would stay and help Hazel pack if she needed her. "I'd love to put back the things and tidy up while you're getting ready!" she exclaimed, girlishly. "It's almost like being back home with my chum Mary. I miss her so."

This little admission quite touched Hazel, and the two girls worked together for an hour.

When Hazel Foster returned from her vacation at the shore she found that something warmer than friendship had developed in the relations between her brother and Helen.

"And I'm so glad," she whispered to Helen after many things had been said. "I've been wanting to tell a certain man that I'd marry him, but I didn't know what to do with Tom if I did."

"I'll take care of him if he asks me," Helen concluded. "He'll ask you, all right. He may be waiting to know what to do with me."

ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON Why the Patron Saint of England Fought With and Slew the Monster.

St. George's day—April 23—is observed in commemoration of the patron saint of England, who, according to ancient legend, was a prince of Cappadocia, says London Answer, "Some writers differ and say he was a knight of St. George, the record having it that he was a native of Celesia, and was born in a fuller's shop."

However, St. George has long been regarded as the protector and patron of the English, and is commonly represented on horseback, in full armor, with a formidable dragon writhing at his feet.

The drawing, which has become so familiar to us on our coins, and more recently on our proud notes, is founded on the tradition that Aja, the daughter of an ancient monarch, was once bit by a dragon, which attacked her and threatened to devour her.

At this fearful moment St. George passed by, slew the dragon and rescued the lady.

The legend has probably come to us from the East, and belongs to the age of the Crusades, when St. George is said to have been honored with the name "Victorious."

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To Sail Globe in a Lifeboat

Three Norwegians Plan Interesting Trip That Will Take About Year and a Half.

ALL ARE TRAINED SEAMEN

Boat Will Have No Covering Except Canvas Awning to Spread Over the Bunks When It Rains—Boat to Be Stoop Rigged.

New York—Norwegians are no longer the leading sea rovers they once were, but their adventurous spirit is not yet extinguished. There is a round tower at Newport, built of rude stones, a lasting monument to some forgotten visitors to these shores. Who built it no one can tell, but surely not aboriginal Americans for it embodies principles of architecture unknown to them.

Adventurous Norwegians. These considerations are revived by the fact that three young Norwegians now in this city are planning to cross the Atlantic ocean in an open boat and eventually to circumnavigate the globe. They are Capt. Mimer Tonnings and Mates Otthar Pettersen and Helge Westering.

Tonnings was at work on the Panama canal in 1915, but going home was impressed into the Norwegian navy. Pettersen was petty officer on another ship in the same service. Westering has also seen much sea service. They are practically stranded here now, and are laid up at the club of the Norwegian Master and Mates' association, No. 565 Henry street, Brooklyn, where a reporter was told the plans.

Tonnings acted as spokesman while the other two listened and gave assent. Their plans are nearly complete. They have secured a 20-foot lifeboat, built by the Atlantic Life Boat company of South Brooklyn. It is a gift from the company, and while it does not differ from the ordinary lifeboat built for ship use, certain changes have been made to adapt it for the specific purposes for which it will be used.

Will Be Stoop Rigged. It will be stoop rigged, having a 20-foot mainmast and a 12-foot topmast, three feet of which will be above the hounds, thus affording a 52-foot sail hoist. Two sets of sails will be carried, one of light canvas for light and moderate weather, and one of heavy canvas for stormy weather. However, they hope to escape

stormy weather, except an occasional squall, by sailing in summer time. The boat will have no covering except a canvas awning to spread over the bunks when it rains. Cooking will be done on an oil stove. They will start with a stock of 14 weeks' provisions in the hope of being able to cross the Atlantic within that time.

They will leave Sandy Hook in the near future and steer for the Solly Azore Islands. From Gibraltar they will go to Suez, Samatra, the Philippines, Hawaii, California, Panama, pass through the canal and come up the Atlantic coast to New York. The entire voyage is expected to take from 16 to 18 months.

\$199 FOR "SCIENTIFIC" KISS California Girl Says Psychiat Told Her It Would Develop Dormant Faculties.

Los Angeles, Cal.—For illustrating what constitutes a scientific kiss, a fair seeker after advice paid \$199, according to testimony in the case of James A. Murdock, who advertises as being the "incomparable psychiatrist and clairvoyant."

Mrs. Sarah Blackburn and her daughter, "Billie," aged seventeen, the latter, to whom, it was testified, had been given the demonstration lesson

At the beginning of the war it was owned by Prince Elias of Bourbon-Parma and was sequestrated because he was serving in the Austrian army as an attaché of the Austrian general staff. Prince Elias is a brother of Zita, wife of the former Emperor Charles of Austria, who lately attempted to regain his throne as king of Hungary.

After the war Prince Elias attempted to recover possession of the estate, but the French courts have just disallowed his claim. This, however, does not settle the question of its ownership, for Prince Sixtus, also of Bourbon-Parma, brother of Prince Elias, has put in a claim to the ownership of the chateau.

Prince Sixtus does not suffer the disability of Prince Elias, as Sixtus and his brother, Xavier, both offered their services to the French government in the war and being refused on the ground that descendants of the old royal houses could not be permitted to fight for France, they both enlisted in the Belgian army, where they served as stretcher-bearers. Their bravery in this service was afterward recognized in a French citation.

American will identify Prince Sixtus as the man who received, while the war was still in progress, the German letter from Emperor Charles of Austria in which he stated that he sympathized with France's aspirations to recover Alsace-Lorraine and that in his opinion Belgium should be restored to liberty.

Prince Sixtus turned the letter over to President Poincaré and its publication by Premier Clemenceau created consternation in Germany. Emperor Charles denied his authenticity.

ROYAL HOME TWO CENTURIES Louis XV Gave It to Marshal Saxe and Napoleon Presented It to Marshal Berthier—Became Possession of Duke of Parma.

Paris.—Erected by two princes of the house of Parma to recover possession of the celebrated Chateau Chambord, which was sequestrated by the French government during the war, is one of the most interesting aftermaths of the great conflict.

The chateau is more than 400 years old and is one of the most striking and interesting of all the famous feudal establishments of ancient France.

It was once one of the most magnificent of these great estates and lies in the valley of the Loire close to the town of Blois and has about 15,000 acres, part of which is enclosed by walls extending for 20 miles. The building is about 200 feet square with famous circular towers at the corners and a double spiral staircase leading to the center tower.

Royal Residence Two Centuries. It was built about 1520 and for two centuries was a royal residence. Louis XV gave it to Marshal Saxe and Napoleon presented it to Marshal Berthier. Eventually it fell into the possession of the duke of Parma.

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Bear and Rattlesnakes Upset Train Schedule

Elmira, N. Y.—New York Central train crews on the line that runs south from Corning into the coal fields of Pennsylvania are having no experience. Black bears and rattlesnakes are interfering with the time schedules.

A special coal-laden freight train slowed up when a huge black bear posed on the track in battle formation. It refused to move until the co-watcher needed it more or less gently aside.

By Murdock in the science of kissing, appeared against Murdock. "Billie" was taken to the "incomparable one" for a treatment. She said Murdock insisted on her being in a room alone with him.

It was at this juncture, said the witness, that scientific kissing was demonstrated. Murdock professed the act by a disintegration on the effect of kissing on the brain in developing dormant faculties.

Mrs. Blackburn said she paid Murdock \$199.

Married Life Burdensome in Old Age. Bellingham, Wash.—Charming desolation and non-support. Ida E. Smith, eighty years old, appeared in court to defend her suit for divorce against W. F. Smith, eighty-six. The defendant filed a cross complaint charging that she was about to be made his life burdensome.

Two Princes Claim Chateau

Historic Building and Grounds Seized by France During War Is Demanded.

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Tore Off Wife's Ears With Hands

Michigan Husband Made Brutal Assault to End the Visits of Rival.

Massapon, Mich.—Enraged over alleged visits of a rival to his home, Frank Miller is charged with stopping his wife on a crowded street and tearing off her ears with his bare hands. Miller gave himself up to the authorities after the tragedy.

"I got tired of finding her with Joe Ronsonoff. That's why I did it," was

"I'll quit the place soon as I can find other quarters," Stewart said. "But in the meantime—"

"In the meantime," Aunt Sue interrupted, "you shall go on with the writing of your book in Doctor Jessup's suburban bungalow. Doctor has long been a friend of mine and left the key of the place with me, while attending some medical convention. It's the very spot for quiet work, beautifully isolated in a walled garden."

As usual, Aunt Sue's solution was a wise one. Stewart Ogden felt a sense of relaxation the moment he entered the silent, peaceful bungalow. Stewart's book grew steadily in volume and interest as the evening passed. He was enjoying himself immensely.

"Only twelve," he mused as a chime caught his ear. "I shall be able to work on for two hours yet."

Stewart's book had a strange title. It was as though he, in the shadowy living room, with its shaded light above the desk, were gazing at a movie screen, with actors registered there, instead of into the severe white laboratory. For into this laboratory came suddenly a man, stockily built, with a cap drawn down on his face, and an instinctively, Stewart snapped off the solitary light, the capped and cloaked figure sank to the floor before the safe, and began with directed torch to study his casing.

Stewart, frantically observing, could read the inscription "Doctor Jessup's home," he escaped; noiselessly he slipped into the square opening beneath the desk and awaited developments. The next move of the picture was more surprising. A girl came swiftly into the square of light, and as the man worked on at the safe's console, she held in her hand a cap drawn down on his face, and an instinctively, Stewart snapped off the solitary light, the capped and cloaked figure sank to the floor before the safe, and began with directed torch to study his casing.

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FEARLESS GINNY

By JACK LAWTON. (© 1931, Western Newspaper Union.)

Stewart's aunt was the solver of most of his problems. When either his bachelor household or his literary labors were going agley, he went to Aunt Sue for advice, and found it.

His latest trouble was a failure to concentrate in the noisy apartment he had recently rented. When phonographs or pianos were at peace, other distractions would arise claiming his annoyed attention.

"I'll quit the place soon as I can find other quarters," Stewart said. "But in the meantime—"

"In the meantime," Aunt Sue interrupted, "you shall go on with the writing of your book in Doctor Jessup's suburban bungalow. Doctor has long been a friend of mine and left the key of the place with me, while attending some medical convention. It's the very spot for quiet work, beautifully isolated in a walled garden."

As usual, Aunt Sue's solution was a wise one. Stewart Ogden felt a sense of relaxation the moment he entered the silent, peaceful bungalow. Stewart's book grew steadily in volume and interest as the evening passed. He was enjoying himself immensely.

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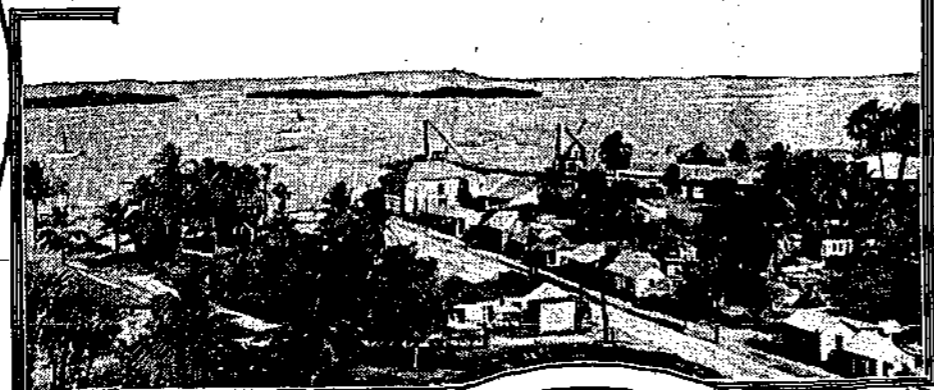
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# Porto Rico of Today - And Its Future



Photo by Underwood & Vieweg  
E. MONT KELLY, NEW GOVERNOR



PLAZA DE ELIZABETH, PORTO RICO



GOVERNMENT BUILDING AND PLAZA, SAN JUAN



TYPICAL STREET, SAN JUAN

PORTO RICO is thinking and talking about independence these days—as are the Philippines. The appointment by President Harding of a new governor emphasizes the fact that the Porto Ricans were disappointed in not being allowed to elect their own governor. The new governor is E. Mont Kelly of Kansas City, Mo., and he succeeds Arthur Yager.

The Porto Rican resident commissioner in the United States is Felix Cordova Davila. In the house the other day in the Congressional Record an article by Dr. Albert Shaw on Porto Rico, which he said contained "very valuable information which may be useful to members of congress." In connection with his request he said in substance:

"I want to say once more that the movement of independence in the island of Porto Rico has been greatly exaggerated. In the United States, that the people favor this ideal are very good indeed, but of which to build up loyal American citizens; that we all truly appreciate the privileges of being citizens of this nation; and that our loyalty to the national flag, without mental reservations, is the best evidence of our love to the people of Porto Rico. At the same time, the common sense and the patriotism of the Porto Ricans induce me to believe that this ideal will disappear from their minds in the not very distant future.

"I endorse everything printed in this article except the views of the writer regarding the governorship. I really believe, Mr. Speaker, that the people of Porto Rico have a right to elect their own governor, and I hope that the congress of the United States will recognize this right at the proper time. (Applause.)

"At present we have lost our fight. But we are good losers. We cordially congratulate the new governor on his appointment. He will surely have the co-operation of our people in the discharge of his official duties. We wish him a successful administration."

Dr. Shaw's article is too long for reproduction here in full. Following are some of the important points made:

The Porto Ricans, though living under the American flag and loyal to it beyond question, are now having very serious discussions about their status. These discussions are not closely followed in the United States and are somewhat puzzling, even to public men at Washington who are sympathetic and open-minded and who really desire to understand. The Porto Ricans themselves are aware that people in the United States read more about politics in Ireland, Canada, New Zealand, and South Africa—than about what is going on in an island which we annexed more than 20 years ago, and whose people are now American citizens just as truly as are the people of Massachusetts and Virginia.

Most readers in the United States are not aware that the United States party, which has a very large majority in each of the chambers of the Porto Rico legislature, except the island in the election last November on a platform which included an "independence" plank. The opposing party, which bears the name Republican, was, apparently, weakened rather than strengthened by a condition which was formed with the student party for election purposes. The strong and capable men of Porto Rico are to be found in both parties. In so far as the future of the island is concerned, the Republicans are wholly in favor of accepting the connection with the United States as permanent. The leaders of both parties, as also their newspaper organs, are aware of their responsibilities to the government of the United States and to the government at Washington.

The United States leaders should all thought of securing an independence that should come with any accession of good will on their part. The Porto Rican political spokesmen on both sides are men of remarkable oratorical ability, and an energetic campaign where they seek to gain a large popular following. It is the discussion of a question like that of independence that when concerning quiet about Porto Rico's best interests with members of the cabinet at Washington or with members of congressional committees. "Independence" is a word used by the leader, is not accession but natural evolution.

As a matter of fact the connection with the United States is too valuable to Porto Rico to be sac-

rificed unless there are reasons of a compelling kind. But it is hard to believe that such reasons exist.

The government at Washington should hold Porto Rico as a tropical paradise for the benefit of second-rate American office seekers, the Porto Ricans would have a genuine grievance. If the House of the government at Washington, or if the commerce of the island were under restrictions that retarded local prosperity, then certainly Porto Rico would have grievances. But, happily, Uncle Sam has made a good record in these respects. Trade between Porto Rico and the United States is as free as trade between New York and New Jersey. The production and commerce of the island have increased enormously under the American regime.

Porto Rico has a local income tax dating from the war period, but the surtaxes are at very low rates as compared with those of our national income tax. An regards public finance, the Porto Ricans are in an extremely fortunate position. The island's outstanding indebtedness is only about \$10,000,000. All of the revenues raised by Porto Rico (taxation are applied to the island's own purposes and are subject to the disposal of the legislature. In addition to these local revenues the United States government pays back to Porto Rico thousands of dollars of the island's debts on goods from foreign countries. The Porto Ricans are not subject to our national income or other direct taxes, and therefore are exempt from the burden imposed by our immense war debt. They are protected by the army and navy of the United States, but do not pay any part of the cost of maintaining our defensive establishments.

For one thing, almost the entire population must be reckoned. Families are large, and the typical home is a very small and slight structure thatched with palm leaves, so primitive and so lacking in all that makes for comfort, convenience, health, and the progress of civilization. The income tax is superadded as a matter of public policy. The income of the poorest schools in the town is already having a marked effect upon the improvement of home conditions. In San Juan, the capital, the government itself is building a large suburb of small concrete houses with suitable appointments, and selling these on a long-time plan to workingmen.

It is also strange to find high and to work toward the realization of the largest possibilities. Looking to the future, it is easier to entertain the notion of an independent Porto Rico associated politically with other Latin American entities surrounding the Caribbean sea. And this conception might be fully justified if the alternative meant a rough and uncut attempt to Anglo-Saxonize Porto Rico or to subject its people to taxes, customs, and standards that seem to them both strange and unpleasant. But this is an age in which personal liberty and local distinctiveness seem to be entirely in keeping with large organizations of government, of commerce, and of culture for purposes of common welfare.

Porto Rico need not fear that she will be a neglected child in the American household. It is probable that she can play her part in the Caribbean region with more influence and success if she abandons all thought of a future substitution of her local flag for the stars and stripes. Porto Rico will inevitably be managed by Porto Ricans for their own welfare. There is not the slightest danger of domination from Washington for the benefit of continental America and to the harm of Porto Rico. The training and development of the Porto Rican people is much more important than now from the standpoint of democratic progress than the achievement of outward forms of a more complete home rule. Homehood may be expected as the ultimate thing.

In theory, of course, the Porto Ricans should choose their own governor. In practice, however, it would probably be best for Porto Rico, at least for some time to come, that the governor should be named by the President of the United States. Latin American countries often victimize them-

selves in the undue excitement and factionalism of electoral contests. It is the business of the governor, whether appointed or elected, to apply common sense and intelligence in promoting the welfare of the Porto Rican people. It is probably better for the island that the governorship, like the judiciary, should exercise its functions above and beyond the control of local parties.

There has been a good deal of talk of the Porto Ricans being engaged in such industries as the sugar and tobacco on the one side and labor-organized under socialistic leadership—on the other hand. It might not be best for the island at the present time to have such economic conflicts carried into the political arena in the election of a governor. There would seem to be quite enough opportunity for a play of popular politics in the election of members of the two branches of the legislature, of the delegates to Washington, and of local and municipal governments.

The United States has recently paid the sum of \$20,000,000 to Denmark for St. Thomas and other small islands of the Danish group, which we now call the Virgin Islands and which lie near Porto Rico to the eastward. This purchase is a fresh evidence of the importance that is attached at Washington to the position of the United States in the West Indies, at the Panama Isthmus, and in the Caribbean region. If, then, we are to be content to exercise a foremost influence in the development of these regions, the most obvious thing to do is to concentrate strongly upon the development of Porto Rico. A great work for health and education must be carried on in the island, and the success of such an undertaking would justify all necessary expenditures of money and of scientific effort.

The foundations are well laid, and the tasks to be achieved are simple and clearly defined. The island is agricultural and is overpopulated. It is capable of an industrial development that would increase the income of the average family and give financial independence to the masses. On the other hand, many Porto Ricans might with advantage be colonized in parts of the United States where agricultural labor is needed. They are already American citizens and entitled to preference as against alien Europeans.

From the standpoint of American defense, Porto Rico has the strategic advantages of location that have not at times been sufficiently well understood by the authorities at Washington. In the long run, the tests of efficiency and of economy would be best met by concentrating as far as possible upon harbor improvement and defensive preparations in Porto Rico on a bearing upon the protection of the Panama canal and of all our proper interests in the Caribbean region.

An evidence of our regard for Porto Rico and esteem for our fellow citizens there, it would be desirable to appoint a certain number of Porto Ricans to positions in the departments at Washington and also to select several Porto Ricans of suitable education and experience for diplomatic and consular positions.

Although our Spanish-speaking neighbors to the southward have had more than four centuries of experience in trying to adapt themselves to the conditions of life in their respective regions, it is well to remember that there are centuries yet to come, and that the future will give ample opportunity to atone for the mistakes of the past. The application of scientific knowledge in the principal agencies that we must now rely upon for improvement of individual and of social conditions. The Western Hemisphere must be harmonized in all that makes for the avoidance of war. It can be associated in many ways for intellectual progress and for the wide diffusion of things that make up our modern standards of civilized life. One of the ways in which the people of the United States can best promote the future well-being of our citizens as a whole is to contribute toward intensifying progress in the beautiful island which recognizes the American flag as its own.

## THE SANDMAN STORY

### TWO WOODEN DOLLS.

ONCE in a shop window hung by a string a little wooden Boy-Doll, and next to it by a string hung a little wooden Girl-Doll.

As they were both made of wood, Boy-Doll thought it would be a very proper thing for him to do if he asked Girl-Doll to marry him, for he had long been in love with her.

But when he told his love one night when all was still, Girl-Doll turned up the tip of her little painted nose and tossed a wooden head. "I shall marry

no one beneath me," she said, "but some one on my level."

"But we are both made of wood," pleaded Boy-Doll, as he looked up at his sweetheart, hanging above him.

"That makes no difference," said the haughty little Girl-Doll. "I am above you; that you can plainly see."

Boy-Doll tried to admit that this was true; he also knew that on the same line with Girl-Doll hung a Worst-Boys-Doll dressed in blue, and toward him Girl-Doll had looked when she spoke of marrying one who was her equal, for he knew no way of getting up where Girl-Doll was hanging and he was sure she never would come down to where he sat on the floor of the shop window.

At night he could hear Girl-Doll and Worst-Boys-Doll talking and he heard her tell him that she had separated from the Worst-Boys-Doll that hung below her.

"Oh, dear," thought Wooden Boy, "instead of one rival I have two. I never will be able to win her. Even if I could be hung on the same line, there would be many between us."

So little Boy-Doll sat very sad and



"I AM ABOVE YOU; THAT YOU CAN PLAINLY SEE"

languidly on the floor and thought of his sweetheart, far above him, at whom he could only look, but not once did she lower her proud little wooden head to look at her true lover.

But one day, when all seemed lost to little Boy-Doll, for Jumping Jack had been sold and now there was nothing to keep Girl-Doll and Worst-Boys-Doll apart, the spring that held Girl-Doll broke and down she tumbled right beside Boy-Doll.

Girl-Doll looked up at Boy-Blue, but he did not lower his head; she was too far beneath him to be noticed.

That night, when all was still, Girl-Doll sat close to Boy-Doll, for the shopkeeper had placed her there. "It is very pleasant down here," she said. "I think I shall like living here."

Then the heart of little Wooden Boy went pit-a-pat and he grew quite bold. "We are equal now," he said, "don't you think we might get married?"

"Of course, silly Boy," answered Girl-Doll. "That was why I came down."

(Copyright.)

## Kathleen O'Connor



Kathleen O'Connor, formerly a telephone operator in Toledo, O., winner of a recent contest for the most beautiful telephone operator in that state, always wanted to become a "movie" actress. Her ambition was realized as if by magic, the honor and opportunity having been thrust upon her.

## The Right Thing at the Right Time

By MARY MARSHALL DUFFEE

### WHEN HE DRINKS TEA.

IN THE minds of a good many young men afternoon tea drinking is essentially a feminine pastime and the young man who is versed in the gentle ceremony is by these looked upon as a Miss Nancy sort of person. But many of our soldiers who had been in England came home with quite a taste for the cup that cheers but does not inebriate, and before long tea will be quite the most stimulating beverage that any one can get, anyway.

The prediction is made that the custom of tea drinking in the afternoon—already as popular among men as women in England—will become much more general among all classes of Americans. The large hotels are preparing to see many more men in their tea rooms. So the up-to-the-minute young

man had better become fairly expert in the gentle art of drinking tea. The idea used to be that when one drank tea in the afternoon one must hold one's cup and saucer dainty in the left hand. It was considered quite incorrect to let it rest on a conveniently placed table or stand. But now, although we certainly do not sit at a table when we drink tea in our homes, we do not spare the assistance of the little individual stands that come in sets of five or six and form a "nest" when not in use. At hotels and "tea rooms," however, one takes afternoon tea from a table just as one takes any other meal.

Now, of course, one is not supposed to "make a meal of it" at afternoon tea. If toast and cakes are served, a couple of small pieces of toast and one or two cakes should be sufficient. It is unusual to serve anything more than toast or little cakes or sweet crackers, with sometimes candies, or little individual stands that come in sets of five or six and form a "nest" when not in use. At hotels and "tea rooms," however, one takes afternoon tea from a table just as one takes any other meal.

## "What's in a Name?"

Facts about your name; its history; meaning; whence it was derived; significance; your lucky day and lucky jewel.

By MILDRED MARSHALL

### ROSE.

ROSE by any other name would still be a rose, according to etymologists. The fortunate possessor of one of the most popular flower names has a charmingly fragrant origin. It seems that all countries and languages agree in expressing a rose by its color. Even the Syrian name for the oleander (rose laurel) is rosydon. Greece produced a Rhoda, which has since come to be a modern name of wild rose.

The first feminine names to be connected with the fragrant flower came, of course, from the French and the English. In the French language, the name of the flower, England's most famous Rhodan was the wife of Gilbert of Gaunt. There were many Rhodans among the Bohemians and the Verens and the wife of Philip de Bower in the reign of Henry II was so called.

Ireland adopted the English form and changed it to Rosu, whereupon it found vogue in all classes and is still one of the most popular peasant names. Germany took it and made from it the diminutive, Rosel and

Roschen. Rosita is a lyric form found only in Peru, but is none the less charming. Our own white of Latin being our short feminine names, following the Spanish-American war, has made Rosita almost equivalent to Rose; certainly every Rose has an etymological right to call herself Rosita if she so fancies.

Everyone is familiar with the Rose of Tennessee's "Gardener's Daughter"; who has not heard of Rose, the Gardener's daughter? Where was she?

But in memory, so old at heart, at such a distance from his youth in grief, that, having seen, forgot? The common mouth.

So arose to express delight, in praise of her Great Gracious. Such a hard to Love, And Beauty such a mistress of the world. The moon again in Rose's tallinnant stone. It incurs a bold heart and freedom from danger, in woman speech and in Tuesday in Rose's lucky day and 2 her lucky number. The wild rose is her flower.

(Copyright.)

## HOW DO YOU SAY IT?

By C. N. LURIE

Common Errors in English and How to Avoid Them

### "GENTS" AND "PANTS."

DISMISSE the fact that all critics—and even many writers who are not disposed to be very critical—have condemned the use of "the word 'gents,' for 'gentlemen,' the former word is still used in common speech and in numerous advertisements. "Clothing for ladies and gents" is advertised, and in announcements of entertainments we are told that "gents' tickets are \$1, ladies' 50 cents." The following was overheard recently: "Oh, Binky, did you see the name who picked up my purse?" "Yes," he looked like a perfect gent."

Never say "gent," say "gentlemen." The word "pants," as an abbreviation for "pantaloons," is also condemned by critics; but "pantaloons" is now seldom used, so the only word that is left when one wishes to designate a man's outer garment, is "trousers."

(Copyright.)

### Can Do No Better Service.

There is no more fruitful service than that to which the man is called who practices religion in the midst of the temptations of trade. Washington citizens.

## How It Started

### CHEWING GUM.

ORIGINALLY men chewed spruce gum, which exuded from the trees; later pure paraffin wax became popular. The modern gum, with the taste that comes from the Indians, who used to chew chiclo to quench their thirst. The growth of the industry may be seen from the fact that while in 1880 the United States imported 920,850 pounds, in 1910 5,000,000 pounds were imported.

(Copyright.)

### A Disturbing Ghost.

"Why will you haunt me in my sleep?" asks one of the poets. Perhaps he owed her for several weeks' board.



### RUINOUS

Alas—You were foolish to get angry with Marie just because she kept you waiting. Jack—Dut, Great Gosh, I was waiting for her with a bait.

### A LINE O' CHEER

By John Kendrick Bangs

### EAST AND WEST.

I HATE East and West shall never meet. I don't mean any influence, For in despite the Poet's rhyme The team are meeting all the time, And in them both I find an urge In a completed whole to merge Until they reach that state of worth, The essence of a rounded earth.

(Copyright.)

### Just Thinkin'.

Just Thinkin' says some men need no party helpers they use up half a working day calling the roll.



Ethel's Bird of Paradise

By RUBY DOUGLAS

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Ethel was distressed about her canary bird. It was being cantankerous and "not doing well."

"I don't know how to overcome the difficulty," she told her chum. "Dickie is being absolutely ruined, and I know what I think of him. He's a wonderful roller, and I brought him home with me and promised to take him back, so as to have him mated with another rare bird that belongs to a bird fancier in our town. It's a shame."

"What harm can a bird do to a girl's Dickie up here. I want to know," asked Rose, amused at the insignificant cause of Ethel's worry. "What harm? Why, that bird is a chopper—a common chopper. He makes a lot of noise, sings all the time, has lovely feathers. I suppose, and they—whenever they may be—probably think he's grand. Dickie hates him—his young, my bird, you know—and he thinks it absurd to imitate those bourgeois notes. I have closed the windows, but I can't suffocate just because those people will keep their common canary in the window, can't they?"

Rose laughed. "Well, hardly, Ethel. Can't you go and wait on those people and ask them to remove their bird from the window?" Ethel admitted that she had considered even this step. "It seems to be a sort of studio, and I don't know who lives there," she said.

In the course of the next few sunny mornings her bird so defiantly insisted on learning the chopping notes of the common bird downstairs that Ethel was driven to desperate measures. Leaving Dickie struggling with the short, noisy notes he seemed so enamored of, she went downstairs and knocked on the door below. A brass enameled ferreted the knocker and she wondered who the people might be who had so ordinary a door knocker and so common a bird.

A young man in smoking coat and wearing horn-rimmed glasses answered her knock.

"I am Ethel Darling," she began. "I am Ethel Darling," she began. "Won't you come in?" the young man asked, swinging wide the door. Ethel entered. She let her eyes fall on the bird in the cage. He was making an unearthly noise, throwing his head about and displaying himself generally in the sunniest.

"It is about your bird that I have come," announced Ethel. "Oh, Peter?" asked the young man. "Yes, you see, I live upstairs and I have a very fine bird, a canary who is a marvelous roller with a red and black back of him that reaches as far back as—well, I hardly know."

"Not like Peter," laughed the young man gaily. "He's just the garden variety, I guess." "He's pretty," admitted Ethel. She did not want to offend the strange young man. "I was permitted to bring Dickie home with me for—oh, more for company than anything else. I came on to study music, and they were afraid I'd be homesick—lonesome or something—and I was to bring Dickie as a part of home, you know."

"A pretty idea. Does it work?" the man asked. Ethel nodded informally. "Yes, but oh, I'm so worried. He is learning to sing like your bird, and he is being cantankerous. He loves to hear your bird sing and I close the window and nearly die for want of air. I wondered if we couldn't, perhaps, take turns putting our birds in another part of the house. You do it one week; I'll do it the next. Would—?"

"The bird isn't mine. It belongs to my sister, and she thinks he's wonderful. I shall bring up the subject very carefully. My sister is—well, she's the type the cartoonists always associate with a canary bird and she's sensitive."

"Don't offend her, please," Ethel frowned thoughtfully. "What could she do?" "Leave it to me. I'll see that Peter's common canary won't contaminate those of your aristocratic canary, Miss

"Darling. It is Darling, is it not?"

"I shall appreciate anything you can do."

"My name is Watson—Gilbert Watson."

Ethel turned toward the door and he held it open for her. "You are after you don't mind?" asked the girl as she stepped out.

"On the contrary I am glad to have become acquainted with the owner of Dickie," laughed Watson. "He did not like to tell her that she was the loveliest thing he had ever seen in his life, and that she had quite upset him, coming in, as she had, while he was in the midst of one of his most thrilling scenarios. He found himself unable to concentrate on the stunts of his hero, and instead his mind wandered to ways and means of subduing, killing or kidnapping his sister's bird, Pete."

"There is something about a bird fancier in the neighborhood, purporting to have heard the lovely notes of one Peter, called upon Miss Watson and offered her a most attractive sum of money for her 'chopper.' Miss Watson, being a bit mercenary and not so discriminating as Ethel as to the quality of a bird's song, accepted the man's offer."

After a couple of days of silence on the part of Pete, Ethel began to be conscience-stricken. She stepped down below and knocked again with the brass enameled.

"Oh, how do you do?" said Gilbert Watson, with a more than welcoming smile. He extended his hand, which, he realized afterward, was not being done, under such circumstances.

"I hope nothing has happened to Pete," she began. "I thought you wanted something to happen to him." "He—?" "No; just departed; not dead. My sister said 'him.'"

"Did any one buy him?" exclaimed Ethel. Watson nodded.

"There is something odd about it," Ethel ventured. She had an inkling of the truth, and she appreciated it. "Is your bird returning?" "Yes, but he misses Pete, I think."

"I never saw a pedigree bird," Watson said, meaningly. "Would you care to come up and—see him—sometimes?" "Sometimes?" "Come tonight. I am having a few friends in, and I'd love to have you join us. Bring your sister, too."

But Gilbert said that his sister was tired at night after sewing all day in other people's homes, and he came alone. "On a subsequent visit he was discussing the bird. 'I shall always call him a 'bird of paradise,'" he said.

"But why?" asked Ethel. "Ethel! What was the means of my finding you and paradise?" "Which argument Ethel could not well refute, since she, too, had found happiness in the same paradise."

"MADE JOB'S TURKEY FAMOUS" Judge Haliburton Largely Responsible for Popularity of Expression in Universal Use. To be "as poor as Job's turkey" is to have arrived at the extreme of poverty. This expression has lived through the years despite the fact that it is partly erroneous.

"Job, when delivered by God into the hands of Satan, was reduced to a deplorable state and according to the legend, his 'turkey' had but a single feather in its tail and was so weak that it had to lean against the fence to gather enough strength to gobble."

The turkey was hardly known in biblical times and even today cannot be found in the region where Job's homestead is supposed to have been located. So it was perhaps some other sort of fowl the poor man owned.

FOR SUMMER WEAR

Abundance of Sport Silks for Skirts, Blouses, Frocks.

Canton Crepe in Pastel Tints and Elaborate Weaves Among the Attractive Materials.

Lovely as June foliage is the variety of sport silks for skirts, blouses and frocks. Satin, in the most exquisite shades, sport crepe of a heavy quality, blocked for the occasion, Canton crepe in pastel tints, and elaborate weaves are among the attractive materials.

The organizes this season are of fine quality and wide variety of shade. Formerly one was fortunate to get each individual color, but this season there are several shades of each obtainable.

Five tones of pink are shown, ranging from flesh to sea shell, to peach salmon and light rose. The blues and yellows are likewise varied and the tans and browns are popular.

The spotted organizes are especially dainty, especially the white and vivid red dots. Green and orange on a background of white make a pretty effect, and there are some delightful little patterns with a foundation of tan or cream that are interesting.

Dresses of simple charm are easily created from demure gingham and the domestic patterns are as lovely as the imported designs. Red and white checks in all sizes are favored and they promise to be very popular during the coming warm months.

Black stripes in plaid gingham make clever designs and are especially attractive when combined with yellow shades. World green and lavender with black create delightful effects, and there are many tiny pin checks sponsored by fashionable women.

Dimity, plain and tinted organdie, French voile, flax net, dotted swiss and linen for sport suits are all represented in the varied display of smart summer materials.

"SWEATER COAT FOR SPORTS" Woolens May Be Soaked in Weak Solution of Ammonia and Not Be Injured. White cotton or linen clothes may be soaked to advantage all day or over night, writes a correspondent. It is a mistake to think that woolens cannot be soaked at all. Soak them in a weak solution of ammonia in barely warm water for half an hour.

"NEW SPORT HATS ARE SMART" Many of the Season's Modes Designed to Be in Keeping with Attractive Coaters. This is going to be a sweater season, and perhaps it was with this idea in mind that many of the new hats were designed.

Gay sport silks, stretched imitation, lovely unadorned fabrics, crisp and gaudy, all combine to make smart hats for outdoor occasions. For general wear there's a white sport hat that will give wonderful service, for it will combine with any colored costume.

A white felt silk hat that gained distinction through black silk embroidery over the crown and the sides, pulled up in the front and back, and slightly pointed at the sides. There was a soft crown unadorned, but it was the simple design of black silk that traced itself across the hat that was so original.

COOL BLOUSE FOR SUMMER



Cool and charming for summer is this blouse of grass green silk, embroidered with lilacs of the valley.

LAUNDRY HINTS TO REMEMBER

Woolens May Be Soaked in Weak Solution of Ammonia and Not Be Injured.

White cotton or linen clothes may be soaked to advantage all day or over night, writes a correspondent. It is a mistake to think that woolens cannot be soaked at all. Soak them in a weak solution of ammonia in barely warm water for half an hour.

Mr. Bergen at the morning session had criticized the legislation which gave the 'Utility Board' such drastic powers and gave way to Robert H. McCarter in the afternoon. He opened by declaring it was absurd to give "these powers over our company" to such control.

"The seal, integrity and ability of the three men who now have the management of the Public Service is not questioned," he said, "but their ignorance of the business which they now control is apparent."

"Especially, even judges, had their salaries increased when the pinch of high prices was felt," he said. "This company couldn't get greater revenue, owing to the modern trend of legislation, having been shown of his right to conduct its own affairs as other businesses do. We simply asked of these new managers what everybody else was doing. After four months these new managers concluded they knew a great deal more than the managers of the company who refused a higher fare, and a new company was scrambling a lot leader than it was here."

"With their wisdom forgetting when prices would fall," he said at another point when he was describing an act of the old board, "they said you shall reduce your fare from 7 cents to 6 cents next May. Oh, those wise men! They were constantly wrong in what they did, and they constantly had to admit they were wrong."

Later Mr. McCarter said, "I'm talking to the record now, not to a constituency of voters in Jersey City." The commission is always seeking an opportunity to postpone action, counsel said, and while it brings on "long haired experts" to testify to the patent case.

Widow Asks if She is Ruined Mr. McCarter told of a widow who came to President McCarter in his office and told him her husband had just died, leaving her nothing but Public Service securities. "Am I ruined?" she was quoted as asking him.

"That is what you want—ruin?" he shouted as he pointed to George L. Record, counsel for Jersey City in the case. "While a fanatical theory of stimulating return is being studied out philosophically the company is being starved," he being ruined.

"Suppose the utility commissioners are superhuman," he went on, "and read the 10,000 pages of testimony in the valuation case taken by the old board and then render a decision. There are any number that the Public Service will get the info the commissioners need to support the company?" Mr. Record has pronounced on long litigation. They did it in the 7 cent fare case. Can't it be possible they will do it again, that they will certify out that they will start on another gallop over the burden to get what is coming to us?"

TROLLEY LAWYERS ATTACK BOARD

Supremely Ignorant of Business If Controls Charged Against Utilities Body.

Called Concern's Managers Afterward He Expects Commission to Play Politics—Snyder Will Not Be State School Head.

Trenton.—The Public Service Railway Company appeal to the supreme court for review of the Public Utilities Commission denial of the 10 cent fare application, ending with argument, was featured by an attack by the company on the new Utility Board and the legislation that gave it its powers.

The members of the court listened attentively to Robert H. McCarter and Frank Bergen as they termed the commissioners "the new managers of our company" and "the wise men who are ignorant of the business they now control."

L. Edward Herrmann, counsel for the board, dismissed the attack with a few words in his argument, but was inquisitive when it was over and asked Thomas N. McCarter, president of the company, the cause.

"We have very little confidence in the new board," Mr. McCarter is quoted as saying to Mr. Herrmann. "We expect its members to play politics."

In opening his argument, which will be supplemented later by a prepared brief, Mr. Herrmann said: "The morals and integrity of the new commission are not in question in this case, and I will not seek to justify the act of the old board. I will rely entirely on the record in the case. It is rather inappropriate on the part of the Public Service to have brought the facts to make this attack and to assail the board. In deciding the 10 cent fare case the board based its conclusions on the facts in the case, and the methods of reasoning employed are clearly stated in the report made by the board."

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railway company stands to lose \$200,000 this year.

Asks for Speedy Decision

"It is fashionable nowadays to make fun of the Public Service," Mr. McCarter said in closing, "but the time has arrived when the company must be protected or must be disintegrated."

He asked for a speedy disposition, as the company could not hold out much longer.

From the manner in which the case was presented by all parties, outside from the attack on the board, the point for the court to settle, it appeared, was whether or not the application of the company was an emergency application.

The court appeared to be at sea as to the meaning given "emergency" by the commission. The Public Service representatives denied that they had called it an emergency, but the board held that throughout it had been considered one. The valuation was excluded on the ground that the company asked that the case be tried on the O'Brien theory. Mr. Herrmann argued, and the interpretation of the O'Brien case was that the board could decide a rate case in an emergency without consideration of valuation.

Justice Bergen interrupted to remind the counsel for the Utility Board that he had written the decision in the O'Brien case for the court of errors and appeals and that there had been no interpretation intended which would set up the O'Brien case as the definition of an emergency. Mr. Herrmann differed. He said the opinion of Justice Swayne in the supreme court had to be read with Justice Bergen's decision to get the full meaning of the decision and that together they did set up that theory.

Defines Emergency The court asked Mr. Herrmann if it wasn't so that the power of the board was to fix a rate, not deciding that it was to be permanent or temporary, but just to fix a rate. Mr. Herrmann gave his definition of emergency as used in utility affairs as meaning that there shall be allowed a rate the justice and reasonableness of which is not known, but which will allow enough return to keep the utility functioning.

Mr. Herrmann said the 10 cent fare application was denied because the board held there was no emergency, that the showing of the Public Service in figures was exaggerated, that from an analysis of the figures presented disaster was not impending and because the board was proceeding and would determine shortly the just and reasonable rate it considered the company should charge.

At the request of the court Mr. Herrmann outlined the case the commission was now hearing. Justice Frenchard wrote, "You simply turned down the application in anticipation of an early fixing of what you considered a just and reasonable rate. Is that so?" Mr. Herrmann said it was so. He denied that the old commission had had to correct itself frequently because it was wrong, as claimed by Mr. McCarter. He said new testimony was what led to the changes described by Mr. McCarter.

Snyder Declines Governor Edwards received the declaration of Dr. Henry Snyder, superintendent of schools of Jersey City, to accept appointment as state commissioner of education, to succeed Dr. Calvin N. Kendall, whose term will expire July 1.

Dr. Snyder wrote that he was strongly urged by members of the Jersey City Board of Education to remain where he is. The school system in that city is about to enter into an extensive building program, and he said he was forced to the conviction that he can be of greater service to Jersey City than to the state.

Governor Edwards doesn't know when he will appoint to the place. The field is not a closed one. The position is open to the man best fitted for the work in the country. The governor will not select anyone else right away. He said he would call a special session of the senate to make his nomination as soon as he can find the proper man.

"I have nobody in mind at present," said the governor. "I have just received Dr. Snyder's declaration. The names of several candidates have been presented to me, and I am considering them with my officers."

When he was asked for the names of some of these men the governor mentioned Dr. Albert B. Meredith, head of the Connecticut school system, who was formerly an assistant commissioner of education in charge of secondary education in New Jersey; Dr. William J. Hibbert, city superintendent of schools of Trenton; Dr. Charles S. Chapin, principal of Montclair Normal School, and Dr. J. J. Savits, principal of Trenton Normal School.

In Camp Under Protest Officers of the Third Regiment, New Jersey National Guard, no matter how disgruntled they may be, will be required actively to participate in the encampment which opens at Sea Girt July 4 under penalty of being subjected to military discipline. Notice to this effect has been served upon the officers by Governor Edwards.

At a conference at Sea Girt the governor told Colonel Winford A. Price of Camden, commander of the regiment, that neither his resignation nor those of the other officers who resigned in a wholesale fashion last December as a protest in the election of General Howard H. Bowen would be accepted at this time. It was intimated, however, that they might be considered after the encampment or while it is in progress.

A Boston clergyman has two sons, fifteen and six years old, the elder of whom was to be confirmed.

The bishop and several distinguished persons were invited to dinner. The mother of the boys, desiring to show off the younger, asked—artificially "Dickie, do you know what is going to happen in church today?" "Yep, I know," he answered. "What?" she asked, with a glance around the table to call attention to the reply.

"The fish is going to put his mits on brother's head," Dickie remarked, carelessly.—Boston Traveler.

A Bone on a Fido. Rover, the Mastiff—Ah, Fido, my boy, these are sacred grounds hereabouts. Don't you know that the bones of your master's ancestors are buried in here? Fido, the Terrier—Well, well, that accounts for it, then. I've run across several strange bones lately, but I laid 'em onto that dog down the road.

In for Business. Mrs. Knowlitt—I think Mr. Sbyoy will propose to Anna tonight. Mr. Knowlitt—What makes you think so? Mrs. Knowlitt—Didn't you notice how determined she looked as she went into the parlor?

WANTED TO KNOW Illustration of a woman and a child. Mamma—Now, Willie, if you'll be a good boy I'll give you a nice birthday present. Willie—Dat's like buying a cat in a bag. Wat's de present?

Detailed Being in Society. "I've got to attend a dinner 'Tuesdays,'" the greaser said. "It's the sweetest kind of a dinner. But I'd sooner be in my bed."

The Worst Yet. "There! I'm doing now!" "Oh! mother, I'll never forgive him. Last night he put a mouse in his change pocket and I nearly died of fright when I touched it, and he never woke up to comfort me."

Cause and Effect. "Does my daughter's piano playing annoy your husband?" asked Mrs. Quashley of the woman next door. "Not in the least," replied her neighbor, sweetly. "He always goes out when she starts."

Easier. The Doctor—You sleep too much. You must get up three hours earlier in the morning. The Patient—Well, it's all the same to you, Doc, I think I prefer to go to bed three hours later.

EN ROUTE. Illustration of a man and a woman. Puffed Passenger (waiting wildly to conductor)—Say, usher, won't you please require that lady in front of me to take her hat off? Can't she see a thing.

Stung! She was a man of high estate, but found, to her despair, that his high estate was nothing but a castle in the air.

What He Wished. Cook (extracting folded paper from an envelope)—I wish that this bill from my tailor was like a glass of muddy water. Hook—What's the explanation? Cook—A glass of muddy water settles itself if allowed to stand.

Change of Expression. "City people used to laugh at the farmer." "Yes," said Farmer Cornfused, "now he's got no proud or prosperous they make faces at him."

Strictly Obedience. Judge Freedom—No Judge Cotty is going to dine at your house. What do you say if I do too? Lawyer Cotty—I shall say it's an unexpected honor.

Hartbridge Locates Two Claims

By FREDERICK HART

By Stephen's voice, unexpectedly harsh. "Who's there?" "It's only Mary," she replied. Instantly the door opened. "Come in; you must be soaked! I haven't any fire; used my last match yesterday. Why, what are you doing here?"

"I-I knew you couldn't get away, and so I brought you something to eat—and I have a match." In a moment the fire on the hearth was blazing, and Mary dried herself as best she could while she watched him attack the food she had brought.

"Ye gods, but that was good!" he exclaimed as he finished the last bite. "But you, why did you risk your neck coming down here?"

"Why—why—because I knew you were hungry," faltered Mary, hardly knowing what she said. Stephen Hartbridge rose and came to her and took her in his arms.

"Wasn't it because you love me—and you know I love you?" he asked. And Mary could only nod her head.

Outside the step of a horse was heard, and there entered the man with the papers that freed Stephen from his imprisonment.

"Well, Steve, the company's proud of you for holding this claim!" he cried.

"I guess I located another claim at the same time," replied Stephen Hartbridge, with a grin.

MAN'S LOVE FOR HIS HORSE As Some Writers Well Expressed It, It Is One of Humanity's Few Redeeming Qualities.

There is a bond between man and horse which is apparent to all those who go through the world with open eyes.

For all such there is a sympathetic interest in the case of John Banavara, the Morrisania truckman, who declared that he would go to the workhouse rather than take the life of his faithful horse Jerry, which after fourteen years of drudgery had become blind and unfit for work.

The devotion between the mounted policeman and his horse is apparent to all who walk our streets. The same feeling is manifested toward most of the horses which play their part in the trucking activities of the metropolis and those between the shafts of that relic of other days, the harness cab.

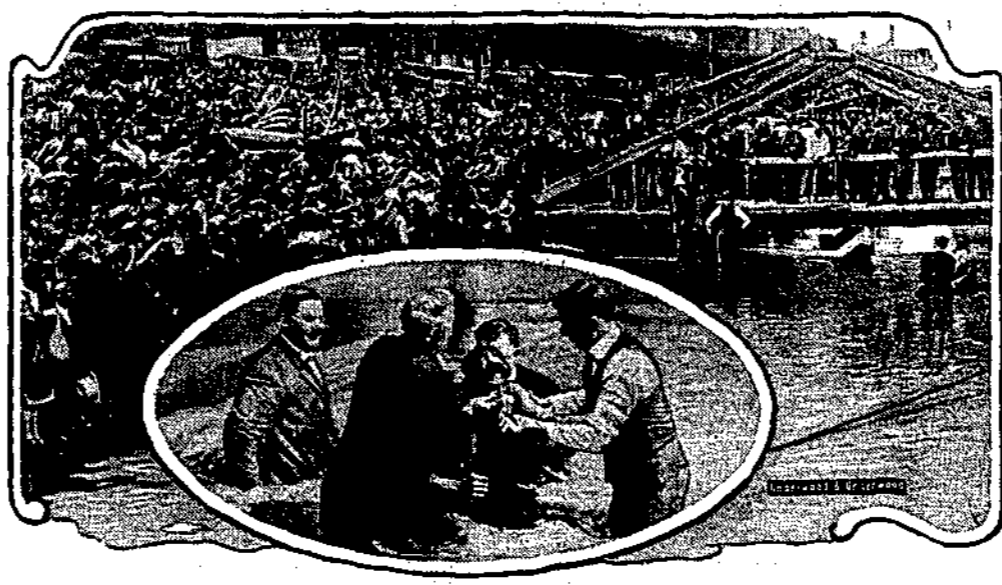
For more than 200 years the famous banking business of Coutts & Co. has flourished in the Strand, London. First it stood at the top of Craven street, then known as Spar alley; and then it moved to the old red brick premises which formed the northern boundary of the Adelphi. Seventeen years ago it went to the present palatial premises on the north side of the Strand.

In either of the three present Coutts was self-contained. Coutts was Coutts, and if you wanted to do business with Coutts you went to Coutts, just as Mohammed went to the mountain. But even Coutts has found that it must go with the times; and at long last it has decided to do as other banks have done, and open a branch. It will stand in Piccadilly, close on the edge of Mayfair, which the shrewd Scotsman's daughter, "The Three Graces," delighted to adorn.

Creations With Long "Gonats." The specialty, which makes parts of Nubia uninhabitable for three months of the year, has a particularly long season. The "fever" of the Scottish timber beetle stretch out four times the length of its body, for no purpose whatever that has been discovered. The most plausible explanation yet offered for these monstrous insects, long "fever," and other anatomical peculiarities, is that they constitute the apparatus by which these insects communicate with one another, much as humans beings do by wireless telegraphy. The long "gonats" of the timberman beetle may well be the wireless part through which it picks up atmospheric vibrations not in motion by similar "fever" on other beetles.

Influence of Home Brew. "Lincoln Quich seems to have become strangely potent," remarked the visitor. "Yep," replied Cactus Joe; "all the boys have taken a notion for getting married and settling down. Instead of squandering their money they're saving it up to buy yeast cakes and raising and such."

St. Louis Baptists Make 5,000 Converts



The Baptists of St. Louis have been holding revival services for the past month and claim they have made five thousand converts. The illustration shows the ceremony of baptizing these converts in the chilly waters of the Mississippi river, and a "close-up" of the immersion of one of them.

Flood of Gold Again Sets In

Greater Supply of Precious Metal in This Country Now Than Ever in Its History.

COMES FROM 30 COUNTRIES

is the Only Substance Which Has Been Received by All Races and Peoples in Exchange for Other Property and Services.

Washington.—The flood of gold into the United States, which ebbed somewhat after reaching its peak in 1917, has set in again and there is now probably a greater supply of this precious metal in the country than at any other time in its history. This flow and what the present stock of gold in the United States means in terms of the world supply is the subject of a bulletin issued from the Washington headquarters of the National Geographic Society.

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GERMANY PLANS FOR NEXT WAR

Germania Grab Off 226 Patents in United States.

Secretary of War Tells of "Invidious Patent Activity by Germany" in This Country.

Washington.—"Invidious patent activity by Germany," in the United States, is the description given by Secretary of War Weeks to the efforts of German citizens here to patent devices of war in the name of Professor Krupp.

The secretary declared that inventors of patents and applications for patents recently announced as having been obtained by German citizens shows that 226 were assigned to the Krupp, the war implement manufacturer of Germany.

"The investigation," said Secretary Weeks, "disclosed a rather striking circumstance in view of the conditions

plate is out of circulation and not in treasuries. The best available estimate of the gold in circulation and in treasuries places the amount at \$3,000,000,000, or enough to make 90 of the foot-thick dollars. Just about a third of this world treasure is now in the United States, and this is not far below the amount that has been yielded by the mines of the United States, Africa and Siberia more than one-third of the aggregate amount of gold produced—\$2,913,000,000. Africa and Australia have each produced more than three and a quarter billion dollars worth, South America more than two billion and Russia and Siberia more than one and a half billion. For a number of years the Rand section of the Transvaal, South Africa, has led all gold producing regions in annual output, producing around 40 per cent of the world output.

Bachelors in Angora Save Their "Angoras"

Angora, Asia Minor.—The bill introduced in the national assembly which would exempt all men to marry unless prevented by health reasons has been rejected.

HUNT FOR LOST RIVER OF GOLD

Old-Timers of Alaska and Yukon Make Up Expedition.

Aged Trapper Dies on the Trail Carrying the Secret of His Wealth With Him.

Edmonton, Alta.—Search for a lost river—a river of gold—will be undertaken this year by several prospectors, including old-timers from the Yukon and Alaska, who are now here outfitting for the long journey into the north country.

Some years ago an Indian brought the gold. John, a fair-sized gold miner, according to the tale told by old-timers of the north, he discovered in a stream in the country to the northeast of the pole.

Soon after this an old trapper, a white man, who made Fort St. John his headquarters, came into the fort with a quantity of coarse gold which he had washed from some stream in a similar locality to that from which the Indian had.

He never visited his trap lines after this, living on the fat of the land in a carefree idleness at the post. He

often disappeared, whenever his supplies of necessities ran low, and would be away for a few days, always returning with a fresh supply of gold.

This aged trapper lived in this manner for a number of years. He died, as many trappers and north country men have, on the trail. His body was found frozen. With him went his secret, he never having told to anyone the location of his find. The books of the Hudson's Bay company still contain a large credit account in the name of the old trapper.

Northmen, who tell the story of the mystic El Dorado north of the Peace river, declare that the gold was only available after a heavy fall of snow, with which the old fellow apparently waded his mineral. From an analysis of the circumstances generally, it is thought that the place from which the gold was taken was some old river bed where the Peace river once flowed, but whether the story is correct or not remains to be proved.

Prospectors, however, are putting up good money to test the truth of the theory that the precious metal does exist somewhere to the north of Clear Hills in large quantities.

For the best method for using coal gas as a motor vehicle fuel a British automobile association will award a substantial fund in that country.

Washington.—Swinging doors like those which were once the welcoming portal to many bureaus were removed from the entrance to the health department of the District of Columbia. Officially they were removed to prevent them swinging back and forth in the faces of visitors. But unofficially and right from a thirty-longed member of the health department, they were removed because they brought back memories of the pre-World War days and prevented department employees from concentrating on their work.

SLAYS BURGLAR WITH HIS HANDS

Amateur Champion of Pacific Coast Kills Thief With Full Nelson Hold.

FOUND THIEF IN HOME

Wrestler Heartbroken When He Discovers That Burglar Is Dead—Just Wanted to Detain Him While Wife Called Police.

San Francisco.—Louis H. Ardouin of the Olympic club, who recently won the amateur heavyweight wrestling championship of the Pacific coast, killed with his bare hands a man he found rifling a bureau drawer in his home. The man later was identified as William H. Anderson. He leaves a widow residing here.

Ardouin told the police that after grappling with Anderson, who was unarmed, for five minutes he applied a severe wrestling hold to detain him until Mrs. Ardouin could telephone for help.

No Charge is Likely. No charge is likely ever to be placed against Ardouin for the slaying, police said.

Examination of Anderson's body disclosed that death apparently was caused by strangulation, Ardouin having doubled his neck forward so that his throat had been pressed against the collar of a khaki shirt he wore.

Ardouin was heartbroken when he discovered that Anderson was dead.

Will Help Victim's Wife. "I'll do anything in my power for his wife," he said. "All I tried to do was to subdue him. He put up a terrible battle, even after I had got a full-Nelson hold on him. I was horribly shocked when the policemen turned him over and found him dead. I did not mean to kill him, although I put all the pressure I could."

Ardouin has participated in a number of California wrestling tournaments and has wrestled informally



Applied a Severe Wrestling Hold. With 104 (Strangler) Lewis, Harin, Fleschka and other widely known professionals. He is said to have forced some of these to extend themselves to throw him. During the war Ardouin was engaged in athletic instruction work under the Young Men's Christian association and was stationed at the Presidio of San Francisco.

STOLEN, OR DID SHE EAT 'EM?

Woman Claims She Took Pigeons Teeth—She Swallowed Them, He Says.

New York.—The disappearance of a set of false teeth owned by Mrs. Julia Brown and her summoning of John Mayrovic, on the charge of having stolen them when she was a guest at his home, gave Magistrate Bourne a busy half-hour in the Essex Market court.

Mayrovic told the magistrate he knew nothing of the teeth, but he loved Mrs. Brown and was willing to pay for an X-ray photograph to prove it. Magistrate Bourne asked Mrs. Brown if she would submit to being photographed as Mayrovic suggested. She declared very positively that she would not, whereupon the case was dismissed. Magistrate Bourne advised Mrs. Brown to bring a civil suit against Mayrovic.

Let \$1,000 Estate to His Colimate. Port Madison, Pa.—Friendship formed inside the walls at the state prison caused one prisoner to bequeath his life savings of \$1,000 to a fellow convict. The bequest was designated in the will by his prison number.

Man Used Washing Machine as Still. Kansas City.—The family washing machine was used by Philip Cooper as a still and the wringer as a ratchet press. The concoctions produced tested 44 per cent alcohol. Cooper paid a fine of \$200 and is spending 60 days in jail.

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Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

MARY GRAHAM BONNER

FARMYARD PARTY.

"In the farmyard," said Daddy, "there was a party yesterday, because the day was so hot. And that party was a swimming party, as you may be able to guess."

"We went on a swimming party, too," yesterday," said Nancy. "And had swimming races," added Nick.

"Well, then," said Daddy, "you and some of the farmyard animals did much the same, though I suppose you swam differently from the way they did."

"Anyway, Sir David Duck was the one who got up the party."

"Quack, quack," he said, "this is mighty hot weather. I must do something about getting cool and I must invite the other animals to get cool, too, for I do not want to be selfish."

"Quack, quack, I do not want to be selfish," said Daddy. "So Sir David Duck invited all the other animals to his swimming party. He asked the Cows, and the Cows said, 'Yes, Sir David, we'll go wading. We're not so strong for swimming as we are for wading. Moo, moo, that is the truth.'"

"He asked the hens, and the hens said, 'Cackie, cackie, we thank you just the same, but we cannot swim. Swimming parties aren't parties that we care for, though we are grateful to you for thinking of us.'"

"He asked the roosters, and they said, 'Cock-a-doodle-do. We can't be with you.' He asked the chickens, and their mothers called out quite excitedly, 'The little ones cannot go. They are too young. But it is good of you to think of them.'"

"He asked Porky Pig and Pinky Pig and Sammy Sausage and Brother Bacon, but they all said, 'Grunt, grunt, squeal, squeal, we don't care to be clean, and we will become cool if we take a nap in some cool mud which we have in our yard.'"

"If there are going to be refreshments, though, we will come in time for them." "Well, you'd better come around later," said Sir David, "for there is no telling whether we'll have refreshments or not."

"It's worth a little walk to find out," said the pigs. "We will be on hand or rather on foot, or rather on all feet, in plenty of time. And we will do justice to your food, so you had better have some."

"He asked Sir William Goat, but Sir William Goat said, 'Sorry, old chap, but I have an engagement with a linen waist that is hanging down too far from the clothes line.' "Whatever do you mean?" asked Sir David Duck. "Whatever do you mean?"

"I mean I expect to have a little party of my own," said Sir William Goat. "But I thank you for your kind invitation. Another time, perhaps, I may be able to accept."

"Sir David then saw Dash the dog, and asked him if he would come to the party, and Dash said, 'My all means, Sir David. Thank you kindly, however, I'll come gladly. I'll try not to get in the way, but will swim about and not interfere with anyone.'"

"No, quack, you can come," said Sir David. "Quack, quack, I am so glad you can come," he said again, very happily.

"He asked Mr. Indian Hunter Duck, but he said, 'I'll try if I can, but not for long, Sir David. I am grateful to you for the invitation, but I won't stay very long at the party. You know my family is different from yours in this way.'"

"He asked all of the other ducks then and there was the greatest noise after he had given his invitation over you did hear!"

"Quack, quack, quack, quack, quack, quack," said all the ducks, "why, Sir David, we would be delighted to come."

"It is so good of you to give a party."

"And the swimming party was a huge success, if some of the animals had refused their invitations!"

Best Disappointed City. Why is Bostin the most disappointed city in Europe? Because it is always on the Europe.

Like a Honey-suckle. Why is the letter "A" like a honey-suckle? Because a bee follows it.

# In the PUBLIC EYE

## Stefansson's New Arctic Trip



It is to lift the veil of mystery from an unexplored ice area, lying 850 miles from the north pole, that Vilhjalmur Stefansson, famous explorer, will make his new arctic dash in 1923. His goal is the center of this ice field, concerning which nothing is known. This vast tract, he believes, is playing an important part in the evolution of the world. The ice packs at the southern edge are being worn away by the Gulf stream. This gradual melting and breaking process has placed the pole 350 miles nearer the open ocean.

The area which he hopes to penetrate, he points out, extends some 450 miles this side of the pole and the central point is located 300 miles beyond any point so far reached by ship.

"It might be reached by airship," he said, "but nothing of a scientific nature could be unearthed en route."

His ambition is to reach the very center of the ice area. There has been much conjecture regarding what lies there and he hopes to answer the question for the world.

Stefansson launched when the question of hazard was raised.

"Proper preparation for an arctic expedition eliminates danger," he said. "Tropical exploration is far more dangerous. There are no poisonous snakes and fevers in the northland. It is a simple matter to maintain perfect health."

## Hays on Freedom of Press

In Washington they call Postmaster General Hays the "human perpetual motion machine." Having finished turning the postoffice employees to stand off bandits, he's now busy on the "freedom of the press." Laws safeguarding the integrity of the records of the department must and shall be also scrupulously observed," he said in announcing the granting of an application of the Liberator, a monthly magazine of New York, for second-class mailing privileges.

The application has been pending since Feb. 11, 1918, the date of its founding, and the postmaster general and the records of the department showed every issue offered since had been accepted at the third-class rate of postage. The Liberator will be refunded \$11,277, the difference which it paid over the second-class rate.

The postmaster general announced also that the Call of New York and Victor Berger's paper, the Leader, have filed application for re-entry under the second-class mailing privileges, and if they were found to comply with the law the applications would be granted.

"The postoffice department holds no brief for the Liberator or any other publication," declared Mr. Hays. "But if there is on foot a conspiracy to destroy our established form of government by force, claimed by the department heretofore as a reason for not granting this permit, and if this publication is involved in it, then the department of justice will deal promptly with the conspirators."



## Blair Says He's No Crusader



David H. Blair of North Carolina, confirmed by the senate as United States commissioner of internal revenue after a long fight, says he is no crusader. He will insist on strict enforcement of the prohibition law, he says, but he is not going to undertake to write into the law anything that congress might not put there.

This is disturbing to the prohibition forces, who were further stirred when they heard that the new commissioner favors the transfer of prohibition enforcement eventually from the treasury department to the department of justice. Commissioner Blair has said nothing for publication about his ideas on the subject, but Senator Penrose, chairman of the finance committee, said that the new commissioner was for shifting enforcement to the attorney general's shoulders. Prohibition leaders do not want this and are fighting against it.

"I shall not undertake to legislate," said Commissioner Blair today. "That is the business of congress. I shall demand of the agents of the internal revenue office a strict enforcement of the law as it is passed by congress or interpreted by the department of justice or in the courts."

## Phipps on the Maternity Bill

Senator Phipps of Colorado does not hesitate to declare against the so-called Sheppard-Towner maternity bill and other such legislation classed as paternalistic. The senator's objection to the legislation is voiced in a reply he made to a night letter received from Mrs. Adrianna Hungerford of Denver, president of the Colorado Women's Temperance union. Mrs. Hungerford had wired that such legislation would "help to put our country on a par with others in this respect."

"Acknowledging the receipt of your night letter, I regret to inform you that I am not in accord with the views of your association as to the necessity of the so-called Sheppard-Towner maternity bill at the present time. There has been no evidence produced to show that our country is behind others in the matter of proper care of mothers and children. There is a strong feeling that this proposed measure is so paternalistic that it should not be given support, and there is the further and important fact that if enacted into law this bill would add to federal expenditures by providing places for appointees who have no medical training whatever, or could not even qualify as trained nurses."



# A Man for the Ages

A Story of the Builders of Democracy

By IRVING BACHELLER

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## NOW HE BELONGS TO THE AGES—STANTON

"A Man for the Ages" is Abraham Lincoln. The book is fiction dealing with fact—history in the guise of fiction. It is an intimate study of Abraham Lincoln during his formative period at New Salem, Ill. It tells a chapter in his life that no man can read without smiles and tears and wonder in a measure of more than local reputation. Abraham Lincoln arrived at New Salem in 1831, "a stranger, a friendless, uneducated, penniless boy, working on a flat boat for \$10 a month," so he himself put it. In 1837 he left to take up his law practice in Springfield. In those six years he transformed himself to a man of acknowledged ability, of promise, of more than local reputation. It was at New Salem that he earned the nickname of "Honest Abe"; that he was defeated for the legislature and elected; that he won and lost by South Ann Rutledge.

Irving Bacheller is one of the very few men who could write such a book. His work is well known. This will add to his fame.

## CHAPTER I

Which Describes the Journey of Samson Henry Traylor and His Wife and Their Two Children and Their Dog Sambo Through the Adirondack Wilderness in 1831 on Their Way to the Land of Plenty—Furthermore It Describes the Sojourn of the Brimstone.

In the early summer of 1831 Samson Henry Traylor and his wife, Sarah, and two children left their old home near the village of Vergennes, Vermont, and began their travels toward the setting sun with four chairs, a bread board and rolling-pin, a feather bed and blankets, a small looking-glass, a skillet, an axe, a pack basket with a pad of oak leather on the same, a water pail, a box of dices, a tub of salt pork, a rifle, a teapot, a sack of meal, sundry small provisions and a violin, in a double wagon drawn by oxen. It is a pleasure to note that they had a violin and were not disposed to part with it. The reader must not overlook its full historic significance. The stern, uncompromising spirit of the Puritan had left the house of the Yankee before a violin could enter it. Humor and the love of play had preceded and cleared a way for it. Where there was a fiddle there were cheerful hearts. A young black shepherd dog with tawny points and the name of Sambo followed the wagon.

If it had been at the Congregational church on Sunday we might have heard the minister saying to Samson, after the service, that it was hard to understand why the happiest family in the parish and the most beloved should be leaving its ancestral home to go to a far, new country of which little was known. We might also have heard Samson answer: "It's awful easy to be happy here. We plide along in the same old groove, till our fathers traveled, from Vergennes to Brattleboro, and then to play and go to meetings and put a shill plecter in the box and grow old and narrow and stingy and mean and go up to glory and are turned into saints and angels. Maybe that's the best thing that could happen to us, but Sarah and I kind o' thought woder 't we was a new starting place and another try to heaven."

Sarah and Samson had been raised on adjoining farms just out of the village. He had had little schooling, but his mind was active and well inclined. Sarah had prosperous relatives in Boston and had had the advantage of a year's schooling in that city. She was a comely girl of a taste and refinement unusual in the place and thus of her birth. Many well-favored youths had sought her hand, but, better than others, she liked the big, masterful, good-natured, humorous Samson, crude as he was. Naturally in her hands his timber had undergone some planing and smoothing and into neat and pleasant ways.

Let us take a look at them as they slowly leave the village of their birth. The wagon is covered with tent cloth drawn over hickory arches. They are sitting on a seat overlooking the oxen in the wagon front. Tears are streaming down the face of the woman. The man's head is bent. His elbows are resting on his knees; the hickory handle of his whip lies across his lap, the lash at his feet. He seems to be looking down at his boots, into the tops of which his trousers have been folded. He is a rugged, blond, bearded man with kindly blue eyes and a rather prominent nose. There is a striking expression of power in the head and shoulders of Samson Traylor. The breadth of his back, the size of his wrists and hands, the color of his face betoken a man of great strength. This thoughtful, sorrowful attitude is the only evidence of emotion which he betrays. In a few minutes he begins to whistle a lively tune.

The boy Josiah—famously called Joe at home—his mother. He is a slender, oval-faced lad. He is looking up wistfully at his mother. The little girl Betsey sits between him and her father.

That evening they stopped at the home of an old friend some miles up the empty road to the north. "Here we are gittin' wadd," Samson shouted to the men at the door-step.

He alighted and helped his family out of the wagon.

"You got right in—I'll take care o' the oxen," said the man.

Samson started for the house with the girl under one arm and the boy under the other. A pleasant-faced woman greeted them with a hearty welcome at the door.

"You poor man! Come right in," she said.

"I'm the richest man in the world," said he. "Look at the gold on that girl's head—curly, fine gold, too—the best there is. She's Betsey—my little toy woman—half past seven years old—blue eyes—helps her mother or get tired every day. Here's my boy Josiah—yes, brown hair and brown eyes like Sarah—heart o' gold—helps his mother, too—six times one year old."

"What pretty faces!" said the woman as she stooped and kissed them.

"Yes, ma'am. Got 'em from the fairies," Samson went on. "They have all kinds o' heads for little folks, an' I guess they color 'em up with the blood o' roses an' the gold o' buttercups an' the blue o' violets. Here's this wife o' mine. She's richer'n I am. She owns all of us. We're her slaves."

"Looks as young as she did the day she was married—nine years ago," said the woman.

"Exactly!" Samson exclaimed. "Straight as an arrow, and good—I don't blame her. She's got enough to make her proud, I say. I fall in love again every time I look into her big, brown eyes."

He had a joyous evening and a restful night with these old friends and resumed their journey soon after dawn, making an effective brake, a look at these old friends of theirs. Samson's diary tells how, at the top of the long, steep hills he used to cut a small tree by the roadside and tie its butt to the rear axle and hang on to its branches while his wife drove the team. This held their load, making an effective brake. "Traveling through the forest, as they had been doing for weeks, while the day waned, they looked for a breakside on which they could pass the night with water handy. Samson

The Country of the Sangamon. The latter was a word of the Pottawatomies meaning land of plenty. It was the name of a river in Illinois draining boundless, flowery meadows, of unexampled beauty and fertility, ably equipped with lumber, blessed with shady groves, covered with game and mostly level, without a stick or a stone to vex the plowman. Thither they were bound, to take up a section of government land.

They stopped for a visit with Elnora Howard and his wife, old friends of theirs, who lived in the village of Malone, which was in Franklin county, New York. There they traded their oxen for a team of horses. They were large gray horses named Pete and Colonel. The latter was fat and good-natured. His chief interest in life was food. Pete was always looking for food and peril. Colonel was the near horse. Now and then Samson threw a shoptalk over his back and but the boy on it and tramped along within arm's reach of Joe's left leg. This was a great delight to the little lad.

They proceeded at a better pace to the Black River country, toward which, in the village of Canton, they turned again for a visit with Captain Moody and Silas Wright, both of whom had taught school in the town of Vergennes.

They proceeded through DeKalb, Richville and Gouverneur and Antwerp and on to the Sand plains. They had gone far out of their way for a look at these old friends of theirs. Samson's diary tells how, at the top of the long, steep hills he used to cut a small tree by the roadside and tie its butt to the rear axle and hang on to its branches while his wife drove the team. This held their load, making an effective brake. "Traveling through the forest, as they had been doing for weeks, while the day waned, they looked for a breakside on which they could pass the night with water handy. Samson

On a warm, bright day in the sand country they came to a crude, half finished, frame house at the edge of a wide clearing. The sand lay in drifts on one side of the road. It had evidently moved in the last wind. A sickly vegetation covered the field. A ragged, barefooted man and three scrawny, ill-clad children stood in the doorway. It was noon-time. A mongrel dog, with a bit of the hound in him, came bounding and barking toward the wagon and pitched upon Sambo and quickly got the worst of it. Sambo, after much experience in self-defense, had learned that the best way out of such trouble was to seize a log and hang on. This he did. The mongrel began to yelp, Samson lifted both dogs by the backs of their necks, broke the hold of Sambo and tossed aside the mongrel, who ran away whining.

"That reminded me of a bull that tackled a man over in Vermont," he said. "The man had a club in his hand. He dodged and grabbed the bull's tail and bent him all over the lot. As the bull coasted, the man hoisted 't'd him to know who began this fuss anyway."

The stranger laughed.

"Is that your humor?" Samson said. The man stepped nearer and answered in a low, confidential tone: "Say, mister, this is a combination porthouse and idiot asylum. I am the idiot. These are the poor."

He pointed to the children.

"You don't talk like an idiot," said Samson.

## Across New York State.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Right View of Life. It is time to get over the idea that we have to be comfortable because we were brought up that way, while others were predestined to misery and are so hardened to their condition that we needn't bother. One of fact of travel—if the traveler is irresponsible, and some travelers are not—is to show us that no country has a monopoly of certain honest virtues that take root and flourish in the bleakest, as in the richest soil. Nor in any other country particularly interested in our introspective studies of how good we are and our giggling laughings of our great needs. Industriousness is a posture as unlovely for the millions as it is for one. Let us give credit to others for possessing some of the qualities we admire so much in ourselves.—L. B. C.

But it's the Fashion. Wife:—Aren't you positively enamored that your wife and daughter are all out at the bows? Hub:—None. But I'm ashamed that they are all out at the knees.—American Legion Weekly.

Jesus' First Preaching. Jesus began to preach, and to say, Repent: for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.—Matthew 4:17.

## IMPROVED UNIFORMS INTERNATIONAL

# Sunday School Lesson

BY REV. P. B. FITZWATER, D. D., Teacher of English Bible in the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago. (©, 1921, Western Newspaper Union.)

## LESSON FOR JUNE 26

REVIEW: THE SOCIAL TASK OF THE CHURCH.

GOLDEN TEXT—He shall dwell with them, and they shall be his people.—Rev. 21.

DEVOTIONAL READING—Rev. 21-22. PRIMARY TOPIC—The Way Jesus Wants Us to Live. JUNIOR TOPIC—Some Things Jesus Wants Us to Do. INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—The Challenge to Boys and Girls. YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—The Challenge to the Church.

Revelation 21:1-14 is the passage of Scripture selected for devotional reading. Instead of attempting to review the lessons of the quarter it would be of great interest and profit to enter into a detailed study of this Scripture. The following outline may be helpful. I. The New Heaven and the New Earth (vv. 1, 2); II. The New Jerusalem (vv. 3-5); III. The New Jerusalem (vv. 6-22).

Another way would be to assign the Golden Texts to different members of the class asking them to give the part of the particular lesson which illustrates the teachings of the text.

Still another way would be to summarize the different Scripture passages, giving the leading lessons of each. The following is given by way of suggestion:

I. The believer's supreme obligation is to present himself as a living sacrifice to God. The grand reason for so doing is that he has received the mercies of God. The one so yielded will love his fellow believer sincerely.

II. The believer's body is God's property—the temple of the Holy Ghost; therefore we are under solemn obligation to use it for His glory.

III. Since God the Father and Jesus Christ work, it is incumbent upon all to work, and the man who will not work should not eat.

IV. God hates the greed that moves men to dishonest methods in order to get rich. His judgment shall fall upon such.

V. True education will lead one to Christ. The one only book which tells about him is the Bible. No one can call himself educated who is ignorant of the Bible.

VI. God rested when His work of creation was done. On this basis He has established the law of labor and rest. The obligation to cease from labor is that one may remember God.

VII. The church is an organism as the human body. In order that there may be real helpful co-operation there must be membership in that body.

VIII. Jesus should be welcomed as a guest into every home. He is an example of an obedient son in the house.

IX. The most important question is not "Who is my neighbor?" but "Who can I be a neighbor to?" Being a neighbor is seeing that about you need help and rendering such help in loving sympathy.

X. The Christian is a citizen as well as a church member. Intelligent Christians will show proper loyalty to the state.

XI. When Christ shall reign as King there shall be peace all over the world between animals and men. The supreme business of the believer in this dispensation is to preach the gospel to all the world as a witness.

XII. Jesus came and preached the gospel to the poor, but shall come again to judge the world and reign as King.

Since the whole of man's duty is summed up by Christ in duty to God and duty to man (Matt. 22:37-40), it would be profitable to go down the quarter's lesson and set down the teachings under

I. Duties to God; II. Duties to Man.

House Divided Against Itself. He who sits above the waterfalls to still working out a way, and man's extremity is, an ever, God's opportunity. But if we are to be real sinners in this task of divine reconstruction, and fulfilling of God's purpose for the human family, it behooves us to do our utmost by prayer and effort to repair the breaches which human wickedness has wrought in that instrument which He has designed, and through which He has chosen especially to work out humanity's salvation—the church of the living God, the One, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic Body of Christ. For until these wounds are healed the church must present herself as a house divided against itself; and because the Savior's prayer for a unity in the "one fold" remains unfulfilled, His enemies continue to triumph, and the forces which make for righteousness are thwarted.—Lindsay Hilditch.

Dissected Mysteries of Life. Both death and sleep are blessed mysteries of life. It is of little consequence what time the angel of life opens the door of death to us; the supreme concern for us is whether our hearts shall be pure, and our souls straining in grace to rejoice in the vision of the Everlasting Day.—Newman Smyth.

Jesus' First Preaching. Jesus began to preach, and to say, Repent: for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.—Matthew 4:17.





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From 5 to 100 miles, all world's official speed records for a stock chassis were captured by the Paige "6-66" Daytona Model at the Uniontown, Pa., track May 29th, 1921.

Following a world's stock chassis record made January 21st, when the Paige "6-66" Daytona model covered a measured mile in 35.01 seconds, the Uniontown performance caps the climax to a long series of amazing records.

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When the mile record fell in January, Paige determined to make the record complete. With the officials of the A.A.A. racing board in charge, the track at Uniontown, Pa., was selected and Mulford driving a Daytona "6-66" stock chassis was off to shatter records that had remained unassailable since July 28th, 1917.

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The first five miles were covered at a terrific pace, the electric timer recording 3 minutes, 15.48 seconds, a speed of 91.8 miles an hour.

From there on the Paige came roaring over the official's wire with clock-like regularity that ate up the miles greedily. Twenty-five thirty, fifty minutes went by and there was no noticeable slackening of speed.

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The official figures showed that Paige had covered the full century in one hour, 6 minutes and 53.26 seconds, or 89 miles, 1510 yards in 60 minutes—which is just 250 yards less than 90 miles. The former hour record was 83 miles.

And now for a brief review of "6-66" history.

### Speed—Power—Endurance

When a Paige "6-66" stock chassis made the fastest official time of the season for the Pike's Peak climb, some idea of its amazing power and stamina was revealed under unusual circumstances.

When on January 21st the Paige "6-66" Daytona model traveled at a rate of 102.8 miles an hour, thus setting an official world's stock chassis record for a mile, the fleetness of the "6-66" was established.

When at 100 different points throughout the country 100 new local hill climbing records were made, the power of the Paige "6-66" became a country-wide sensation.

Now with these new records from 5 to 100 miles, made without a stop, Paige has incontrovertibly established its supreme powers of endurance, as well as of speed. There could be no feat that answered all questions of supremacy with greater finality.

The lesson to the car owner is obvious. No matter what price he may be willing to pay he can find no car on the market today that offers him more than the Paige "6-66." The record is complete, and Paige stands as the undisputed leader of all American sporting cars.

### In Your Own Interest— Make This Test

We ask you to take just one demonstration in a "6-66" model and judge it from the standpoints of power, speed, acceleration, spring suspension and general motor efficiency.

Get the facts—actual lapsed time of the tests—and make a record on the demonstration card furnished by our Dealer.

Then take a second demonstration in any other car, at any price, and compare results. That is all we ask—and we make no prophecies whatever in regard to your ultimate conclusions.

We merely want you to know the "6-66" in action. We want you to compare it detail for detail—performance for performance—with the finest and most expensive cars of the nation.

Then, decide for yourself whether the "6-66" is or is not the greatest dollar for dollar value ever offered to the motoring public.

PAIGE-DETROIT MOTOR CAR CO., DETROIT, Michigan  
Manufacturers of Paige Motor Cars and Motor Trucks

VEHICLE SUPPLY CO.  
242 Bellevue Ave., Hammonton

## Paige Announces Reduced Prices On All Models

On Tuesday, June 7th, the following list prices for Paige Motor Cars became effective:

### 6-44 Models

Glenbrook Five-Passenger Touring Car . . .	\$1635
Ardmore Four-Passenger Sport Model . . .	1925
Lenox Roadster Two-Passenger . . . . .	1635
Coupe Four-Passenger . . . . .	2450
Sedan Five-Passenger . . . . .	2570

### 6-66 Models

Lakewood Seven-Passenger Touring Car . . .	2875
Larchmont II. Four-Passenger Sport Type . .	2975
Five-Passenger Coupe . . . . .	3755
Seven-Passenger Sedan . . . . .	3830
Limousine . . . . .	4030
Daytona Sporting Roadster . . . . .	3295

All prices f. o. b. Detroit, Michigan

The new schedule of prices represents a second and final readjustment to the new level of 1921 manufacturing costs. It merely remains to state that, despite these reductions, the well-known standards of Paige quality will be rigidly maintained.

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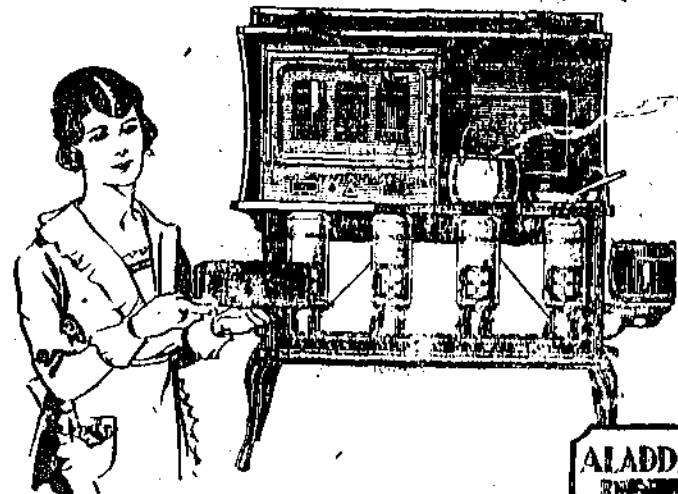
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