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WILSON ASKS U.S. SUPREME COURT RULING ON LAND BILL

President, Bryan, Moore, McReynolds, Sen. Bacon and Rep. Flood Will Hold Conferences as to Government's Next Step.

Japanese Will Either Send Ultimatum to Washington or Else They Will 'Save Face' Behind Ineligible Clause in the Law.

Empty War Chest Precludes Any Danger of Hostilities Being Declared by Yellow Nation at Present—Agreement Probable.

SACRAMENTO, CAL., May 3. The House, after a two hours' recess, reconvened at 8 o'clock (10 o'clock Atlanta time) to-night and resumed debate on the anti-alien land bill.

The measure was finally passed by an overwhelming majority.

The Senate early to-day passed the bill by a vote of 36 to 2.

By JOHN TEMPLE GRAVES.
(Editorial Correspondence of The Sunday American.)

WASHINGTON, May 3.—Now that Secretary Bryan's mission to California has failed, and the California Legislature has passed the alien land bill, the President is inclined to test in the Supreme Court by some action instituted or backed by the Government itself the right of California to pass anti-Jap legislation held to be in violation of existing treaties.

A conference will be called to map out the future course of this international controversy. The conference will include President Wilson, Secretary Bryan (if he returns in time), Assistant Secretary John Bassett Moore, Attorney General McReynolds, Senator Bacon, chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, and Representative Flood, chairman of the House Committee on Foreign Affairs. Perhaps other Senators and Representatives and diplomats may be invited.

The Japanese Consul at San Francisco was instructed to cable the verbatim text of the anti-alien bill to Tokio as soon as it passed, and the administrations of both nations are simultaneously considering the essential point, whether or not the law violates the American-Japanese treaty now in force.

A high official in our Government declares that should the Japanese Cabinet and the Mikado decide that the California law violates the treaty there will be only two conditions and only two remedies.

Two Conditions.

First. Japan in order to be consistent with the insistent demands made by her Ambassador at Washington must send her final word or ultimatum to our Government.

Second. That Japan will seize upon the slight change in phraseology which omits the words "ineligible to citizenship" to save her face and will step down from the hostile position she has assumed—as she did once before when President Roosevelt sent our battleship fleet "to Japan on a friendly visit."

In case Japan sends an ultimatum, two remedies are discussed at the State Department.

First. That the United States, through the State Department, should offer to intervene in the courts and have the constitutionality of the alien law tested before our Supreme Court.

Second—That Secretary Bryan, pursuing the policy prescribed by President Wilson, should invite pourparlers with the Japanese Ambassador with a view to bringing about a modus vivendi.

The modus vivendi is equivalent to a gentleman's agreement. It had a precedent on the last occasion when Japan became insolent and aggressive over the exclusion of their grown-up

Continued on Page 4, Column 5.

MRS. RICHARD BURLESON, wife of the Postmaster General, and Grand Marshal of the suffrage parade in New York.



German Diplomat Wears Fancy Rig

Checks and Loud Stripes Predominate in Costume of Count Bernstorff at Horse Show.

WASHINGTON, May 3.—There was one costume no one at the horse show failed to see to-day. And it was not worn by a woman, either. It bedecked the form of Count Von Bernstorff, the ambassador who represents Kaiser Bill. Here are the plans and specifications.

Suit of black and white checks; each check about a half-inch square. Shirt of white silk with bands of hand-embroidered, brilliant red silk ornaments running around the edges of the cuffs and up and down the bosom. Socks of silk to match in shade and the hand embroidery, voluminous silk tie to match both socks and embroidery; big Panama hat girded by a sash to match the embroidery, socks and tie; white buckskin shoes.

Carnegie Rescues Bankrupt Golf Club

Millionaire Sends St. Andrew's Organization $60,000 To Pay Off All Its Debts.

NEW YORK, May 3.—Andrew Carnegie has come to the rescue of St. Andrew's Golf Club, at Mount Hope, near Yonkers, with a loan of $60,900 to remodel the club house.

Mr. Carnegie is one of the members of the club. The loan is given on a five-year mortgage at 4 1-2 per cent. This will enable the club to take up two outstanding mortgages totaling $29,000, pay other debts of $14,000 and spend $17,000 for improvements. The present officers of the club are: Austin G. Fox, president; Nicholas Murray Butler, vice president; Henry F. Miller, secretary; Walter Hodgson, treasurer, and John Reid, Jr., former golf champion of Yale, club captain.

Pope in Bed Again From Overexertion

His Condition Not Alarming, Physicians Say, but Quiet for a Time Is Necessary.

Special Cable to The American.

ROME, May 3.—The Vatican doctors have ordered the Pope to bed again as a result of overexertion when he received two cardinals early to-day.

It is not thought the Pope's condition is alarming, but the physicians insist upon quiet for the time being.

EX-KING MANUEL WEDS PRINCESS IN AUGUST

Special Cable to The American.

BERLIN, May 3.—The wedding of ex-King Manuel of Portugal to Princess Leopold Hohenzollern will take place in August.

10,000 MEN AND WOMEN MARCH FOR SUFFRAGE

Nearly Every State in Union Represented in Huge Parade on Fifth Avenue.

EVERYTHING IS ORDERLY

Policewoman Heads One Delegation Jauntily Swinging a Nightstick.

NEW YORK, May 3.—Ten thousand persons—mostly women, of course—marched up Fifth Avenue to-day to make the most effective and orderly demonstration that America has ever seen. Nearly every State in the Union was represented in the parade. Despite the sweltering heat of 88 degrees and the added heat from the pavement, not one marcher faltered.

Ten thousand would appear to be a fair enumeration. The anti-suffragist counting machines working industriously at Fifth Avenue and Thirty-sixth Street registered 9,612. This included 571 bandmen and 17 policemen. A private count showed 9,824 in all. At any rate, the thousands who thronged Fifth Avenue from Union Square to Fifty-ninth Street saw a sturdy army of women that marched with the precision of Uncle Sam's regulars.

Of the 10,000 there were probably 1,000 men. In these men the sidewalk mobs saw written plainly the fact that the suffragist has long ceased to be a thing to mock.

Men of Note in Line.

State Senators and Assemblymen, Judges of the high courts, prominent members of the bar and the ministry, and, with the exception of the mayor, most of his official family, who reviewed the parade from the grandstand, put exclusively at their disposal by the parade committee, showered continuous applause on the marchers as they stepped briskly along in military fashion past the stand in front of the public library, where 1,600 proud husbands, including some of the foremost political, professional, business and social leaders of the city, reviewed their marching wives. No women were in the reviewing stand.

The special orders of the day, issued by Miss Inez Milholland, grand marshal, were as follows:

If your friends won't march, cut them dead.

Eyes to the front.

No talking or laughing.

Keep step.

Head erect and shoulders back.

Remember you are marching for a principle.

There was an average of ten policemen to a block from Washington Square to Fifty-ninth Street, along Fifth Avenue and special details of mounted men were told officially to precede and follow the column to guard against the possibility of any such disorder as marked the inaugural suffrage parade in Washington.

Mrs. Burleson Starts Parade.

Shortly after 2:30 o'clock Mrs. Richard Burleson, general marshal, gave a lusty "forward march," and amidst ringing cheers the great array swept forward.

It took the parade precisely two hours to pass the reviewing stand. The final platoon of police, forced to every maneuver to press back the crowds which would have swallowed up the little Pennsylvania and Delaware delegations at the rear, saluted the stand at 5:40.

From the very outset when Miss Milholland nodded in appreciation of the grand stand applause, the parade promised to be marvellous one. Behind her a red coated band blared the "Marseillaise" in a fine swinging tempo and clattering between the statuesque Miss Milholland and the band came the chief marshal, Mrs. Burleson, upon a mettlesome charger caparisoned in yellow.

A cavalcade of horsewomen, who could really ride horses added dignity to the vanguard and a band, ornate in yellow and black velvets, followed, playing "The Parade March," which was composed for the occasion by Mollie Stern Lithauer, who walked in the musician's section.

Generl Rosalie Jones.

Midway in the parade, came General Rosalie Jones and her hardy group of suffragists who followed her to Washington in February. Col. Ida N. Craft carried the battle-scarred banner that surmounted Elizabeth Freeman's yellow propaganda cart and immediately escort-

Continued on Page 6, Column 5.

EVELYN THAW ADMITS LITTLE BOY IS HER SON

Sails for Europe Happy in Company of Child, Two and a Half Years Old.

"CAN PROVE PARENTAGE"

"He's All My Life; I Will Always Be Near to Shield Him," She Says.

NEW YORK, May 3.—Mrs. Evelyn Nesbitt Thaw, wife of Harry K. Thaw, sailing for Europe on the Olympic to-day, made public acknowledgment of her 2 1-2-year-old son, Russell, who left with his mother for an indefinite stay abroad. Others in the party were Mrs. Thaw's maid and a Miss Spencer.

Though the fact of Mrs. Thaw's motherhood had been known for more than a year to her intimate friends, to-day was the first time that she acknowledged it in a public manner.

Mrs. Thaw, still strikingly beautiful, though in a more mature and matronly form, was apparently perfectly happy in her son's company to-day. He is a lusty little fellow with black curly hair and large black eyes. His mother's pet name for him is "Pompom."

Mrs. Thaw could not be induced to discuss the boy's resemblance to her husband.

It can be stated positively, however, that should Harry Thaw die proceedings would be begun in court at once to establish Russell Thaw's right to succeed to Thaw's estate, as his heir.

Prove Boy's Parentage.

"I can prove the boy's parentage," she said about a month ago. "But I absolutely will not go into any discussion of that.

"I know what the elder Mrs. Thaw's attitude toward me is. She hates me. They have cut off my allowance from Harry's estate. That was unjust, but I can get along without it, though it would be of advantage to me in pursuing my work in sculpture. But I can support myself. I intend, however, to protect the interests of my son."

Mrs. Thaw tried to conceal herself on board the Olympic to-day and remained hidden in her two state rooms, but she was discovered by the reporters.

"I had hoped," she said, "it had been my fondest wish that 'Pompom' here and I might slip away from New York without notice. I am trying to bury myself away from all publicity, but since you have discovered me, why you must come in and be introduced, officially introduced, you know, to my son, Russell.

"It is the first time that Russell has been introduced to a newspaper man and it will be the last if I can only contrive to stay out of sight."

"This is 'Pompom'," she said gravely. "He is my son. He is two and a half years old now. Before very long, he will be old enough for his little ears to be filled with the buzzing of people's tongues. I have only a few years left in which to bury all that has passed before these little ears will be wise enough to hear.

"All My Life Now."

"He is now all my life—all my hope—everything. His baby hand holds my whole life in its dimpled palm—just look what a tiny hand to hold so serious a burden.

"It will be hard, oh, so hard, to keep from his little ears what should not come, though. I shall send him to an English school when he grows up. I will always be near him to put my hands over his ears."

The boy was born in Hamburg, Germany, a little less than a year after the Thaw sanity hearing at White Plains, in August, 1909.

At that time Thaw lived in quarters asigned to him in the courthouse at White Plains and was permitted to receive frequent visits from members of his family. It was some time after this that he and Evelyn parted in anger.

AVIATOR PLANS FLIGHT FROM ENGLAND TO INDIA

Special Cable to The Atlanta Georgian.

LONDON, May 3.—G. M. Dyot, a well-known aviator, is planning to fly from England to India in October. He plans to go by way of France, Sicily, the North of Africa, and thence to Aden and Kurrachee.

GOV. BROWN ON THE PHAGAN CASE

Let the Law Take Its Course, He Says

'Guilty Will Be Punished, Innocent Freed'

I desire to commend, with all the emphasis at my command, the Hearst newspapers' timely suggestion to the people of Atlanta and Georgia that they remember the sanctity and majesty of the law of the land, and the sure operation of justice through the courts, in contemplating a recent horrible and unspeakable murder in our midst. I desire to offer the Hearst newspapers a word of praise in that they—leading newspapers of the South—while being brave enough to print the news as it developed from day to day, still were brave enough to caution their constituency that it was, after all, merely the news of the day, and not evidence that might be considered competent in a court of law.—*GOVERNOR JOSEPH M. BROWN.*

Georgia's Executive Gives High Praise to Hearst Newspapers for Their Stand for Law and Order and Fair Trial for Accused.

Joseph M. Brown, Governor of Georgia, last night gave to Hearst's Sunday American the following ringing and significant interview, in respect of the Phagan murder mystery:

By GOVERNOR JOSEPH M. BROWN.

I DESIRE to commend, with all the emphasis at my command The Hearst newspapers' suggestion to the people of Atlanta and Georgia that they remember the sanctity and majesty of the law of the land, and the sure operation of justice through the courts, in contemplating a recent horrible and unspeakable crime committed in our midst.

I commend all newspapers and persons and influences, and things that hold fast to the law in times of anxious suspense, and when wild and irresponsible rumor runs riot in a community.

We must hold ever in mind that the people have established the processes of law, and that those processes work through the courts, with judges and juries.

Trials of criminals must not be conducted in the newspapers, on the street corners, in the cafes—not even in the homes.

Trials must be conducted in the authorized temples of justice, and not elsewhere. They must not be based upon suspicion or hearsay, but upon competent evidence, sworn to by the mouths of creditable witnesses, or established upon such combinations of circumstances as legally prove the guilt or innocence of the accused.



GOV. J. M. BROWN

No elements of class favoritism or race prejudice should operate either for or against a defendant or suspect.

The law requires, and jealously, the conviction of a criminal beyond a reasonable doubt, and neither disconnected nor fragmentary evidence will do in cases involving the life and liberty of persons charged with infractions of the law.

A recent dreadful crime in Atlanta has shocked the entire State beyond expression.

It is known that a young girl, fresh in the flower of youth, has been foully murdered. That fact, and the place and some of the primary circumstances of the crime are settled, beyond dispute—but no more.

Certain suspects are in jail—within the State's custody, safe and secure. As yet no one has been indicted by a Grand Jury. That point in the consideration of the matter will be reached in its place.

Suspicions, street gossip, rumor, it makes no difference how seemingly plausible, have no place in shaping a verdict for or against anybody now.

The process of the State's law has been promptly inaugurated and is proceeding in order.

There is no reason whatever to doubt that it will go forward in dignity, and with all due haste, to the conclusion of the investigation.

The Coroner's jury now has the Phagan case in hand, and is intelligently and fairly sifting the testimony. Where the Coroner leaves off, the Solicitor will take it up, and thus on, through the Grand Jury, to the court house, the judge and the jury.

This process has been evolved of the long experience of the Anglo-Saxon race—the highest type of humanity on earth—and the ultimate aim of that process is, and ever has been, the firm and certain establishment of the truth, and consequently the intelligent and thorough application of justice.

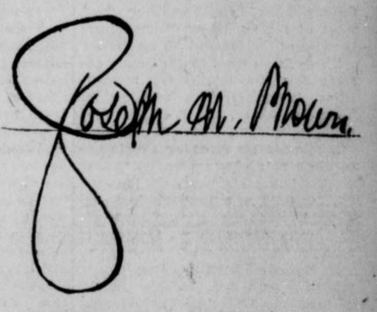
In passing, and in further emphasis upon the necessity of preserving calm and poise in the situation discussed, I desire to offer the Hearst newspapers a word of praise in that they—leading newspapers of the South—while being brave enough to print the news as it developed from day to day, still were brave enough to caution their constituency that it was, after all, merely the news of the day, and not evidence that might be considered competent in a court of law.

That was a manly thing to do. It renewed and rejuvenated my persistent faith in the fairness of Georgians, and in their ever-present desire to work justice to all and injustice to none, no matter how high or how low, or of whatever creed or cult, sect or faith, color or condition.

The law holds the scales evenly between the State and the accused, and at all times its eventual aim is justice. The State exacts justice for herself and accords it to the accused.

I have been moved to say this much to you, and through you to the public, in the interest just now of fair play, of law and order—all so dear to my heart, and to the hearts of a vast majority of Georgians.

We must bear in mind that the State is quite as anxious to fix upon the right party the responsibility for this great crime as any man can be, and that the State is infinitely better equipped to do this than any individual, of his own motion, could be.



Georgia Takes Part In Ghent Centenary

General Meldrim Goes to New York to Attend Treaty Celebration Conference.

SAVANNAH, GA., May 3.—General Peter W. Meldrim left to-night for New York to attend a conference to commememorate the centenary of the Treaty of Ghent, or 100 years of peace among the English-speaking people. General Meldrim was appointed by Governor Joseph M. Brown to represent Georgia. The conference opens on Monday.

After the five-day session in New York, the delegates will visit Philadelphia, Washington, Chicago and Detroit. In Washington they will be given a reception by President Woodrow Wilson. England, Ghent, Canada and Australia will be represented, several noblemen attending.

Atlanta Men Start Knoxville Vice War

Rev. Dunbar H. Ogden and Dr. Stewart Roberts to Tell of Campaign Here.

KNOXVILLE, TENN., May 3.—Rev. Dunbar H. Ogden and Dr. Stewart Roberts, of Atlanta, are in Knoxville to-night to deliver addresses to-morrow afternoon at a mass meeting to inaugurate an anti-vice campaign in this city. The Atlanta visitors will tell of the war on vice that resulted in closing the restricted district of Atlanta, and make suggestions on how to conduct a similar campaign here. Dr. Ogden arrived last night and Dr. Roberts came to-night. The campaign here, like that in Atlanta, is to be more educational than otherwise.

Dr. Ogden was formerly pastor of the First Presbyterian Church here. He will also preach from that pulpit to-morrow.

Grand Jury to Take Up Phagan Case To-morrow

The uncertainty that has marked every phase in the case of Mary Phagan probably will be somewhat removed when the new Fulton County Grand Jury for the May term of the Superior Court meets to-morrow. Definite action by that body is anticipated after the Coroner's jury, which also resumes its sessions to-morrow, has reached a decision.

The action, it is believed, will be the result of the efforts of a small army of private detectives retained by the authority of Solicitor General Dorsey. The number of the detectives could not be determined, but it is the opinion in official circles that the county and the State are ready, if necessary, to spend an unlimited sum to bring the murderer of Mary Phagan to justice.

The State has taken a hand in the investigation, co-equal with the city, and every force at the command of the Solicitor General has been employed to unravel the mystery. It was at the request of Solicitor Dorsey that the investigation of Coroner Donehue was suspended last Thursday afternoon, when more than 200 witnesses had been subpenaed, that he might make a thorough examination for himself before all the facts in the hands of the police were made public, and before any possible clew got cold.

It was for this reason that a conference was held yesterday, at which were present the Solicitor General, Chief Lanford of the detective force and Coroner Donehoo, after which the party went to the scene of the tragedy for a personal investigation. In the

PHAGAN CASE ENTERS ON SECOND WEEK UNSOLVED

Continued From Page 1.

course of the conference two witnesses examined were Dr. J. W. Hurt, County Physician, and M. B. Darley, general foreman of the pencil factory where Mary Phagan was employed. No details of the conference were revealed, although it was known that two girls who worked at the factory with Mary Phagan also had been summoned.

Girls as Witnesses.

These girls, and probably others, will be witnesses before the Grand Jury after it is convened. Three young women who were intimate with the slain girl at the factory also will be called. Lee is expected to tell more to the Coroner's jury than has been made pubic, and Frank probably will be heard.

Besides the private detectives, the powers of the State and county courts have obtained the services of experts in medicine, in handwriting and even in certain forms of insanity, and the most capable detectives of the public force, that the case may be whipped into tangible shape in time for immediate presentation to the Grand Jury upon its organization.

Among the experts whose efforts were solicited is Dr. Claude Smith, city bacteriologist, who has been requested to analyze the blood stains on the shirt found in the yard of Newt Lee, the suspected negro watchman. This analysis was requested that the officials might determine the reasonability of the theory that the shirt was put in the yard of the negro by other persons as a "plant" to convict him.

It is said that an effort will be made to have the County appropriate $1,000 to defray the cost of a private investigation into the case. At any rate, the determination of the State and of the County to probe the matter is certain.

That definite action will be taken by the grand jury and that definite evidence may be in hand for presentation to that body is borne out by the fact that the suspicions of officers are narrowing rapidly. Mullinax and Gantt have been released. It is understood that further investigation will proceed on the theory that the dead girl did not leave the factory after 12 o'clock on the day of her death.

Grand Jury Members.

The grand jury which will probe the case will be sworn in to-morrow morning at 9 o'clock by Superior Judge W. D. Ellis. Its members are: F. B. Baker, Louis Newell, F. P. H. Akers, Frank Hawkins, R. R. Nash, Charles Heinz, Harry G. Poole, H. G. Hubbard, John D. Wing, R. A. Redding, V. H. Kriegshaber, R. F. Sams, A. D. Adair, Sr., S. C. Glass, J. G. Bell, Cephas M. Brown, George A. Gershon, A. L. Guthman, Walker Dunson, W. L. Percy, C. A. Cowles, F. A. Pittman, Sol Benjamin, B. F. Bell, L. H. Beck, B. F. Bennett, Sr., H. M. Beutell, W. E. Besser, W. A. Albright, Albert Boylston.

Little Developed.

Chief of Detectives Lanford admitted last night that the lengthy conference with Solicitor Dorsey, lasting from noon until almost 5 o'clock yesterday, had developed little new in the hunt for the slayer of Mary Phagan. He said that the Solicitor had asked for all the details in chronological order and that every feature thus far developed had been gone over carefully.

Solicitor Dorsey said at 10 o'clock last night that nothing new had been turned up that could be made public, but added that he was confident that the investigation following its latest leads would have new facts in the case in hand shortly.

He asserted that he had asked the police officers for all their information and had gotten it.

Aside from Detective John Black, who has been working steadily on the case, with Harry Scott, of the Pinkertons, Detectives Rosser and Starnes were put to work on what is said to be a new lead, the import of which is being kept secret.

Rosser and Starnes worked all day and Chief Lanford is authority for the statement that their work was gratifying and the lead—whatever it may be—had produced more than the old trails traversed by Black and Scott.

Slayer of Mary Phagan Still May Be at Large

The mystery of the death of pretty Mary Phagan enters upon its second week to-day with the police authorities admitting that they are still without a conclusive solution. So far as the public has been permitted to learn, the detectives are not even certain that they have in custody the person or persons responsible for her death.

In the light of present developments, the police believe that no more arrests will be made, but they admit that the entrance of another theory might entirely change the aspect of the case. The detectives base their present belief that they have the guilty man or men on the well-supported theory that Mary Phagan never left the National Pencil factory from the time she received her pay envelope on Saturday noon until her lifeless body was taken from the basement of the building.

If this police supposition is correct, guilt can rest only on one or more of the men who were in the building after noon on the day of the tragedy. The police officers have been able to learn of only five who were in the factory Saturday afternoon or night, most of the employees being absent because of the Memorial Day parade.

These five were Leo M. Frank, superintendent; Newt Lee, night watchman; Harry Denham and Arthur White, workmen, and J. M. Gantt, a former employee, who returned for a few minutes on Saturday evening to obtain a pair of shoes he had left in the building. Of these five it is possible for only two to have had any knowledge of their crime. These two, Leo M. Frank and Newt Lee, are in custody.

Tragedy That Grips People.

Atlanta for a week has been shocked with the horror and brutality of the deed. That everyone was following with intense interest the developments of the case was manifest in the eagerness with which the newspapers were bought up in the streets. It was a story that gripped and appealed, and it aroused an interest that will not die until the guilty person is apprehended.

The essential details of the case as developed through a week of investigation are these:

Mary Phagan, the 14-year-old daughter of Mrs. W. J. Coleman, of 146 Lindsay Street, was attacked and killed some time between noon and midnight Saturday, April 26. Signs of a struggle on the second floor of the National Pencil Factory, 37-39 Forsyth Street, indicated that this is the place she met her death.

The girl left her home Saturday forenoon to draw her pay at the factory. She arrived at the factory at about 12:05. Superintendent Frank said that he gave her her pay envelope at this time. The detectives have been able to get no reliable testimony that anyone saw her from 12:05 o'clock until shortly after 3 o'clock Sunday morning when the night watchman, Newt Lee, said he found her bruised and mutilated body in the basement as he was making his rounds.

Harry Denham and Arthur White were in the factory from 7:30 in the morning until about 3:15 in the afternoon. Newt Lee called at the factory at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, but was told by Superintendent Frank that he need not go to work until 6 o'clock in the evening.

Frank There in Afternoon.

Superintendent Frank left the building about 1 o'clock in the afternoon, returning about 3. From this time until 6:30 in the evening he says he was in the building. At 6 o'clock Lee returned and remained in the factory until he found the body and was taken to police headquarters. J. M. Gantt, the former employee, was in the factory at 6 o'clock, and the evidence shows he left about 20 minutes later. If there were any other persons in the building during these hours the authorities are as yet unaware of the fact.

The night watchman's story is that he made his rounds regularly every half hour on Saturday night. At the inquest he told that it was not required of him to make a complete round of the basement, his main duty there being only to see that there was no fire. This he gives as his explanation for not seeing at an earlier hour the body of the girl. The undertakers say she had been dead for from six to eight hours when found. On his 3 o'clock round, the watchman went farther into the basement and there saw the body of the girl lying face upward.

He ran upstairs and called the police. Then he attempted without avail to get Superintendent Frank on the telephone, he testified. The officers came and found the body lying face downward, although the watchman declared he had not touched the body. They also tried to call Superintendent Frank, but were unsuccessful, and finally notified Vice President Haas.

Four Men Are Detained.

Lee, the watchman, and Geron Bailey, elevator man, were taken to the police station. Both denied any knowledge of the crime. Arthur Mullinax, a former street car conductor, was identified by E. L. Sentell, 82 Davis Street, as the man he saw with Mary Phagan at about midnight Saturday. He was taken by the police Sunday night and held pending an investigation of Sentell's story.

Superintendent Frank was summoned to police headquarters on Monday morning to tell what he knew of the girl and her fate. He offered to aid the police in every way, and later in the day announced that he had engaged the Pinkertons to assist the city detectives in solving the mystery. He returned to his home after the conference.

The story of the friendship of J. M. Gantt, former bookkeeper in the factory, for Mary Phagan decided the officers upon his arrest. He was taken on Monday as he alighted from a car at Marietta, where he had gone to see his mother.

Mullinax told a straightforward story of his every movement Saturday night. He had been to the theater with Miss Pearl Robinson, he said, and afterward had gone to his boarding house and to bed. His alibi was established by the stories of Miss Robinson and his landlady.

Gantt was explicit in detailing his moves and was borne out by companions and by his half-sister, Mrs. T. C. Terrell, 284 East Linden Avenue, with whom he lived.

The sensation of the case came Tuesday when a hurried trip by automobile was made to the pencil factory by detectives and Superintendent Frank was brought to police headquarters. The officers denied at first that Frank was under arrest. He was brought to the station only to throw additional light upon the mystery and for his own protection, they explained. Nevertheless, Frank's liberties were soon curtailed and on Thursday night he was transferred with Lee to the County jail on the request of Frank's attorney, Luther Z. Rosser.

Negro Sticks to His Story.

Frank and Lee were questioned at the police station. The watchman was put through the "third degree" again and again. All the efforts of the detectives were not productive of a confession of any sort.

Frank was firm in the statement of his absolute innocence. Lee broke down and wept on several occasions, but only protested his innocence the more volubly.

The inquest Thursday proved to be little more than an elaboration of the testimony that had been gathered previously by the detectives. Three or four of the witnesses declared they had seen Mary Phagan on the streets or near her home in Bellwood some time Saturday afternoon or night. The stories for the most part were found to be without basis and the theory that Mary Phagan was lured to the factory after once leaving it was abandoned.

Lee was called to the stand. The most damaging evidence brought against him was the testimony of a handwriting expert that two notes found by the side of the dead girl were in the same hand as the test note penned by Lee after he had been taken to the police station.

G. W. Epps, the boy sweetheart of Mary Phagan, created something of a sensation when he testified that Mary had told him that Frank had attempted to flirt with her and that she had asked him (Epps) to wait and go home with her. Gantt and Lee testified that Frank had appeared nervous when they saw him (Gantt) Saturday at the factory.

Gantt and Mullinax were liberated soon after the adjournment Wednesday.

The inquest was to have been resumed on Thursday, but was halted by the desire of the authorities to obtain more clearly defined evidence before they continued the presentation of the case.

The next day Solicitor General Dorsey announced that he had engaged private detectives to run down clews which he thought had been neglected or not sufficiently developed.

Old Police Reporter Analyzes Mystery

Phagan Case Solution Far Off, He Says

Problem of Slaying in Pencil Factory One That Never May Be Cleared, Declares Crime Expert.

Perhaps as many of the great murder mysteries of history have been solved through the efforts of police reporters—men assigned by newspapers to "cover" criminal cases—as have been solved by detectives. At any rate the police will always admit that police reporters have had a large part in unraveling the knotty problems. In a case of this sort the police reporter's analysis is particularly good, for he is simply seeking the truth. He, unlike the police, is not held responsible for the production of the criminal, and therefore whatever line of thought he pursues is solely in the interests of clearing up a baffling mystery. As such the accompanying article is presented.

BY AN OLD POLICE REPORTER.

One week ago today a pretty fourteen-year-old girl, Mary Phagan, was found dead in the basement of the National Pencil Company, at 39 South Forsyth Street.

In the week that has elapsed, little, if anything, has been discovered tending to show who committed the crime.

I say this without reserve, but without knowing what information the detectives and police force may have that has not yet been made public.

What has been made public is far from convincing. And in an attempt to consider this most mysterious case in a calm and judicial way, we can deal only with such facts as we have before us, not with facts that may come later.

It should be said at once that this statement is not for the purpose of reflectng in the slightest degree upon the probity of the police or detectives, or to attempt to fasten the crime upon an individual, or to give to the public statements that are not true, or to inculpate or exculpate any person now under suspicion.

I am simply trying to set forth here a plain statement of the case as it was unraveled during the past week without adding anything to, or taking anything from, a mystery that is still as dark and deep as any mystery that has ever puzzled detectives anywhere.

POLICE WORK IN A CIRCLE.

The police and detectives have acted just as police and detectives always act in criminal cases. They have arrested and held the persons last seen or known to be on the premises; have held them pending an investigation and sifting of testimony by the coroner's jury.

Policemen and detectives always work in a circle. Now and then some pioneer, a braver man, with imagination, breaks out of the circle and takes a straight line, pursues a clew not before considered seriously, and really solves the mystery.

It was the most natural thing in the world, therefore, for the police and detectives to hold Frank and Lee. Lee's testimony has been heard. What he has told would not be considered very strong legal evidence in the courts, if, indeed, it would be considered seriously at all.

I am assuming that Lee has told nothing that has not been made public, and it is upon this belief that the worthlessness of his statements is founded.

Frank has been questioned by detectives and police, but so far as the public knows, has said nothing, has given no clew, and has maintained a calm attitude in the face of all cross-questioning. He stoutly maintains his innocence.

The inquest to be resumed on Monday may clear the whole mystery and again it may not.

Without in any way desiring to seem to anticipate the action of the coroner's jury, it would seem likely that the police will hold both Lee and Frank for the grand jury, where there will be a final sifting of all facts brought out, under the masterful hand of Solicitor General Hugh M. Dorsey, and if sufficient evidence is produced, indictments will follow.

EVIDENCE NOT AT HAND.

At present, on the evidence now before the public, there is little or nothing to lead to the belief that the mystery has been solved.

Will it ever be solved?

My own guess is that it will not.

Please remember that I am setting forth my own views and they may be utterly valueless, and I may be entirely mistaken.

What I am writing is based upon what is known of the case.

And I may say, too, that never in all my experience as an old police reporter in many cities have I ever known of a mystery that is so many-sided, and so difficult for the public to understand.

Usually, in cases like the one under consideration, the newspapers publish all the rumors, true or untrue, all deductions of police officials, valuable or valueless, as the case may be, and an effort is made to lay before the public everything, column upon column is written, so that the public may know as much as the newspapers know, and thus be able to form an opinion for themselves.

While it is true that no newspaper in Atlanta has suppressed a single fact in this case, it is also true that what has been published has been most carefully considered and scrutinized until there was eliminated every statement that did not bear the name of the person making it. Statements that were valueless because of prima facie absurdity were not published.

PUBLIC SUSPECTED NEGRO.

It was perfectly clear on Sunday and Monday last that the public was willing to put the extraordinary act in the category known as "negro crimes," and the sentiment of the streets was that Lee was guilty or knew the guilty man.

But a second turn of the kaleidoscope, and it was easily seen that while it might be classed as a "negro crime," nevertheless Lee's story was unshaken; it was clear and circumstantial and he did not act in a guilty manner, for it was he who notified the police instead of running away, as a scared rabbit, as nearly every negro does when he is guilty or even accused of crime.

This, of course, does not eliminate Lee from the case. But the fact that he has told the same story so far as the public knows and that he did not run away, has shifted some of the suspicion from him.

The Phagan case is not a "white man's crime," or if it is a white man's crime, it is extraordinary and most unusual.

What is known of Frank's past is in his favor. There may be pages in his life that the police and public know nothing of. But on the facts as they have been given through the newspapers, his connection directly with the crime is not yet sufficiently placed.

DID FRANK PLAY PART?

The public will have a better idea, after hearing his story at the inquest, what, if any, part he had in the crime, or what, if any knowledge he had of it.

In the meanwhile, the spirit of fair play and the spirit of justice that is inherent in everybody should lead to the withholding of any opinion as to the guilt or innocence of either Frank or Lee.

Nobody knows.

But we do know, all of us, that the law is supreme; that tried and faithful police officials and detectives are working on the case, and that every effort is being made to solve the mystery.

Will it ever be solved?

That is the question many people are asking themselves today, for after all the crime does not seem to be either a "negro crime" nor a "white man's crime," nor the crime that a young man, in the flush of vigorous manhood, would stoop to.

It seems to be more the act of a "Jack-the-Ripper"—a page taken from the East End of London, from Whitechapel.

But whatever it is, may we not wait with calmness for the law to take its course? May we not consider carefully the facts as they are brought out by investigation, and not condemn the police and detectives, not condemn men under suspicion until they have been tried, not condemn the newspapers, on the one hand for being too sensational, and on the other hand condemn them for "suppressing the news," when, as a matter of fact, no newspaper has suppressed anything; and the police and detectives have worked faithfully and earnestly in a mystery that would puzzle even a Sherlock Holmes?

Prima Donna Wails As She Misses Liner

Alice Eversman Vainly Offers $500 To Be Put Aboard Ship Disappeaing Down the Bay.

NEW YORK, May 3.—Despite her frantic offers of $500 to any one who would get her aboard the Olympic after that liner had left the dock, Miss Alice Eversman, soprano of the Chicago Opera Company, was forced to stand on the harbor to-day and watch the vessel disappear down the bay.

"I want a boat, a tug, anything. I must get aboard," declared the artist. "Thousands of dollars depend on my reaching the ship. All my engagements will be missed," she wailed.

A reporter assured her that the Lapland would leave in an hour.

She caught the Lapland.

Waitress' Art Wins Her Rich Husband

Wealthy Lumberman Marries Girl Whose Service in Hotel Cafe Pleased Him.

ATCHISON, KANS., May 3.—Because he liked the way dainty Stella Warden, 30 years old, dusted his plates and arranged his food in the Byram Hotel Cafe here last week, H. P. Vernon, 40 years old, a wealthy lumberman, of Memphis, Tenn., sought her acquaintance and proposed to her. They were quietly married here to-day at the court house.

Vernon came to Atchison on business last Tuesday and Miss Warden served him that night at supper. The next morning he sought her table and their friendship grew. After supper he asked her to become Mrs. Vernon. She accepted.

BATHTUB MAKER SENT TO JAIL ON U. S. CHARGE

CINCINNATI, May 3.—Albert Weil, secretary and treasurer of the Louis Lipp Company, bath tub manufacturers, was sentenced to 60 days in prison to-day.

A fine of $2,500 was imposed upon the company after it pleaded guilty to violating the interstate commerce law by underbilling goods shipped from its factory.

DR. JOHN E. WHITE *Writes on the Phagan Case*

Draws a Lesson From the Shocking Occurrence of a Week Ago, and Urges Confidence in the Courage of the Law.

By DR. JOHN E. WHITE.
Pastor of the Second Baptist Church of Atlanta.



The proper study of mankind is man, but the conditions for this study are only occasionally favorable. Dressed up in his everyday clothes, thinking his ordinary thoughts, and his human impulses suppressed to the requirements of conventional life, a man throws very little light on the problem of humanity. The individual exhibits mankind neither at its best nor at its worst, and never at its deepest. The interesting things about folks are not the things that individualize and separate them in one mass. Therefore to obtain insight into humanity you must catch it off its guard and in the sway of some profound spirit of unity.

Whenever something occurs to startle, alarm or even amuse a whole community at a stroke, there is the opportunity to study and understand human nature. The artist with his picture, the poet with his poem and the author with his book are each in his way striving to express emotions and awaken sentiments which belonged to all men—the chord of human nature that sounds a universal note. It often happens that a shocking event, a disaster or a horrible murder, affords the supremely favorable situation for understanding one's self and others, and for realizing the problems presented to society.

The Interest in a Murder.

Consider the extraordinary intensity of public attention upon the horrible occurrence of the past week. A hundred thousand eyes looking at one thing, a hundred thousand ears listening at one point, a hundred thousand tongues questioning upon one issue—there is a spectacle worth considering.

It is the murderer who dominates the stage in this drama. Somewhere in this community there is a man who did this deed. Upon the retina of every eye and on the film plate of every imagination there is drawn the figure of one single human being, toward which a hundred thousand questions are hurled and upon whom a hundred thousand accusations are concentrated. Our interest in him is his shape like ours, his human likeness to us, and, therefore, by him all of us degraded. His crime dehumanizes humanity and disgraces the universe. This is the exquisite woe of a murderer and the secret of the unvoiced consciousness of all souls poised at him.

There is a feeling that the mystery of every murder is bound to be uncovered. We reckon that all the light of the world—light of stars and moons and suns are conspired against it. The very existence of God seems to demand that for the honor of the universe the murderer must be exposed.

We feel that the murderer himself must find it impossible to support the guilty secret. Thus Victor Hugo portrays Cain, the first murderer, unable to elude the great blazing eye that glares upon him everywhere; thus Lady Macbeth, rubbing her red fingers, echoes the cry of her guilty husband; thus Eugene Aram finds no leaves to cover the dead body, and every stream in which he places it dries up; thus Edgar Allen Poe conceives the murderer hearing the heartthrobs of his victim beneath the floor; thus the ancients imagined that a dead body would bleed in the presence of the murderer. Upon him wherever and whoever it may be forever falls an insupportable weight of doom. Whatever society may do by law to punish the murderer it is nothing compared with the cosmic wretchedness fixed and fastened upon him. Detected or undetected by men, the murderer never escapes.

The Mutilation of Life.

It is a somber but true thought that the extreme guiltiness of every murderer indicates the confraternity of all men who are engaged in the mutilation of human life. In an age to come—and now coming rapidly—society will not so sharply discriminate between the moral responsibility of those defined as murderers under the law and those who in more subtle fashion have the moral responsibility for sapping the vital energy of men and women. This murder in Atlanta is associated with circumstances and suggestions calculated to emphasize the increasing movement of civilization to make a direful issue between itself and those who despoil innocence or press degradation upon womanhood in any fashion. Once, twice, and then again and again we will witness a tearing at the public heart by the tragedies of lust and greed, until one day the social cup will be full and the resolution which now dimly shows its protest will be resolved into social conscience, and then into social courage, and then into social conquest of the untamed beasts that prowl for their prey. The lesser beasts who ply trades and occupations that destroy the bodies and the souls of men and then send flowers to their funerals are to be socially segregated, placarded and proclaimed. Every murderer furiously tears the veil startling crime is pointing its finger at the sources of crime. The murderer furiously tears the veil aside for society to see suddenly its needs and problem of redemption. It is not a hundred years from the Coroner's jury and the court house, and the jury and the judgment of a civilization that will focus stern eyes on all the murderous forces at work within it.

* * *

The statement has been made that there are ten million white people in the South who are to be described as "unsafely civilized." It was made by a Southern man "to the manner born" and apparently approved in the intelligence of a large Southern audience entirely devoted to the South. Edmund Burke said that he did not know how to draw an indictment against a whole people. Since there are only twenty million white people in the South, the statement sounds like an impossible indictment. To be "unsafely civilized," however, is not the same as being uncivilized. The point of attention is that there are vast numbers of white people who do not sufficiently appreciate the necessity of personal restraint and social confidence in respect of law and order to be depended on under all circumstances to support the orderly processes of government. The Southern people must increase their balance on the side of safety in civilization as rapidly as possible.

Name Your Man.

Who are the "unsafely civilized?" "Name your man." He is the man we meet on the street and sometimes at the church, who is willing to say, without any sense of saying anything wrong, that under certain circumstances he is ready to join a thousand others and batter down the jail to lynch a prisoner awaiting a trial before a jury in the court house. He is the man who expresses a frank readiness to justify the mob that has already wrecked its fury in this fashion. He is the man who can not see that the grossness of the crime committed is the greater reason why no one, or a few, but all the citizenship should have a share in its punishment. He is the man who can not understand that the successful vengeance of a mob is the disdain and therefore the dishonor of the State.

He is the Southern man who does not appreciate the standards of civilization, by which Southern people, as well as others, are estimated in the judgment of the world. When he is told that in the four years from 1908 to 1912 all but 14 out of the 398 lynchings in the United States were committed in the South, it makes no difference to him. There is nothing evasive about the attitude of this man. He is frankly unconcerned about the consequence of peril to society, including himself and his own children, which follows the flouting of the law. He does not think that far. He is civilized, but not "safely."

The Fear of the Mob.

The presence of such large numbers of men in Southern communities of this inflammable type and of large numbers who assert no stubborn defense of law and order when trouble is brewing has a powerful influence upon public sentiment and creates a spirit of uncertainty and of dread in the whole people. The great majority of the safely civilized is not available in any outspoken way to assert the power of society to protect itself in support of its institutions.

In several of the Southern States this fear of the mob is rapidly decreasing. In one of them only three lynchings have been allowed in four years and scores have been prevented. The State of Georgia will begin to make a better record when the citizens of Georgia get a little closer together in their thinking on the evils of lawlessness. The peril of the mob decreases in any community in proportion as the people get redder in the face instead of paler whenever the rumor starts that one is forming. A little righteous wrath at the right time would save many vain regrets after the mob has done its work.

White City Park Now Open

WOOL ON FREE LIST TO GRATIFY WILSON'S WISH

House Democrats, With Aid of Progressives, Ratify Provision After Hot Fight.

MANY FAIL TO CAST VOTE

Consequences Put Squarely Up to President—Dire Results Are Predicted.

WASHINGTON, May 3.—Putting the consequences squarely up to the President of the United States, the Democrats of the House, by a vote of 188 to 75, to-day ratified the free wool provision of the Wilson-Underwood tariff schedule, which imposes duties on manufactures of wool.

In the debate it was established that—

Under the proposed duties, the raising of sheep for wool only will be profitless.

The industry will be killed entirely in Ohio.

Wools are cheaper in London than in Boston, despite President Wilson's statement to the contrary.

The woolen trust is given the advantage of tariff protection, while the sheep grower must compete in a free-trade market.

Duties on the lower grades of woolen cloth are placed at a higher figure than those asked by the Republicans in their fight for protection.

Democrats of Ohio, Indiana and other sheep-raising sections, who opposed free wool, took no part in the debate and were not present for the vote. They will go on record when the bill comes up in the House on its final passage.

Progressive Support Schedule.

Roll calls will be had then on free wool, free sugar and other disputed items of the bill. Representative Murdock and other Progressives supported the Democratic schedule.

Defending the Underwood schedule, Representative Francis Burton Harrison, of New York, said that a man who buys custom-made clothes will not have them made any cheaper. One of the greatest advantages of free wool, he insisted, would be the assurance to the man who buys the $8 and $10 ready-made suits that he can get one of wool and not one made of shoddy and cotton.

Where the price may not be lowered, Harrison held out the hope that better material will be used.

"Mr. Harrison admits that free wool means the death knell of wool growing in the United States for wool only," said Representative Mann.

"Representative Hardwick of Georgia, yesterday declared that free sugar sounded the death knell of the sugar cane growing industry in Louisiana and Texas. Do they think that in this killing off one by one the industries of the country they are not killing off all the industries together? When they propose to do injury to a great mass of industries, this country cannot retain its prosperity to which it is entitled."

Replying to frequent charges that free wool has been forced on the Democrats by President Wilson and that it has been opposed by the ways and means committee, Representative Garner of Texas said that the Democrats were soldiers and had followed the leaders of their party. The Democrats of the committee decided to place a 15 per cent duty on wool.

"The President wanted it made free, so we made it free," said Mr. Garner. "I voted for a duty on wool. I voted also to put cattle on the free list. Cattle carry a duty of 10 per cent in this bill. I am making this statement because it has been charged here that I, being a member of the ways and means committee had influence with the committee sufficient to direct it along lines unduly protecting interests of my own state."

Predicts Defeat of Democrats.

Representative Sinnett, of Oregon, said that the Underwood bill favored the woolen manufacturer at the expense of the woolgrowers and that the most insistent advocates of free wool had been the manufacturer.

"Oregon has been good to the Democrats in sending them two Democratic senators," said Sinnett. "Last year you promised that no legitimate industry would be injured. Pass this bill, and Senators Chamberlain and Lane cannot be sent back here."

A substitute for the Underwood schedule was proposed by Representative Payne. It provided duties of 19, 18, and 8 cents per pound on wool of different grades, 30 per cent ad valorem on low grade manufactures of wool and 35 to 55 per cent on high grade manufactures. The Democratic schedule carries a flat duty of 35 per cent on both high and low grades of manufactures.

Payne predicted that in four years the substitute he proposed would be written into law, either by the Democrats or by the Republicans.

Representative Heflin said that the Democrats wanted to give the protection now extended to 54,000,000 sheep to the farmer's boy. Willis, of Ohio, suggested that the farmer's boy would lose his job with the destruction of his sheep and that the protection would be given to the half naked savages of Africa.

Representative Lenroot, of Wisconsin, accused the Democrats of repudiating the Baltimore platform which promised the destruction of monopoly, even at the expense of the industry. He claimed that the American Woolen Company, declared by Underwood to be a trust, was benefited by the duties proposed in the schedule.

Underwood was defeated to-night in an effort to take bituminous coal from the free list and make it dutiable at 40 cents a ton. Mondell, of Wyoming, said that free coal would enable Canada to supply the markets in Montana and Idaho, which now use Wyoming coal. Canada imposes a duty on American coal.

He insisted that he removal of the duty would not lower the price of coal to the small consumer one cent a ton, while the loss in revenue to the government would be about $1,000,000 a year.

Atlanta Society Equestriennes Enjoy Paper Chase

Horseback Devotees in Novel Cross-Country Hunt

Mrs. John Hill, one of Atlanta's most daring horsewomen, who participated in the paper chase.



T. A. Savage and Wilmer L. Moore, Jr., who blazed the trail for Atlanta's society paper chase in the Peachtree sections.

J. S. Slicer First in "At Death," but Other Participants Follow Close Behind Him.

Ten miles 'cross country, over hills and creek bottoms, through dense woods and along smooth roads, a little troop of horsemen followed a thin trail of confetti yesterday afternoon in what was Atlanta's first society paper chase of many years. It was significant in that it marks, society leaders think, a revival of the vogue which equestrian sports once had in Atlanta.

F. A. Savage and Wilmer Moore, Jr., led the chase. And well, too. The trail they blazed with the tiny bits of paper required the nice eye of an Indian fighter or of a Burns detective to follow it. In consequence, only four of those who started in their wake reached the end of the trail. To J. S. Slicer belongs the palm, they think. He was the first of the horsemen they met when they began to retrace their steps.

Foremost in the chase was Mrs. John Hill, an intrepid horsewoman. Others that followed the paper trail were Royston Cabaniss, Roy Dorsey, W. D. McBurney, Lee Douglas, R. P. McLarty and Lieutenant Tucker.

The party assembled at the corner of Fifteenth and Peachtree Streets about 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon. The chase began near the plant of the steel works, where the leaders began to lay the paper. Thence it led across the country to Peachtree creek, and along Peachtree Road to the Tea House, going along Habersham Drive, through the woods, and back to Peachtree Road, ending on the Morris Brandon estate beyond Buckhead.

The paper chase will be repeated next Saturday afternoon, when a larger following, it is thought, will be mustered. The devotees of the equestrian art are planning also an elaborate gymkhana for the near future.

PRODIGAL LOSES A WIFE AND FURNITURE AS WELL

CHICAGO, May 3.—The story of how he was robbed of a prospective wife and several thousand dollars worth of furniture, not to speak of a number of nights' sleep, is narrated in a bill asking $25,000 damages which C. M. Schaffer filed against August H. and Mrs. Anna Race Froenicke in Superior Court.

Shaffer says he befriended the woman and furnished a flat for her. He alleges she agreed to divorce her policeman husband and marry him. She selected, and he bought $2,000 worth of furniture.

In course of time, according to Shaffer, the husband, conspicuous by his absence during the lovemaking, turned up again, routed the interloper from his family circle, "made up" with his wife and appropriated all the new furniture.

Shaffer says the policeman threatened to "get him" if he tried legal reprisals.

SUNDAY SCHOOL CONTEST RIVALS IN GREAT RALLY

Christians and Baptists to Parade Before Monster Meeting at Auditorium.

A triumphal march of participants in an unusual contest will be that of more than 5,000 members of the Sunday schools of the First Christian and the Second Baptist Churches, when this morning they will form a procession from the State Capitol to the Auditorium. In the big hall will be held a monster Sunday school rally.

The procession and the rally are results of a membership contest between the two schools, in the course of which the enrollment of the First Christian Church has been increased from 330 to 4,000, and that of the Second Baptist Church from 420 to 3,700.

The results, as even the Sunday school superintendents and the pastors of the two churches admit, have been marvelous. They furnish the basis of a determination to make Atlanta the leading Sunday school city of the world.

To that end, when the contest between the two churches is over—May 11—the Baptist Sunday schools of Atlanta will challenge the Methodist Sunday schools to a great contest, involving more than 60 institutions.

When the contest between the First Christian and Second Baptist Sunday schools was started, twelve weeks ago, it was decided that, one week before the end, the losing school members should go to the winning school for a love feast and rally. The results outdistanced the most sanguine hopes. The auditorium of neither school is large enough to accommodate the membership of both. A change of plans was necessary, and it was decided that the joint meeting would be held at the Auditorium, and all the public would be invited.

According to the original plan of the contest, the winning Sunday school will be the guest at a picnic given by the loser. Long ago, however, the workers have lost sight of the picnic prize, and have been working with an enthusiasm transcending that for a picnic goal.

When the two schools meet at the Capitol this morning a panorama picture of the assembly will be taken, and in the course of their march to the Auditorium moving pictures will be taken.

U. S. MAY ACT TO SAVE GIRL FROM HAREM

Father Makes Appeal Through New Orleans Woman's Club for Aid.

NEW ORLEANS, May 3.—The State Department at Washington will be asked to assist in the rescue of Miss Aminta Martin, who is being held a prisoner in the harem of Prince Cahiba in a small town near Calcutta, India. The father of the girl to-day laid his case before a local women's organization, which immediately forwarded the papers in the case to Congressman Dupre, who will be requested to ask the Federal Government to take steps to have the girl released.

Aminta was 16 when she attracted the attention of Cahiba, who was sight-seeing in New York. He told her she would be a princess and would live in a palace. She married him in Jersey City and immediately sailed for Calcutta. The Indian had plenty of money and gave the girl's mother $2,500 as a token of good will.

After two years' captivity, the girl has managed to smuggle three letters to her father, in which she begs that he hasten to have her rescued.

"I am one of forty-five wives, and I am treated most cruelly," she writes. "The woman who has promised to mail this for me will succeed or forfeit her life. I am the only American girl in the harem; in fact, the only one who can speak English. If I find there is no chance of being saved, I will kill myself, but that will be difficult, as I am constantly watched."

Fight Started on Philippine Cigars

Repesentative Lonergan Would Unionize Labor on Islands to Protect Americans.

WASHINGTON, May 3.—Fear that the American Tobacco Company may develop so great an American trade in Philippine cigars as to permanently change the taste of the smoking public and ruin the American tobacco industry, Representative Lonergan of Connecticut to-day started a movement to unionize labor in the islands.

He said the reciprocity on Filipino tobacco, provided in the Wilson-Underwood tariff bill, was good Republican doctrine, but that the tobacco growers of Connecticut were looking ahead to a time when cheap labor in the Philippines might enable the "tobacco trust" to undersell all American manufactured tobacco with a superior article made in the islands.

"Once give the Americans the habit of buying Philippine cigars from the trust and the American growers and manufacturers will be lost," said Mr. Lonergan.

'Brazilian Trot' Is Latest From Paris

Joan Sawyer, Who Brings it, Says That It Is the Only Thing in the World.

NEW YORK, May 3.—Joan Sawyer, the swiftest turkey trotter that ever saw Broadway, has returned from Paris with the Brazilian trot, a dance that is faster and more bewildering than a combination of all the dances so far invented.

"It's the only thing in the world," said Miss Sawyer. "You can dance the Brazilian trot instead of eating or drinking. In fact, if you are starving it's a perfectly good substitute for food and drink."

KISSING PROHIBITED IN SWISS RAILWAY DEPOTS

GENEVA, May 3.—A rich young Swiss architect recently kissed a pretty girl whom he did not know at the station platform of Sarnen, Canton of Unterwald, and on the complaint of the girl he was arrested. Later he was fined $4 and costs. To everyone's surprise the young lady walked out of court after the verdict with the architect arm in arm, and a marriage is to follow.

The local authorities, perturbed at the incident, have placed a placard at the station, stating that kissing on the platform is strictly forbidden.

White City Park Now Open

World's Records Smashed by Girls In Athletic Meets

New Marks for Women Are Set in the Broad Jump and the Shot Put.

LYNCHBURG, VA., May 3.—At the annual athletic meet at the Randolph - Macon Woman's College to-day Miss Dorothy Cure, of Roanoke, in the running broad jump, broke the world's by 8 1-2 inches. She cleared 15 feet 2 1-2 inches, breaking the record of the college by 9 1-2 inches.

In addition to this accomplishment, Miss Cure made 8 feet 2 inches in the standing broad jump, and cleared 4 feet 4 inches in the running high jump. She was the star of the meet.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., May 3. Miss Elizabeth A. Hardin, a freshman, of Newark, N. J., to-day broke the world's record for women in shot putting and broke two college records in addition at the annual field day at Vassar College. She put the shot 34 feet 3 inches, breaking the world's record of 31 feet 9 1-2 inches.

Miss Hardin also threw the basket ball 80 feet 1 3-8 inches, breaking the college record of 77 feet 9 1-2 inches, and threw the baseball 205 feet 7 inches, breaking the record of 204 feet 5 inches.

Columbia Students Reject Honor Plan

System of Espionage at Examination Continues in New York University.

NEW YORK, May 3.—The honor system will not be tried at Columbia in the final examinations at the end of this month, although the student body has been agitating the abolition of the present system of espionage for a year.

The faculty to-day decided that it would be impracticable to establish the system at this time, as only about one-third of the total college body had voted for its installation.

The Columbia Alumni News said editorially that degrees granted under the present system simply show that all the university knows is the men did not cheat, because they did not have the opportunity.

FRATS CONSTITUTIONAL.

OXFORD, MISS., May 3.—The State Supreme Court to-day ruled that college fraternities are constitutional.

PEACEMAKERS WANT SMALLER ARMY AND NAVY

Fourth American Peace Congress Near Open Break on Election of Officers.

ST. LOUIS, May 3.—The Fourth American Peace Congress, which has been in session here since Thursday, came to an end to-night, after resolutions had been passed calling on the United States Government to decrease its army and navy expenditures. It was also urged that the Panama toll controversy be taken to The Hague.

The election of officers was practically the last act of the assemblage. To-morrow there will be numerous peace meetings at various churches, but these are in no way connected with the official work of the convention.

For the first time since the opening of the session friction appeared to-day.

After the nominating committee had submitted its recommendations, Chas. E. Beals, secretary of the Chicago Peace Society, declared the committee needed a lesson in geography, since it appeared to have the idea the Western boundary of the United States is the Hudson River.

He said there are able peace workers living outside of Washington and New York, although the committee appeared to think otherwise. He advocated that the name of Rev. Lyman Abbott, of New York, be dropped from the list of vice presidents, and that the names of Mrs. Philip N. Moore, of St. Louis, and other Westerners be added.

After considerable discussion this was done, the objection to Dr. Abbott being that he signed the Navy League petition for an increased Congressional appropriation a few months ago.

Jenkin Lloyd Jones, of Chicago; Edmond Stanley, of Wichita; Hiram Hadley, of New Mexico, and Mrs. Frederick Schoff, of Philadelphia, were selected vice presidents, irrespective of the nominating committee.

All officers of the society and a majority of the vice presidents were reelected.

Andrew Carnegie, William J. Bryan and William H. Taft were the names heading the list.

Wharton Refuses to Discuss Separation

Husband of Novelist Says He Will Not Gratify Prurient Populace by Talking.

Special Cable to The American.

PARIS, May 3.—Edward Wharton, husband of Edith Wharton, the novelist, refused absolutely to-day to discuss the rumor that his wife intended to seek a divorce from him.

"This is entirely a personal and private affair," said Mr. Wharton, "which can not possibly interest the public, except that prurient part of the populace. We Harvard men have certain principles by which I propose to stand. One of them is not to gratify pruriency."

Mr. Wharton arrived from London last night, and is stopping at a private hotel in the Rue Volney. Mrs. Wharton is in Italy.

Stork Expected by Former Miss Goelet

Duke and Duchess of Roxburghe Are Living Quietly at Floors Castle, Near London.

Special Cable to The American.

LONDON, May 3.—The Duchess of Roxburghe, who was Miss May Goelet, is living very quietly at Floors Castle and has been seen in London but little of late. The Duke is an occasional visitor to London, but spends most of his time at Floors Castle and will probably give up his usual summer trip to Norway in anticipation of the visit of the stork.

The present heir presumptive to the Roxburghe title and estates is the Duke's eldest brother, Lord Alastair Innes Ker, who married Miss Ann Breese, of New York.

Yuan Spreads Troops To Keep China Quiet

President Is Determined to Crush Incipient Revolutions Against Republican Government.

Special Cable to The Atlanta Georgian.

PEKIN, May 3.—Determined to uphold the republican government of China at any cost now that it has been formally recognized by the United States, President Yuan Shih Kai to-day has 50,000 troops on the move throughout China ready to quell any revolutionary disturbances.

The President caused it to be announced to-day that the revolutionary tendencies in the southern provinces will be crushed. The announcement added that "Politicians in the southern provinces will not be allowed to dictate the policy of the government."

SOCIETY NOTES.

The Joseph Habersham Chapter will hold a very important meeting May 15 at the home of the regent, Mrs. J. A. Perdue, 703 Edgewood Avenue, at 3 o'clock. A full attendance is urged as the election of officers and the reports of both State and National meetings will be made.

The Normal Study Club will meet to-morrow afternoon at 4 o'clock at the Girls' High School.

Porter-Stillman.

Mrs. Benjamin Harris Porter announces the engagement of her daughter, Margaret, to Dr. Lowe Stillman, the wedding to take place in June. No cards.

PLOT TO ASSASSINATE KING OF SPAIN BARED

Special Cable to The Atlanta Georgian.

MONTPELIER, FRANCE, May 3.—A plot to assassinate King Alfonso of Spain when he comes to France to visit President Poincare was discovered here to-day. A Spanish anarchist was arrested and letters involving two other men and a woman were found.

A Message to Nervous People

Those who dread having teeth extracted, filled or crowned should call at my office and I will demonstrate to your entire satisfaction that I can do it painlessly.

I am the Painless Dentist

$5 a Set



They never slip or drop. I guarantee them for 20 years.

Fillings in Silver, Platinum and Amalgam, 50c.

22-K. Gold Crowns, Porcelain Crowns and Bridge Work. $4

Daily ..... 8 to 6
Sunday ..... 10 to 3

Lady Attendant and Ladies' Rest Room.

Phone Main 1296.

Gold Dust Vulcanite sets do not make the mouth sore nor have rubber taste.

Terms: Don't Worry



73 1-2 Whitehall St.

DR. WHITLAW, Painless Dentistry

Largest and most thoroughly equipped office in the South.

Entrance 73½ Whitehall Street; 4th door from J. M. High Co.

(Over the Atlantic & Pacific Tea Store.) Opposite Vaudette Theater.

Reference: My work and Central Bank and Trust Corporation.

YAARAB SPECIAL

—VIA—

SOUTHERN RAILWAY

"Premier Carrier of the South"

—TO—

DALLAS, TEXAS

AND RETURN

ACCOUNT 39TH ANNUAL SESSION IMPERIAL COUNCIL MYSTIC SHRINE
OFFICIAL ROUTE AND SCHEDULES

Leave Atlanta	10:00 P. M. May 9th
Leave Birmingham	3:40 A. M. May 10th
Leave Meridian	9:00 A. M. May 10th
Leave Shreveport	9:00 P. M. May 10th
Arrive Dallas	5:00 P. M. May 11th

RETURN TRIP VIA HOT SPRINGS, MEMPHIS AND BIRMINGHAM, LEAVING DALLAS 8:00 P. M. MAY 15TH.

$34.45 ROUND TRIP FROM ATLANTA $34.45

Going via Shreveport, Returning via Memphis. Correspondingly Low Fares From All Other Points.

Tickets on Sale, May 6th to 11th.

Return Limit, May 25th, 1913.

MAKE PULLMAN RESERVATIONS NOW.

City Ticket Office: No. 1 Peachtree St

J. L. MEEK, Asst. Gen. Pass. Agent, Atlanta, Ga.

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CRYSTAL MIST GINGER ALE

Is so different. Contains no capsicum.

On draught at all up-to-date Soda Fountains.

CRYSTAL MIST GINGER ALE CO.

Phone Ivy 6708 — 307 Peachtree

ATLANTA OPENS HOMES TO 1386 PRESBYTERIANS

Only 114 Additional Pledges Needed to Provide for Assembly Commissioners.

SPIRITED CONTEST DEVELOPS

Committees, Resuming Work Tomorrow, Hope to Get Required Promises by Wednesday.

Atlanta has responded nobly to the appeal sent out for homes in which to entertain 500 of the 1,500 commissioners from all over the United States who will attend the great Presbyterian assembly.

At a luncheon at the Capital City Club yesterday afternoon the chairman of the ladies' committees of the various churches reported that homes had been secured for 386 commissioners. Of those 133 were obtained in the twenty-four hours between Friday afternoon and Saturday afternoon. The Baptist committee, headed by Mrs. George McCarty, secured the largest number of homes yesterday, reporting accommodations for 57 more commissioners. The Methodists, headed by Mrs. J. Clarence Johnson, reported 44, the Episcopalians, by Mrs. C. B. Wilmer, reported 29, the Christian church reported 1, and the Catholics 2.

Rivalry Among Workers.

The securing of homes for the commissioners has developed into a spirited contest between the different denominations in Atlanta. Three of the denominations, the Methodists, Baptists and Episcopalians, have perfected committee organizations. Members of the other churches are working independently, and their work is classified in the offices of the general committee in the Empire building.

The standing of the denominations up to last night was as follows: Baptist, 155 commissioners; Methodist, 143; Episcopalian, 54; Congregationalist, 15; Catholic, 4; Christian, 4; Unitarian, 4; Lutheran, 2; Jewish, 1; unclassified, 6; total, 386.

The committees will resume their work to-morrow morning, and by Wednesday night it is hoped that homes for the remaining 114 commissioners will have been obtained. At the luncheon yesterday afternoon, which was given by J. K. Orr, general chairman of the arrangements committee, 60 ladies attended and optimistically faced the prospect of securing the additional homes.

Response Was Magnificent.

"Atlanta has certainly responded to our appeal in magnificent manner," declared Mr. Orr, "and we anticipate no difficulty in securing the necessary accommodations. The work that has been done by the ladies' committee in the last three days is remarkable, and typifies the Atlanta spirit that is so much in evidence whenever anything must be done to uphold the honor of the city."

Homes Offered Commissioners.

Following is a list of the homes which have been offered:

CAPITOL AVENUE BAPTIST—Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Hudson.

FIRST BAPTIST—Mrs. E. R. Black, Mr. and Mrs. James E. Carlton, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Davis, Mr. and Mrs. Beaumont Davidson, Mrs. Gertrude Dickey, Mrs. Mary C. Fields, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Fleet, Mrs. Sam Jones, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Smith, Mrs. A. J. Orme, Sr., Mrs. P. G. Turner, Mrs. J. C. Greenfield, Mrs. A. P. Stewart, Mrs. Ruth Hallman Hill, Mrs. C. L. Dean, Mrs. Dunbar Roy, Mrs. George S. Prior, Mrs. Charles W. Daniel, Mrs. James M. Gray, Mrs. W. F. Crusselle, Dr. William Crenshaw, Mrs. J. S. Fleet, Mrs. J. L. Key, Mrs. B. B. Hay, Mrs. Bun Wylie, Mrs. D. R. Wylie.

GORDON STREET BAPTIST—Marcellus Anderson.

JACKSON HILL BAPTIST—Mrs. Edward S. Thompson.

OAKLAND CITY BAPTIST—A. P. Morgan, I. N. Ragsdale.

PONCE DE LEON BAPTIST—Mrs. D. M. Boykin, Ms. George M. Brown, Mrs. F. J. Cooledge, Jr., Mrs. Edgar Dunlap, Mrs. E. M. Durant, Mrs. Rutherford Lipscomb, Mrs. J. M. McCullough, Mrs. L. G. Neal, Mrs. George McCarty, Mrs. W. H. Wiggs, Mrs. F. G. Hodgson, Mrs. Frank Owens, Mrs. Eugene Callaway, Mrs. George P. Fuller, Mrs. J. B. Daniel, Mrs. J. Stover, Mrs. William Wills.

SECOND BAPTIST—Miss Sally Eugenia Brown, Mrs. Joseph M. Brown, Mrs. W. E. Campbell, Mrs. E. L. Connally, Mrs. Thomas Daniels, T. J. Day, Judge Beverly D. Evans, Mrs. Julian Field, Mrs. William Hurd Hillyer, Mrs. J. W. Jones, Mrs. George Lowndes, Mrs. Alfred C. Newell, Dr. John E. White, Dr. Bernard Wolff, Walker Dunson, Judge J. T. Pendleton.

WEST END BAPTIST—W. H. Brittain, M. G. Campbell, A. R. Colcord, W. G. Cooper, J. F. Purser, Mrs. J. H. Drewry, Mrs. G. C. Jones.

ROMAN CATHOLIC DENOMINATION—Mrs. J. W. McArthur, Mrs. R. D. Spalding.

FIRST CHRISTIAN—Mrs. John A. Perdue, Mrs. C. Stockard, Mrs. A. Cruikshank.

CENTRAL CONGREGATIONAL—Mrs. D. I. Carson, Mrs. A. W. Farlinger, Mrs. C. W. Gould, Mrs. Charles T. Page, Mrs. L. W. Rogers, Mrs. T. M. Stewart, Mrs. Charles R Haskins.

ALL SAINTS EPISCOPAL—Mrs. R. G. Blanton, Mrs. Charles A. Conklin, Mrs. Clifford Drew, Mrs. D. O. Matheson, Mrs. Charles Scipie, Mrs. R. M. Walker, Mrs. J. D Whittaker.

ST. LUKE'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH—Mrs. P. G. Hanahan, Mrs. Frank Hawkins, Mrs. George B. Hinman, Mrs. John M. Slaton, Mrs. Alex W. Smith, Mrs. George Traylor, Mrs. S. T. Turman, Mrs. S. T. Weyman, Col. Peters, Mrs. W. A. Wimbish, Mrs. Allen, Mrs. E. G. Black, Mrs. O. B. Willmer, Mrs. W. H. C. Rose, Mrs. Fitzhugh Knox, Mrs. E. A. Bancker, Jr.

ST. PHILIPS EPISCOPAL—Mrs. W. N. Hawks, P. M. Christian, J. G. Burkhardt.

EPHIPHANY EPISCOPAL—Mrs. Albert Wood.

CHURCH OF THE INCARNATION—Mrs. O. F. Kaufman.

JEWISH DENOMINATION—Mr. Julius Oinsner.

LUTHERAN DENOMINATION—Thomas Moore.

DRUID HILLS METHODIST—Dr. Arch Avery, John S. Candler, J. C. Mathews, Edwin Perry, W. D. Thompson, T. L. Thrower, Mrs. J. A. Farnsworth.

FIRST METHODIST CHURCH—Robert E. Avery, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Haden, Mrs. C. D. Hurt, John H. McCord, Mrs. W. M. Mixon, C. S. McRae, Mrs. George Winship, R. E. Nalley, R. A. Hemphill, F. B. Wright, Mrs. Geo. Stevens, Mrs. W. R. Prescott, Mrs. H. E. W. Palmer, Mrs. Geo. A. Wright, Mrs. H. T. Scales, Mrs. Fannie B. Wright.

GRACE METHODIST CHURCH—Mrs. L. E. Bennett, J. W. Duncan, E. T. Dorrough, O. L. Jernigan, Mrs. G. A. Johnston, R. H. McDougal, Walter McElreath, Colonel W. S. Thomson, D. W. Yarborough.

INMAN PARK METHODIST—Mrs. E. L. Adams, Asa G. Candler, Frank Harper, Mrs. Florence Harris, Mrs. J. H. Taylor, George C. Walters.

PARK STREET METHODIST—Mr. and Mrs. Jack V. Hayes, John N. McEachern, James W. Rockey, W. C. Archer.

ST. JOHN'S METHODIST—Mrs. D. P. Brooks, C. D. Knight, Dr. T. L. Moore.

ST. MARK METHODIST—Mrs. S. F. Boykin, R. W. Byers, C. F. Hoke, Mrs. Clarence Johnson, Mrs. George Muse, Mrs. H. Y. McCord, Mrs. Joseph McCord, Mrs. W. L. Peel, Mrs. Lott Marren, Mrs. J. O. Wynne, Judge Spencer R. Atkinson, Mrs. C. H. Ashford, Mrs. H. E. Choate, Mrs. F. R. Alston, Mrs. W. E. Beckham, Mrs. John F. Cone, Mrs. Elizabeth Winship Bates, Mrs. W. O. Foote.

ST. PAUL'S METHODIST—W. H. Coppedge, Mrs. J. B. Dobson, Mrs. Hooper.

TRINITY METHODIST—Dr. Charles E. Boynton, Mrs. M. H. Boynton, Mrs. E. M. Chapman, E. A. Hartsock, John A. Manget, Dr. Floyd W. McRae, Mrs. Argard, Mrs. J. G. Oglesby, Sr.

WESLEY MEMORIAL—Major R. J. Guinn, Mrs W. S. Witham.

UNITARIAN CHURCH—Mrs. T. J. Glenn.

NOT CLASSIFIED—J. B. Glenn, R E. Nolley, Rev. George Nussman.

ST. LUKE'S METHODIST—Miss Daniel.

METHODIST PROTESTANT—Dr. C. B. McDaniel.

CENTRAL BAPTIST CHURCH—Mrs. J. M. Moore, Mrs. T. F. Cathcart, Dr. C. A. Ridley, Mrs. S. P. Moncrief, Mrs. P. S. Cathcart.

DECATUR BAPTIST—W. H. Thompson.

'Fish Walk' Latest Zoology Craze

'Aquarium Amble' Ballroom Fad

Atlanta Will Catch It Very Soon



New Wriggle Sponsored by Wife of German Diplomat at Washington Reception.

Close your eyes tight, and think. Hard. This particular bit of meditation will require all your concentration.

Because you must imagine yourself a fish—a regular fish, with a long tail. The fish, which is you, is standing on the tip of its tail, trying to walk.

Funny, isn't it? Ha, ha. And yet, not a bit of it, because they do say that the "fish walk," resembling very much the operation that you are trying to frame in your mind, is the latest thing in dances, and that it is on its way to Atlanta.

The "fish walk," being groomed as a successor to the moribund "bunny hug" and the late lamented "grizzly bear," has been auspiciously introduced to society. It first was produced at a party in Washington society the other day, and acquired an immediate and tremendous vogue.

And it was not introduced by an American.

Madame Von Herwarth, wife of the military attache of the German embassy, was hostess upon the occasion of the introduction of the "fish walk," and hence is known generally as its sponsor.

But as to the "fish walk" itself, here it is explained simply:

Face your partner. Stand erect, hold yourself rigid from the waist down, and dance on your toes. You see, you get the fish imagery plainer now, don't you?

Take sixteen quick steps forward on your toes, a la Adelaide Genee. They do say that the spectacle of a room full of "fish walkers" is wonderful.

At the end of the sixteen forward steps, skip four times sideways. Go forward again, and so on, until you have enough. It is all very simple.

The directions on the bottle say that it is danced quickly, about the same time as the "horse trot," whatever that is.

Atlanta dancers, always progressive, have framed for themselves a code of instruction in the "fish walk." Hence, if you would be au fait, follow these:

Forget the plebeian nature of the name. Call it, in the presence of the best families, the "piscatorial promenade," or the "aquarium amble," never the "fish walk."

Take a pride in Atlanta's collection of ballroom zoology, and learn to dance the new wrinkle.

Think, always, that you are a fish. It may be easy, maybe not.

Child's "Twisted Brain" Untangled

Boy Without Reason Cured by Surgeon's Knife After Years of Blankness.

ST. LOUIS, May 3.—Alfred Jones, sixteen years old, is no longer "The Boy With a Twisted Brain." A skillful surgical operation has relieved the pressure of the skull on the memory centers of his brain, and after years of intellectual darkness he is beginning to see the light.

Alfred was born on Christmas Day, 1896, seven months after the St. Louis tornado. His mother lived in the storm belt and received a severe nervous shock as the result of the tornado, though she was not physically injured, but the fright had a parental influence on the child.

The operation was performed by Dr. Francis William Kirsch, at the Christian Hospital two weeks ago. In performing the operation Doctor Kirsch removed a section of the skull three inches in diameter. He found that the skull had been pressing on the memory center of the brain, which is the upper portion of the left lobe, and that this pressure has caused centers of the brain to adhere to the skull. He loosed these adhesions, and with delicate surgical instruments untwisted the nerves and put them back into normal position.

UNITED STATES SENATOR'S DAUGHTER IS A SOCIALIST

PORTLAND, ORE., May 3.—Friends of United States Senator Harry Lane, shocked at the conduct of his daughter, to-day sent him word that Mrs. Nina McBride had blossomed out as a Socialistic soap-box orator on one of the principal streets of Portland. Society friends of the wealthy young woman, whose father was recently elected to the United States Senate, were astonished at the "unheard-of" conduct of Mrs. McBride.

"You white-collared fellows!" shouted Mrs. McBride from her position on the soap box, "get wise to what is going on in society to-day. Wake up and vote the Socialist ticket."

AVIATOR DRAWS MAP AS HE FLIES OVER COUNTRY

WASHINGTON, May 3.—Second Lieut. Milling has been designated by Major-Gen. Carter as "one of the foremost aviators of the world."

This high praise followed a flight from Texas City to San Antonio, 224 miles, and return, in which Lieut. Milling guided the aeroplane and Second Lieut. Sherman was pasenger and observer. Sherman made a rough map of the country passed over on the return trip. This map has been pronounced a positive demonstration of the possibilities of aeroplanes for scouting.

19 LIQUOR INDICTMENTS RETURNED BY BIBB JURY

MACON, GA., May 3.—Nineteen Macon locker club and saloon proprietors have been indicted by the Grand Jury, which is conducting an exhaustive probe into local prohibition conditions. Following the issuance of warrants, Sheriff Hicks raided all of the places, and in several seized large quantities of liquor. The Grand Jury in two weeks has examined 280 witnesses.

SPORTS ONE TOPIC AMBASSADOR CAN TALK ON SAFELY

Sir Cecil Arthur Spring-Rice Knows Something About the Subject, Too.

NEW YORK, May 3.—Imagine being a real ambassador to the United States from a country like England and yet so firmly bound by circumstances that the only subject on which you could talk with safety would be sports.

Sir Cecil Arthur Spring-Rice is in just this predicament. The canal tolls controversy, The Hay-Pauncefote treaty, the situation brought about by the fall of Scutari, world peace, or the Krupps are subjects on which Sir Spring-Rice could talk and which any newspaper would be glad to print columns of, but being an ambassador is strictly a silent job. And Sir Spring-Rice is not going to break either precedent or silence.

Sports, however, is a subject with which the English diplomat is thoroughly conversant, and he was exceptionally strong in his praise of the American athletes in Sweden.

Sir Cecil sat in a big chair in the library of Lawrence Godkin's house, where he and Mr. Bryce are guests, and, when not posing for his photograph or looking after the disposition of his luggage, he conducted a process of elimination by which the list of subjects of which a newly arrived diplomat may speak with grace and propriety narrowed down to exactly one. That one he attacked in a manner at once cheery and diffuse.

"You see," he said, by way of preface, "I am a diplomat and not a statesman, and we simply can't—I mean to say, we're absolutely forbidden to speak about these things. You'll find everything regarding my age and sex, and so on in the public prints, if you care for it—and I don't see why you should.

"Some day," he said "you will be an Ambassador yourself, and then you will have your revenge."

Ambassador an Oxford Man.

The Ambassador is a man of about the same height as Mr. Bryce, rather under the medium, and his general build and manner of carriage show the effects of his athletic training in his youth. He is an Oxford man—Balliol was his college—and he went in successfully for rowing. That was the subject on which he would talk—sports and athletics.

"I come here from Stockholm," he went on—he has been Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Sweden since 1908. "I saw the Olympic games there, and I was very much impressed with the victories of your splendid American team. I am sure that the methods of training and the discipline of your men will be a standard for the teams the other nations send to future games.

"It was a new idea to all of us, this strict military discipline, the bringing of the entire team over in one ship, and keeping a close watch on them, but the results proved its efficacy. The Swedes were astonished. They looked upon Americans as persons who go at things in a dashing, haphazard sort of way, and the system and method in the management of your athletes fairly took their breath.

"Why, the Americans appeared there, every man of them acting as if he were an archibishop, and the businesslike manner in which they went about the contests, the splendid team-work and esprit de corps, demonstrated easily the superior merits of their system."

Sir Cecil likes baseball—indeed, there seems a strong probability that he will become a fan. When he was here before—he has been in this country fourteen times, by the way—he often went to the game and he knows its fine points and regards it as a wholesome sport. He knows all about college rowing in this country too, and was pleased to learn that he has arrived in good time for the intercollegiate contests at Poughkeepsie and New London.

Here With Lord Sackville.

"I was here with Lord Sackville, you know—that was a long time ago," he said, "and that reminds me of an amusing incident at the steamship pier when I went to meet him. Some of your newspaper men asked me about Lord Sackville, and I said he was a minister—we were only a legation in Washington then—and, looking rather puzzled, one of them said he thought it rather strange that Great Britain would send over a clergyman, and asked what was his lordship's denomination.

"I remembered that yesterday when one of the ship's officers asked me if I would pose for the newspaper photographers. I thought of playing a trick on them and having an English clergyman on board, whom I knew, impersonate me, for the purposes of the camera. It would have been a joke on them, wouldn't it? But I decided it would be a little too hard on them, and, anyway, perhaps I couldn't have persuaded the clergyman to join my conspiracy."

Sir Cecil's title comes from his being a Knight Commander of St. Michael and St. George, the order having been conferred by the late King Edward in 1906. He is the second son of the Hon. C. Spring-Rice, and he was born in 1859. Few diplomats in the service have had a more widely extended service. He was a clerk in the War Office and in the Foreign Office, and was afterward precis writer to Lord Rosebery. Afterward he was Secretary of Embassies at Brussels, Washington, Tokio, Berlin, and Constantinople. Then he was Charge d'Affaires at Teheran, British Commissioner of the Public Debt at Cairo, First Secretary of the Embassy at St. Petersburg, and Minister and Consul-General to Persia.

White City Park Now Open

JAPS LIKELY TO SEND ULTIMATUM TO U. S.

Continued From Page 1.

Japs from California schools in 1908.

Agreement Drawn Up.

At the crisis of the disagreement Secretary of State Root and Mr. Takahira, the Japanese Ambassador, undertook to draw up an agreement of five articles, which became known in diplomacy as "the gentleman's agreement."

The articles contained nothing that was substantial, except that the United States and Japan agreed to advise each other of any future change in policy, and that pending questions should be regulated as far as possible by diplomatic and administrative methods.

The impression which survived this agreement was that Secretary Root had made concessions to Japan, and the trouble blew over until it was possible to formulate and ratify the treaty of 1911. This consummation was one of the understandings between Mr. Root and Mr. Takahira on which the immediate causes of friction were removed.

Japan immediately went ahead with the formulation of the treaty as it now exists. It has recently been shown that it was altogether one-sided. It gave to the Japanese certain rights in the United States, while the so-called rights of American citizens in Japan are contained in a law of the Japanese Parliament of 1910, which the Mikado has shrewdly refrained from making effective. So far as the United States is concerned, it is null and void.

High officials here do not believe that Japan would regard as binding any decision by the United States Supreme Court on the alien land law which would be adverse to Japan.

Japan's whole contention will be for her pound of flesh, bargained for in the treaty of 1911. She will hold that treaty paramount to all laws and constructions of laws by the United States.

At the utmost the United States courts could do no more than to declare the California land law unconstitutional. There is no mandate of the Supreme Court that could compel a private citizen in the State of California to sell or lease his land to a citizen of Japan.

The impression prevails that President Wilson would use the whole power of the Government, invoking, if necessary, United States marshals and posses and the military arm of the Government to render effective a decision of the courts against the California Legislature.

It is thought here that the omission of the "ineligible" clause offers the slenderest possible basis for compromise or conciliation. Every expression and intimation indicates that the Japanese Embassy at Washington is vigorously opposed to the amended bill and that the Japanese Foreign Office at Tokio will promptly echo that opposition. The whole attitude of our Government is one of preparation to meet the objections which are confidently expected from that quarter.

Upon the central issue of war or peace there is a strong, confident note in the sentiment of capitalists and prominent citizens in Washington today. The whole hope of a peaceful adjustment of this international contention rests in the belief that the finances of Japan will not permit her to go to war.

Everybody here believes that if Japan has the money to fight she will, but every information that touches international money centers seems to agree that, because Japan's war chest is empty, her battle flags will be furled.

U. S.-Japan War Talk Alarming to Europe.

Special Cable to The American.

LONDON, May 3.—The question of war between the United States and Japan is paramount in the minds of Europeans. That neither country is seeking war is the opinion of Major General Edward P. Meaney, former judge advocate general of New Jersey, who has just returned to London after a three months tour of European countries. General Meaney said:

"There is an unseemly haste on the part of the English newspapers to condemn the political situation in the United States. This is because they have no comprehension of the country in general nor of its politics. It is also due to the English prejudice toward the United States.

"Japan is not seeking warfare with any country, chiefly because she is in no condition financially to do so. The national debt there is enormous.

"Unless something bordering on a miracle happens, there is likely to be a great alteration in the map of Europe within the next six months."

White City Park Now Open

INSANE WIFE KILLS HUSBAND AND BABY

Mississippi Woman, Heavily Armed, Barricades Herself in Home and Defies Sheriff's Posse.

STARKVILLE, MISS., May 3.—Mrs. Renzy Barron, wife of a farmer two miles south of here, became crazed at noon to-day, shot and killed her husband, then fatally wounded the baby, sitting in a high chair.

A negro girl escaped from the house and said the woman had barricaded herself behind locked doors. She has a Winchester rifle, four shotguns and two pistols, and is defying the sheriff and ten deputies.

She yelled through a half-open window that she would kill the first man who started toward the house. Officers have laid siege to the place and will attempt to starve the woman into submission.

J. L. Kinard, aged fifty-eight, a prominent citizen of Moultrie, died at a private hospital here late yesterday afternoon after a long illness. He is survived by two sons, Dr. A. O. Kinard, of Atlanta, and W. L. Kinard, of Macon, and three daughters. The body will be taken to Moultrie for funeral and interment.

METHODS IN THAW CASE CONDEMNED

Writer in Legal Magazine Attacks Prosecution of Millionaire as Outrage on New York.

NEW YORK, May 3.—Under the caption, "Justice Demanded for Harry K. Thaw," the current issue of The Southern Bench and Bar Review denounces the legal methods that have been used to keep Harry K. Thaw at Matteawan. The tactics have been such, the writer declares, that they "seriously reflect upon the bar of New York."

"A jury trial has been denied to Thaw," the writer adds.

"A committee of the bar association at the instigation of a few gentlemen of the Jerome type have attempted an amendment of the law so as to prevent successive writs of habeas corpus in Thaw's behalf.

"Harry K. Thaw is entitled to a jury trial as to his sanity to-day. The fact that he is wealthy should not weigh against him. Neither should the fact that certain people of wealth have been anxious to hush up their connections with the late Mr. White.

"The action of the State and former Prosecuting Attorney Jerome in fighting this man's release is unfair and evidence of undue interest."

STODDARDIZE!

Men's Suits Dry Cleaned and Pressed for $1

A Wagon for a Phone Call

We pay Charges (one way) on Out-of-Town Orders of $2 or more.

Stoddard 126 Peachtree Street, Bell Phone, Ivy 43, Atlanta Phone 43 — Dixie's Greatest Dry Cleaner and Dye

Announcement

MR. J. E. McLAUCHLIN

HAS BEEN APPOINTED

Metropolitan Agency Special

FOR

The Southern States Life Insurance Co.

In addition to the established General Agencies of H. N. McAfee, W. L. Meador and V. P. Milner.

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FRED S. BALL
Attorney, Montgomery, Ala.

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Pres. Beck & Gregg Hardware Co.

J. W. CALLAHAN
Naval Stores, Bainbridge, Ga.

J. FERRIS CANN
Attorney, Savannah, Ga.

RAYMOND CAY
Naval Stores, Jacksonville, Fla.

TENCH C. COXE
President Battery Park Bank, Asheville, N. C.

W. T. GENTRY
President Southern Bell Tel. & Tel. Co.

C. E. HARMAN
Gen. Pas. Agent W. & A. R. R.

L. C. HAYNE
Pres. The Planters' Loan & Savings Bank of Augusta, Augusta, Ga.

L. P. HILLYER
V. Pres. American National Bank, Macon, Ga.

A. B. HULL
Vice President Merchants Natl. Bank, and of the firm of Joseph Hull & Co., Savannah, Ga.

MARION M. JACKSON
Of the Law Firm of Jackson & Orme.

W. McEWEN JOHNSTON
Capitalist, Macon, Ga.

HARVIE JORDAN
Pres. Southern Cotton Growers' Association.

W. S. KENDRICK
Medical Director The Southern States Life Insurance Co.

W. J. KINCAID
Pres. Griffin Mfg. Co. and Kincaid Cotton Mills.

T. D. MEADOR
Vice President Lowry National Bank.

The Man

MR. McLAUCHLIN began his career in the insurance business thirteen years ago in South Carolina with one of the strong companies of the East and has steadily climbed to one of the leading producers in Georgia, which position he has resigned to assume the duties of the appointment announced. Mr. McLauchlin's offices are at 71 Walton Street.

The Company

THE Southern States Life Insurance Company, a Southern institution, began business in May, 1906, with assets of $150,000, and has now accumulated assets of over a million and a quarter dollars. The company's record has never been criticised. The Southern States Life holds the unique distinction of being the company that has never contested a death claim.

Wilmer L. Moore, Pres.

Directors

WILMER L. MOORE
Pres. The Southern States Life Insurance Co.

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Vice President Trust Co. of Ga., Atlanta, Ga.

WILLIAM J. MURRAY
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A. J. ORME
Of the Law Firm of Jackson & Orme.

FRANK ORME
Sec. and Treasurer The Southern States Life Insurance Co.

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Cashier Battery Park Bank, Asheville, N. C.

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Chairman of Board of Directors Battery Park Bank, Asheville, N. C.

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JOSEPH H. WILLIAMS
Auditor The Southern States Life Insurance Co.

H. C. WORTHEN
Genl. Mgr. Sou. Div. Western Union Tel. Co.

The Southern States Life Insurance Co.

General Offices: Candler Building
J. E. McLauchlin's Offices: 71 Walton St. ATLANTA, GA.

ABOLISH GRADE CROSSING, PLEA OF COMMISSION

Railroad Board Urges State Inspection of Gas and Electric Meters.

SEES SAVING OF THOUSANDS

Authority to Enforce Building of Union Stations and Track Inspection Fund Asked.

No more grade crossings should be permitted in Georgia except under extraordinary conditions.

Present grade crossings should be abolished as rapidly as possible.

Inspection of the gas and electric meters would save the people of Georgia thousands of dollars yearly.

These are two salient points made by the Georgia Railroad Commission in its annual report to the Governor.

With a steady growth of travel by road and by rail, the menace of the grade crossing increases yearly. No more railroads should be allowed to intersect the highways at grade, and no more highways should be allowed to cross railroads at grade, except with the permission of the Railroad Commission. The Railroad Commission should be given entire jurisdiction over the question.

This is the substance of one of the important recommendations in the annual report of the commission.

Calls Grade Crossings Menace.

"The crossing of streets and highways at grade by steam and electric railroads presents a constant menace to life and limb," says the commission. "The heedlessness or carelessness so frequently responsible for accidents at grade crossings, investigations show, can not in every instance be charged to the carriers. In a large percentage of such accidents the persons injured are not entirely free from fault.

"The gradual abolition of existing grade crossings should be considered, and in our opinion, when undertaken, the expense should be borne in some fair degree jointly by the public and the carriers. The establishment of new grade crossings should be allowed only with sme governmental permit, and only in cases of necessity.

The commission also asks:

Express authority to enforce the building of union passenger stations where deemed advisable and practicable.

Track Inspection Fund Urged.

Adequate funds to permit of thorough inspection of the track and equipment of steam and street railroads, including roadbed track, bridges, trestles, depots, track and warehouse scales, locomotives, motors and freight and passenger cars.

Adequate funds to permit of inspection of gas and electric meters.

"We are satisfied," says the commission, "that thousands of dollars could be saved taxpayers in the State, who are also gas and electricity users, if the commission had in its employ competent meter inspectors, whose business it should be, under direction of the commission, to visit the cities and towns of this State, inspecting and testing gas and electric meters and equipment for municipalities and individual consumers."

Authority to compel railroads to issue through bills of lading and coupon passenger tickets, and the checking of baggage through to destination.

Authority strengthened to compel payments by railroads of all just claims for overcharges, demurrage charges and losses.

Shows Need of Appraisers.

Funds to provide for expert appraisal of the value of properties in the State under control of the commission. The commission says it is unable, in many instances, to fix fair rates, not knowing what would be a reasonable return on the value of the utility. Further, in passing upon proposed new securities, the commission would be aided by knowing the actual values involved.

A statistical clerk and stenographer, to take stenographic records of important hearings and to digest and prepare reports of statistical nature which the commission is required to make.

During 1912, the commission disposed of 583 complaints or other subjects requiring hearings, of which 119 related to freight rates and 104 to claims for overcharge, loss, damage and demurrage. Passenger fares and service gave rise to 74 cases, and freight service to 78.

Among other interesting facts, the commission notes that there is one horse car line of street railroad in Georgia—the Covington and Oxford Street Railroad.

Juvenile Atlanta Frolics at Monster Egg Hunt at Grant Park

15,000 Eager Youngsters 'Run Over' Policemen and Spectators



Start of the egg hunt at Grant Park, with part of the 15,000 children ready to begin the search.



Charley Rice, eleven-year-old boy, who found the prize egg, and was given a $5 gold piece as reward.

Charlie Rice Winner of Grand Prize for Finding Golden Egg. Other Lucky Ones.

Juvenile Atlanta came into its own yesterday.

Fifteen thousand youngsters, ranging in age from 2 to 15 years, routed a detail of 40 of Atlanta's "finest," laughed in the faces of frantic members of the committee, and ran the annual egg hunt of the Atlanta Park Board, at Grant Park, to suit themselves.

Lagging policemen, newspaper photographers and others who chanced to be in their way they promptly trampled into the dirt, in a supreme disregard for the majesty of the law. The only people who came out of the melee with a whole suit of clothing were the ones who were wise—they hid behind trees until the human avalanche had passed.

The plans of the committee and the Park Board called for a nice, ladylike egg hunt. A band was stationed in the center of the 60-acre "egg preserve," and the children were told to begin the hunt when the band played "Dixie." Forty policemen, under command of Captain Poole, were stationed along the edges of the preserve to see that the eager youngsters didn't break the rules.

But the committee had not counted on boyish impatience. The fifteen thousand kids didn't wait for the strains of "Dixie" any more than they waited for the sound of Gabriel's trumpet. Ten minutes before the band leader started "Dixie" some bold spirit in the north end of the park started an advance against the line of police. The officers were routed, and the hunt was on.

Children Arrive on Time.

For two hours before the hunt began the four sides of the 60-acre tract where the eggs were hidden were lined with an eager mass of children.

It was exactly at 2:52 o'clock, when boyish eagerness could wait no longer, that young Charlie Rice sent a company of picked men against the police. Officers had been sent to the park entrance to repulse an advance by a regiment of little girls. One lone policeman, sitting bravely astride a big black horse, was left to guard the northern frontier. Young Rice gathered his forces.

"Come on," he yelled.

The lone copper spurred desperately to repulse the rushing mass of children, but they chased him up a tree. Children on the other three sides of the park heard the tramp of feet and the yells as Charlie Rice's regiment penetrated into the heart of the enemy's country, and—after that the deluge.

Newspaper reporters, policemen, photographers, committeemen and what not were caught in the maelstrom of advancing childhood and if they didn't hide behind trees were knocked down and gleefully trampled on by the happy kids. Roger Winter, sneaking along trying to find a good place to hide the golden egg—the grand prize of the day—hurled his egg into the forest and fled for his life.

Ten minutes after General Rice's army stormed the enemy and captured the rich egg country, there wasn't an egg of the 200,000 remaining on the ground. Happy children sat in little groups under trees and munched contentedly on the candy, while they swapped tales of experiences in the grand rush. The 41 plucky finders of the prize eggs rushed to the bandstand in the center of the park to claim their prizes.

Charlie Rice Gets Big Prize.

Charlie Rice, an 11-year-old boy, who pursued Roger Winter and fairly forced him to drop the golden egg, was the winner of the grand prize, a $5 gold piece. Charlie is a little freckle-faced, beaming youngster, an orphan, who lives with his uncle, D. E. Rice, at 226 South Avenue. He attends the W. F. Slaton School. Charlie modestly received the praises of his playmates for finding the golden egg, and beat the photographers to it by calmly asking them to take his picture.

The other prize winners were as follows:

Buvard Hall, 7 years old, a rocking chair.

Clara Louise Harbuck, 9 years old, 20 "movie" tickets.

Harry Jones, 12 years old, a pair of tennis shoes.

Ruth Mitcham, 6 years old, a pair of shoes.

Thomas O'Reilly, Jr., 2 years old, 25 "movie" tickets. He was the youngest prize winner.

Willie Hollingsworth, 10 years old, a two-pound box of candy.

Morgan Smedley, 12 years old, $2.50 in trade.

Emory Green, 12 years old, a half dozen pairs of hose and a pair of tennis shoes. (Emory found two prize eggs.)

Ernest Sinclair, 12 years old, a half dozen pairs of hose.

Gladys Lee, 12 years old, a half dozen pairs of hose.

Agnes Cunningham, 12 years old, a boy's cap.

Carl Brannon, 5 years old, a half dozen pairs of hose.

Charlie Torin, 12 years old, a pair of tennis shoes.

Harry Smith, 11 years old, a half dozen pairs of hose.

Owen Lynam, 12 years old, a pair of slippers.

Harold Wall, 12 years old, a baseball and bat.

Romaine Swinney, 12 years old, a hat or a pair of pants.

Melvin Ragsdale, 12 years old, a baseball suit.

Willie Fowler, 12 years old, a silk tie.

J. D. Marchman, 12 years old, a pair of shoes.

Movie Tickets, Too.

Buell Crawley, 12 years old, 25 "movie" tickets.

Marshall Bining, a silk tie.

Clyde Shaw, 10 years old, a straw hat.

Theresa Bradbury, 12 years old, a pair of tennis shoes.

Powell Moody, 7 years old, a Buster Brown camera.

Judson Pugh, 11 years old, an order for a prize.

Virginia Wilson, 4 years old, a jewel case.

Charlie Hartsfield, 6 years old, a pair of tennis shoes.

Robert Hix, 8 years old, a half dozen pairs of hose.

John Turner, 3 years old, $5 in trade.

Maude Goodwin, 9 years old, a prize for a girl.

Willie May Brooks, 10 years old, a prize for a girl.

Ruby Clay, 10 years old, $2 in cash

Blanche Rich, 9 years old, a rocking chair.

Eva Almand, 12 years old, a $5 hat.

Louise Wells, 12 years old, a straw hat.

Zelma Parrott, 10 years old, a baseball.

Awtrey Elrod, 11 years old, 25 "movie" tickets.

Merrill Bumstead, 8 years old, a $3.50 hat.

The prizes were donated by Atlanta merchants. The golden egg, which was made of brass, with a five-dollar gold piece inside, was donated by James Holloway.

The egg hunt is considered the most successful the Park Board has ever given. There were more children and more enthusiasm than at any previous event. The committee which had charge of the affair comprised W. C. Puckett, chairman; Roger Winter, T. L. Bond, R. A. Burnett and C. L. Branan. The band was composed of members of the Atlanta Federation of Musicians, who donated their services.

DR. SMITH'S FATE RESTS WITH JURY

Society Women Pack Court at Trial of Ohioan Accused of Poisoning First Wife.

SPRINGFIELD, OHIO, May 3.—The fate of Dr. Arthur B. Smith, accused of poisoning his first wife, Mrs. Florence Cavill R. Smith, now rests with the jury. The case was submitted to the jury late to-day.

Late to-night word was received from the jury that there were no prospects for an early verdict, so Judge Hagan ordered the jurymen to go to bed, saying he would not receive any verdict until Sunday.

During the judge's charges, Dr. Smith remained cool and unconcerned, turning his eyes frequently to his young wife, Mrs. Mabel Merchant Smith, formerly of Newton Highland, Mass. The aged mother and young sister of the wife frequently shed tears. Society women packed the lobby and hall.

The defense demanded liberty or death. The State laid stress upon the fact that Mrs. Merchant Smith was not called to refute the inferences made of her relations with the defendant.

Y. M. C. A. on Wheels Carrying Religion

Car Runs Over Railroad Tracks to Logging Camps and Provides Entertainment.

SPOKANE, WASH., May 3.—The only complete "Y. M. C. A. on wheels" in the world, so far as Spokane officials are aware, makes regular trips over a long logging railroad of the Potlatch Lumber Company, in the country near Bovill, Idaho.

A railroad car has been remodeled for the purpose and is taken over the company's line, stopping one week at each of eight logging camps. The car has a reading room, with magazines, newspapers and books and athletic and amusement equipment, including boxing gloves, punching bags, pool table, organ and other musical instruments. A rifle range is another popular feature.

Religious services are held in the car each Sunday, and on other evenings social and athletic events are given. The maintenance is met jointly by the lumber company and its employees.

GARNER HEIRS ARE AFTER $76,000,000

ST. LOUIS, May 3.—There'll be a raking and scraping of family records over the country in the next few weeks of heirs and near heirs to the estate of Henry Garner, pioneer of this city, whose estate is available to settlement by the expiration of a ninety-nine-year lease recently which had tied up all his property.

Henry Garner died many years ago. News reports from San Bernardino, Cal., say that T. F. Garner, cattleman, of Dodge City, aKns., is there to begin plans with other heirs for litigation for a share of the estate, which was appraised at $76,000,000 in 1900 by St. Louis courts.

Heirs of the pioneer are said to be scattered in a score of States. The Dodge City Garner plans to go to Boise City, Idaho, to confer with heirs there.

"Row the Boat, Row the Boat, Up and Down the Stream"

That is the song of the jolly jack tar boys of the Riverside Naval Academy as they bend to their oars and cleave the placid waters of Lake Warner. Under direction of a graduate naval instructor, every boy is taught to swim, dive, row and man a boat. All of the aquatic sports are indulged in. Constant water patrol robs these sports of all danger. Tennis courts, baseball games, trap shooting and mountain climbing offer additional attractions. Your boy's vacation is here planned in advance. Duties of camp life, healthful athletics and study are so intermingled as to produce the best results mentally, morally and physically.



Such a vacation is ideal from every standpoint. Your boy is insured every watch care; healthy invigorating life in the open; systematic study and good companionship.

Life is spent out of doors, where the foundation for a healthy body on which to build an alert mind is laid. Your boy is developed, taught and improved along all lines, under most careful supervision.

Summer course, of eight weeks, opening June 26th, including naval instruction and class work, $100; uniforms, $20. *No extras.*

Write to-day for catalog. Address:

Riverside Naval Academy

Box 23 Gainesville, Ga.

WHY PAY MORE?

MY $25 SUIT IS THE TALK OF ATLANTA

If you have been paying from $35 to $45 for your suits, you're the man I am looking for. ONCE a Fordon Suit—ALWAYS a Fordon Suit—is my record of 17 years uninterrupted success in the tailoring business in Atlanta.

"Ask The Man Who Wears One"

FORDON THE TAILOR, Inc.

TWO SHOPS

8-10 N. PRYOR | 5 AUBURN AVENUE

WHY PAY MORE?

ROME-GADSDEN RAILROAD PROMOTERS FORM COMPANY

GADSDEN, ALA., May 3.—Promoters of the proposed Rome and Gadsden Railroad to-day elected officers and directors. The officers are: President, J. B. Wadsworth, Gadsden; vice president, J. N. King, Rome; treasurer, G. P. Smith, Center; secretary, L. S. Daniels, Rome.

On May 9 a meeting of the directors and officers will be held at Rome to arrange to send representatives to New York to finance the project.

HUFF TO ASK CONGRESS TO PROBE SPEER AFFAIR

MACON, GA., May 3.—The charge of contempt of court hanging over him for sending a vitriolic letter to Judge Emory Speer last July will not deter Colonel W. A. Huff, ex-Mayor, from presenting a demand to Congress for the impeachment of the judge.

The charges, which, he contends, justify an investigation by Congress, will be made public in a pamphlet to be issued as soon as the printers can prepare it.

WILSON, HOME, THINKS HIS WORK IN JERSEY FRUITFUL

WASHINGTON, May 3.—Tired, but confident that his trip to New Jersey will be productive of good results in connection with jury reform, President Wilson returned to Washington early to-day and at once went to the White House, where he attacked a large amount of routine work which had accumulated in his absence.

White City Park Now Open

LADIES $1000 Reward! I positively guarantee my great, Successful "Monthly" Compound. Safely relieves the longest, most obstinate, abnormal cases in 3 to 5 days. No harm, pain or interference with work. Mail $1.50. Double Strength $2.00. Booklet FREE. Write to-day. Address Dr. A. I. Southington Remedy Co., 515 Main St., Kansas City, Mo.

REGENSTEIN'S REGENSTEIN'S

AN IMPORTANT SALE OF BARGAINS

Women's AND Misses' Tailored Suits

AN UNUSUAL SELECTION OF DESIRABLE SPRING MODELS. DISTINCTIVE IN STYLE, ARTISTIC IN COLOR AND OF A HIGH STANDARD OF QUALITY AND WORKMANSHIP.

SPRING SUITS $20.00

$30, $35 and $40 Suits

Many pretty stylish Spring Suits, in all colors; checks, stripes, tan, blues and black; all sizes; formerly priced up to $40. Choice Monday $20

SPRING SUITS $17.50

$22.50, $25 and $30 Suits

Another lot of stylish Spring Suits, in all the best materials and colors. Also fine white wool Suits in ladies' and misses' sizes. Formerly priced up to $30. Choice Monday..... $17.50

SPRING SUITS $12.50

$18, $20 and $25 Suits

This assortment of stylish Spring Suits includes several very fine Suits for "Little Ladies" and misses. Serges, diagonals and whipcords in all good colors. Also white serge Suits. Formerly priced up to $25. Choice Monday $12.50

Wash Skirts

White Wash Skirts, Linene, Pique and Corded Rep. These from last season, and some of them slightly soiled. $2.00, $2.50 and $2.98 values, choice MONDAY $1.00

Balkan Blouses

New shipment of White Balkan and Middy Blouses, trimmed red or blue. Several pretty styles for Children and Misses. Extra values. Choice MONDAY $1.00



None Sent On Approval, Exchanged or Taken Back

Forty Whitehall Street REGENSTEIN'S Forty Whitehall Street

OLD GUARD TO VISIT EAST AGAIN AFTER 34 YEARS

Sixty Members of Famous Battalion Will Go Over Route of Historic 1879 Tour.

WARM WELCOME ASSURED

Baltimore, Washington, Philadelphia, New York and Boston on Itinerary—Start May 19.

Sixty resplendently-clad men, among them many of Atlanta's most prominent and sedate citizens, will go out from the Terminal Station in the early morning of Monday, May 19, for a visit to Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York and Boston.

A band will play for them a god-speed; bodies of younger soldiers will escort them to the station; citizens everywhere along the line of march will cheer them. They are the Old Guard Battalion of the Gate City Guard, and they are going out from Atlanta to repeat a trip they made 34 years ago.

Then, in 1879, they were younger and more springy of step, perhaps, but no more gallant. Then they went out on a mission of peace, to express to the North and to the East the good will that Atlanta bore all sections.

This time the errand will be again expressive of friendship, but will be lighter in nature than the historic tour of 1879.

Will Renew Old Friendships.

Friendships that were made on the other trip will be renewed, and in various cities the Old Guard will participate in functions and ceremonies planned to strengthen the ties between the North and the South.

Already the Fifth Maryland Regiment, whose recent visit Atlantans will recall vividly in connection with the unveiling of the peace monument, has sent Lieutenant Nunsem to Atlanta to advise with the Old Guard officers in regard to preparations for their reception in Baltimore, while the State Fencibles, of Philadelphia, sent Captain T. S. Lanard to Atlanta on a similar mission last week.

Colonel J. F. Burke, who commanded the Old Guard in 1879, and who inspired its patriotic mission, will head the organization. Definite announcement regarding the tour came yesterday when Colonel Burke and Adjutant F. J. Spratling posted the following order:

To Go on Special Train.

The battalion is hereby ordered to assemble at the Piedmont Hotel on Monday, May 19, at 9:30 a. m., in full dress uniform to march to the Terminal Station, where a special train will be in waiting. The return trip will be by steamer to Savannah, Ga.

The purpose of this tour is to meet the military and other organizations that so warmly indorsed the "Mission of Peace" of this command to their former adversaries in the Civil War, when they visited the Eastern cities 34 years ago.

Accompanying the order is a circular issued by Captain Bolling H. Jones, quartermaster, in which the itinerary for the trip is announced. The trip, beginning May 19, will end June 4, when the Old Guard members will return to the city from Savannah, to which place they will come by steamer from New York. Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York and Boston will be visited in order named, with stops of two to four days in each place.

Warm Welcomes Planned.

The Old Guard will be elaborately entertained in all these cities by the most notable organizations in military, civic and social life. The ceremonies will reach their culmination in Boston. The Eastern cities have recollections which not even the passage of nearly a generation has dimmed, of the historic tour of 1879, and the citizens and municipalities will join in welcoming the Southerners back again, so they assure Colonel Burke.

Between fifty and sixty members of the Old Guard will go on this tour, including the following officers:

Colonel J. F. Burke, Captain and Adjutant E. J. Spratling, Captain and Quartermaster Bolling H. Jones, Captain and Commander A. McD. Wilson.

Staff Officers—Captain W. M. Crumley, Dr. E. L. Connally, Louis Gholstin, Benjamin B. Crew.

First Company—Captain George M. Napier, Lieutenant Charles P. Byrd, Lieutenant J. W. Murrell.

Second Company—Captain F. J. Cooledge, Lieutenant P. F. Clarke, Lieutenant A. H. Davis.

Atlanta to Give Them "Send-off."

Non-commissioned Staff — Color Sergeant Ben Lee Crew, Color Sergeant F. T. Ridge, Color Corporal E. L. Bergstrom, Color Corporal W. P. Andrews.

Non-commissioned Line Officers—Sergeant W. E. Hancock, Sergeant Harrison Jones, Sergeant W. O. Wilson, Sergeant F. M. Berry.

Including the above officers, fifty-two members of the organization, which includes many of Atlanta's most distinguished citizens, have announced their intention of making the tour. A few ladies, wives and daughters of Old Guard members, also will be in the party.

In the two weeks before the departures, Atlanta will prepare to give the Old Guard a great farewell demonstration.

MRS. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN SERIOUSLY ILL IN FRANCE

Special Cable to The American.

LONDON, May 3.—Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain, wife of the former secretary of State for the Colonies, is reported in grave condition at Cannes, France. Her father was W. C. Endicott, Secretary of War under President Cleveland. Recently she underwent an operation for appendicitis. She is suffering now with peritonitis.

Mrs. 'Bat' Has Rules for Wives

Fighter's Spouse Bans Divorce

Here Is Advice on Happiness by the Bride Who Has "Made Up" With Nelson.



MRS. BATTLING NELSON.

RULES FOR WIVES.

1. Don't Talk of Old Loves.
2. Talk Baseball.
3. Feed Him Well.
4. Sew on His Buttons.
5. Keep Chip off Shoulder.
6. Make Home Everything.

BOSTON, May 3.—Mrs. Battling Nelson, wife of the former lightweight boxing champion, who has "made up" with her husband thinks trial divorces are nauseating. Happy again with her husband in their Huntington Avenue suite, after she separated from him and said she would never live with him again, Mrs. Nelson to-day told what she thinks about divorces in general, about love and what wives should do to hold their husbands. She says that divorces are caused by "some one not giving in."

Here are some of the rules she lays down if married couples want to live happily:

Treat your helpmeet as a good companion.

Say "good-bye" and "Well, darling, are you back again?" to your husband when he goes and when he returns home.

Don't be grouchy or throw things around at the table.

Make everything of your home life. It is the best after all.

Always meet your husband coming back to the house with a warm greeting.

Don't say, "How do you do" in a whisper. Go up to your husband when he enters and just tell him that you are glad to see him and kiss him.

Forget Former Loves.

Don't talk to him about what happened during the day and what is disagreeable. Forget everything like that.

Then when your husband leaves in the morning, bid him the right kind of a good-bye. Don't shout all over the house, "If you don't bring home my suit to-night when you come, you'll not get any dinner." Don't do that.

Then the husband must show that he appreciates what the wife has been doing.

If the table looks well at dinner, just remark about it. The wife can also say something pleasant to her "hubby."

Don't fling things around at the table to show that you have a grouch on. Just stop that sort of thing.

Don't talk about former girls that you loved to your wife. The wife on the other hand should not mention how many beaus she had before marriage.

That's about the meanest fuel in conversation that I know about. It is bound to make a row before long.

Don't say anything about the past.

Don't forget to talk baseball with your boy. Read the sporting news in the newspapers.

Don't let your husband go to the club when he talks baseball. Let him talk to you, and then let him see that you know a thing or two about the game.

Make the home everything. If you are married expect to have children. Be happy that you can help to bring a human soul into the world. Oh! I've just changed in my old ideas of life. When a woman is earning her living she gets independent ideas and forgets her happiness in other ways. That's just me.

I sat down and thought that I was a married woman, and then I fled back to "Bat."

I do not believe in divorce. All this business about trial divorce is simply nauseating. It makes you sick to read about it.

First Hindu Becomes An American Citizen

Court, Granting Claims, Decides Certain Caste in India Is of Caucasian Origin.

SPOKANE, WASH., May 3.—Akhay Kumar Mozumdar, a Yogi philosopher and a native of Calcutta, India, to-day became an American citizen. He is the first Hindu ever to attain this distinction.

United States District Judge Frank H. Rudkin granted the application, notwithstanding in the past the courts have held against Hindus.

Judge Rudkin's decision settled a question involving the differences racially between certain of the castes of India. Mozumdar's contention was that he was a "high caste Hindu of pure blood of the ruling caste in India and that this caste is of Caucasian origin."

Defense Closes in Police Heads' Trial

New York Inspectors Fail to Take Stand and Effort to Show Alibi Is Vain.

NEW YORK, May 3.—The defense closed its case in the trial for conspiracy to obstruct justice to-day after former Police Inspectors Sweeney, Hussey, Murtha and Thompson had failed to take the witness stand in their own defense and the attorneys had striven in vain to establish an alibi for the defendants.

The State's case, woven with the reluctant testimony of confessed conspirators, corroborative testimony of innocent witnesses and damaging circumstantial evidence, remained unbroken despite the efforts of the four attorneys for the defense.

The case cannot go to the jury until Tuesday.

CERTAINTY OF DEFEAT WON'T BAR M'KINLEY FROM RACE

DECATUR, ILL., May 3.—Former Congressman W. B. McKinley announces his intention of running for Congress next year.

"I should run even if I were positive I should be beaten," he said. He will return from a trip abroad in January to prepare for the campaign.

White City Park Now Open

The city's price for tile sidewalks under this year's contract will be 88 cents per square yard, payable 1-4 cash and the balance in one, two and three years if desired.
CEMENT, STONE & TILE CO.
City Contractors.

Typhoid Scourge in Paris Latin Quarter

Epidemic in Which Seventeen Die in Week Laid to Carelessness of Pipe Fitter.

Special Cable to The American.

PARIS, May 3.—The present serious typhoid epidemic in the Latin Quarter, it has been found, was caused by the carelessness of a pipe fitter, who misconnected the supply pipe to the recent congress on physical education at the College of Medicine of the Sorbonne. Thus ordinary Seine water was furnished for drinking purposes to the assembly, the physicians, the students and the trainers.

The same error was made in piping to a large student lodging house.

There were seventeen typhoid deaths this week, as against a normal of four.

Dr. John H. Bowen
Specialist

I treat private diseases of either sex. I give 606 for Specific Blood Poison with great success.

CONSULTATION FREE

Special Attention to Out-of-Town Patients

I am no new man—have 20 years experience in this specialty. If you want an honest, square deal, see me at my office, or write me.

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412-13-14 Austell Building, Atlanta, Ga.

Office Phone M. 1453
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Continued From Page 1.

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Section after section, heels clicking on the asphalt like hammer taps, the women marched in time to the band music. For the most part, the bands played militant airs. But ever and anon broke forth a lighter strain of ragtime and several of the Women's Political Union and Woman Suffrage Association sections came along with a decided tang of tango in their step.

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Mrs. Harriet Stanton Blatch presided at the meeting. The three speakers were Rev. Walter Taylor Sumner, D.D., dean of the Cathedral S. S. Peter and Paul of Chicago; Miss Margaret Foley, president of the Women's Suffrage League of Massachusetts, and "General" Rosalie Jones.

Among those in the boxes were Miss Lydia Field Emmett, Mrs. Ogden Mills Reid, Miss Louise Maynard, the Misses Irene and Alice Lewisohn, Mrs. H. W. Cannon, Mrs. H. O. Havemeyer, Mrs. James A. Wright, Mrs. Louise L. Delafield, Mrs. William Randolph Hearst, Miss Katherine Wells, Miss Ellen K. Lente, Miss Harriet Perritt, Madame Bessie Gluck, Miss Mary E. Thornton, Miss E. C. M. Rand and Mrs. Francis G. Lloyd.

"This beautiful meeting," said Mrs. Blatch in her opening remarks, "is a benediction to the greatest parade ever seen in this country, and it is a fitting and beautiful benediction to a victorious cause that will win us the vote in 1915."

'Battle Hymn' of Suffrage Parade

Following is the song sung by the parading suffragists in New York yesterday. The air is that of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic." The song is dedicated to the Men's League for Women Suffrage:

God bless the Land of Liberty,
Where men together stand,
With sane, sincere integrity
To voice what they demand.
Let equal laws and equity
Prevail throughout the land—
We'll vote for woman's rights.

Chorus:

Glory, glory, Hallelujah!
Glory, glory, Hallelujah!
Glory, glory, Hallelujah!
We'll vote for woman's rights!

This is the age of chivalry;
We welcome warm its birth!
Our sisters in captivity
With songs will bring them forth.
To meet us in equality
To share with us their worth—
We'll vote for woman's rights.

(Chorus)

Rise, ye sons of liberty,
with all your might and main!
Ye loyal sons of chivalry,
You're on the road to fame.
Be pioneers of industry,
Ye men with brawn and brain—
We'll vote for woman's rights.

(Chorus)

MAYOR LIKELY TO TELL GRAND JURY OF GRAFT

Woodward Greatly Aroused by Exoneration of Accused Aldermen and Fire Chief.

Mayor Woodward late yesterday strongly intimated that the various graft charges against Councilmen and fire officials would be presented to the Fulton County Grand Jury. The Mayor had predicted "whitewashing" by the Council investigating committee, but the announcement of complete exoneration for all accused has aroused his resentment as though it were unexpected action.

John S. Owens, foreman of the Grand Jury just adjourned, had announced that an investigation on behalf of the State would be instituted if Council did not take impartial action, but his jury was adjourned before the investigating committee had completed their work. A new Grand Jury has been impaneled and will be charged to-morrow.

Reports Filed Monday.

Alderman John S. Candler's committee, which is investigating the charges against Aldermen F. J. Spratling, J. W. Maddox and I. N. Ragsdale, met yesterday afternoon to prepare a report to Council. All five of the members agreed on an emphatic report to Council that the Aldermen are not guilty; but they adjourned until to-morrow to write out this report.

The fire probe committee also will meet to-morrow to sign its report exonerating Chief Cummings and the Fire Board.

It is predicted in political circles that these reports will be approved by every member of Council except Alderman John E. McClelland, who accused the three Aldermen. The members of Council assert that thorough investigations failed to reveal any corruption. They declare that the charges of Mayor Woodward and Alderman McClelland are unsupported by proof.

Breach With Council Widens.

This program will make the breach between Mayor Woodward and the members of Council complete. Resentments have been crystallized into determinations to fight, and factional lines are inflexible. Many more vetoes and the overriding of vetoes are certain, for the split between the legislative and executive branches of the city government is apparently hopeless.

White City Park Now Open

Dr. Clay L. Dean, Chiropractic Nerve Specialist, has returned to the city, and is again ready to serve his patients and friends.



BRING YOUR FILMS TO US
and we will d evelop them free. We are film specialists and give you perfect results and quick delivery. Mail us negative for free sample print. Enlargements made and colored. Pictures framed. Chemicals. Cameras, $3.00 to $85.00.
Fresh films to fit any camera—guaranteed not to stick or catch. Write for catalogue. Quick mail order service.
E. H. CONE, Inc., "A Good Drug Store"—(Two Stores)—Atlanta.

DECORATIVE AND BEDDING PLANTS
BOSTON FERNS

Long, gracefully drooping fronds, which frequently attain a length of six feet. The most beautiful specimens shown this season.

6 in. Ferns	$ .40 each;	were $ .60
8 in. Ferns	.75 each;	were 1.00
10 in. Ferns	1.00 each;	were 1.50
12 in. Ferns	1.25 each;	were 2.00

All varieties of Bedding and Vegetable Plants fresh every morning.

(Arch) **McMILLAN BROS. SEED CO.** (Bob)
12 S. BROAD ST.
THE JOURNAL'S OLD BUILDING

Beautiful Homes For Sale

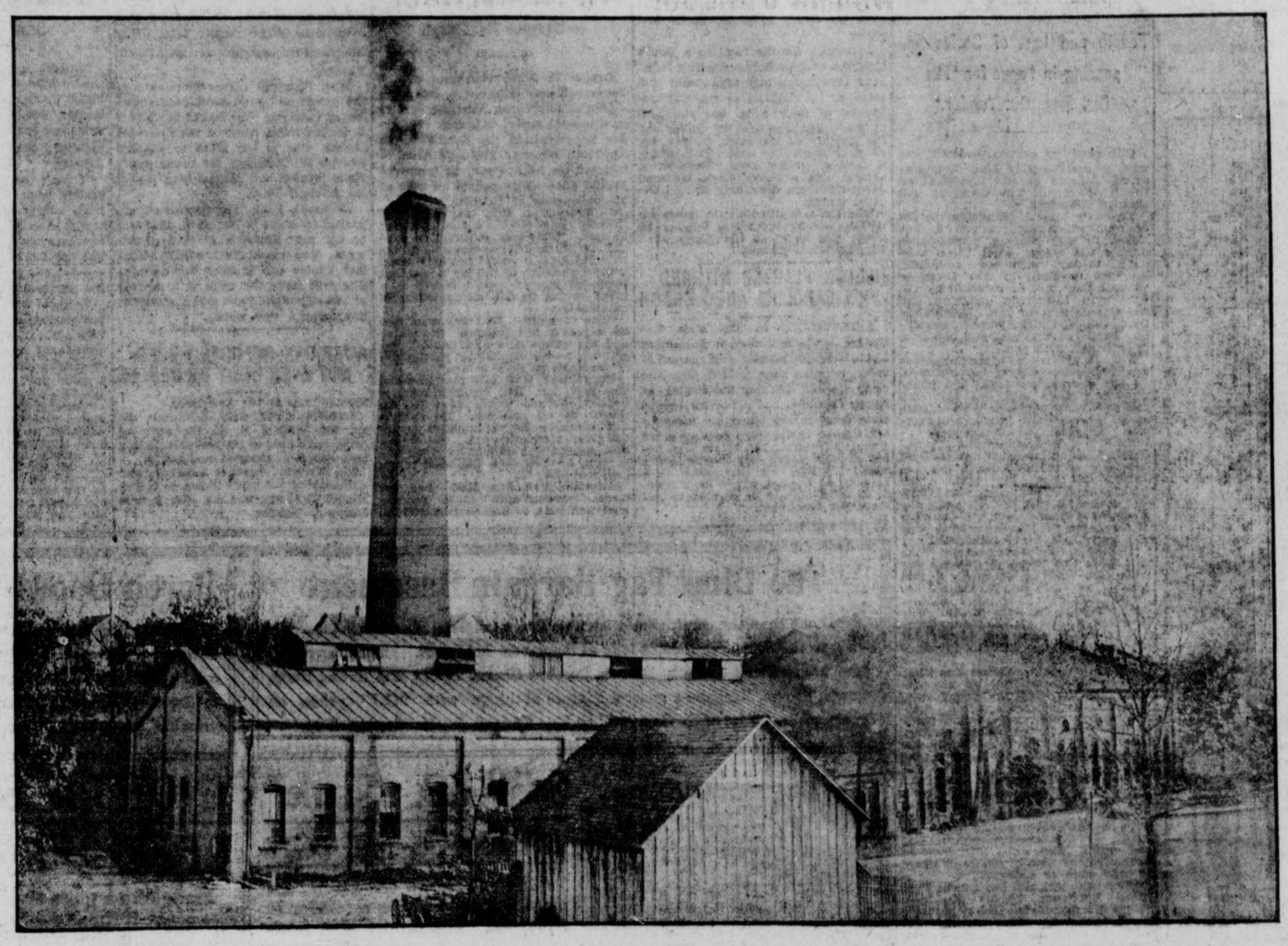


The above two brick houses are located on Virginia Ave. They are the best built, most conveniently arranged and located in best part of the city. Furnace heat, slate roof, sun parlors, two baths and hardwood floors. These houses are built to last for fifty years.

Apply to the owner.

W. E. WORLEY
415-16 EMPIRE BUILDING

City of Atlanta is the Latest Enterprise to Give Central Station Electric Current Complete Approval By Buying It for the New 10,000,000-Gallon Pump



THE RIVER PUMPING STATION.
This plant is the home of the new 10,000,000-gallon capacity water pump for which the City of Atlanta has contracted with the Georgia Railway and Power Company to supply it with electric power, after carefully considering all other methods.

If any further proof were needed to demonstrate the economy and reliability of CENTRAL STATION ELECTRIC CURRENT, after the owners and managers of half a dozen of Atlanta's big new enterprises had contracted for it upon careful investigation of ALL methods of supplying power, then that proof is clearly furnished in the action of the CITY OF ATLANTA last week in rejecting ALL OTHER POWER PROPOSITIONS and accepting CENTRAL STATION ELECTRIC CURRENT of this company for the city's new 10,000,000-gallon capacity water pump at the River Pumping Station.

Every possible effort was made by representatives of other power methods to induce the city to accept their propositions, including that of the Municipal Ownership advocates who wanted the city to buy machinery and make its own electricity. Along with these proposals this company submitted its STANDARD RATES AND ITS REPUTATION FOR RELIABLE SERVICE.

First, the Water Board, composed of practical business men whose sole purpose is to secure the best service at the lowest cost for the city, considered all propositions and ACCEPTED THIS COMPANY'S.

Then the CITY COUNCIL, also composed of business men actuated by the single motive of buying the best service at the lowest rates, rejected all other proposals and ACCEPTED THIS COMPANY'S.

Then the ALDERMANIC BOARD AND THE MAYOR, all looking solely for the city's best interests, followed the action of the water board and council, rejected all other methods for supplying power for the city's new pump and ACCEPTED THIS COMPANY'S.

It was literally the acid test of the economy and reliability of the Central Station service furnished by the Georgia Railway and Power Company, and the service and rates stood the test.

The most efficient, the most reliable, the most economical method of obtaining power and light for factory or building is to contract with this Company for such service.

Ask for estimates.

Contract Dept.

Georgia Railway & Power Company

Phone 4945

CITY EFFECTS BIG SAVING ON PUMP

Centrifugal Pattern Is Bought for $7,000, as Against $60,000 for Old Type.

Mayor Woodward's signing of the contract with the Georgia Railway and Power Company for electric current to operate a new 10,000,000-gallon capacity water pump at the river station probably marks a new epoch in the history of Atlanta's waterworks department, according to W. Z. Smith, general manager. A steam pump of the type in use by the city would have cost more than $60,000, but the contract for the centrifugal pump to be operated by electricity provides for an expenditure of only a little more than $7,000.

The objection of officials of the water department heretofore to electrically driven centrifugal pumps has been the cost of operation. The centrifugal pumps are cheaper and convenient to house and maintain, but until the bid of the electric company, based on the new water power rates, was submitted the officials did not believe the new plan would be economic. The rate is 5 1-2 mills per kilowatt hour.

Work on the new pump will be rushed. General Manager Smith said the crippled condition of two of the pumps at the river station demanded that the new one be established as quickly as possible.—From The Atlanta Georgian, April 30.

OLD GUARD TO VISIT EAST AGAIN AFTER 34 YEARS

Sixty Members of Famous Battalion Will Go Over Route of Historic 1879 Tour.

WARM WELCOME ASSURED

Baltimore, Washington, Philadelphia, New York and Boston on Itinerary—Start May 19.

Sixty resplendently-clad men, among them many of Atlanta's most prominent and sedate citizens, will go out from the Terminal Station in the early morning of Monday, May 19, for a visit to Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York and Boston.

A band will play for them a godspeed; bodies of younger soldiers will escort them to the station; citizens everywhere along the line of march will cheer them. They are the Old Guard Battalion of the Gate City Guard, and they are going out from Atlanta to repeat a trip they made 34 years ago.

Then, in 1879, they were younger and more springy of step, perhaps, but no more gallant. Then they went out on a mission of peace, to express to the North and to the East the good will that Atlanta bore all sections.

This time the errand will be again expressive of friendship, but will be lighter in nature than the historic tour of 1879.

Will Renew Old Friendships.

Friendships that were made on the other trip will be renewed, and in various cities the Old Guard will participate in functions and ceremonies planned to strengthen the ties between the North and the South.

Already the Fifth Maryland Regiment, whose recent visit Atlantans will recall vividly in connection with the unveiling of the peace monument, has sent Lieutenant Nunsem to Atlanta to advise with the Old Guard officers in regard to preparations for their reception in Baltimore, while the State Fencibles, of Philadelphia, sent Captain T. S. Lanard to Atlanta on a similar mission last week.

Colonel J. F. Burke, who commanded the Old Guard in 1879, and who inspired its patriotic mission, will head the organization. Definite announcement regarding the tour came yesterday when Colonel Burke and Adjutant F. J. Spratling posted the following order:

To Go on Special Train.

The battalion is hereby ordered to assemble at the Piedmont Hotel on Monday, May 19, at 9:30 a. m., in full dress uniform to march to the Terminal Station, where a special train will be in waiting. The return trip will be by steamer to Savannah, Ga.

The purpose of this tour is to meet the military and other organizations that so warmly indorsed the "Mission of Peace" of this command to their former adversaries in the Civil War, when they visited the Eastern cities 34 years ago.

Accompanying the order is a circular issued by Captain Bolling H. Jones, quartermaster, in which the itinerary for the trip is announced. The trip, beginning May 19, will end June 4, when the Old Guard members will return to the city from Savannah, to which place they will come by steamer from New York. Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York and Boston will be visited in order named, with stops of two to four days in each place.

Warm Welcomes Planned.

The Old Guard will be elaborately entertained in all these cities by the most notable organizations in military, civic and social life. The ceremonies will reach their culmination in Boston. The Eastern cities have recollections which not even the passage of nearly a generation has dimmed, of the historic tour of 1879, and the citizens and municipalities will join in welcoming the Southerners back again, so they assure Colonel Burke.

Between fifty and sixty members of the Old Guard will go on this tour, including the following officers:

Colonel J. F. Burke, Captain and Adjutant E. J. Spratling, Captain and Quartermaster Bolling H. Jones, Captain and Commander A. McD. Wilson.

Staff Officers—Captain W. M. Crumley, Dr. E. L. Connally, Louis Gholstin, Benjamin B. Crew.

First Company—Captain George M. Napier, Lieutenant Charles P. Byrd, Lieutenant J. W. Murrell.

Second Company—Captain F. J. Coolidge, Lieutenant P. F. Clarke, Lieutenant A. H. Davis.

Atlanta to Give Them "Send-off."

Non-commissioned Staff — Color Sergeant Ben Lee Crew, Color Sergeant F. T. Ridge, Color Corporal E. L. Bergstrom, Color Corporal W. P. Andrews.

Non-commissioned Line Officers—Sergeant W. E. Hancock, Sergeant Harrison Jones, Sergeant W. O. Wilson, Sergeant F. M. Berry.

Including the above officers, fifty-two members of the organization, which includes many of Atlanta's most distinguished citizens, have announced their intention of making the tour. A few ladies, wives and daughters of Old Guard members, also will be in the party.

In the two weeks before the departures, Atlanta will prepare to give the Old Guard a great farewell demonstration.

MRS. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN SERIOUSLY ILL IN FRANCE

Special Cable to The American.

LONDON, May 3.—Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain, wife of the former Secretary of State for the Colonies, is reported in grave condition at Cannes, France. Her father was W. C. Endicott, American Secretary of War under President Cleveland.

Recently she underwent an operation for appendicitis. She is suffering now with peritonitis.

Mrs. 'Bat' Has Rules for Wives

Fighter's Spouse Bans Divorce

Here Is Advice on Happiness by the Bride Who Has "Made Up" With Nelson.



MRS. BATTLING NELSON.

RULES FOR WIVES.

1. Don't Talk of Old Loves.
2. Talk Baseball.
3. Feed Him Well.
4. Sew on His Buttons.
5. Keep Chip off Shoulder.
6. Make Home Everything.

BOSTON, May 3.—Mrs. Battling Nelson, wife of the former lightweight boxing champion, who has "made up" with her husband thinks trial divorces are nauseating. Happy again with her husband in their Huntington Avenue suite, after she separated from him and said she would never live with him again, Mrs Nelson to-day told what she thinks about divorces in general, about love and what wives should do to hold their husbands. She says that divorces are caused by "some one not giving in."

Here are some of the rules she lays down if married couples want to live happily:

Treat your helpmeet as a good companion.

Say "good-bye" and "Well, darling, are you back again?" to your husband when he goes and when he returns home.

Don't be grouchy or throw things around at the table.

Make everything of your home life. It is the best after all.

Always meet your husband coming back to the house with a warm greeting.

Don't say. "How do you do" in a whisper. Go up to your husband when he enters and just tell him that you are glad to see him and kiss him.

Forget Former Loves.

Don't talk to him about what happened during the day and what is disagreeable. Forget everything like that.

Then when your husband leaves in the morning, bid him the right kind of a good-bye. Don't shout all over the house, "If you don't bring home my suit to-night when you come, you'll not get any dinner." Don't do that.

Then the husband must show that he appreciates what the wife has been doing.

If the table looks well at dinner, just remark about it. The wife can also say something pleasant to her "hubby."

Don't fling things around at the table to show that you have a grouch on. Just stop that sort of thing.

Don't talk about former girls that you loved to your wife. The wife on the other hand should not mention, how many beaus she had before marriage.

That's about the meanest fuel in conversation that I know about. It is bound to make a row before long.

Don't say anything about the past.

Don't forget to talk baseball with your boy. Read the sporting news in the newspapers.

Don't let your husband go to the club when he talks baseball. Let him talk to you, and then let him see that you know a thing or two about the game.

Make the home everything. If you are married expect to have children. Be happy that you can help to bring a human soul into the world. Oh! I've just changed in my old ideas of life. When a woman is earning her living she gets independent ideas and forgets her happiness in other ways. That's just me.

I sat down and thought that I was a married woman, and then I fled back to "Bat."

I do not believe in divorce. All this business about trial divorce is simply nauseating. It makes you sick to read about it.

First Hindu Becomes An American Citizen

Court, Granting Claims, Decides Certain Caste in India Is of Caucasian Origin.

SPOKANE, WASH., May 3.—Akhay Kumar Mozumdar, a Yogi philosopher and a native of Calcutta, India, to-day became an American citizen. He is the first Hindu ever to attain this distinction.

United States District Judge Frank H. Rudkin granted the application, notwithstanding in the past the courts have held against Hindus.

Judge Rudkin's decision settled a question involving the differences racially between certain of the castes of India. Mozumdar's contention was that he was a "high caste Hindu of pure blood of the ruling caste in India and that this caste is of Caucasian origin."

Defense Closes in Police Heads' Trial

New York Inspectors Fail to Take Stand and Effort to Show Alibi Is Vain.

NEW YORK, May 3.—The defense closed its case in the trial for conspiracy to obstruct justice to-day after former Police Inspectors Sweeney, Hussey, Murtha and Thompson had failed to take the witness stand in their own defense and the attorneys had striven in vain to establish an alibi for the defendants.

The State's case, woven with the reluctant testimony of confessed conspirators, corroborative testimony of innocent witnesses and damaging circumstantial evidence, remained unbroken despite the efforts of the four attorneys for the defense.

The case cannot go to the jury until Tuesday.

CERTAINTY OF DEFEAT WON'T BAR M'KINLEY FROM RACE

DECATUR, ILL., May 3.—Former Congressman W. B. McKinley announces his intention of running for Congress next year.

"I should run even if I were positive I should be beaten," he said. He will return from a trip abroad in January to prepare for the campaign.

White City Park Now Open

The city's price for tile sidewalks under this year's contract will be 88 cents per square yard, payable 1-4 cash and the balance in one, two and three years if desired.
CEMENT, STONE & TILE CO.
City Contractors.

Typhoid Scourge in Paris Latin Quarter

Epidemic in Which Seventeen Die in Week Laid to Carelessness of Pipe Fitter.

Special Cable to The American.

PARIS, May 3.—The present serious typhoid epidemic in the Latin Quarter, it has been found, was caused by the carelessness of a pipe fitter, who misconnected the supply pipe to the recent congress on physical education at the College of Medicine of the Sorbonne. Thus ordinary Seine water was furnished for drinking purposes to the assembly, the physicians, the students and the trainers.

The same error was made in piping to a large student lodging house.

There were seventeen typhoid deaths this week, as against a normal of four.

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Dr. John H. Bowen
Specialist

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"This beautiful meeting," said Mrs. Blatch in her opening remarks, "is a benediction to the greatest parade ever seen in this country, and it is a fitting and beautiful benediction to a victorious cause that will win us the vote in 1915."

'Battle Hymn' of Suffrage Parade

Following is the song sung by the parading suffragists in New York yesterday. The air is that of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic." The song is dedicated to the Men's League for Women Suffrage:

God bless the Land of Liberty,
Where men together stand,
With sane, sincere integrity
To voice what they demand.
Let equal laws and equity
Prevail throughout the land—
We'll vote for woman's rights.

Chorus:

Glory, glory, Hallelujah!
Glory, glory, Hallelujah!
Glory, glory, Hallelujah!
We'll vote for woman's rights!

This is the age of chivalry;
We welcome warm its birth!
Our sisters in captivity
With songs will bring them forth.
To meet us in equality
To share with us their worth—
We'll vote for woman's rights.

(Chorus)

Rise, ye sons of liberty,
with all your might and main!
Ye loyal sons of chivalry,
You're on the road to fame.
Be pioneers of industry,
Ye men with brawn and brain—
We'll vote for woman's rights.

(Chorus)

MAYOR LIKELY TO TELL GRAND JURY OF GRAFT

Woodward Greatly Aroused by Exoneration of Accused Aldermen and Fire Chief.

Mayor Woodward late yesterday strongly intimated that the various graft charges against Councilmen and fire officials would be presented to the Fulton County Grand Jury. The Mayor had predicted "whitewashing" by the Council investigating committee, but the announcement of complete exoneration for all accused has aroused his resentment as though it were unexpected action.

John S. Owens, foreman of the Grand Jury just adjourned, had announced that an investigation on behalf of the State would be instituted if Council did not take impartial action, but his jury was adjourned before the investigating committee had completed their work. A new Grand Jury has been impaneled and will be charged to-morrow.

Reports Filed Monday.

Alderman John S. Candler's committee, which is investigating the charges against Aldermen F. J. Spratling, J. W. Maddox and I. N. Ragsdale, met yesterday afternoon to prepare a report to Coupcil. All five of the members agreed on an emphatic report to Council that the Aldermen are not guilty; but they adjourned until to-morrow to write out this report.

The fire probe committee also will meet to-morrow to sign its report exonerating Chief Cummings and the Fire Board.

It is predicted in political circles that these reports will be approved by every member of Council except Alderman John E. McClelland, who accused the three Aldermen. The members of Council assert that thorough investigations failed to reveal any corruption. They declare that the charges of Mayor Woodward and Alderman McClelland are unsupported by proof.

Breach With Council Widens.

This program will make the breach between Mayor Woodward and the members of Council complete. Resentments have been crystallized into determinations to fight, and factional lines are inflexible. Many more vetoes and the overriding of vetoes are certain, for the split between the legislative and executive branches of the city government is apparently hopeless.

White City Park Now Open

Dr. Clay L. Dean, Chiropractic Nerve Specialist, has returned to the city, and is again ready to serve his patients and friends.



BRING YOUR FILMS TO US
and we will d evelop them free. We are film specialists and give you perfect results and quick delivery. Mail us negative for free sample print. Enlargements made and colored. Pictures framed. Chemicals. Cameras, $3.00 to $85.00.
Fresh films to fit any camera—guaranteed not to stick or catch. Write for catalogue. Quick mail order service.
E. H. CONE, Inc., "A Good Drug Store"—(Two Stores)—Atlanta.

DECORATIVE AND BEDDING PLANTS
BOSTON FERNS
Long, gracefully drooping fronds, which frequently attain a length of six feet. The most beautiful specimens shown this season.

6 in. Ferns	$ .40 each;	were $ .60
8 in. Ferns	.75 each;	were 1.00
10 in. Ferns	1.00 each;	were 1.50
12 in. Ferns	1.25 each;	were 2.00

All varieties of Bedding and Vegetable Plants fresh every morning.
(Arch) McMILLAN BROS. SEED CO. (Bob)
12 S. BROAD ST.
THE JOURNAL'S OLD BUILDING

Beautiful Homes For Sale

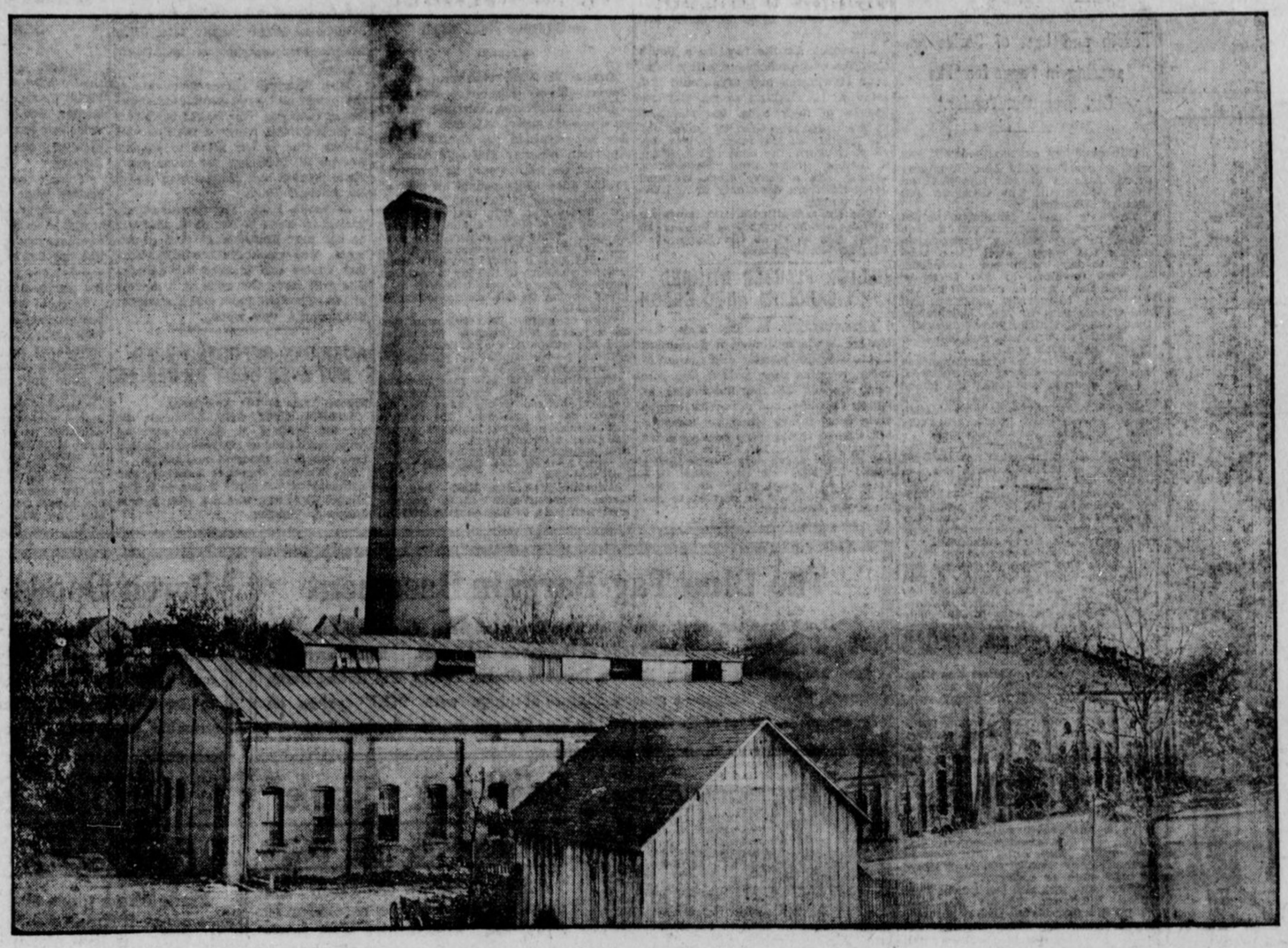


The above two brick houses are located on Virginia Ave. They are the best built, most conveniently arranged and located in best part of the city. Furnace heat, slate roof, sun parlors, two baths and hardwood floors. These houses are built to last for fifty years.

Apply to the owner.

W. E. WORLEY
415-16 EMPIRE BUILDING

City of Atlanta is the Latest Enterprise to Give Central Station Electric Current Complete Approval By Buying It for the New 10,000,000-Gallon Pump



THE RIVER PUMPING STATION.
This plant is the home of the new 10,000,000-gallon capacity water pump for which the City of Atlanta has contracted with the Georgia Railway and Power Company to supply it with electric power, after carefully considering all other methods.

If any further proof were needed to demonstrate the economy and reliability of CENTRAL STATION ELECTRIC CURRENT, after the owners and managers of half a dozen of Atlanta's big new enterprises had contracted for it upon careful investigation of ALL methods of supplying power, then that proof is clearly furnished in the action of the CITY OF ATLANTA last week in rejecting ALL OTHER POWER PROPOSITIONS and accepting CENTRAL STATION ELECTRIC CURRENT of this company for the city's new 10,000,000-gallon capacity water pump at the River Pumping Station.

Every possible effort was made by representatives of other power methods to induce the city to accept their propositions, including that of the Municipal Ownership advocates who wanted the city to buy machinery and make its own electricity. Along with these proposals this company submitted its STANDARD RATES AND ITS REPUTATION FOR RELIABLE SERVICE.

First, the Water Board, composed of practical business men whose sole purpose is to secure the best service at the lowest cost for the city, considered all propositions and ACCEPTED THIS COMPANY'S.

Then the CITY COUNCIL, also composed of business men actuated by the single motive of buying the best service at the lowest rates, rejected all other proposals and ACCEPTED THIS COMPANY'S.

Then the ALDERMANIC BOARD AND THE MAYOR, all looking solely for the city's best interests, followed the action of the water board and council, rejected all other methods for supplying power for the city's new pump and ACCEPTED THIS COMPANY'S.

It was literally the acid test of the economy and reliability of the Central Station service furnished by the Georgia Railway and Power Company, and the service and rates stood the test.

The most efficient, the most reliable, the most economical method of obtaining power and light for factory or building is to contract with this Company for such service.

Ask for estimates.

Contract Dept.

Georgia Railway & Power Company

Phone 4945

CITY EFFECTS BIG SAVING ON PUMP

Centrifugal Pattern Is Bought for $7,000, as Against $60,000 for Old Type.

Mayor Woodward's signing of the contract with the Georgia Railway and Power Company for electric current to operate a new 10,000,000-gallon capacity water pump at the river station probably marks a new epoch in the history of Atlanta's waterworks department, according to W. Z. Smith, general manager. A steam pump of the type in use by the city would have cost more than $60,000, but the contract for the centrifugal pump to be operated by electricity provides for an expenditure of only a little more than $7,000.

The objection of officials of the water department heretofore to electrically driven centrifugal pumps has been the cost of operation. The centrifugal pumps are cheaper and convenient to house and maintain, but until the bid of the electric company, based on the new water power rates, was submitted the officials did not believe the new plan would be economic. The rate is 5 1-2 mills per kilowatt hour.

Work on the new pump will be rushed. General Manager Smith said the crippled condition of two of the pumps at the river station demanded that the new one be established as quickly as possible.—From The Atlanta Georgian, April 30.

'BUGS' INFEST WATER SUPPLY; ARE HARMLESS

Bacteria, Squirming in Every Swallow You Take, Too Small To Be Seen.

FLUID VERY PURE HERE

Chattahoochee Supply Not Contaminated by Many Outside Sources.

The last mouthful of water you swallowed contained just twenty-four families, living, kicking, breathing, squirming families. Love making, dying, being born, rearing young 'uns, fighting—all this was going on among them. And you didn't know it.

You thought the water was all right, didn't you? Well, as water goes, it was, being Atlanta water. The families were merely "bugs," the bacteria and plant organisms that exist in all water in its natural state.

The "bugs" were harmless, but still they were there. Pollywogs and hobgoblins of a miniature world, some of them as beautiful and as delicate as a snow crystal, some as awesome as St. George's dragon, were there.

"Water in its natural state seldom has less than five germs to a single drop," said Dr. E. R. Park, of the George State Board of Health, yesterday. "So that every swallow you take means gulping down hundreds of bacteria."

The "bugs" in drinking water are not necessarily disease transmitting germs. Few of them are, he explained. For instance, the beautiful spiral marked, slender Spirogyra, of which each Atlanta citizen has swallowed millions, are harmless. The formidable looking Cyclops, or water spider, that may be kicking around inside of you this very minute, very much alive, won't hurt you. And that tenlegged Daphnia, that went down with the last glass of water is really a very good friend of yours, and won't even tickle.

Atlanta Water Fine.

Atlanta drinking water is better than water in some other sections, explained Roy C. Werner, chemist of the State Board of Health, and the filtration at the city water plant removes more than 95 per cent of all the bacteria that it contains when it is taken from its home in the Chattahoochee River.

"Filtration, when properly carried out," he said, "removes practically 99 per cent of all bacteria. Household filters are generally unreliable, and may even serve as breeding places of germs, unless very carefully and frequently cleaned."

The water of the Chattahoochee River, before it is filtered, contains myriads of plant and animal organisms, most of which, however, are harmless. But even at that it contains less than the water of many other places. Mr. Werner explains the difference in this way:

"The germs of typhoid, cholera, and dysentery may be abundant in waters which appear perfectly clear and colorless, and seem excellent from a physical standpoint. The other organisms, which are minute plants or animals, affect water in respect to odor and taste, giving rise frequently to 'fishy,' 'green corn,' and 'cucumber' odors, depending upon what organism is present.

Georgia Not Contaminated.

However, water supplies in Georgia are not contaminated by such organisms as frequently as are supplies in some other parts of the country. This is due to the fact that the little plants or animals causing the trouble grow best in large bodies of clear, standing water, such as large lakes and ponds, and do not grow well out of sunlight. They, therefore, do not multiply in muddy streams, and as most Georgia towns use comparatively muddy stream water after filtration, few plant or animal organisms are found."

It would be better, probably, if the Chattahoochee were not polluted by sewage—which it is, to some extent.

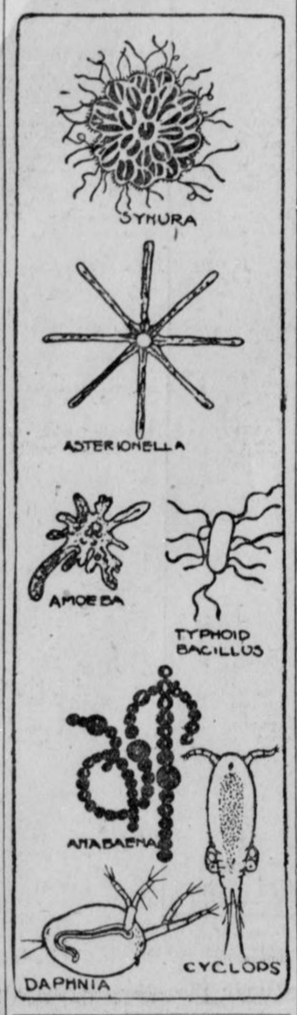
"Disease germs are almost universally found in sewage-polluted waters, whatever the source of the water mal be," Mr. Werner said, "and such waters are always more or less dangerous to the health."

Persons using these waters continually expose themselves to infection. Filtration, however, he explained, removes this danger almost altogether. Atlantans need not worry about their health, so far as the water they drink is concerned.

The organisms in drinking water are too small to be seen by the naked eye, and so small even that microscopes often are powerless to detect them. They can be examined and counted only after they are artificially propagated under conditions favorable to their growth.

Few of the organisms are harmful. Those most to be avoided and feared are the amoebae, among which occur the typhoid bacillus, but which are well nigh eliminated by filtration. But the others, including the rotifera, with the wheel shaped mouth, the hard-shelled Diatom, the beautiful waving Oscillaria, the octopus like Synura, the star shaped asterionella, the anaboena, slender like a chain, all are not to be feared.

HERE are some of the "bugs" that are found in drinking water. They do not all exist in Atlanta drinking water, which is said to be exceptionally pure. However, even if they did, they are all harmless except the little wrigly one, labeled "Typhoid Bacillus." So, if you find them in your drinking water, do not be alarmed.



Lesser in Honduras, Detectives Believe

Missing Memphis Broker Thought to Have Left United States, Following Crash.

MEMPHIS, TENN., May 3.—That Leo Lesser, Memphis cotton broker, whose firm, the Lesser-Ely Cotton Company, and whose bank at Tunica, Miss., failed recently, is in Honduras is the belief of Pinkerton detectives, expressed to-day. Lesser is known to have taken a train for New Orleans on Thursday night, April 24, the night before the crash came. It is believed he went from there to Honduras. Agents of American detectives there have been notified and will institute a search. Lesser's peculations may reach $1,000,000, it is said.

N. R. Burnett, of Tunica, to-day obtained an injunction restraining the Manhattan Bank of Memphis from disposing of bonds which, he charges, were stolen from the safe of the Lesser-Ely Company by Lesser shortly before he left. The bonds amount to $1,000 and were of the Memphis Terminal Company.

CLIP COUPON IN PAPER TO-DAY; SEE BILLY LONG

Fourth and Last of Series Appearing in Paper for 'The Girl From Out Yonder.'

Clip your last coupon to-day if you wish to see the Billy Long Company at the Atlanta Theater this week on the invitation of The Georgian and Sunday American.

To-day's coupon completes the set of four which entitles you to one ticket to any evening performance during the week. Mail these coupons to-day with an addressed stamped envelope to The Georgian so that they will be received by the first mail to-morrow morning and the tickets sent to you. Remember, that each set entitles you to one ticket. Send two sets and you can take your friend with you.

Tickets will not be given for either the Wednesday or Saturday matinees. At the matinee yesterday the house was completely sold out and the audience was the most enthusiastic since the company opened its summer engagement two weeks ago.

Now that theater patrons are beginning to realize what an excellent company is at the Atlanta the audiences are increasing with every performance. The Georgian and Sunday American wish to help along the good work of so doing, and the offer of free tickets is proving a most popular move from every standpoint.

The play this week will be "The Girl from Out Yonder," and the patrons are sure to be given a real treat. The characters introduced are quaint, and Miss Billy Long as Flotsam will have the most pleasing role in which she has yet been seen. Comedy is the keynote, and throughout the four acts the dialogue is punctuated with laughs.

This is the first summer there has been a stock company at the Atlanta Theater, and the people who attended the matinee yesterday realized what a cool place the new theater is. Even in the hottest weather the theater will be found many degrees cooler than any place in the city.

The story of "The Girl from Out Yonder" is sure to interest you. Flotsam first appears on the scene in oilskin breeches and jacket and with a sou'wester pulled over her curls. Can you imagine how cute and bewitching Miss Long will look in such clothes? Really you can't afford to miss such an opportunity.

Then, too, you will see Edwin Vail, Allan Robinson, Joseph Kirkham, Ralph Marthy, Mabel Inslee, Kathryn Sheldon and the others of this well-balanced company all in roles well fitted to them.

There are just three things to do to-day.

First—Cut out the fourth and last coupon.

Second—Address a stamped envelope to yourself.

Third—Mail coupons and envelope to The Georgian.

We will do the rest.

Fatally Stabbed in Row Over Cigarette

Knife Duel on Street Corner Results in Death of Negro and Arrest of Other Combatant.

A cutting affray, said to have begun over the question of the ownership of a cigarette, resulted last night in the death of an unidentified negro, and the arrest of Elijah Kippy, another negro, on the charge of murder. The killing occurred at the corner of Decatur and Ivy Streets at about 7 o'clock last night.

Kippy, according to eyewitnesses, slashed the other negro across the throat, and stabbed him in the back, causing almost instant death.

The negro who was killed was armed with a long knife, but was less adept in its use than Kippy, according to the story told police, and was cut to death before he could reach his opponent in the duel. Kippy was unscratched.

White City Park Now Open

Posse Riddles Home Of Fugitive's Father

Aged Negro Saves His Life by Fleeing to Friendly White Neighbor's House.

SAVANNAH, GA., May 3.—Sim Austin, the aged father of Henry Austin, the South Carolina desperado, probably owes his life to the fact that he didn't sleep at home last night.

In search for the fugitive a South Carolina posse reached Austin's home near Newington last night, and laid siege to it. Failing to get any response to their calls, the members of the posse proceeded to "shoot up" the cabin. At daybreak it was decided to storm the house. J. J. Heap, a farmer living near Newington, armed with a heavy stick, battered down the front door, only to find the cabin empty.

The elder Austin thought the posse would probably come that way, so he spent the night at the home of a friendly white farmer.

DALTON PLANTER INJURED IN CAROLINA AUTO CRASH

ASHEVILLE, N. C., May 3.—George McCame Joiner, a prominent North Georgia planter and manufacturer, residing near Dalton, Ga., and now visiting in the mountains of North Carolina, had a narrow escape from fatal injury when his automobile turned turtle while coming down a mountain side. Mr. Joiner was going at slow speed and this probably saved his life. He was taken to a hospital at Canton, where he will remain until able to be carried to Atlanta for treatment.

AUTO TAX TO PAY FOR CITY PAVING

O. H. Hall, Chairman of Council Street Committee, Has Plan to Improve Roadways.

Orville H. Hall, chairman of the Council Streets Committee, will urge a plan of improving Atlanta's streets by a special automobile tax. Yesterday he explained the details to an American reporter and said that he believed the plan would be approved by the automobile people as well as his colleagues in Council.

"I figure that this tax would net the city about $20,000 a year income," he said. "This money would be used entirely on favorite boulevards of the automobilists. It would not only mean greater pleasure to the joy riders, but improved streets would result in a great saving in the maintenance of automobiles.

"The companies that sell machines on a year's maintenance guarantee and the automobile and liability insurance people should be particularly favorable to such a law."

Councilman Hall said that to make the new tax law constitutional a nominal license would have to be placed on all vehicles. He said a tax exclusive to automobiles would be class discrimination. He added that automobiles should be taxed according to their size, the scale ranging from $2 to $5.

Another plan Mr. Hall has for street improvements is to require heavy wagons to use certain streets.

Atlanta Girl Will Play in Stock Here

Miss Tinsley Harrison to Appear With Billy Long in 'The Girl From Out Yonder.'

Miss Tinsley Harrison, not only a daughter of the South, but a prominent society girl of Atlanta, will make her theatrical debut in her home city to-morrow night with Miss Billy Long's stock company at the Atlanta Theater.

Miss Harrison comes from one of the oldest and most prominent families of Georgia. Her father is Colonel Z. D. Harrison, clerk of the Supreme Court. She is the niece of Colonel George W. Harrison, for many years State printer, and the sister-in-law of Dr. Michael Hoke.

Although Miss Harrison has appeared in stock in Hartford, this will be her first professional visit to Atlanta. She was at Keith's in Hartford last winter and insured her success. She will have the role of a society girl in "The Girl From Out Yonder" at the Atlanta this week.

AMERICAN REPORTED DEAD NOT EVEN HURT BY REBELS

Special Cable to The American.

MEXICO CITY, May 3.—Rebels did not kill William B. A. Dingwall, an American citizen at Matepehuala, in San Luis Potosi, as reported on April 29.

Mr. Dingwall, owner of a foundry and a director of the Santa Maria de la Paz Mining Company, was not even injured during the fighting.

MUSICAL ATLANTA PRAISED BY SOUSA

Grand Opera Record Set by City Unequaled in Whole World, Says Bandmaster.

"Atlanta is unquestionably the musical center of the South," said John Philip Sousa, the world-famed bandmaster, last night in discussing the reception recently accorded the Metropolitan Grand Opera Company by the city.

"I don't think the people here fully realize what they have done; they have simply made history in the world of music. I do not know of another city in the world, anything like the size of Atlanta, that has ever equaled the record made here during the Metropolitan's last visit," he said.

"If there were any who doubted Atlanta's prestige in this regard heretofore, they have but to consult the attendance and receipts figures and be convinced that your city is without a peer not only in America, but abroad as well.

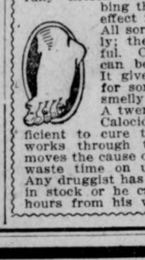
"Another thing which I see in the record recently made is that the attendance at every performance was good, showing that the people attended because they loved art and music and not for the mere purpose of being able to say that 'they had been to the opera.' It is certainly not a fad here," he continued. "Occasionally you will strike a place where people go not because they love the opera, but because others do; but this is distinctly not the case here.

"Atlanta has always been a live, hustling city, progressive in everything she undertakes—you call it the Atlanta spirit, I believe—and I am glad to see that she has taken hold of music in much the same way and decided to excel in that also."

Mr. Sousa, in company with a number of professional shotgun shooters, is here attending the opening shoot of the Brookhaven Gun Club, and while not a professional, he is an expert shot, and will give some of the South's best amateurs a hard run when he meets them in competition at the Southern handicap in Montgomery, Ala., on May 13, 14 and 15.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh M. Willet entertained at a supper party last night for Mr. Sousa and the visiting shooters, those present besides Mr. Sousa being George Maxwell, Walter Huff, E. M. Daniel, C. E. Goodrich, H. D. Gibbs and J. S. Lester.

Quick, Easy tnd Positive Cure for All Foot Torture



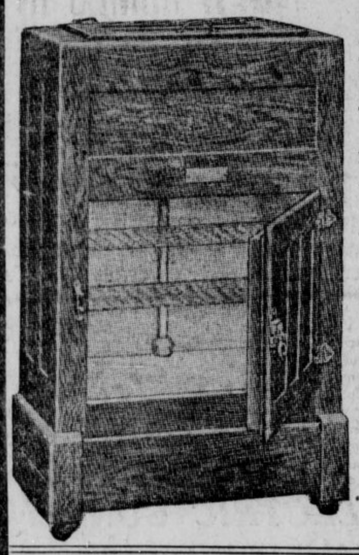
The following is said to be the surest and quickest cure known to science for all foot ailments: "Dissolve two tablespoonfuls of Calocide compound in a basin of warm water. Soak the feet in this for fully fifteen minutes, gently rubbing the sore parts." The effect is really wonderful. All soreness goes instantly; the feet feel delightful. Corns and callouses can be peeled right off. It gives immediate relief for sore bunions, sweaty, smelly and aching feet. A twenty-five cent box of Calocide is said to be sufficient to cure the worst feet. It works through the pores and removes the cause of the trouble. Don't waste time on uncertain remedies. Any druggist has Calocide compound in stock or he can get it in a few hours from his wholesale house.

The Blue Tag Bargain Basement

Don't miss the continuous Blue Tag Basement Sale. Come any time. No limit to this Blue Tag Sale as long as the goods hold out. Most anything you want—China Closets, Buffets, Rockers, Chairs, Tables, Hat Racks, Porch Goods, Stoves, Ranges—a general mixture of things with "GO" prices on every piece. A lot of Go-Carts will be Blue Tagged for Monday's selling.

Porch Goods---Sun Parlor Furniture

New arrivals in Art Reed Goods and Upholstered French Willow. Porch Rockers, Settees, Chairs, Swings, Tables, Flower Stands. We particularly call attention to our new Grass Rug—the "DIXIE." The "DIXIE" is made in Japan—made of Rice Straw—smooth, pliable, easy to clean, and will not [illegible] and break. Large size $9.00.



Solid Oak "Eagle" REFRIGERATORS—ICE BOXES

This cut shows the Eagle, the most largely sold Refrigerator in America. The family size, however, has only one shelf, but is just right—holds thirty pounds of ice—fully warranted to please or you can send it back after a trial. Made throughout of solid Golden Oak—lined with galvanized steel—insulated with charcoal sheathing and dead air spaces. Made in sanitary style with rounded ends, corners and top—in every respect a Refrigerator that will please. The family size on terms to suit you, and trial before you buy. Only..... $7.50

"NORTH STAR" REFRIGERATORS

Made like a piece of fine furniture, five coats of finish rubbed and polished. Glistens like glass.

"Corked-filled" from top to bottom, removable ice box and flues, patented absorbing trough and ice saver, the "only" NorthStar System of cold, dry air circulation. Seven wall construction to save your ice and keep your food dry. This 50-pound size, just as shown, on terms to suit you, only..... $17.50





FIFTY STYLES **CHIFFOROBES**

THIS CUT EXACTLY SHOWS ONE STYLE

The "R-W" Chifforobe is five feet high, three and a half feet wide and nearly two feet deep. Made of quarter-sawed oak, rubbed and polished to a brilliant finish; five drawers and a hat box on one side, and a big clothes closet on the other side, with complete outfit of coat and trousers hangers. On one door is a large mirror. Two doors close up the entire Chifforobe safely and securely. Not a cheap Chifforobe—but a good one cheap—$21.00.

WE WANT YOUR TRADE

We offer a wide selection of choice patterns in Mahogany, Circassian Walnut, Bird's-Eye Maple, White Enamel and Oak in all finishes. Biggest, cleanest, brightest Furniture Store in this city. Everything marked in plain United States figures. One price to everybody. Terms to suit your convenience. Exchange privilege, prompt delivery. We've built up quite a business on these lines, and we want you to look us over, and see how well we can serve you.

STEEL LAWN SWING

Just one left—no room to show these large Swings. Former price $25. You may have this one for $12.50

BUCK'S GAS RANGES

Don't you buy a Gas Range till you see Buck's. They are top-notchers. So far ahead of anything you've seen in this line you'll be surprised. Buck's are "Sanitary"—lined with white enamel—made of cast iron. Be sure to look at them.

BRASS BEDS OF CHARACTER

The Bedding Department offers more than 100 styles of non-tarnishable Brass Beds—in Velvet finish, Roman Gold finish, Satin finish, and Bright Brass—all warranted by ourselves and the factories. We invite your critical inspection. Prices up from $12.50.

GO-CARTS

Fulton guaranteed Go-Carts and Baby Carriages—50 styles on exhibit. Yours is here. Come and get it now.

Rhodes-Wood FURNITURE COMPANY

COMPLETE HOUSEFURNISHERS

103-5-7-9-11 WHITEHALL STREET, CORNER MITCHELL

ART RUGS

Fine Wiltons, Wiltones, Bigelow's Axminsters, Tapestry Brussels, Printed Squares, and a new one for Summer—the "Dixie"—made by Japs of Rice Straw.

THE PAY ENVELOPE

THE man who provides best for his family, makes some provision for the future, as well as for their present needs.

The wage-earner should reserve a part (however small it may be) out of each pay envelope and deposit it regularly on his bank account.

These savings will be a 'friend in need' and a 'friend indeed.'

100% Safety
4% Interest

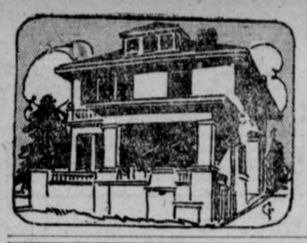
Your Account Welcomed

Central Bank & Trust Corporation

Capital $1,000,000 Resources Over $5,000,000

CANDLER BUILDING

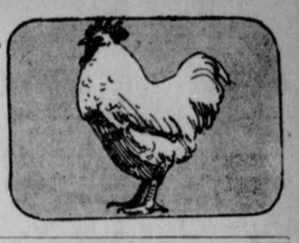
BRANCH: Corner Mitchell and Forsyth Streets



HEARST'S SUNDAY AMERICAN

Real Estate, Want Ads and Poultry.

ATLANTA, GA., SUNDAY, MAY 4, 1913.



RAILWAY SCHEDULES.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY.

"PREMIER CARRIER OF THE SOUTH"

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF PASSENGER TRAINS, ATLANTA.

The following schedule figures are published only as information, and are not guaranteed:

No.	Arrive From—	No.	Depart To—
36	Birmingh'm 12:01 am	36	New York .12:15 am
35	New York . 5:00 am	20	Columbus . 5:20 am
13	Jacksonville 5:30 am	13	Cincinnati . 5:40 am
43	Washington 5:35 am	32	Fort Valley. 5:30 am
12	Shreveport . 6:30 am	35	Birmingh'm 5:50 am
16	Hellin ..... 8:20 am	7	Chatin'ga . 6:40 am
29	New York..11:15 am	12	Richmond . 6:55 am
8	Chatin'ga ..10:35 am	23	Kansas City 7:00 am
7	Macon .....10:40 am	16	Brunswick . 7:45 am
17	Fort Valley 10:45 am	29	Birmingh'm 7:30 am
21	Columbus ..10:50 am	38	New York..11:01 am
6	Cincinnati.. 11:10 am	40	Charlotte .12:00 n'n
29	Columbus .. 1:40 pm	6	Macon .....12:20 pm
30	Birmingh'm 2:30 pm	30	Columbus .12:30 pm
40	B'mingh'm 12:40 pm	30	New York.. 2:45 pm
39	Charlotte ... 3:55 pm	15	Chatin'ga . 3:00 pm
5	Macon ..... 4:00 pm	39	Birmingh'm 4:10 pm
37	New York . 5:00 pm	*18	Toccoa .... 4:30 pm
15	Brunswick . 7:50 pm	22	Columbus . 5:10 pm
11	Richmond . 8:30 pm	5	Cincinnati . 5:10 pm
24	Kansas City 9:20 pm	23	Fort Valley. 5:20 pm
16	Chattan'ga . 9:35 pm	25	Hellin ..... 5:40 pm
19	Columbus ..10:20 pm	10	Macon ..... 5:50 pm
31	Fort Valley 10:25 pm	44	Washington 8:45 pm
14	Cincinnati .11:00 pm	24	Jacksonville 9:30 pm
23	Jacksonville 6:50 am	11	Shreveport .11:10 pm
*17	Toccoa ..... 8:10 am	14	Jacksonville 11:10 pm

Trains marked thus (*) run daily except Sunday.

Other trains run daily. Central time. City Ticket Office, No. 1 Peachtree Street.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Funeral Notices.

DeLEON.—The friends and relatives of Mrs. Mary K. DeLeon, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. McAlpin and family, of Mobile, Ala.; Mrs. Clara K. Adams and Miss Julia Ketchum are invited to attend the funeral of Mrs. Mary K. DeLeon Sunday, May 4, 1913, at 3 o'clock, from Sacred Heart Church. Interment will be in Oakland Cemetery. The following named gentlemen will please act as pallbearers and meet at the office of H. M. Patterson & Son at 2:30 o'clock: Mr. A. H. Bancker, Mr. Peter F. Clarke, Mr. E. A. Bancker, Jr., Mr. E. B. Stuart, Mr. Dan Carey and Mr. F. M. Myers. 5-3-44

Church Notices.

EPISCOPAL CHURCH SERVICES.

(Sunday after Ascension, May 4th.)

CATHEDRAL—Washington and Hunter Streets. Very Rev. C. T. A. Pise, D.D., Dean. Holy communion 7:30 and 11 a. m. Service 4:30 p. m.

ST. LUKES CHURCH—Peachtree, between Pine and Currier Streets. Rev. C. B. Wilmer, D.D., Rector. Services 7:30 and 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. Sunday school 9:45 a. m.; Wednesday 4:30 p. m., evening prayer and address.

ALL SAINTS CHURCH—North Avenue and West Peachtree Street. Rev. W. W. Memminger, Rector. Holy communion 7:30 a. m. Sunday school at 9:45 a. m. Holy communion and sermon 11 a. m. Children's service 5 p. m.

EPIPHANY—Moreland and Euclid Avenues. Rev. Russell K. Smith, Rector. Holy Communion and sermon 11 a. m. Evening prayer and sermon 7:30 p. m.

CHRISTIAN.

WEST END (Christian)—Gordon and Dunn Streets. W. O. Foster, pastor. The revival begins Sunday with a sermon by Evangelist J. T. Hawkins at 11 a. m. on "Helping God;" at 8 p. m. he will speak on "Where Art Thou?" There will be services daily at 8 p. m. during the revival, which will continue for several weeks. 2-8-54

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

FIRST Church of Christ, Scientist, Cable Hall, North Broad Street. Services, Sunday, 11 a. m.; Sunday school, 9:30 a. m.; Wednesday evening testimonial meeting at 8 o'clock. Reading rooms at 613 the Grand, open daily, except Sundays and legal holidays, from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m., free to the public. 1-25-8

METHODIST.

ST. MARK—Corner Peachtree and Fifth Streets. A. M. Hughlett, A.M., LL.D., pastor. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 9:45 a. m. 2-15-3

PRESBYTERIAN.

HARRIS ST. Presbyterian. Rev. Jere A. Moore, pastor. 9:45, Sunday school; 11 a. m. and 8 p. m., preaching by the pastor. 5-3-1

BAPTIST.

NORTH ATLANTA BAPTIST Church. Preaching 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by the pastor, Wm. H. Bell. All the members are earnestly requested to be present. 27-3-5

LOST AND FOUND.

LOST—Saturday afternoon, a wallet containing money, papers of importance to owner only, and the owner's cards; was missed after making a trip from St. Charles Avenue to Riverside on river line. Liberal reward for return to G. B. S., 161 St. Charles Avenue. Phone Ivy 7220. 5-4-55

LOST—Pique coat, at Grant Park, Saturday afternoon. Notify West 612 or 37 West End House. 5-4-53

LOST—From Wood Lawn, Peachtree Road, small black long-haired Pomeranian dog, named Robbie. Reward if returned to Mrs. J. H. Nunnally. Phone 210. 5-4-52

LOST—Elks' watch charm. Finder please return to 422 Grant Building. 39-3-5

LOST—Gold watch, April 7, in vicinity of city limits and Chattahoochee Avenue, on College Park car line; liberal reward given if returned to Apartment 192, 136 West Peachtree Street. 5-3-7

LOST—One book of accounts, which is of no importance to anyone but the owner. Finder please bring to 76 Decatur Street. Reward. 5-2-21

LOST, strayed or stolen, one black horse, about seven years old, with brand on jaw; weight about 1,050 pounds. Reward. Phone Sam Adams, Chattahoochee, 51-2 calls. Phone Bell Main 4301-1 call. 5-1-209

PERSONAL.

LADY, 60, worth $75,000, would marry. H., Box 35, League, Toledo, Ohio. 26-4-5

EXPERIENCED mother, living in country, would board infant during summer. Address Mrs. G. B. Hill, Decatur, Ga. 86-4-5

FOR SALE—PERSONAL.

Nine thousand dollars worth of purchase money notes for sale. Gilt-edge paper. Will sell this paper right. See me at once. Have the notes in hand. Money Wanted, Box 81, care Georgian. 105-4-5

BRIGHT, cheerful home for invalids or aged people. Best of care. Terms moderate. Main 9212. 3-5-7

MADAME JOSEPHINE—Medium; reliable, accurate; past, future told; send dime and two questions for test. European Hotel, Salem, S. Dak. 31-4-5

BRIGHT, cheerful home for invalids or aged people. Best of care. Terms moderate. Main 3785. 3-5-7

PERSONAL.

TREMAINE,

The Mystic,

Permanently located in his own home, 125 WEST PEACHTREE STREET. Hours, 10 to 7. Closed on Fridays. No callers before or after hours.

AS A DROP of water is to the ocean, so is man to the universe. By analyzing a drop of water from the ocean, we may learn of what the ocean is composed; so, by a knowledge of Self, we may learn the secrets of the universe. Man is a part of, but not apart from, the universe; therefore, the same laws which govern the universe MUST be the same laws in full and constant operation in man. An understanding, mastery and use of these laws will lead you into a more powerful life, a more satisfactory life, a successful, complete life. To be successful and happy, you must comply with law, human and divine. There is no other way. Do you know what these laws are? Do you know how to use them? Do you know exactly what to do and what not to do? By just so far as you are ignorant of the laws of Life, you will fail to realize your greatest possibilities and happiness. I know what these laws are. I know how to use them. I know how to show you. If you are sincere and earnest in your desire for better conditions Here and Now, and Here and Hereafter, "The Truth is ready for the one who is ready for the Truth;" "He that hath ears, let him hear." If you would surely escape your present conditions, "The Truth shall make you free." To those sincere in their search, convincing tests—names, dates and facts. Advice concerning your most secret and important affairs. Consultation, $1. Guarantee: You will be told the truth—or nothing. Satisfaction or no fee. No fortune-telling. If not sincerely in earnest, do not call. Curious or frivolous persons not desired at any price. My work is my religion. Bring this ad when you call. 35-4-5

DOLL HOSPITAL—Dolls repaired, sleepy eyes reset; all parts furnished. 110 Luckie Street. 40-3-5

FLY SCREENS REPAIRED—Price & Thomas.

FLY SCREENS REPAIRED—Price & Thomas.

FLY SCREENS REPAIRED—Price & Thomas.

FLY SCREENS REPAIRED—Price & Thomas.

62 N. Pryor St. Tel. Bell 4203 Ivy. 4-6-69

Robins' Hair Dressing Parlors.

PARLORS—10 pt. 1 c

MANICURING for ladies and gentlemen; children's hair cutting and combings made to order; best work in the city. 40½ Whitehall. Main 3625. 4-30-38

DR. GAULT'S Antiseptic Powder for women. It is cleansing, cooling and non-irritating. Can be used as a douche at any time with safety. It has no equal. Price $1 per box, postpaid. J. T. Gault Chemical Company, 702 Austell Building, Atlanta. 4-25-33

PRICE & THOMAS—FLY SCREENS.

PRICE & THOMAS—FLY SCREENS.

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PRICE & THOMAS—FLY SCREENS.

PRICE & THOMAS—FLY SCREENS.

62 N. Pryor St. Tel. Bell 4203 Ivy. 4-6-69

MATERNITY SANITARIUM—Private, refined, homelike. Limited number of patients cared for. Home provided for infants. Mrs. M. T. Mitchell, 26 Windsor Street. 11-9-57

IF YOUR ROOF leaks, call Roof Doctor, W. B. Barnett, Main 714. 1-1-7

PRICE & THOMAS, Carpenters.

PRICE & THOMAS, Carpenters.

PRICE & THOMAS, Carpenters.

PRICE & THOMAS, Carpenters.

62 N. Pryor. Phone Bell Ivy 4203. 4-f-f3

THE GATE CITY DOLL HOSPITAL, 245 Courtland, near Cain, repairs all kinds of dolls. 203-24-41

ACME HATTERS HAVE MOVED TO 20 E. HUNTER STREET. OLD HATS MADE NEW. 4-23-42

SPIRELLA CORSETS.

OUR NEW spring models are out. Call for a corsetiere to come and demonstrate to you in the privacy of your home. 56 Howell Place. Phone West 428. 4-18-

FLY SCREENS, FLY SCREENS, FLY SCREENS—Wood fly screens, metal fly screens, hardwood floors, Venetian blinds, metal weather strips furnished anywhere in the South. Write or phone W. R. Callaway, manager, 1403 Fourth National Bank Building, Atlanta, Ga. Main 5310.

FLY SCREENS—PRICE & THOMAS.

FLY SCREENS—PRICE & THOMAS.

FLY SCREENS—PRICE & THOMAS.

FLY SCREENS—PRICE & THOMAS. Salesroom and office, 62 N. Pryor Street. Factory 86 E. Cain Street. Bell phone Ivy 4203. 4-6-70

SERIOUS RESULTS come from trusses improperly fitted. John B. Daniel, at 34 Wall Street, has an expert fitter and it will cost you no more to have him fit you, and it means insurance. 6-24-19

HELP WANTED.

Male.

WANTED—Experienced man to work on sticking and tenon machine; must understand the making of sash and doors. Sash, Box 1419, care American.

WANTED—A driver for milk wagon. C. H. Beuchler, Boulevard, near Piedmont. 5-4-20

WANTED—At once; forty carpenters. Apply P. S. Sweet, superintendent New Ansley Hotel. 5-4-23

WANTED—Organizers to solicit members and organize lodges. Order of Owls, South Bend, Ind. 74-4-5

$100 WEEKLY profit. Spare time at home. Mail order business. Don't worry about capital. Free book telling how. Boyd H. Brown, Omaha, Nebr. 76-4-5

BOY wanted, about 16 years of age, to run errands; chance to learn good trade. Steincil Works, Box 1111, care American.

BOY to make himself useful and learn the business; salary $3 a week; good chance for advancement; must be honest and willing. Address P., Box 1415, care American.

BOYS WANTED—Good bright boys, steady employment. Apply to E. J., Box 1523, care American.

CANVASSERS wanted, $4 per day easily made. Adams, Box 1963, care American.

CARPENTERS, 45c per hour; hardwood finishers; none but good mechanics need apply. Carpenter, Box 1780, care American.

CARPENTERS and laborers wanted, 4 or 5 good carpenters; steady work. Oliver, Box 1650, care American.

EXPERIENCED young man to work on iron work in polishing room. T. J., Box 1708, care American.

A COMPETENT wood working machine hand at once. Milburn, Box 1780, care American.

Whitehall Purchase Is Considered a 'Good Buy'

New City Park Is Sought on West Hunter Road

Real Estate Men See Wisdom in the Kress Store Transaction, Which Sets New Record—Central Leases Are Fast Going Up.

Hugh Richardson's Good Buy.

There are several reasons why real estate men consider the purchase of 39-41 Whitehall by Hugh Richardson a good buy. In the first place, the property pays an income of nearly 5 1-2 per cent. The annual rental is $19,000, and the cost was $357,000, which makes this a .052219 per cent investment. Not many properties as safe as the Kress double store yield a better return. That is, not many properties of the larger kind. The rent bill is the first item of expense that the store manager considers. Lights come next with other things following. The rent must be paid promptly, and in any schedule of prices on goods the merchant thinks first of the amount that he must pay out for floor space. The landlord gets his monthly check regularly. If he owns stocks or other paper he may miss this regular "dividend." A large mill may defer dividends in order to increase equipment. In the meantime the stockholder must live. He is paying the grocer and the butcher just the same. Rentals from a good downtown store proposition will enable him to do it—provided he has a good store in addition to stocks.

In the second place, 39-41 Whitehall is in the heart of the local retail shopping district. It can't slip back. Its future is assured. Adjoining establishments like itself, are there to stay. The plan to bridge over the railroad tracks and convert the waste space into rent-paying property will some day be realized, and then it won't be necessary for department stores and other establishments to move north across the viaduct. The two sections of the city now so distinct in location and character will eventually be one.

The Kress property is 42 feet on Whitehall, and in the front foot computation of $8,500, account must be taken of an equal frontage on South Broad Street. The depth is 175 feet, which makes 7,350 square feet, and the price is therefore a little less than $49 a square foot.

Hugh Richardson, buyer of the Kress stores from Eugene Haynes and J. Carroll Payne, has greatly increased his local real estate holdings in the past few years. Other properties now under his control are the southwest corner of Luckie and North Forsyth Streets; 56 Peachtree Street; the Scotia Apartments on Peachtree opposite the Aragon Hotel; and the building between Edgewood Avenue and Houston Street on Ivy Street formerly occupied by the Franklin Printing & Publishing company.

There is an interesting story going the rounds, by the way, concerning the acquisition by Mr. Richardson of 45 Peachtree. This was bid in last fall by E. W. Alfriend for $167,000 cash, the bids having started at $120,000. While the papers in the transaction were being examined Mr. Alfriend arranged to turn over the property to Mr. Richardson. He didn't draw on his bank for a cent, but he made a neat sum for his trouble—a sum estimated at $5,000 to $10,000. Mr. Richardson was later offered $200,000 for this property, on terms, but he shook his head. He's the kind of investor who believes that to hold is to have!

* * *

Leases Going Up.

Just a minute, Mr. Lessee! You had better provide for future years and generations by taking a long-time lease at the prevailing market price! Leases are steadily going up. In many cases they are doubling and in one case the price has trebled. This of what happened to the jewelry establishment at 37 Whitehall. It had been paying $4,000 a year and at the expiration of the lease the landlord demanded $12,000. The jewelers offered $8,000, but this was refused, so they moved down the street.

The Marcus store on Peachtree near Auburn Avenue has been renting for $375, a month. Presto! now it is to be $750. For the new tenants!

So with others. Many leases are due to expire this fall and renewals at advanced prices will come. Also, the long-time lease on central property seems to be a thing of the past. Owners are leasin- for five and ten years rather than for fifteen and twenty. The growth of the city makes this an economic necessity.

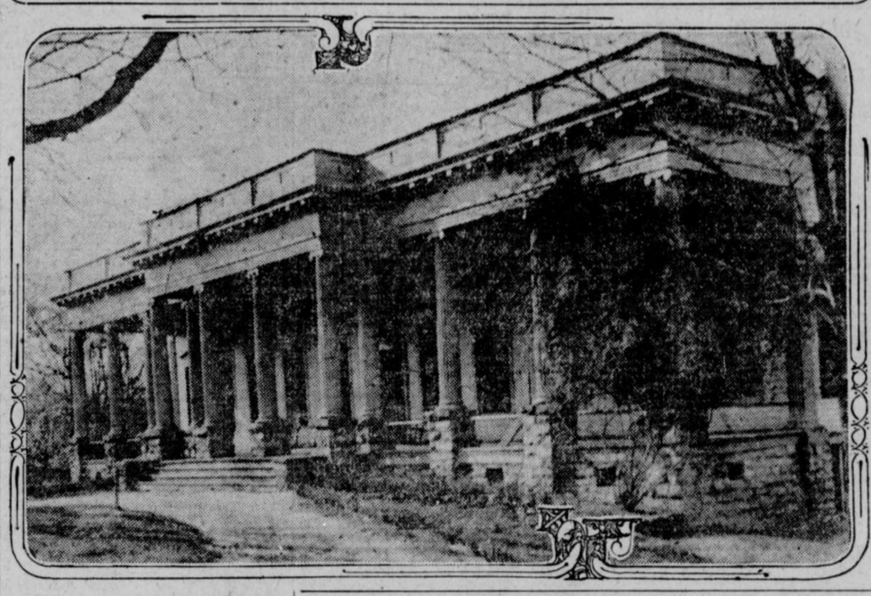
* * *

Wednesday's Auction Pick-ups.

Auction sales are always interesting, and especially when high-class property is involved. It was no surprise, therefore, to see many prominent Atlantans at the sale Wednesday which E. Rivers conducted in Peachtree Heights, quarter of a mile north of Peachtree creek and just a few steps off Peachtree. About three hundred peop' gathered round Auctioneer Steve R. Johnston and listened to his real estate oratory. It was not the fault of the auctioneer that only 2' out of 42 lots were sold. Nor was the property other than first-class. The crowd just didn't "warm up," for one reason or another.

Mr. Rivers was determined to sell some of the lots, and this was where 24 likely parcels were picked up. Closet to the "bargain counter" were W. H. Adkins, Sam A. Pegram, F. R. Graham, W. R. Bean, H. J. Fear and J. Regenstein. Mr. Adkins snapped up a lot on Peachtree Way, half a block from Peachtree, at $35 a front foot, the highest price per foot of the day. This lot has a sunken garden at its southwest corner. Mr. Adkins likewise took a perfectly-shaped knoll at the southeast corner of Potomac Avenue and Lakeview Avenue, 247 feet, at $15 a foot, and he got a fine poplar tree and other trees with a $23-a-foot lot on Peachtree Way near Boulevard. The landscape idea seemed to prevail generally. F. R. Graham, of the Chas. P. Glover Real Estate agency, picked a "sunken garden" effect in a 270-foot lot which cost him $22 a foot.

WELL SUITED FOR PARK COMMUNITY HOUSE



Campaign Launched to Purchase Mozley Property of 38 Acres of Picturesque Ground.

By EVELYN WREN.

The success of the present park system has determined the citizens of Atlanta to consider the addition of another beautiful park to those which have proved so beneficial to the city.

The latest move towards this end is the effort being made to induce the city to purchase the Mozley property situated on West Hunter Road near the intersection of Gordon Street only 2 3-4 miles from the Terminal Station. This beautiful property contains 38 acres of rolling, picturesque ground with every variety of tree indigenous to the Southern soil. The large colonial residence with ninety-foot porch is admirable for a community house.

Private Park Many Years.

Dr. Mozley maintained this property as a private park for many years and it has not been allowed to retrograde to any extent. Provision is made for two artificial lakes, and these could easily be utilized for bathing purposes.

The historic interest in this section is a decided point in its favor. Old batteries used by the Federal army are still intact, on the west side, and the site of the old Ezra Church is on the east. Here were fought the most terrific battles of the Civil War and here among the bullets fired by their ancestors Atlanta's children could play in peace and in one of the most delightful spots of Atlanta grow to sturdy manhood.

An adequate public park system is the best protection against vice. Vice is but misdirected energy. If the rising generation has the open air, green trees and the beauties of nature to enjoy, vice would have a hard fight and lose. Is it not the most appropriate use for the battle ground where their fathers fought valiantly for their cause?

With Atlanta's growth comes the immediate need of acreage for the continuation of her splendid park system. This piece of property can be obtained at probably the lowest rate Atlanta will ever experience. It is an opportunity to prepare for the future when the city will look in vain for suitable park acreage.

The people are much in earnest as is shown by petitioners in the first and seventh wards. Citizens of other wards have joined in the movement, realizing that it is the only available property of its size and adaptability that can be purchased at a wholly reasonable price.

Four Blocks From Car.

This property is located but four blocks from the end of the Walker-West View car line and one mile from the end of West Hunter car line, which is to be extended to run by the property, as will the proposed Greensferry line.

The people in West End are enthusiastic about the proposition and are making every effort to have the purchase of the property made by the city. They point out that this section of the city has been neglected in the way of parks, and that this idea has been prevalent is demonstrated by the fact that thousands of signatures have been attached to petitions which have been circulated, urging the City Council to buy the property.

Several members of the Park Board are in favor of the plan and there is every indication that it will have the approval of the entire Board at its next meeting. The real work will begin before the Finance Committee of Council in roder to get an appropriation.

Many members of Council have expressed their hearty approval of the movement and have declared their determination to assist in every way to make it a success. Those acquainted with real estate values insist that the price asked by the heirs owning the property is a very reasonable one, and one expert has pointed out that the same amount of land on the North side would cost a quarter of a million dollars.

NEW HOMES IN DECATUR REACH 185 IN 2 YEARS

Interesting Features of Growth Pointed Out by Will S. Ansley, Well Known Realty Man.

Nearly 200 new homes have been built in Decatur in the past two years; the value averaging about $5,000 per house; the taxable value of property on a 60 per cent basis is $2,025,000; there are two banks and a newspaper, 14 miles of sewers, 8 miles of paved streets, 17 miles of concrete sidewalks, school facilities second to none, and other things of which Decatur and DeKalb County citizens are justly proud. These are the figures of Will S. Ansley, who has his real estate business in Atlanta but his home in Decatur; and Mr. Ansley does not hesitate to recommend Decatur as a place in which to live, as witness:

"Decatur is the most remarkable suburb of Atlanta, and it has already outstripped Atlanta in the percentage of growth.

"In 1900 the population of Decatur was 1,400, in 1910 it was 2,600, and to-day it is nearly 4,000. In other words, in less than 3 years it has gained more people than in the 10 years from 1900 to 1910. According to statistics from the clerk's office, in the last two years there have been 185 new houses erected in Decatur, not counting stores and improvements at Agnes Scott College, and the cost of these places was from $1,000 to $12,000, and the average cost about $5,000. The present taxable value of the property on a 60 per cent basis of value is $2,025,000. The churches and schools are exempt. The tax rate is $1.15.

Tennis Club's Influence.

"Notwithstanding the fact that Decatur had two car lines prior to 1907, and had a normal growth, it was not until after that time that it took on new life. About 1907 the Decatur Tennis Club was organized, and among the members were some of the most prominent and influential citizens of Decatur. This club held monthly meetings and at one of these meetings it was decided that Decatur must have waterworks and sewers. Out of the membership of the club two members were elected to Council. Then bonds were advocated to build the necessary improvements. The bonds carried and the waterworks was installed and the sewers put in. Since that time two more issues of bonds have been made, the bonded debt now being $84,000, and $25,000 sold, but not yet issued. Out of the last bond issue money a ten-grade public school building has been erected and a new school is to be built at once which will cost $22,000. The first school was erected three years ago and the new one has become a necessity.

"When the extension of the limits of the city of Atlanta was being considered the Atlanta committee requested that a committee from Decatur be appointed to discuss the matter of annexing Decatur. This committee was appointed and in taking up the matter with the people at that time it was apparent that they would be willing to come into the city. It would have paid Atlanta much better if this could have been arranged, than to have absorbed some of the territory which was admitted. The limits of Atlanta and the limits of Decatur are only about 1½ miles apart. The same Ponce DeLeon Avenue going through Decatur's beautiful suburb, Druid Hills, runs right through the center of Decatur and is passed up to be paved."

LOCAL REALTY SELLING FAST TO OUTSIDERS

But the Stranger Must First Be Converted to City Idea, Says Ralph O. Cochran.

Strangers coming to Atlanta to inspect property must be converted by the real estate man, declares Ralph O. Cochran, of the realty firm that bears his name. The money required to buy 50 feet of semi-central property in Atlanta will buy hundreds and often thousands of acres of property in the rural districts. This presents a hard situation for the dealer, but he is meeting it. Even as he feels the value of the smaller parcel he must make his prospect feel it likewise.

"It is more difficult for strangers to conditions in Atlanta to see and appreciate value than it is for those who live here and have become accustomed to rapid growth and so-called high prices," asserts Mr. Cochran. "Those of us who are in the real estate business meet with non-residents every day who are inspecting Atlanta real estate. At first the latter are of the opinion that values are too high—that prices are fictitious. Furthermore, it usually takes some time to make a trade with such buyers—they feel that their money should go further. Some time ago I sold a certain party, who lives away from here, a piece of property. He was anlxous to buy something in Atlanta. He made several trips here, but finally he came back and said, 'I have come to Atlanta to buy some property to-day.' His fears had been allayed, and he was thenceforth a booster for Atlanta real estate.

Rating of Property.

"A piece of property in Atlanta, say fifty feet frontage that will sell for $30,000, looks mighty small to the man in the village or the country, where this amount of money will buy hundreds of acres and sometimes several thousand. This prejudice must be met by the dealer, who knows better than the prospect how much of fallacy there is in the latter's argument.

"Semi-central property does not always pay a very large return on the investment. Take a vacant lot or a lot with an old house on it that pays nothing or practically nothing. What is there about it that creates such large value? It is the uses to which it can be put now or in the future years. The value of property is not controlled particularly by the improvements now on it. There is a considerable amount of central real estate that now pays only a small percentage on the investment. But think of the possibilities of this class of property; what can be put on it and the large revenue that can be derived therefrom! With Atlanta's splendid growth the future is assured."

GOOD PROGRESS MADE ON PEACHTREE PAVING

Convicts at work on Peachtree repaving have at last reached Fourteenth Street going north, having started at Sixth Street, and are expected to finish in a few days the right hand side of Peachtree to Fifteenth Street. Then the county men will turn back toward Sixth again, on the opposite side of the street. The paving looks substantial and automobilists are waiting to give it a thorough test.

HELP WANTED.

Male.

PULLMAN porters wanted for instruction. Write P. O. Box 804, Atlanta, Ga. 5-4-37

I MADE $50,000 in five years with a small mail order business; began with $5; send for free booklet; tells how. Heacock, Box 1131, care American.

MAN or young man wanted, for farm work; one that would be also qualified to do some huckstering; good chance for right party. Cowan, Box 1900, care American.

FIRST-CLASS mattress maker, at once; no booze fighter need apply. Wharton, Box 1798, care American.

AN INTELLIGENT person may earn $100 monthly corresponding for newspapers; no canvassing; send for particulars. Press Syndicate, Box 1112, care American.

A COMPETENT painter wanted; must be sober; good wages. Address Painter, Box 1529, care American.

WANTED—Demonstrators in every town in the United States for the Solar gas burner; converts coal oil into gas as used; $100 weekly made; write for sample contract. Demonstrators, Box 1987, care American.

AN INTELLIGENT person can earn $100 monthly corresponding for newspapers; no canvassing; send for particulars. Intelligent, Box 1891, care American.

WANTED—Men of business ability to learn cotton business; high salaried contracts. Call or write me. D. N. Hunt, manager, Kiser Building. 59-4-5

WANTED—Two good messengers, with wheels, to work from 3:30 to 9 in afternoons and on Sunday mornings. Apply to Mr. Shields, 20 East Alabama Street. 5-4-4

WHITE boy, 18 to 20 years old, for office work. Address Whitehall, care Georgian. 5-4-8

A MILLION DOLLAR corporation with branches throughout the United States has vacancies for two young men who are in a position to go to any part of the United States. Address Corporation, Box 1586, care American.

CIGAR salesman; must have experience and reference. Salesman, Box 1630, care American.

RESPONSIBLE parties to travel, either sex; salary and expenses; references. Room 4, Cumberland Hotel. 210-5-3

WANTED—Woman cook. Apply at 801 Grant Building. 44-3-5

WANTED—Office boy from 1 to 3 p. m. every day. Apply 1701 Third National Bank Building. 5-3-23

WANTED—Three first-class experienced advertising solicitors for steady work in and around Atlanta; good pay. Apply Advertising Manager, 421 Kiser Building. 5-3-22

WANTED—Registered druggist, with experience and ability. References required. East Highland Pharmacy, Columbus, Ga. 5-3-8

WANTED—Experienced colored man for butler, garden man and dairy work. D. W. Webb, 136½ Marietta Street. 5-3-16

MOLER BARBER COLLEGE, 38 Luckie Street, wants you to learn the barber trade by a short method that pays half while learning. A job waiting when through or will equip you a shop if preferred. New special inducements. Call or write. 29-3-6

LEARN the cotton business in our sample rooms or by correspondence; good contracts. We don't want job seekers, but men who can make good. Charlotte Cotton School, Kiser Building, Atlanta, Ga., or Charlotte, N. C. 26-3-5

WANTED FOR U. S. ARMY: Able-bodied unmarried men between ages of 18 and 35; citizens of United States, of good character and temperate habits, who can speak, read and write the English language. For information apply to Recruiting Officer, Peachtree and Forsyth Streets, Atlanta, or 411 Cherry Street, Macon, Ga. 4-1-1

WANTED—Ideas. Inventors, write for list of inventions wanted and prizes offered by manufacturers. Also, how to get your patent. Sent free to any address. Randolph & Briscoe, patent attorneys, Washington, D. C. 7-11-23

DO YOU PLAY POOL? If you do, come to see "Bias" at the TERMINAL HOTEL POOL PARLOR. We sell 35c checks for 25c. Good tables, good cues, and a nice bunch of clever boys. 2-10-24

WANTED—Drillmen and laborers for underground work. Drillmen earn $1.90 to $3 per day. Laborers earn $1.75 to $2.75 per day. Board $16 to $18 per month. Steady work. No labor troubles. Only white men wanted. Tennessee Copper Company, Ducktown, Tenn. 4-26-4

WANTED—Trammers and laborers for underground work. Wages $1.75 per day if they work less than 20 days per month, or $2 per day if they work 20 days or more per month. Contract trammers earn $2 to $2.75 per day. Also outside laborer at $1.50 per day. Company time, or contract work, loading and unloading railroad cars at which over $2 per day can be earned. Tennessee Copper Company, Ducktown, Tenn. 4-22-20

WANTED—Men to learn the barber trade; tools and position furnished. Atlanta Barber College, 10 East Mitchell St. 5-11-17

MEN wanted with rig to introduce and sell eighty-five Extracts, Spices, Medicines, etc. Big money. Wilson made $90 weekly. We mean business. Box 774, Dept. 13, Cedar Rapids, Iowa. 73-4-5

ANYBODY can earn $20 weekly, raising mushrooms entire year, in cellars, sheds, boxes, etc. Markets waiting. Free booklet. Hiram Barton, 29 West Forty-eighth Street, New York. 38-4-5

FREE ILLUSTRATED BOOK tells of about 300,000 protected positions in U. S. service. Thousands of vacancies every year. There is a big chance here for you, sure and generous pay, lifetime employment. Just ask for booklet T-412. No obligation. Earl Hopkins, Washington, D. C. 5-1-1

WANTED—First-class man cook. Apply 136 Washington Street. 4-30-210

TEN MEN wanted to sell local proposition; no previous sales; experience necessary; hustlers. Apply 510 Peters Building and see Mr. Smith or Mr. Lawton, between hours of 2 and 4 p. m. 5-2-8

WANTED—A boy who can milk and work on yard. Phone Decatur 376. 5-1-32

MALE HELP WANTED—Chance for a bright, smart boy, living with parents, to learn the typewriter business. Must be quick and not afraid of getting hands dirty or doing errands. Small pay to start with; plenty of chance to advance. Address Apprentice, care Georgian. 5-1-2

WANTED—First-class house-to-house salesmen for high-grade article; salary or commission paid. Salesmen, Box 1536, care American.

HIGH-GRADE MAN, experienced in credits and collections, one with local credit experience given preference. Address High Grade, Box 1359, care American.

HELP WANTED.

Male.

BOY AT ONCE—Must be good worker; good chance for good boy. Box 1712, care American.

A COMPETENT wood working machine hand at once. Box 1915, care American.

BIG demand for male stenographers at good salaries and excellent chances for advancement; we prepare you for one of these positions in 20 days; night school 3 months; investigate this; it will pay you. Rapid, Box 1877, care American.

WANTED—A good non-union barber, at once; single man preferred. Barber, Box 1818, care American.

WANTED—At once; first-class furniture and glass craters. Craters, Box 1611, care American.

WANTED—Men to learn barber trade; best trade for young men of limited means to become independent. If interested, write Barber College, Box 1994, care American.

WANTED—Good dairy hand. Address Dairy, Box 1519, care American.

WANT GOOD man to run meat market; tools, ice box, counters, rent free; good location, in grocery store; no booze fighters. Helper, Box 1670, care American.

I WANT to get in touch with a man of local acquaintance who wants to make $1,000 per month. Immediate, Box 1111, care American.

WANTED—Bright boy, about fifteen years, or older, with horse; prefer one living on or near Hapeville Road. W. W., Box 1710, care American.

YOUNG MEN wanted to run on trains; cash security required. Train, Box 1638, care American.

EXPERIENCED stenographer, familiar with car-lot business. J. A., Box 1213, care American.

WANTED—Young man to take tickets at moving picture theater; must be of neat appearance; good place for the right party. Address Show, Box 1956, care American.

MACHINISTS—Have steady employment for first-class lathe hands; when writing give experience. Regal, Box 1296, care American.

PHOTOGRAPHIC PRINTER; one who has had experience in amateur finishing preferred; $6 a week to start. Sunbeam, Box 1533, care American.

SOLICITORS for life or health and accident insurance; good pay. Box 1766, care American.

SALESMEN—Two neat appearing men to travel; leave city at once; expenses advanced. Lovebury, Box 1330, care American.

BAKER WANTED—First-class bread and cake baker. References required. Union Bakery, Union, S. C. 28-3-5

A BRIGHT young man of 20 with good address and habits. Prefer with selling experience in this line or some other; otherwise must be willing to apply himself diligently to learn the business; permanent position with advancement to right man. Reply at once in own handwriting, giving phone, address and references. If you can deliver the goods, get busy. Dental Supplies, Box 686, care The Georgian. 37-2-5

I WILL START YOU earning $4 daily at home in spare time, silvering mirrors; no capital; free instructive books, giving plans of operation. G. F. Redmond, Dept. 85, Boston, Mass. 2-14-19

MEN—Earn $100 to $150 monthly investigating; chance to see the world with all expenses paid; write Loraine System, Dept. 63, Boston, Mass. 2-15-22

WE ARE in need of several good male stenographers. Apply to Miss Lynch, Employment Department.

L. C. SMITH & BROS. TYPEWRITER CO.

Phone Ivy 1949. 121 N. Pryor St. 4-21-22

WANTED—Colored man, 25 to 30 years of age, with some business experience, must be able to read and write, and furnish good references as to character and past experience. Address X, care Georgian. 202-1-5

Female.

LADIES make shields at home, $10 per hundred. Work sent prepaid to reliable women. Particulars for stamped addressed envelope. Eureka Company, Dept. 62-A, Kalamazoo, Mich. 32-4-5

WILL PAY reliable woman $250 for distributing 200 FREE packages Perfumed Soap Powder in your town. No money required. L. S. Ward & Co., 216 Institute Place, Chicago. 37-4-5

LADY WANTED to travel in Georgia; groceries, candies, jewelry. Good pay and tailored suit or twenty-year watch free in ninety days. Experience unnecessary. McBrady & Co., Chicago. 40-4-5

WANTED—Lady agents; good selling proposition; salary or commission. Call or address George L. Shuman Co., 915 Austell Bldg., Atlanta. 200-5-4

WANTED—Middle-aged, refined lady to keep house for widower and one child; will pay small wages and give the right party a good home. Middle-Aged, Box 1015, care American.

FOUR girls to mend and inspect films. Film, Box 1501, care American.

WANTED—A girl, 15 years of age, to feed embossing machine. Standard, Box 1711, care American.

WANTED—A cook and two caretakers for children; must bring references. Address Steady, Box 1490, care American.

WANTED—Woman to sew in dressmaking parlor; must be experienced. Address Sewing, Box 1917, care American.

LADIES—Start fascinating home business, tinting postcards, pictures, etc.; spare time; many make $12 weekly; no canvassing; particulars free. Address Money-Maker, Box 1718, care American.

THREE waitresses, $7; chambermaids, $7; cooks, $5. Employment, Box 1500, care American.

HOUSE to house agents wanted; good proposition. Address Agents, Box 1490, care American.

WANTED—A respectable, experienced white girl or lady for lunch stand. Box 1466, care American.

WANTED—A cook and two caretakers; must bring references. Address Competent, Box 1599, care American.

WANTED—Capable, competent stenographer; must have office experience. Address Capable, Box 1891, care American.

WANTED—White woman cook for small family hotel; moderate wages. Write G., Box 1261, care American.

STEADY girls wanted, 16 to 20 years of age, for light factory work; experience unnecessary. Address Worker, Box 1978, care American.

Half Million Persons Read the "Want Ads" in Hearst's Sunday American Each Issue

HELP WANTED.

Female.

WHITE waitress and second maid in private family, where French and German are spoken. Waitress, Box 1776, care American.

LADIES can make 20 per cent on each supporter. Material furnished. Send stamped envelope for particulars. Wisconsin Supply Co., Dept. K3, Milwaukee, Wis. 77-4-5

A RARE opportunity to make a comfortable living at home, sewing plain seams, all home work, no canvassing. State time can sew, no triflers. Send 10 cents for samples, postage, etc., returning if not satisfactory. Home Sewers' Company, Jobbers' Sewing Dept., 93-D, Rehoboth, Del. 81-4-5

COLORED WOMEN agents for wonder-working Palmer's Skin Whitener. Start own business. 100 per cent profit. $1.50 outfit free to responsible agents. Write to-day, giving references. Jacobs Pharmacy, Atlanta, Ga. 1-25-3

WANTED—Experienced milliner and maker and milliner saleslady; only competent help apply. After 10 a. m. 115 Peachtree. 35-30-4

EXPERIENCED typist to address envelopes, $1.50 per 1,000. Apply Monday after 10 a. m., Room 301, Fourth National Bank Building. 102-4-5

TEN lady solicitors, Atlanta, Decatur, Marietta; permanent position all year round; can make good wages; exclusive territory assigned each one. Box 533, care American. 99-4-5

WANTED—A cook at 1371 Peachtree, corner Brookwood Drive. Room on lot. 5-4-21

WANTED—Experienced nurse for child 2 years old. Apply 362 Peachtree. 5-4-19

WANTED—A colored woman for general housework. Call at 49 Boulevard Place. 5-4-18

WANTED—A lady between 50 and 65, neat in appearance, as companion for lady. Address Mrs. M. R., care Georgian. 5-4-17

WANTED—Good housekeeper. Apply 174 South Pryor. Call before noon. 5-4-16

EXPERIENCED saleslady in general dry goods store, with reference. Apply 776 Marietta Street. 5-3-207

WANTED—An experienced cook. Small family. Good wages. 58 East Merritts Avenue. 5-3-26

WANTED—First-class cook. Room on place. Apply 366 West Peachtree. 5-3-27

WANTED—A first-class cook; room on lot. 779 Piedmont Ave. 5-3-42

I WANT a bright, smart business lady who knows how to solicit advertising for newspapers; splendid pay and steady job. Apply Monday morning at 10 o'clock, Advertising Manager, 421 Kiser Building. 5-3-23

WANTED—A good cook. Apply at 166 E. Pine St. 5-3-202

SEVERAL bright young ladies to solicit subscriptions to new publication; salary or commission. Apply immediately. The Four Hundred, 421 Kiser Building. 5-2-32

WANTED—A competent general servant with references. Call at 489 North Jackson. 44-2-5

WANTED—Colored girl about 12 or 13 years old to help in small family. Apply 49 Boulevard Place. 5-2-40

WANTED—Good cook. 155 Peeples Street. 5-2-24

WANTED—Companionable woman to go to a good country home to help with the housekeeping and help with the teaching of two small children. Ivy 1418-L. 434 North Boulevard. 5-2-18

GOOD HOME, good pay for a neat, refined white woman to live in small family. 375 Capitol Avenue. 5-2-20

EXPERIENCED P. B. X telephone operators and experienced local operators can secure attractive positions by applying to Mr. Robinson, Room 10, Southern Bell Telephone Main Exchange, 78 South Pryor Street. 4-6-71

GIRLS LEARN MILLINERY; best trade on earth for women; pay $60 to $100 a month. Write Ideal School of Millinery, 100½ Whitehall St. 3-29-41

WANTED—A middle-aged lady to keep house; good home and salary. Address Housekeeper, care Georgian. 202-5-2

WANTED—Young lady to assist coat-maker. Apply B. & N. Tailors, 206 Marietta Street. 5-1-32

FIRST-CLASS COOK; good wages; female preferred. Apply 241 West Peachtree. 39-1-5

WANTED—A good cook; also maid to work half day; furnished room on lot. Apply 865 Peachtree. 5-1-12

WANTED—Young lady companion for wife; must show best of references and be willing to travel; absolutely no work and salary must be reasonable. State street and phone number. Box 907, care Georgian. 27-1-5

WANTED—Young women and girls desiring attractive positions. Welfare of operators and clerks closely supervised by the company; their conduct on the premises carefully guarded by matron, woman supervisors and chief operator, who have complete control over the retiring and operating room. Short training course for those inexperienced; salary paid while learning. Salary increased upon being transferred to operating force, and for those becoming efficient, increased as they become worthy, with opportunities for ultimate advancement to $75 per month. References proving the standing of the applicant essential. Those having educational advantages preferred. Lunch room and comfortable retiring rooms provided with several hundred Carnegie Library books for the convenience of the operators. Matron and trained nurse in attendance. Apply 8:30 to 5, Southern Bell Telephone and Telegraph Company Training School, 25 Auburn Avenue. 5-20-25

Male and Female.

MEN and women wanted to sell Imperial self-heating irons; big profits; salary or commission; hot summer day's ironing no longer a drudgery, no experience required. Write us now. Hurff Imperial Flat Iron Co., 35 Moore Bldg., Atlanta. 101-4-5

MEN-WOMEN—Get government jobs; excellent salaries; write immediately for free list of positions obtainable. Government, Box 1636, care American.

SALARY and commission to good steady workers. Apply 85 West Harris. 5-3-35

SHORTHAND COURSE, $15. 35 West Peachtree St. 4-20-28

MEN, WOMEN—Get government jobs, excellent salaries. Write immediately for free list of positions obtainable. Franklin Institute, Dept. 19-C, Rochester, N. Y. 44-13-4

CRICHTON-SHUMAKER
Established 1892
Business College
THE LEADING
Business Training School in the South.
INDIVIDUAL INSTRUCTION
BY THE PROPRIETORS IN PERSON.
CATALOGUE FREE.
KISER BUILDING, ATLANTA.

AUCTION SALES.

AT AUCTION.

SEVERAL CONSIGNMENTS OF NEW AND SECOND-HAND FURNITURE, INCLUDING CIRCASSIAN WALNUT, SOLID MAHOGANY AND QUARTERED OAK BED ROOM FURNITURE, ELEGANT BRASS BEDS, REFRIGERATOR, PARLOR AND LIBRARY FURNITURE, DINING TABLE, DINING CHAIRS, ART SQUARES, ETC.; TUESDAY, MAY 6, AT 10 A. M.

CENTRAL AUCTION CO.
12 E. Mitchell Street.

TYPEWRITERS FOR RENT.

ROYAL typewriters rented; one month, $2.75; three months for $7.00; special rates to students. Royal Typewriter Co., 46 N. Pryor St. Phone Main 2492. 4-25-17

TYPEWRITERS
GOOD machines rented anywhere, $5 for three months. American Writ. Mch. Co., 48 N. Pryor.

TEACHERS WANTED.

TEACHERS and superintendents, write for literature and information to Teachers' Agency Company, 1013 Empire Building, Atlanta, Ga. 92-4-5

CALLS are coming in rapidly. Teachers should enroll at once. Our twenty-second year. Sheridan's Teachers' Agency, 307 Candler Building, Atlanta, Ga. Greenwood, S. C., Charlotte, N. C. 4-27-20

WRITE for record of our eight years' work. High class patronage. Efficient service. Foster's Teachers Agency, Atlanta, Ga. 64-4-4

AGENTS AND SALESMEN

Wanted.

AGENTS AND SALESMEN.

STOCK SALESMAN.

Want a stock salesman who is able to secure local capital for high-class manufacturing and sales corporation; must be able to deal with and have acquaintance among influential men of means; proposition has merit and will stand rigid investigation; no advances, but a good contract that will make you big money for time spent. Address Capital Wanted, Box 509, care American. 103-4-5

HIGH-CLASS real estate salesman wanted. Apply 400 Temple Court Building. 42-2-5

PORTRAIT AGENTS—Send your work direct to artist and get better work. We get order out on time. Prices to suit your trade. Stevens Bros., 23½ Whitehall Street, Atlanta. 3-7-35

AGENTS—Chance to make big money calling on automobile owners; get our proposition to-day. The Clayton & Hunnicutt Co., Marietta, Ga. 40-10-4

FRATERNAL DEPUTIES—Rare opportunity; accident, partial and total disability benefits; old age pension; $100 monument; write to-day. Southern, Box 1665, care American.

EXPERIENCED men and women solicitors; new and paying proposition; money every night; no deliveries. Address Solicitors, Box 1421, care American.

WE NEED a few strictly business-getters; if you are a hustler and want to make some good money for yourself, and at the same time show others the way that they can make it, see us. Address Producers, Box 1523, care American.

I WANT you to handle my perfumes, soft soap, harness oil, brass cleaner. Simon, Box 1414, care American.

AGENTS—Don't be greedy for work; easily make $4 to $10 a day; sell everywhere without talk; sample 25c; catalogue free. Sanitary Household Company, McElhattan, Pa. 36-20-4

LIVE AGENTS QUICK—In Houston and every Texas town, for best realty proposition in State; gilt-edge, quick sales, good commission; answer at once. Address Live Agents, Box 1826, care American.

A FEW good men, "live ones;" good money to good man; great opportunity for A1 insurance men or real estate men. Investment, Box 1612, care American.

SALESMAN—Georgia territory open. Must be producer. Excellent opening. Staple line. Expenses advanced against commission contract. References required. Barrows Company, 800 Woodward Avenue, Detroit, Mich. 25-4-5

AGENTS make 500 per cent profit selling our "Novelty Sign Cards." Merchants buy 10 to 100 on sight. 800 varieties. Catalogue free. Sullivan Co., 1234 Van Buren Street, Chicago, Ill. 30-4-5

SIDE LINE—To salesmen calling upon manufacturing plants, machine manufacturing establishments, etc. Pocket sample; permanent income; interesting proposition. Vance Self-Oiling Wheel Company, St. Louis, Mo. 33-4-5

AGENTS—$24 a week. New patented automatic curry comb. Takes just half as long to clean a horse. No clogging with hair and dirt. Big demand. Big profits. Free sample to workers. Auto Comb Company, 8729 Penn Building, Dayton, Ohio. 39-4-5

BASEBALL BOOK—Standard authority; millions sold 1913 season. Hustlers get 5,000. Send 25 cents for 12 books. Agents' profits 300 per cent. Williams Specialties Co., P. O. Box 446, Fairmont, W. Va. 66-4-5

AGENTS—Free prospectus. New proposition. Big profits. Write for particulars. C. S. Hammond & Co., 29 Church St., New York city. 70-4-5

AGENTS—We have the greatest and fastest selling line of new patented household articles. Best in spring and summer. Make $5 to $25 daily. Housewives can not resist our snappy goods; nearly every demonstration means sale. Exclusive territory—but be quick. National Co. & Mfg. Co., Dept. 13, 29 W. Lake, Chicago. 71-4-5

EARN $15 money selling college pennants, hat bands and pillows; stamped envelope brings sample. Capital Manufacturing Company, 425 East 122d St., New York. 82-4-5

AGENTS AND SALESMEN.

Wanted.

AGENTS, would you take steady job making $30 weekly with opportunity to be district manager at $3,000 yearly? No experience required. My goods are snappy self sellers. Make big money quick by writing me to-day. E. M. Davis, president, 749 Davis Block, Chicago. 72-4-5

AGENTS—New profitable field; brilliant Mexican diamonds exactly resemble genuine; defy experts; quick sales, large commissions. Send for special offer. Mexican Diamond Imp. Co., Box BA, Las Cruces, N. M. 74-4-5

SALESMAN, Big Commissions. Unlimited possibilities. Large profits by giving part or entire time selling novelty punch board deals. Something new. Hoodwin Co., 1005 Madison St., Chicago. 78-4-5

AGENTS—Something good; best seller; big demand. Get busy and write for particulars today. The Harrell Specialty Co., 1563 Evergreen Ave., Jacksonville, Fla. 80-4-5

DRESSMAKING—DRESSMAKERS.

DRESSMAKING, street and evening dresses, $5 up; latest styles; first-class work. West 950-J 4-30-26

SITUATIONS WANTED.

Male.

WANTED—Place as collector or clerk in grocery store. Can give best of references. J. A., Box 48, care Georgian. 58-3-5

YOUNG man, age twenty-three, experienced in general office work, must have position at once. Address Perseverance, 159 Central Ave. 204-5-3

WANTED—Extra work several nights each week and Saturday afternoons. Twelve years' experience with various railroads in passenger and accounting departments. Address H., Box 9, care Georgian. 25-3-5

POSITION WANTED as office assistant; employed now, but want to change; several years' experience in office work; will start on small salary and furnish best of references. Address Accurate, care Georgian, Box 10. 25-3-5

EXPERIENCED on electric clocks, chimes and recorders, also some watch and jewelry work. Want work quick. Address Clockmaker, care Georgian. 200-5-2

DRUGGIST—Experienced licensed druggist desires position at once; best of reference. Address Quick, Box 80, care Georgian. 41-2-5

POSITION—Any clerical work. Positions held: Bookkeeper, assistant bookkeeper, paymaster, timekeeper, etc. References and bond furnished. Jeff, 23 Washington Street, City. 32-2-5

WANTED—Position by experienced young man as steno-bookkeeper, age 20; employed at present. Address J., Box 840, care Georgian. 29-2-5

SMALL set books for couple hours evenings. H. S. Britton, phone Main 3008. 27-2-5

RELIABLE colored chauffeur wants position at once. Good references. People I last worked for leaving for California. Henry Fann, 188 Piedmont Avenue. 36-2-5

EXPERIENCED chauffeur wishes position; can furnish best reference. Call Ivy 3079-L. 203-5-1

POSITION as embalmer and funeral director; graduate of Renouard's School, New York; six years' experience; also good bookkeeper. Address K., Box 400, care Georgian. 36-1-5

WANTED—Position as collector or solicitor or in grocery or dry goods Store. Fifteen years' experience. Reference. Address T. P., 858, care Georgian. 35-1-5

I WRITE ADVERTISEMENTS for newspapers or posters; bright, witty, catchy, attract attention. Increase your sales; reasonable terms. Address "Alert," Box 625, care Georgian. 26-1-5

BOOKKEEPER-CASHIER, general office man, open for position; eight years with last firm. Address K. B., Box 830, care Georgian. 31-30-4

YOUNG man, age 23, desires clerical position; six years' experience in sales and advertising department with one firm; best of references. Can start at once. Address L. N., care Georgian. 33-28-4

BOOKKEEPER and stenographer, competent, experienced, reliable, desires responsible position in or out of Atlanta. Address Personal, 52 West Pine St. 39-29-4

HOTEL MANAGER with ten years' experience, desires engagement July 1. References on request. Address T. A. Henry, care General Delivery, Atlanta, Ga. 26-29-4

MAN of good character, holding responsible position, wants to drive car for private family on Sunday or make trips to Warm Springs for garages. Address Bob, Box 10, care Georgian. 205-27-4

DRUG CLERK—Wanted by medical student, position as front man with going concern in small town; experience and best reference. Address G., Box 111, care Georgian. 114-27-4

EXPERT SURVEYOR and office recorder wants contract with large concern as chief of land department. Experience comprises inside, outside and abstract work. Over three years with present employer. "Chairman," Box 1780, care American. 31-3-5

HOISTING and stationary engineer wants position. Taylor, Box 1500, care American.

MR. WHOLESALE or Retail Merchant: I am a young married man, wife and two children, and will locate in Atlanta within the next week. I am from the Northeast, experienced retail and wholesale salesman; have excellent business training and references. Address Conscientious, Box 1365, care American. 34-3-5

STRICTLY sober, reliable and trustworthy man of family, with highest class references, wants position of any kind where work will merit living wages; would like work where there is chance to learn shipping; can go to work immediately. Address Trustworthy, Box 1920, care American. 31-2-5

POSITION as grocery clerk; have experience and references. George, Box 1420, care American.

WANTED—Position as salesman in store; dry goods, grocery or shoe store; willing to work for any one that wants a good clerk; speak two languages; references. Address C. S., Box 1760, care American.

WANTED—Position by young married man with 11 years' experience as meat cutter and sausage maker; strictly sober; can give the best of reference. Butcher, Box 1499, care American.

SPANISH-American possessing perfect knowledge Spanish wants work translating or business correspondence. Address Spanish, Box 1408, care American.

WANTED—Position as bookkeeper or salesman; have had considerable experience; can furnish bond if necessary; am 25 years old. Address McDonald, Box 1520, care American.

A GOOD reliable chauffeur; can furnish best of reference; has position at present, but would like to change. Address Chauffeur, Box 1429, care American.

WOULD like to keep small set books after 5. Address Bookkeeper, Box 1461, care American.

SITUATIONS WANTED.

Male.

EXPERIENCED combination accountant-stenographer; system collections, office detail; rapid, accurate; references, try me. Hadley, Box 1290, care American.

POSITION as clerk or delivery boy; have had seven months' experience as delivery boy. Address Box 1416, care American.

FIRST-CLASS repairer chauffeur; guarantee good work; desires situation. Call Curgil, 506 North Butler. 208-5-4

WANTED—By young man of five years' experience, position as foreman of ice cream factory, or manager of line of founts; gilt-edge references. Address B. C., Box 8, care Georgian. 60-27-4

WANTED—Two or three hours work a day as bookkeeper or assistant. Address N. K., Box 841, care Georgian. 51-4-5

YOUNG MAN wants work; experienced salesman and bookkeeper. Can give best of references. Address H., Box 15, care Georgian. 46-4-5

WANTED—Position as city salesman; have machine. Address D., Box 98, care American.

WANTED—By experienced designer and mechanical draftsman employed during day outside work; reasonable prices. Address R., Box 108, care American.

WANTED—By a young dentist; position traveling for either wholesale drug company, dental or surgical supply house. X., Box 40, care American.

BOOKKEEPER and auditor will straighten out your bookkeeping and office troubles. Trial balances made. Small sets of books written up. P. O. Box 836, Phone Ivy 7011. 5-4-13

Female.

COMPETENT stenographer desires temporary work; 9 years' experience. West 1212-J. 212-5-4

SITUATION by stenographer; work of any kind to do in spare time; low rates. Address X, Box 1559, care American.

SITUATION wanted to do housework, cooking and ironing. Address Housework, Box 1866, care American.

SITUATION wanted to do plain sewing; can furnish reference. Address Robertson, Box 1290, care American.

SITUATION wanted by settled woman as housekeeper and cook for boarding house; references. Charles, Box 1469, care American.

SITUATION wanted by experienced young colored woman to do cooking or washing. Rousseau Orleans, Box 1260, care American.

SITUATION wanted by colored girl, nurse and assist in housework. Address Worker, Box 1640, care American.

SITUATION wanted as house girl or cook; references. Address Housegirl, Box 1475, care American.

SITUATION wanted as washerwoman or housework. Address Earnest, Box 1510, care American.

SITUATION wanted to do housework or anything. Address X, Box 1649, care American.

WANTS job as chambermaid at hotel or private family.

A YOUNG lady, rapid writer and good speller, fine in figures, wishes position in office where there is a chance for promotion; would leave city if necessary; references exchanged. Address Rapid, Box 1453, care American.

WANTED by expert stenographer, employed, some extra work to do regularly. Preston, Box 1366, care American.

POSITION as companion, nurse or housekeeper for elderly people; unincumbered. Address Companion, Box 1312, care American.

WANTED—By an experienced lady, to run a rooming house for a responsible party; references exchanged. Address Reliable, Box 1640, care American.

COLORED GIRL desires position to do plain sewing by the day. 205 North Ashby Street, Atlanta. 38-4-5

WANTED—Sewing work, guaranteed; prices reasonable. B., Box 1903, care American.

REFINED LADY would like position as housekeeper or companion for elderly lady; can give best of city references. Address B., Box 71, care American.

COLORED laundress wants steady employment Wednesdays and Thursdays. Address Laundress, Box 1639, care American.

CAPABLE elderly woman wants work, city or country. Address F., Box 34, care American.

WANTED—By experienced woman, work by the day. Address B., Box 74, care American.

WANTED—Position by competent bookkeeper and stenographer, with ten years experience, capable of assuming responsibility; best of references. G., Box 160, care American.

YOUNG lady desires position; has had experience as stenographer and general office assistant. Phone Ivy 6813-L. 31-3-5

WANTED—To sew at private home; first-class dressmaker, $1.25 per day. Dressmaker, 374 E. Hunter. 34-3-5

A-1 COOK wants position. Address 181 East Harris Street. 5-2-202

ENERGETIC saleswoman wants position in real estate office. Address M. X., care Georgian. 31-2-5

HIGHLY respected lady desires position as general housekeeper in widower's home or working couple. Good cook. Best references. Reliable, Box 35, care Georgian. 37-2-5

WANTED—Position in pantry or linen room by young woman experienced in hotel work. Would leave city. L., care Georgian. 201-1-5

YOUNG LADY with two years experience desires stenographic position at once. Call Ivy 6705. 30-1-5

YOUNG LADY, beginner, desires position as stenographer; willing to start at $6 a week. Call Main 369. 29-1-5

WANTED—Situation for mother and daughter as cook and maid, or nurse, with rooms each. Apply 40-B Henry St. 39-28-4

TEACHER with first grade licenses and normal training and six years' experience in kindergarten and primary departments of public school wants place as governess during summer months. Will be willing to help care for children. Address Teacher, Box 303, care Georgian. 88-27-4

PALMISTRY.

THE oldest established Palmist in the city can be consulted on all affairs of life. Satisfaction guaranteed or no charge. 17 E. Mitchell, in tent. 5-3-207

QUESTION—If you have read this, is it not reasonable to suppose others will read your ad in this paper if you want anything?

WANTED—MISCELLANEOUS.

WANTED—Old feather bed mattresses renovated; feathers steam cleaned. Main 4840, Atlanta 1476. 94-4-5

WANTED—To buy old copies of Business Philosopher; state how many and price. Box 494, care Georgian. 67-4-5

WANTED—To purchase two second-hand rolltop desks in good condition; must be cheap, for cash. Address Desks, Box 112, care American. 5-4-5

WANTED — First-class second-hand moving picture machine. Address, with particulars, to P. O. Box 126, Dallas, Ga. 64-4-5

WANTED—Pasture for two cows; as near the corner of Highland Avenue and Jackson Street as possible. J. W. Hill, Ivy 679. 5-3-21

WANTED—Good old violin. Write particulars, color and make. T. E. McKinley, Demopolis, Ala. 5-2-10

WANTED—To buy or rent one 10-ton three-wheel steam roller, and one 5-ton tandem roller. Must have rollers at once. R. M. Hudson, 1207 Empire Bldg., Atlanta. 4-30-22

WANTED—To buy or rent one 20-horse-power boiler. Address R. M. Hudson, 1207 Empire Building. 4-30-18

I BUY MEN'S old clothes and shoes. Drop a card. I. Bock, 177 Gilmer St.

DROP A CARD.
We'll bring Cash for
Old Clothes and Shoes.
"THE VESTAIRE."
166 Decatur Street.

WE PAY HIGHEST cash prices for household goods, pianos and office furniture. Cash advanced on consignments. Central Auction Company, 12 East Mitchell Street. Bell phone Main 2424. 8-25-26

FOR SALE—MISCELLANEOUS.

FOR SALE—Adding machine in perfect condition at a bargain. Address Adding Machine, care American. 89-4-5

NEW L. C. Smith typewriter, in perfect condition; tremendous sacrifice. Must sell quick. Apply to money order division main Atlanta postoffice. 88-4-5

FOR SALE—One eight-syrup American soda fount, $200; one electric carbonator, $50; one solid plate glass showcase, with solid marble base, $25. J. H. Falks, 142 Peachtree. 5-4-41

DAYTON BICYCLE; spring seat; good tires; used only a few months; $15. D. H. Smith, 11 Hurt Street. Ivy 3842-J. 5-4-54

LARGE safe and desk in first-class condition. Inquire Monday noon. Folsom Restaurant. 104-4-5

WANTED—Owing to domestic troubles the only thing now left on my hands is a $500 Knabe piano, which I will sell for most any reasonable offer, either cash or time. Address Knabe, Box 832, care Georgian. 4-30-9

SECOND-HAND SAFES—Small, medium and large home safes, $15; Hall's bank and fireproof safes, vault doors, etc. C. J. Daniel, 416 Fourth National Bank Building. 9-7-33

FOR SALE—Moving picture machines, chairs, curtains and all supplies at lowest prices. W. H. Peck, Rhodes Building, Atlanta, Ga. 4-6-23

FOR SALE—Second-hand bookkeeper's desk, flat top desk, typewriter desk and revolving office chair. See them at 84 North Pryor. 5-4-205

LARGE solid cedar or cedar-lined chests, moth and mice-proof, at cut prices. Fort McPherson Cabinet Works, City. 203-5-4

FOR SALE—Modern soda fountain outfit. Counter, fancy top, carbonator and supplies. Excellent condition. Address C., Box 66, care American. 63-4-5

FOR SALE—Besson cornet, with C attachment; $35; good condition. E. C. Earle, 253 Chappell Street, Columbus, Ga. 62-4-5

PIANOLA and 160 best rolls. Will sell or exchange for diamonds. Ivy 508-L. 47-4-5

FOR SALE—One five-foot rolltop quarter-sawed oak desk; also one bookkeeper's standing desk. Southern Wreckage Co. 114 South Forsyth Street. 5-4-7

$75 VICTOR, good as new, $25. Address M. B., Box 3, care Georgian. 60-4-5

FOR SALE.—One five-foot rolltop quarter-sawed oak desk. Also one bookkeeper's standing desk. Southern Wreckage Co., 114 S. Forsyth St. 5-4-7

FOR SALE—Horse and buggy at a bargain. For information call East Point 321-L. Reason for sale, owner leaving State. 5-3-206

25 H. P. PORTABLE saw mill outfit for sale cheap. Royal Lumber Co., Atlanta, Ga.

SHAVINGS for sale. Two-horse load, $1.00. Royal Lumber Co., Oakland City. 5-3-20

HORSES pastured at $1 per month. A. Krause, R. 6, Box 124, Buckhead, Atlanta. 200-5-3

FOR SALE—Bedstead and bureau in good condition; bargain for cash. Address Bargain, Box 102, care Georgian. 30-3-5

HIGH CLASS BUNGALOW, on North Side; hardwood floors, furnace, electricity and all conveniences. Ivy 825-J. 32-30-4

DIAMOND FOR SALE.

I have a first-class diamond for sale. Will trade it for land, stocks or real estate. It's worth about $1,500. What have you? Diamond, Box 304, care American. 109-4-5

POSITION as auditor, comptroller, treasurer or manager by corporation specialist; location immaterial. Address J. O., Box 512, care Georgian. 100-4-5

FOR SALE—66-inch sanitary rolltop desk; cost $80; will sell for $45, brand-new. 707 Fourth National Bank Building. 5-4-50

AUTOMATIC REFRIGERATOR

Automatic Refrigerators may cost a little more than some refrigerators, but taking into consideration the amount of food and ice they save, they are the least expensive of all refrigerators.

Price $17.50 to $75.00.
C. H. MASON,
Agent.
6 and 8 W. Mitchell St.

NOTICE—The water mill of A. D. Howard, on Roswell Road at Nance's Creek, which was damaged by flood, is now in good shape and ready for business. Postcard will bring wagon to your door. Fresh ground every day. Address R. F. D. 2, Chamblee, Ga. 4-10-1

NOTICE—The water mill of A. D. Howard, on Roswell Road at Nance's Creek, which was damaged by flood, is now in good shape and ready for business. Postcard will bring wagon to your door. Fresh ground every day. Address R. F. D. 2, Chamblee, Ga. 4-10-1

BUSINESS GUIDE

Ready Reference for the
Business Man, the Artisan
And the Public in General

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BUILD and stop paying enormous rent. You need an architect who understands your particular needs. My long experience as architect and builder, and I can furnish you plans, specifications and bill of all necessary materials cheaper than anybody else in Atlanta. It's to your interest to see me. FRITZ WAGENER, 408 Fourth National Bank Building. Phone Main 174. 2-25-54

Auction Sales of Furniture and Household Goods.

CENTRAL AUCTION COMPANY, 12 East Mitchell street, buys and sells everything; regular auction Tuesday and Friday. Bell phone Main 2424. 10-3-41

Blacksmithing.

STRUCTURAL STEEL AND IRON WORK.
WE make all kinds of metal windows and doors, also window gratings and hangers of all kinds. Anderson Bros. & Rich, 372 Edgewood Avenue. 4-2-7

Banks.

AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK,
Corner Alabama and Broad street.
CAPITAL AND SURPLUS $1,000,000.

Barber Shops.

HAIR CUTS—15c.
3 Viaduct place, between Peachtree and Broad. 12-28-38

Bicycles.

FOR BICYCLES and supplies, See D. Alexander, 54 N. Pryor. M. 3116. Repair Work a specialty. 3-27-51

CALL Main 1320, Atlanta 1436. Bicycle repairs and sundries. Atlanta Bicycle Company, 10 Peters Street. 2-15-66

Blue Prints.

DIXIE BLUE PRINT CO.
40½ LUCKIE STREET, Atlanta, Ga. Best equipment. Best prints of any size or kind. Lowest prices. Phone Ivy 5364. 4-28-12

Box and Bedding Plants.

ALL KINDS of bedding and box plants, 50c per dozen. Telephone your order. Ivy 1248-J. Ponce DeLeon Floral Co., 398 Ponce DeLeon avenue. 4-3-2

Builders.

LET US BUILD you a home. Will buy you a lot or pay off your lot. Terms to suit. 400 Temple Court. Main 4189. 4-15-16

Carpenter and Builder.

ALL KINDS REPAIR WORK.
D. M. WHEELER, 19 South Forsyth St. Phone M. 4186. Atlanta 1547. 12-31-16

Carpets and Rugs Cleaned.

ATLANTA STEAM CARPET CLEANING COMPANY (Inc.) 27 West Alexander street. Phone Ivy 4186. Moist and dry cleaning. Rugs woven from your old carpets and rags. Porch shades made to order. 2-8-27

Chronic Diseases.

SPECIALTY—CHRONIC DISEASES OF BLOOD, heart, lungs, kidneys, liver, etc., rheumatism, nervous diseases, medicines furnished; consultation free. Write or call on Dr. M. T. Salter, 68 South Broad. 11-11-2

Coal.

Coal, Coke and Wood.

S. M. TRUITT & SONS,
for dry wood and best coal. 1-31-21

Contract Painting and Wall Tinting.

J. A. JOHNSON, 397 W. Fair St., West 1288-J, for all kinds of painting and tinting.

Dentist.

PORCELAIN—NO GOLD
CROWN AND BRIDGE WORK
OUR SPECIALTY.
PATENT SUCTION
Whalebone;
Best Set,
$3.00
No More, No Less
GOLD Ch..... .22 CARAT) ..$3.00
BRIDGE WORK, PER TOOTH 3.00
SILVER FILLINGS ..... .25
GOLD FILLINGS ..... .50
CLEANING TEETH ..... .50
TWENTY-YEAR GUARANTEE.
EASTERN PAINLESS DENTISTS,
38½ Peachtree Street. 4-2-31

Ear, Nose, Throat and Lung Trouble.

DR. GEORGE BROWN, Diseases of the Ear, Nose, Throat and Lungs, 312-14 Austell Bldg. I have the only compound oxygen plant ever brought South and make this gas daily. Weak, nervous, anaemic and pale people are invited to call. 4-6-13

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"AMO ENGINEERS ARE QUESTIONABLE"
ENGINEERING questions answered or fee refunded. "What shall I use? Whose make? Where?" $1 fee. Amo House, Box 363, Atlanta, Ga. 5-3-5

Engineering and Machine Designing.

G. V. PLANT, M. E.
I DEVELOP YOUR INVENTION.
Dixie Pattern and Machine Works, 262 West North Avenue. Main 2829. 4-5-17

Fly Screens.

Fly Screens Made to Order.
OAKLAND CITY REPAIR WORKS.
Carpenter and cabinet work a specialty. Call West 242-L. Atlanta 528. C. F. Dickey, Mgr. 5-1-37

FLY SCREENS.
METAL AND WOOD FRAMES; portable garages. W. J. Baker Company. Bell phone Ivy 926. No. 811 Empire Life Bldg., Atlanta, Ga. 5-1-4

FLY—SCREENS—FLY
COME SEE our Roll-aawy Screens, our Roller-bearing Screens, our Sliding Screens; none better. It will pay you to see our goods; get prices. 217 Kiser Bldg. Main 1319. Porter Screen Co. J. J. Crawford, Agent. 2-4-14

Fire-Proof Storage.

WE STORE HOUSEHOLD GOODS and pianos. Office and warehouse, 239-241 Edgewood avenue. Ivy 2037. John J. Woodside Storage Company.

Furniture Repairing and Upholstering.

SOUTHERN FURNITURE EXCHANGE
CARPET cleaning, furniture repairer. Furniture bought and sold and mattresses renovated. 121 McDaniel Street. Bell Phone Main 4840. Atlanta Phone 3892. 4-6-6

FURNITURE repaired, upholstering, refinishing neatly done. Work called for and delivered. Young K. Carson, 479 Marietta street. Atlanta 2567. 3-5-6

W. L. LUNSFORD & CO.,
Upholstering, repairing and refinishing furniture of all kinds; satisfaction guaranteed. Phones, Atlanta 5950-F, M. 5111. 3-5-36

Fresh Oysters Daily.

VIRGINIA and New Orleans oysters on the half shell, 40c dozen. 77 Peachtree street.

Furniture.

PERFECTION OIL STOVES.
Three-burner, including oven and vessels, complete, $12.50.
CAMERON FURNITURE CO.,
85 South Forsyth Street.
5-1-3

T. C. FURNITURE CO.
Cash or easy payments, 415 Marietta, Phone Atlanta 1797. 4-5-12

Hardware and Tools.

HARDWARE, tools, household specialties. 100 per cent value at 190 Edgewood Avenue. H. G. Martin. 2-11-41

Hat Cleaning.

STRAW HATS, 25c; Soft Hats cleaned and blocked, 35c. George's Hat Cleaning and Shoe Shine Parlor, 3½ E. Alabama Street. 4-10-11

Hatters.

ACME HATTERS make old hats look like new. Mail orders given prompt attention. 20 East Hunter street. 12-3-44

Instrument Makers.

E. A. BOSTROM MFG. CO.,
Instrument Makers.
NOW LOCATED AT 278½ EDGEWOOD AVENUE. All kinds of high-grade light machine work done. Special attention given to repairing of engineers' instruments. LEVELS and TRANSITS. 3-11-40

Jewelry.

$1.00 a week will pay for a good watch, a diamond, a piece of jewelry, or a pair of eyeglasses, or spectacles. "You wear them while you pay for them." Every article guaranteed. Prices Reasonable.
Rants-Goltz Co.
5 SOUTH BROAD STREET.

Lighting Fixtures.

ELECTRIC and gas fixtures; all new styles; lowest prices. Queen Mantel and Tile Company, 56 West Mitchell street. Phone Main 681. 1-16-16

Lime, Concrete, Roofing, Stone.

LAND LIME AND STONE COMPANY,
Lime, concrete and roofing stone. 915 3d Nat. Bank Bldg. 2-8-50

FOR all kinds of machine work see Camp Bros., now located at 275 Marietta street. Phone M. 2937. 12-3-4

Mining Engineers.

ZER W. AND W. F. SUMMEROUR.
MINING ENGINEERS AND PROSPECTORS.
TWENTY YEARS' FIELD EXPERIENCE.
LOCATING GOLD ORES A SPECIALTY.
CHARGES REASONABLE. A1 REFERENCES.
ADDRESS AURARIA OR ROY, GEORGIA. 5-3-4

Machine Work.

MALSBY COMPANY.
Manufacturers of and Dealers in
MACHINERY.
438-40 MARIETTA STREET.
4-5-16

Mattress Renovating.

SANITARY MATTRESS RENOVATING—Factory new and up-to-date; moderate prices; give us a trial. Jackson & Orr Company, Means street and W. & A. R. R. Both phones. 5-20-14

Paint.

EMERY CONSTRUCTION COMPANY.
"Let us build you a house."
"Or paint your old house."
318 Fourth National Bank. Main 1455. 4-29-26

PAINT! PAINT!
THE TRIPOD PAINT COMPANY,
37-9 Pryor Street.
BEST goods, prompt service. Phone us your orders. Phones Bell Main 4711, Main 4710, Atlanta 406. 7-1-12

Roof and Gutter Work.

I REPAIR all roofs, gutters, all kinds sheet iron work. 33 South Pryor. Main 3127. T. W. Hooper. 3-4-62

Safe Cracksman.



Fire and burglar proof safes opened and repaired. C. C. Downes, 29½ Marietta Street. Phones M. 2146. Atlanta 4922. 4-5-11

Sand.

SAND.
SAND in any quantity and quality; prompt delivery. S. M. Truitt & Son. 1-13-32

Sewing Machines.

WE RENT new machines with complete set of attachments for $2 per month; also machines repaired; prompt delivery. Both phones 1893. Singer Sewing Machine Company, 79 Whitehall. 9-14-44

Shoes.

GET the best shoes for the whole family. Peacock & Drennen, 222 Marietta Street. 4-16-28

Shoe Repairing.

SHOES HALF-SOLED, SEWED, 50 CENTS.
At Gwinn's Shoe Shop, 6 Luckie Street, Opposite Piedmont Hotel. Both phones. 3-26-45

Stove and Range Repairing.

STOVE DOCTOR.
STOVE, range and furnace repairing. 61 South Pryor Street. Bell Phone Main 1460. Atlanta phone 1410. 4-10-10

DAN THE FIXER.
STOVES AND REFRIGERATOR REPAIRING.
We sell second-hand gas stoves. We sweep chimneys.
121 WHITEHALL STREET.
Atlanta phone 2235. Bell phone M. 2695.

Transferring and Moving.

TRANSFERRING and moving a specialty. Prices reasonable. L. Stallings. Bell Phone Ivy 3094-J. 42-25-4

Trunks, Bags and Suitcases.

RETAILED AND REPAIRED.
ROUNTREE'S, 77 WHITEHALL ST.
PHONES: Bell M. 1576. Atlanta 1654.

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WARE & HARPER
BUSINESS BROKERS.
ROOMS 724 AND 725 ATLANTA NATIONAL BANK BUILDING.
Phones: Bell Main 1705, Atlanta 1868.

ABOUT $5,000. WELL established, highly reputable DRY GOODS, SHOE AND NOTION business; very best location; thickly populated residence section of the city; clean stock, well bought, well selected, by one of the best merchants in Atlanta. Owner has other business which requires his entire time.

ONE of the best located, most liberally patronized and strictly up-to-date 5c and 10c STORES with dollar limit, in the city of Atlanta; stock clean, well bought and well selected, as cheap as spot cash can purchase; owner has other business which requires his entire time; might consider selling one-half interest to an acceptable party.

$10,000. To an acceptable purchaser, one-third interest in one of the best SAW MILLING PLANTS, together with 50,000,000 feet of timber; very best distributing point; cheap freight rates in every direction; if you want a business of this nature, and can make the investment, only investigate this.

$5,000 BEAUTIFULLY equipped; very best location in city; strictly high-class DRUG, SODA WATER AND TOBACCO business, in one of Georgia's best cities of from 8,000 to 10,000 population; will inventory about $9,000; very best reason for selling; the biggest bargain and opportunity we have ever offered in this line

$1,000 WELL established, growing and profitable REAL ESTATE, FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE and FARM LOAN AGENCY; clearing from $3,000 to $4,000 per year; located in one of North Georgia's best cities of from 3,000 to 3,500 population.

$4,000 —FOR SALE in the best town in Georgia of 5,500 hustling and wide-awake people, an up-to-date MOVING PICTURE THEATER; every modern convenience; cleared $2,500 in last ten months; this price also includes purchase of negro picture show in same town. There are four schools, railroad shops and some of the largest sawmills in Georgia in this good town; reason for selling, owner going to California; if interested, call at once.

$6,000 —WELL-ESTABLISHED (ten years) and strictly high-class MANUFACTURING business, with trade all over the United States and Panama, should be a great field for this product, considering the big demand in other sections of the country; possibilities of this business are absolutely unlimited; we have the records of this business from the day it started.

$40,000 —AN inexhaustible SAND BED; finest quality, with 101 acres of land, together with a completely equipped and first-class STONE CRUSHING PLANT, with unlimited supply of stone; splendid sidetrack which belongs to the plant, and a first-class locomotive; about 6 or 8 miles from Atlanta, on one of the trunk line railways; a mint of money can be made from this; investigate; sand can be pumped from bed of creek right into the cars on railroad track. Fine location for town site or railroad station.

$1,000 —ESTABLISHED and highly profitable REAL ESTATE, RENTING, INSURANCE AND LOAN BUSINESS; located in one of North Georgia's best cities of 3,500.

$10,000 —AN INTEREST, with position of manager; will pay $5,000 per year salary for the right man; in a corporation capitalized at $350,000; in which most reputable and best business men of this city are largely interested in and are directors of; if you can make the investment, and are the right man, see us at once.

$8,500 —BEAUTIFULLY and almost newly furnished APARTMENT AND TRANSIENT HOTEL; very finest location; close to heart of city; on North Side; absolutely clearing from $200 to $350 per month. We are prepared to prove this statement to your entire satisfaction, or will not want you to trade; can be greatly increased.

ABOUT $4,000 —ONE of the best established, most reputable and most liberally patronized and only DRUG STORE in one of South Georgia's best towns of 1,000 population; one of the best counties of the State; one of the largest naval stores payrolls in the State of Georgia; business clearing at least $175 per month; can be greatly increased; owner's time completely taken up with other business; investigate this if you want a good opportunity in this line.

$7,000 CASH —NO LESS; one of the highest class and most liberally patronized and best equipped ELECTRIC THEATERS in the city of Atlanta; about 700 seats; which is absolutely clearing more than $12,000 above every expense in the last two years; we can satisfy you in any way that you may desire as to the correctness of this statement. If you have the money and will buy a proposition which we can satisfy you will make at least this amount of money, this is your opportunity; long lease; cheap rent.

WATCH!—These ads changed daily—WATCH!

ABOVE FOR SALE BY WARE & HARPER.

WILL trade high-grade manufacturing stock and cash for farm or stock of merchandise. O. T. Hennessee, Covington, Ga. 4-13-16

PATENTS bring wealth. Write for proof. "Profit" can save any inventor hundreds of dollars—free for this ad. A. J. Wedderburn, patent attorney, Dept. 207, Washington, D. C. 35-6-4

FOR TRADE—One 2½ k. and one 1½ k. diamond; will trade for electric worth the money. Address D-53, care American.

FOR RENT—Photograph gallery, 30x45, on ground floor, north light; fully equipped; adapted for commercial work; uptown location. Address J-87, care American.

GOOD, clean grocery stock and fixtures for sale or exchange for good real estate location; walking distance from town. Address F-35, care American.

RESTAURANT for sale, 14 rooms furnished complete, rooms occupied by regular boarders; best location in the city, factory district. Address B-10, care American.

SMALL grocery for sale; living room attached; corner location; cash trade; will pay you to investigate; going into other business. Address Trade, care American.

WILL BUY for cash, Duplex; must be located and in good repair; also have buyers for 4 and 6-apartment flats in good location. Bennett, Box 1120, care American.

WANTED—Contracts from manufacturer of novelties and articles in the wood working line, by party in country town near Atlanta having first-class outfit of wood working machinery. Address D-98, care American.

WE CAN convince the right party who has $2,500 ready cash to invest that we can double the amount in returns by December 15 next. For full particulars address D-48, care American.

$2,500 CASH secures half interest in $10,000 business; balance to be paid from profits; investor to take part in management of business with salary of $100 per month; if you are open for a first-class opportunity, where the future prospects are of the brightest, here is your chance. Address B-101, care American.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES.

COZY INN.
HALF BLOCK from Peachtree, next door to Winecoff Hotel; best located boarding house in city; good reputation; lease for two years; twenty-two rooms; electric lighted throughout; everything up to date; good paying business. Ill health the cause of selling. Ivy 5552. Mrs. Ward, 16 West Ellis Street. 90-4-5

WANTED—IF YOU want to sell your business, no matter where located, need partner or additional capital, write Young & Goodroe, Business Brokers, 413-414 Peters Building, Atlanta. "We can sell any business that has merit." 5-4-25

ELEGANT cigar and newsstand for sale; profitable business; located in one of the best hotels; owner leaving city. Cigar Stand, care Georgian. 5-4-48

PERSONAL.
Twenty thousand dollars in hand to buy good commercial paper or second mortgage notes; might buy a good business or would invest in a good piece of real estate with an income, and some income as well. "Income," Box 209, care Georgian. 110-4-5

YOUR OPPORTUNITY.
PARTY wishes to sell or trade small amount of stock manufacturing plant Northwest Georgia that has operated last two seasons night and day, getting very best results and unable to fill all orders. Capacity to be doubled next 60 or 90 days. Trade for good automobile or small lot worth $600. Business, Box 843, care Georgian. 5-3-2

FORTY-ROOM hotel, doing paying business, for sale on account of having to devote time to other business. Address Hotel, 837, care Georgian. 25-1-5

AN EXPERIENCED auctioneer wants partner with small capital to open general commission auction house. Do not answer unless you mean business. Address Auction, Box 309, care Georgian. 5-2-5

PATENT RIGHT FOR SALE.
A VALUABLE improvement on wall construction, damp, heat and cold proof; eliminates repairs; less insurance; perfectly sanitary. See the Modern Construction Company, rooms 408-409 Gould building, Atlanta, Ga. Phone Main 4398. 3-3-6

LEARN mechanical drawing; most lucrative profession. Full course of instructions $1, with yearly subscription to Patent News, Washington, D. C. Particulars free. 24-6-4

DISTRIBUTOR wanted for our Spearmint Gum in Georgia and Florida. Must buy $250 worth of gum to secure exclusive agency for this territory. Large income assured. Spearmint Gum, Inc., 1919 Broadway, Dept. 21, New York. 78-4-5

PAID 74 TIMES MORE THAN SAVINGS BANK; money doubled in four months; backed by $2,000,000 property; state amount you can invest for proposition. Address H. Clauss, Room 2, Commercial Bank Building, Charleston, S. C. 29-4-5

BARGAIN—$1,500 cash; only newspaper and job plant in thriving North Georgia town, 2,000; water, lights, cement and brick plants. Will also sell building. Address P., Box 245, Sunday American. 5-4-1

ANY COMPETENT person desiring to better their present position can learn something of advantage about different ways of securing position by addressing Novelty Company, care American.

A FINE opportunity for an experienced, up-to-date restaurant man. Restaurant connected with the office of a first-class new hotel. Long lease. Low rent. Address Box 92, Macon, Ga. 52-4-5

A HAND-POWER vacuum cleaner for $5.50; best machine on the market; free demonstration. Eureka, care American.

BUSINESS WANTED—Will invest upward $4,000 in a well-established good-paying business; light manufacturing; insurance, mercantile or any other business that can show results; will also consider a partnership and can furnish highest references. R., Box 109, care American.

BLACKSMITH SHOP, horseshoeing and general repair shop, tools and stock; good established business; old stand; reason for selling, going West; good location; cheap rent. H. N., care American.

FOR SALE—Small, clean stock of groceries worth $600; will sell cheap; rent $12.50; five living rooms; must sell on account of other business. Stock, care American.

UP-TO-DATE confectionery and ice cream parlor in connection with new and modern bakery doing an increasing business in thriving town for sale at a bargain if taken before May 15. Best of reasons for selling. Address B., Box 72, care American.

FOR SALE—Ten shares of stock in growing manufacturing concern doing large business; good reasons for selling. Address R., Box 122, care American.

FOR SALE, CHEAP—Butcher shop; good location, splendid trade; best of reasons for selling. Address D., Box 100, care American.

FOR RENT—New store, about June 1, in the very best suburban district; size 17 by 60; $30 per month; exceptionally suited for bakery, lunch or refreshment store; also a good location for drug store. Address R., Box 105, care American.

HAVE several 8 to 12-room rooming houses, close in, which can be bought cheap and on some terms. Bender, Box 1440, care American.

GET IN THE SWIM—Town incorporated, bonds for deep well approved; property advancing; two good business houses for sale, Main Street; fine investments; 20 farms, large and small. Jones, Box 1150, care American.

CLEANING and pressing establishment for rent; good proposition; fine location. Barber Shop, care American.

CIGAR STAND for sale; doing good business; other business to look after. Address Cigar Stand, Box 1261, care American.

WANTED—Good paying business proposition; can invest $1,200 to $1,500. Address Association, Box 1410, care American.

FOR SALE—The best rooming house in town, good business; reason for selling, am retiring from business; all transient trade. Address Business, Box 1101, care American.

CLIMATE for lung troubles; farms, ranches, city property for sale, rent, exchange; hotel for sale. C. H., Box 1091, care American.

IF YOU have some capital to invest in an absolutely secure proposition, where large dividends are guaranteed, it will pay you to see or correspond with Williams, Box 1461, care American.

$2,000 WILL secure interest in established growing cash business; active partner wanted. Address Advertiser, Box 1777, care American.

FOR SALE—12-room rooming house, $750; 14 rooms, $300; will trade for lots of equal value; these are bargains; see us. Address Business, Box 1717, care American.

THE BUYERS' and Sellers' Exchange wants to see you; we are headquarters for the sale of all business propositions, large and small; we buy and sell real estate; also do a trading business and can fit you on any proposition you may desire; see us for business. Address Business, Box 1019, care American.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES.

RESTAURANT for sale in business district; good location; will be sold cheap for cash. Address Bargain, Box 1312, care American.

WANTED—Partner in a good established business; must have cash, $1,000. Address B. G., Box 1414, care American.

15 ROOMS must sell; 10 rooms, $450; 9 rooms, $375; 3 restaurants cheap. Brown, Box 1219, care American.

19 ROOMS, close in, clean, rent $75; several other good ones, some terms; 30-room hotel, good location, well equipped; for rooming houses, groceries, restaurants, etc. Address L. B., Box 1633, care American.

FOR SALE—Rooming house, fine location; will sell very cheap; owner leaving city. Address Rooming House, Box 1496, care American.

EXCEPTIONAL opportunity for active registered druggist with small capital to buy a resident drug store located in the central part of the town; reason for selling, have other business; will invoice $1,200; will take $800 cash. Address Central Proposition, Box 1029, care American.

8-ROOM rooming house, nicely furnished; every convenience; walking distance. Address House, Box 1910, care American.

GROCERY for sale with beer and meat market; doing good business; reason for selling, have other business. Address Grocery, Box 1512, care American.

GOLD given away as premiums; attractive proposition; especially for ladies; no expense. Address Hustler, Box 1129, care American.

FOR RENT OR LEASE—35-room boarding house; furnished. J., Box 1213, care American.

THE BEST town in Georgia offers fine opportunities for location or investment. For town property, or fertile farm lands in large or small tracts, write us. Development, Box 1617, care American.

FOR SALE—About $4,000 stock of nice, clean, new furniture; every article staple and salable; fine location; reasonable rent. J. W., Box 1926, care American.

FOR SALE—Eleven-room furnished rooming house, doing excellent business. Ill health cause of selling. Three blocks of Candler Building in North Side. Can give terms on part. 140 Spring St. Bell phone main 2665-J. 5-4-14

STOCKS AND BONDS.
FOR SALE—Several shares in a good sound company that pays good dividends. Address Stockholder, care American. 5-4-2

MONEY TO LOAN.
WILL GIVE good unincumbered real estate for purchase money notes. J. A. Hall, Decatur, Ga. 50-4-5

MONEY TO LOAN—Purchase money notes for sale; gilt-edge, with good-size payment per month, on good North Side property. Notes, Box 400, care Georgian. 5-4-6

PURCHASE MONEY NOTES WANTED.
Will buy $3,000 to $4,000 worth of purchase money notes; either first or second mortgage; money in hand; no delay. Get your cash in twenty-four hours. Cash Ready, Box 102, care Georgian. 107-4-5

PLENTY money to loan on city property. Watt Kelly, Attorney, 400 Temple Court Building. 43-2-5

R. C. DESAUSSURE.
TIME and monthly loans negotiated on real estate. Room 813 Atlanta National Bank Building. 4-29-25

WE loan money on furniture and household goods. F. & J. Loan Company, 120 Decatur Street. 4-25-8

MONEY ON HAND for immediate loans on property in or near Atlanta. J. E. VanValkenburg, 501 Equitable Bldg.

MONEY FOR SALARIED PEOPLE AND OTHERS, upon their own names; cheap rates, easy payments. Confidential. D. H. Tolman, 820 Austell building.

WEYMAN & CONNORS.
ESTABLISHED 1890.
Mortgages on Real Estate. 4-1-2

FARM LOANS PLACED in any amount on improved farm lands in Georgia. The Southern Mortgage Company, Gould building. 7-13-1

WE HAVE plenty of money to lend at lowest rates on Atlanta and nearby property, either for straight or monthly payment plant. Also for purchasing purchase money notes. Foster & Robson, 11 Edgewood avenue.

WANTED—To buy good purchase money notes, or first mortgages. Georgia Land and Loan Co., 909 Third National Bank Bldg.

SPECIAL HOME FUNDS TO LEND, any amount; 6 per cent. Write or call. S. W. Carson, 24 South Broad street. 4-1-17

MORTGAGE LOANS
On Atlanta Property.
BUSINESS BUILDINGS,
5 and 5½ per cent.
RESIDENCE BUILDINGS,
5½, 6 and 6½ per cent.
Your rate depends upon the location. Without notice you can pay back a hundred, any multiple of a hundred dollars, on the entire loan on any interest date.
TURMAN, BLACK & CALHOUN.
Loan Correspondents,
PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA.
203-5 Empire Building.

MONEY WANTED.
WANTED—Five hundred dollars for one year on improved out-of-town property valued at one thousand dollars. On new car line near city. Address Loan, Box 80, care American. 5-3-2

6%—WE WILL PAY—6%
ON SAVINGS.
IN SUMS of $500 to $5,000. The Merchants and Mechanics' Banking and Loan Co., 209 Grant Building. Tel. Ivy 5341.
Cash Capital $120,000.
Thos. J. Wesley, Cashier.
B. M. Grant, Pres. 3-11-50

MEDICAL.
PILES (blind or bleeding) conquered at home privately. No drugs or foolishness. Sent for 50c prepaid. Write TODAY. Regal Company, Box 43, Youngstown, Ohio. 41-4-5

DROPSY CURED—Relieves shortness of breath in 36 to 48 hours. Reduces swelling in fifteen to twenty days. Column Dropsy Remedy Company, 408 Austell Bldg., Atlanta, Ga. 5-25-11

DEWBERRY'S DELIGHT.
WORKS while you sleep. It acts on the liver, bowels and the kidneys and removes the foul waste matter from the intestinal tract that causes 90 per cent of all human ills. Office, 98 Ashby Street. 4-9-16

DR. EDMONDSON'S Tansy, Pennyroyal and Cotton Root Pills, a safe and reliable treatment for painful and suppressed menstruation, irregularities and similar obstructions. Trial box by mail, 50c. Frank Edmondson & Bro., manufacturing chemists, North Broad St., Atlanta.

AUTOMOBILES
For Sale, Repairs and Accessories.

MODEL 38 Overland Roadster, 25 H. P., in good mechanical condition.

MODEL 38 Overland 4-passenger Touring Car.

F. A. L. ROADSTER, 45 H. P., Continental Motor—in ideal condition throughout.

MODEL 49 Overland 4-passenger Touring Car. Just been thoroughly overhauled and repaired.

FIVE-PASSENGER Mitchell Touring Car.

THE ABOVE Cars can be bought at especially attractive prices. Can be seen at

OVERLAND SOUTHERN MOTOR CAR CO.
232 Peachtree Street. 5-4-49

AUTOGENOUS WELDING and machine repair work of all kinds. Satisfaction guaranteed.
SHEARER MACHINE CO.,
197 WHITEHALL STREET. 2-26-10

ATLANTA REAL ESTATE is increasing in value daily. Many bargains are offered in the Real Estate columns of the "Want Ad" section of The Georgian

THE AMERICAN CHAUFFEUR, the new illustrated automobile magazine. Send for free sample copy. The American Chauffeur, Cincinnati, Ohio. 27-4-5

WANTED—Small Buick or Flanders roadster. Must be a bargain. F. A. Abbott, 130 Peachtree. 36-4-5

WANTED—To sell or trade for real estate two-passenger roadster; excellent condition. Fully equipped. Address F., Box 73, care Georgian. 65-4-5

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE—One five-passenger combination Q Maxwell car, in good condition. Will trade for two-passenger Ford or sell cheap. Address Lock Box 22, Dallas, Ga. 61-5-4

A 35-HORSEPOWER five-passenger car that cost $2,750; it is in splendid condition; for $400 cash. J. W. Hill. Phone Ivy 679. This is a real bargain, and could be changed into a fine delivery truck. 5-4-9

$3,000 PREMIER; used two months; bargain $2,250; will trade for smaller car and cash. P. F. L'Engle, 2½ Wilton. Ivy 3390. 43-3-5

FOR SALE—Automobile; cheap. Studebaker 20-horsepower; brand new. 404½ Luckie Street. 5-3-37

FOR SALE—Five-passenger Maxwell automobile in perfect condition. Bargain to the quick buyer. Might exchange for well located vacant lot. Address Box 42, care Georgian. 5-3-200

1910 MODEL Cadillac auto to exchange for second-hand electric or will sell or swap for piece of cheap property. Apply 179 Spring Street. 5-3-15

ATLANTA REAL ESTATE is increasing in value daily. Many bargains are offered in the Real Estate columns of the "Want Ad" section of The Georgian.

FOR SALE—My four-seated 40-horsepower Peerless car. Also two-seated runabout. Very cheap. Jack, Box 30, care Georgian. 39-2-5

FOR SALE—Five-passenger 1911 Cadillac in perfect condition; electric lights, air bottle; five new tires; new Warner Autometer; top, top-cover and seat covers. Call Main 1857. 5-2-11

$450 CASH.
FIVE-PASSENGER automobile, thoroughly overhauled; new tires. Garage, 828 Peachtree. 32-1-5

$1,950—Fore-door, 35-horsepower Firestone-Columbus touring car, just painted and thoroughly overhauled. Guaranteed good as new. $800.
$2,000—1910 model 35-horsepower Firestone-Columbus touring car, in fine shape and a good looker, $450.
1913 model Empire 25 fore-door touring car. Price, $1,000 f. o. b. Atlanta, and used since November as our demonstrator. Guaranteed same as new car. $550.
THESE PRICES are made low so as to get the cars out quick, as we need the room and money for new cars coming in this week.
THE FIRESTONE-COLUMBUS SOUTHERN CO.,
45-47 AUBURN AVE.
PHONE IVY 4177. 4-28-32

HIGHEST proof gasoline and automobile oils a specialty. We handle all makes of tires. Automobile accessories.
AUTO OIL AND GASOLINE CO.,
71 N. FORSYTH STREET. 4-4-59

WILL EXCHANGE new 1912 or 1913 model Studebaker cars for pair of mules or good team of work horses; communicate with me for full particulars. Address Reuben Kyle, Roanoke, Ala. 4-27-29

Good Used Cars
At Reasonable Prices.

Ford Runabout, good condition, good tires	$225.00
Ford Touring Car, with top, good condition	265.00
Courier Roadster, fully equipped, electric lights	275.00
Buick Model 10 Roadster, electric lights	325.00
Overland four-passenger, newly painted, new top	350.00
Primo Touring Car, new top and seat covers	450.00
Maxwell Roadster, Sportsman type, model Q, fully equipped, electric lights	375.00
Maxwell Touring, model G, four-passenger, fully equipped	450.00
Overland Coupe, 1911, fully equipped	450.00
Columbia, 1911, four-passenger, repainted, new top and electric lights	850.00

These cars are in good running condition and worth more than the prices quoted above.
BUICK MOTOR COMPANY,
241 PEACHTREE ST. 4-11-8

WE have several Flanders chassis and will build body and paint car to your order. Bargain prices. Don't buy any second-hand car until you see us. NORTH PRYOR GARAGE, NORTH PRYOR PLACE. 4-2-28

QUESTION—If you have read this, is it not reasonable to suppose others will read your ad in this paper if you want anything?

ATLANTA RADIATOR CO.
REPAIRING and manufacturing. Lamp and fender work. 72 Ivy Street. Atlanta phone 3816. 3-10-12

WARNING TO INFRINGERS AND IMITATORS.
LIQUID TIRE TONIC IS PROTECTED BY U. S. DUTREA PATENT, NO. 578551 AND ALL INFRINGERS, AGENTS OR USERS ARE HEREBY NOTIFIED THAT THEY MUST ANSWER IN THE COURT FOR VIOLATION OF THIS LAW. LIQUID TIRE TONIC COMPANY, KANSAS CITY, MO. 4-8-48

THOR MOTORCYCLES, repairs and accessories; best equipped repair shop in city. We will take care of you. Southern Motorcycle Co., 118 Edgewood Ave. 3-26-31

FOR SALE—The best small manufacturing business in the country. Up-to-date plant, A-1 machinery for the manufacture of vehicle material and tool handles. Plenty of timber and all necessary equipment. Good business already worked up and in operation. Located in one of the best towns in Southeast Georgia. $12,500 will handle the deal and will pay for itself in one year. Address A. B. C., Box 842, care Georgian. 5-4-24

VULCORINE
IS ONE practical solution of the tire trouble; it is chemistry, scientifically applied; it has been examined and approved by Edgar Everhardt, professor in charge of department of chemistry at Atlanta College of Physicians and Surgeons, and is guaranteed to give satisfaction or money refunded. Vulcorine Co., 209 Peachtree St. 3-25-45

WINDSHIELDS.
RADIATORS, lamps, fenders, repaired as good as new. Mfrs. all kinds sheet metal work. Warlick Sheet Metal Co., 248 Edgewood. 3-4-64

Castiron Welding
AUTOGENOUS METHOD.
AUTO AND ALL MACHINE PARTS.
METAL WELDING COMPANY.
MAIN 3013. 86 GARNETT STREET. 2-26-6

DOBBS TIRE REPAIR CO.
WE REPAIR AND SELL ALL MAKES OF TIRES AND TUBES. 226 PEACHTREE STREET. PHONE IVY 5646. 4-1-3

ATLANTA REAL ESTATE is increasing in value daily. Many bargains are offered in the Real Estate columns of the "Want Ad" section of this paper.

A 1911 FOR-PASSENGER CADILLAC; best car ever built and we will let you see us overhaul it and put it in hand new shape; price right. Come see it. Travis & Jones, 26 James Street, third floor. 3-1-54

Automobiles For Rent

DUNHAM MOTOR CO.
FIVE and seven-passenger cars. Garage, 112 East Ellis Street. Call Bell phone Ivy 2496 day, Main 4325 night. 3-21-33

Garages For Rent.

FOR RENT—Garage; also stable for four mules. Close in. Electric light and water. 136 Washington. Main 4812-J. 4-30-46

Tire Repairing

HIGH-GRADE STEAM VULCANIZING. Retreading a specialty. Prompt attention given express shipments. Sanders-Speer Vulcanizing Company, 100 Spring Street, Atlanta, Ga. 3-28-15

Motorcycles.

MOTORCYCLE for sale, cheap; in good condition; $55. Apply 133 Peters Street. 55-4-5

MOTORCYCLES ** EASY TERMS ** BICYCLES.
EXCELSIOR motorcycles, high-grade bicycles; complete line new and used bicycles and motorcycles; complete stock parts and accessories; modern service depot. Lowest prices; easy terms. ALEXANDER-SEEWALD CO., 145-147-149 Edgewood Avenue. Phone Ivy 1609. PHONE FOR DEMONSTRATION. 4-1-22

CLEAN-UP SALES.
HOUSEHOLD GOOD, ETC.
You have something in your house you don't need, but is too good to throw away. Try a little ad under this heading and sell it.

FOR SALE—Bedstead and bureau in good condition; bargain for cash. Address Bargain, Box 13, care American.

FOR SALE — One rubber-tired top buggy, nearly new, with or without harness; best make on market; will sell cheap. Address J. R. T., care American.

FOR SALE—Second-hand furniture; 1 small dresser, 1 washstand, 1 refrigerator, 1 dining table, 1 iron bed. 41 Richardson Street, City.

FOR SALE—Set of 12 volumes De Maupassant's works; good reading. Address M. K., Box 400, Georgian.

FOR SALE — Remington typewriter; used and abused, but a good bargain. Address M. K., Box 60, Georgian.

FOR SALE—Manhattan typewriter; good condition and cheap. Address C. S., Box 70, Georgian.

FOR SALE—Wicker baby carriage; in good condition and very cheap. Address C. S., Box 50, Georgian.

FOR SALE—¾-horsepower electric motor; good condition and cheap; capable of running any small machinery. Address P. C. W., Box 10, Georgian.

HAVE YOU SOLD THAT HOUSE? A little "For Sale" ad in the "Want Ad" section will find a purchaser.

FOR SALE—15x7 Reflex camera, Goerz Dagor lens; 12 plate holders; perfect condition; a bargain. Address C. M., Box 5, Georgian.

FURNITURE AND HOUSEHOLD GOODS.
FOR SALE—Small second-hand buffet. Low price to cash purchaser. Address D. H., Box 111, care American.

WILL EXCHANGE an $80 diamond ring and balance cash for good second-hand piano. State price of make. Address C. P., Box 113, care American.

FOR SALE—One hot water heater in splendid condition. Will sell reasonable. Address J. W., Box 114, care American.

FOR SALE—One solid oak bed, with springs and mattress. Cheap for cash. It will pay you to investigate. J. H. M., Box 115, care American.

FOR SALE—One brass bed and springs. Good as new. Will sacrifice for cash. Address E. E. H., Box 116, care American.

FOR SALE—One oak porch swing, in good condition. Complete with chain and hooks. Bargain for cash. Address W. B. C., Box 117, care American.

POULTRY, PET and LIVE STOCK

Bantams.

BANTAMS—Game bantams, Sebrights, Buff Cochins. Carlisle Cobb, Athens, Ga. 4-26-30

Ducks.

BUFF LEGHORN and White Runner duck eggs, balance season, $1 setting. C. Stewart, Decatur, Ga. 56-4-5

PURE White Indian Runner ducks for sale (Patton strain); eggs, twelve for $1.50. Satisfaction guaranteed. J. K. Kirkpatrick, Route 4, Atlanta. 39-13-4

JEFFERSON'S White Runners—Greatest winners in the South. Have won where quality counts. Never defeated. First pen, first cockerel, second pullet, Madison Square Garden, December, 1911; first pen, fifth cockerel, second pullet, Chicago, December, 1911; first hen, first cockerel, first pullet, first pen, second cock, Cleveland, January, 1912; first cock, first hen, second cockerel, second pullet, also special for best old duck and old drake in show, all breeds competing, Savannah, November, 1912; first cock, third hen, fourth pullet, third pen, Southern International Show, Atlanta, December, 1912. We have the best flock and breeding pens in the South. Catalogue free. Eggs, $3 and $5 per twelve, $5 and $8 per twenty-four, $15 and $25 per hundred. All clear eggs replaced free. Day-old ducklings and stock for sale. Jefferson Poultry Farm, Albany, Ga. 3-22-13

WHITE RUNNER DUCKS—Original Spencer strain. Pure white eggs. Good type, head and carriage. None better. Eggs, $2 per twelve, $3 per twenty-four. Mrs. Lula Parrish, Albany, Ga. 7-22-17

PURE WHITE Indian Runner duck eggs from snow-white prize-winning stock; $1, $2 and $3 for thirteen. Coweta Duck Farm, Senoia, Ga. 4-9-15

ON account of my health I am forced to sell our entire flock of ducks, consisting of 100 Fawn and White Runners, 20 Mammoth Pekins and 14 White Runners. Most of these are prize winners and ribbons go with them. They are all select birds. Low price on lot, or either variety. Make offer or write me. Eggs $1 for 12, $5 per 100. Ducklings any time 25c each. Oak Dean Farm, Stone Mountain, Ga. 4-17-10

Disinfectants.

CREOSOTE FOR SALE.
CREOSOTE is an excellent germ destroyer for poultry raisers to use about the premises. We have it in any quantity.
Atlanta Gas Light Co.

Eggs—All Varieties.

EGGS FOR HATCHING—Single Comb Rhode Island Reds; parent stock winning first in Madison Square Show, January, 1912. White Indian Runner ducks, finest quality. Green House Poultry Yard, 17 Campbell Street, South Kirkwood, Ga. 1-11-1

BALANCE SEASON—Eggs from my special mating "bred-to-lay" S. C. White Leghorns, $1.50 setting; special mating White Runner ducks (Patton strain) including second drake, fourth and fifth young ducks, Atlanta show, November, 1912, $2 setting. South Georgia Poultry Farm, Sale City, Ga. 3-1-18

THE EGGS of different varieties of fowls will be found classified under their respective breeds in the future, instead of under the classification of "Eggs."

Games.

FOR SALE—Dark Cornish Eggs, $2.00. 15 winners. Mrs. A. G. Miller, Louisville, Ga. 27-13-4

Leghorns.

SINGLE COMB BUFF LEGHORNS. Show record unequaled in South; stock for sale; eggs $1 and $2 per 15; $5 per 100. E. S. Landess, Fayetteville, Tenn. 25-15-3

WHITE LEGHORN cockerels, heavy laying strain, $1.50; pullets, $2 each; eggs, $1.50 and up. Mrs. Robert West, 152 Carter Hill road, Montgomery, Ala. 11-9-66

Orpingtons.

50 WHITE ORPINGTON hens for sale at once. Also a few cocks. Eggs half-price after May 1. If interested write for prices. H. A. Black, Cartersville, Ga. 1-23-7

S. C. CRYSTAL WHITE Orpingtons; eggs, $2, $3, $5 per setting of 15 eggs; old and young stock for sale. George M. Moseley, Menlo, Ga. 2-27-9

BUFF ORPINGTONS—Thirty hens and pullets at less than one-half their value for quick sale. Something nice in these birds; Owens strain. William J. Lloyd, Chattahoochee, Ga. 1-25-19

FINE Buff Orpington eggs, incubator lots, $1 per setting, $5 per 100. 126 Windsor Street. Main 3588. 5-3-20

FOR SALE—One pen Kellerstrass White Orpingtons, one cock and four hens; also several trios of Cook's White Orpingtons; foundation stock direct from Cook farms. Write for prices. Mrs. F. O. Miller, Fort Valley, Ga. 3-12-16

Poultry—All Varieties.

CHICKENS—Selling out; have all kinds; finest stock at your own price. Prize winners. Egg settings, half price. R. F. Finley, Box 1515, Atlanta. Hurry. 4-30-202

FREE RANGE DUCK AND POULTRY FARM, Chamblee, Ga. Large stock of White Runners, Leghorns and Rhode Island Reds, enables us to ship fresh eggs, strong and fertile. Write for prices on stock and eggs if you want a bargain. 1-21-18

QUESTION—If you have read this, is it not reasonable to suppose others will read your ad in this paper if you want anything?

Plymouth Rocks.

BARRED ROCK eggs, pure and fresh, from the Georgia Poultry Farm; $1 per setting. On sale at 12 South Broad Street. 42-4-6

AT THE SOUTHERN International show our one pen entry of Barred Rocks won first pen and the grand sweepstakes cup for the best pen in the show, all breeds competing. We also won grand sweepstakes cup of Barred Plymouth Rock cock at Georgia Poultry Association Show. We are booking orders for a few settings of eggs from this grand pen. Atlanta Poultry Yards, 582 West Peachtree Street, Atlanta, Ga. 1-25-2

WHITE PLYMOUTH ROCKS—The most beautiful and profitable of all. Stock and eggs for sale. Eggs, $1.50 for fifteen. Karsan Villa Farm, J. M. Karwisch, Owner, Route 6, Atlanta, Ga. 1-11-3

WHITE PLYMOUTH ROCKS. EGGS from fine-laying and prize-winning strain. $3.00 per 15; $15.00 per 100. R. G. Hooks, 229 North Moreland avenue, city. Main 2330. Atlanta 5380.

Plymouth Rocks.

THOROUGHBRED White Plymouth Rock eggs, excellent mating, $2 per 15. W. H. Fitzpatrick, College Park, Ga. 1-25-5

PARTRIDGE ROCKS — The South's leading winning strain. Can give quality and blood lines unequaled by any breeder in the South. My birds are winners at the Southern International, Macon, Columbus, Griffin, Nashville, Tenn.; Paducah, Ky.; Shreveport, La. Send for mating list. R. P. Cotter, Box G, Barnesville, Ga. 2-15-17

WOULD YOU BUY a good automobile cheap? The automobile columns of the "Want Ad" section carry a list of automobiles and accessories.

PATTERSON'S White Plymouth Rocks you should have for your foundation stock. They have been bred to win and pay. Large, vigorous birds. Winners at Atlanta, Augusta, Savannah and many other shows. Exhibition and utility birds of the finest quality at reasonable prices. Eggs, $2 to $5 per 15, $8 per 100. We guarantee perfect satisfaction. Write us. Patterson Farm, Fitzgerald, Ga.

BRED ROCK eggs, pure and fresh from the Georgia Poultry Farm; $1 per setting. On sale at 12 South Broad. 26-27-4

EGGS from prize-winning E. B. Thompson Ringlet Barred Rocks, either mating, $3 for fifteen, $5 for thirty. A. M. Kendall, Dallas, Ga. 3-8-11

Wyandottes.

I AM CLOSING out my S. C. Reds and have one two-year-old cock that I paid $10 for and ten extra nice year-old hens, easily worth $2 each. They are splendid layers. This pen is worth $25, but will sell for $10, and guarantee satisfaction. R. O. Sams, Newborn, Ga. 4-4-5

GOLDEN LACED WYANDOTTES, the best and prettiest in the South. W. O. Bennett, Molena, Ga. 12-33-33

Dogs.

TWO fine French poodle puppies at $5 each. Seven weeks old. 54 King Street. 211-5-4

FOR SALE—Two pedigreed Pit bull terriers; one male, $15; one female, $10; 8 months old; will make fine yard dogs. E. Jarrard, 296 North Moreland Avenue. Phone Ivy 3408-J. 42-3-5

Rhode Island Reds.

I HAVE as fine Reds as can be found in America, and can start you right or furnish you blood that will improve your flock. Eggs from my three best matings, all headed by prize-winning cockerels at Atlanta, Augusta and Macon, at $25.00 per setting. Pens headed by cockerels that were head of winning pens at Augusta, Macon and Hagerstown, at $5 per setting. Other matings of same blood line at $2 per 15, $8 per 100. Mrs. P. T. Callaway, Department G, Washington, Ga. 10-26-9

RHODE ISLAND RED eggs for sale, 75c per setting, for one week only. Main 4365-J. 5-3-14

Cows.

TEN Jersey milch cows, fresh in milk, some giving over four gallons per day. Apply to J. R. Roberts (rear), 163 Decatur Street (May 6). 58-4-6

WANTED—A first-class milch cow, fresh in milk. Address, with full information, T. L. Cooper, Decatur, Ga. 5-2-206

TWO cows, one fresh in, one springer. Apply 21 Evans Drive, Fort McPherson, Ga. 206-5-3

FRENCH poodles, six weeks old; male or female; $5 each. C. L. Lozier, 402 Whitehall Street. 5-3-64

Horses, Mules, Vehicles, Etc.

HORSE FOR SALE.
A very fine horse for sale. Will work anywhere. Apply at 35 South Forsyth Street. Call Mr. Williams. Bell 792, Atlanta phone 881. 106-4-5

WANTED—Gentle horse for lady to drive; combination preferred; price must be reasonable. Address M. K. T., care American. 57-4-5

FOR RENT—Mule, with or without wagon. 231 West Mitchell Street. Bell phone 2743. 200-5-4

FOR SALE—One good dray horse; can be seen at Southern Upholstering Co., Jefferson and Echo Sts. Main 5054. 5-1-46

Poultry,

A Vacancy In Your Business Can Be Filled By American "Want Ads." Try Them For Results

-:- THE AMERICAN'S RENT BULLETIN -:-

ROOM AND BOARD.

FRONT ROOM, with board; also connecting rooms; Elizabeth Street, Inman Park. Reasonable. Ivy 6963-J. 112-5-4

ROOM AND BOARD, North Side; table board a specialty. Ivy 2423-J. 5-4-42

NICELY furnished room, with or without board. 72 Spring Street. Mrs. Dearybury. 45-4-5

AT 513 PEACHTREE, with or without board; private bath, electric lights, sleeping porch. 97-4-5

ROOM AND BOARD for couple, either sex, in private West End home; all conveniences; reasonable. Phone West 1255. 70 Grady Place. 84-4-5

LARGE furnished bed room, convenient to bath; private entrance and porch; to gentleman; two furnished rooms for light housekeeping. Ivy 6628. 211-5-4

TWO FURNISHED rooms with board; also one young man to share room. Main 1978. 5-3-30

ROOMS and board for two gentlemen; few boarders; good table. 12 W. Pine Street, between Spring and W. Peachtree. Reasonable. Ivy 5859-L. 5-3-28

NEATLY furnished room with good board. 45 Irwin. Call Ivy 5843. 5-3-13

TWO young ladies can get room and board in private family; rates reasonable. Main 280-J. 5-3-12

LARGE, light room, with board, in an elegantly furnished private, modern home, in the prettiest part of the city; everything strictly first-class; a real pleasant home to a refined, permanent couple; references. 619 West Peachtree. Mrs. Corey. Ivy 5635-J. 5-1-26

COUPLE can secure front room and board; all conveniences. 338 West Peachtree. Ivy 6908-J. 5-2-29

LARGE front room, unfurnished, with dressing room and bath, in private family. Peachtree Street. Ivy 1779-J. 5-2-13

VACANCY for one young man; all modern conveniences. Ivy 6257-J. 5-2-15

LARGE front room and small room, furnished. Private home. Peachtree Street. Ivy 1779-J. 5-2-14

ROOM AND BOARD in private family; North Side; close in. Ivy 5267. 5-2-2

PEACHTREE INN.

Peachtree and Alexander Sts. American plan $7.50 week up. Room to yourself. European, $3 week up. 1-9-34

FOUR business women to room and board; references required; walking distance of town. Ivy 993-J. 5-1-28

TWO young men can find board and room, private home, West End, near car line. Address L., care Georgian. 5-1-16

LARGE, delightful room; lovely large verandas; best location for summer; excellent table; home comforts. West Peachtree. Ivy 1959-L. 38-1-5

AUBURN HOUSE.

NICELY furnished rooms with board; all conveniences. 27 Auburn Avenue. Ivy 4393. 4-30-23

CAN accommodate four with room and board at 30 East Cain, two blocks from Candler Bldg. Phone Ivy 2903. 4-30-34

ONE large downstairs room for two; private bath, hot and cold water; electric lights; terms reasonable. 223 North Jackson. Ivy 5235-L. 4-29-20

220 PEACHTREE, The Wilton, select, up-to-date boarding house; North Side; business section; near in; table boarders; prompt service. Ivy 5795. 4-29-14

A FEW BOARDERS wanted at 46 Houston St. Ivy 6673-J. 4-28-17

36 EAST NORTH AVE.

BETWEEN the Peachtrees; nicely furnished rooms and excellent table board. Ivy 6591. 4-28-16

ROOM with board for a couple of young men or business ladies; private family. Call Main 4238-J. 278 Rawson Street. 4-28-15

DELIGHTFUL rooms; best location; private home; table board a specialty. 256 Capitol. Main 2031-L. 4-28-14

NEATLY furnished rooms; homelike cooking, also table board. 127 Capitol Avenue. Main 5172-J. 4-23-7

BEST MEALS IN TOWN, $3 WEEK. ROOM AND MEALS, $4. 197 SOUTH PRYOR. CALL MAIN 5048. 4-5-54

ROOM AND BOARD.
Wanted.

BUSINESS WOMAN with twelve-year-old daughter would like room and board in private family by May 15. Reasonable rates. Box 666, care Georgian. 41-3-5

WANTED—Room close in, private family; breakfast possibly; references. L. H. B., care Georgian. 33-3-5

WANTED—Room and board by gentleman. Please state terms. Box 24, care Georgian. 203-1-5

ROOMS FOR RENT.
Furnished.

TWO well-furnished rooms for gentlemen; convenient to bath, meals next door. 29 West North Avenue. 5-3-29

ONE NICELY furnished room, with or without board, to couple or young men. 184 Forrest Avenue. Ivy 2448-J. 5-4-28

FOR RENT—One nicely furnished room with three windows. Main 5196-J. 5-2-24

ONE nicely furnished room, in West End, with private family; breakfast or supper if desired. West 906-J. 5-2-33

LARGE, beautiful front room; perfectly grand for summer; North Side. Ivy 6603. 5-2-36

FOR RENT—Large furnished room between the Peachtrees, in Linden Avenue, to couple or young men; electricity; private family. Ivy 6246-J. 5-2-17

NICELY furnished, large room, with private bath. 64 Forrest Avenue. 5-2-16

FOR RENT—Furnished rooms; nice location. 911 Peachtree Street. Ivy 6174. 5-2-22

LARGE, nicely furnished rooms for light housekeeping; near in. 188 Courtland Street. 5-2-9

WELL-FURNISHED APARTMENT and also separate furnished room; all conveniences; close to town. Ivy 6575. 182 Ivy Street. 5-2-12

NICELY furnished rooms. Apply 236 E. Ellis Street. 209-5-1

FOR RENT—To gentlemen only, cool, delightful rooms in private home, on car line. 326 Pulliam Street. Main 5438. 5-1-36

BEAUTIFUL front room in apartment, with or without board; reasonable. M. N., care Georgian. 5-1-13

FOR GENTLEMEN, choice front room, convenient to bath; Myrtle Street, near Ponce DeLeon; Georgian Terrace neighborhood; also garage. Ivy 1495. 5-1-18

FRONT rooms, furnished, hot and cold bath, close in. 311 Whitehall, Atlanta phone 4810. 5-3-33

FOR RENT—Nicely furnished rooms; all conveniences. 45 Williams; apartment 3, third floor. Ivy 2116. 5-3-39

NICE room, with board, for two young men in apartment with two other young men; all conveniences. 140 Luckie Street, Apartment C. 5-3-32

TWO very large furnished rooms, large closets, plenty of hot and cold water, excellent table board; also large garage; easy to get in and out. Apply 121 Capitol Square. 5-3-31

THREE neat connecting unfurnished first-floor rooms, all conveniences. Two lights. 250 Hill St. 206-5-3

NICELY furnished or unfurnished rooms, nice location, two blocks from Candler Building. Ivy 2903. 5-2-35

Future Wealth Is to Be Found in Atlanta Real Estate. These Ads Are the Guide Posts

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE. REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.

W. E. Treadwell & Co.

REAL ESTATE

24 South Broad Street.

Bell Phones 2644-3483 Atlanta Phone 3803

FOR SALE

EAST FAIR ST.. six-room house, in fine condition, best of neighborhood, all improvements, no loan to assume; small cash payment, balance like rent. See J. M. Worsham.

IN OAKLAND CITY we have a beautiful six-room bungalow, well located, lot 51x157. Price, $2,350; $350 cash, balance $20 per month. See T. Y. Brent.

PONCE DE LEON AVE., we have a beautiful 8-room house, piped for furnace, all other conveniences; lot 50x200. This is a beautiful home for some one and a bargain at $8,000; $1,000 cash, and assume loan of $3,000 at 6 per cent; balance $50 per month. Will consider an exchange for acreage near car line.

N. JACKSON ST., we have 7-room house, sleeping porch, all improvements, corner lot, slate roof; two-room servant house and other outbuildings. Price, $5,700. Terms. Also two beautiful 8-room houses; handsome mantels, all improvements. These are beautiful homes. Price, $6,000 each. Terms.

COR. PONCE DE LEON and North Boulevard, we have a large vacant lot; the very place for stores or apartment. See us for particulars and price.

FIVE 6-room houses; good condition; renting for $75 per month. Price, $5,800. Can make terms.

FORT ST., near Edgewood Ave., 5-room house and 2-room house; water and sewerage connection. Price, $2,250. A bargain.

PULLIAM ST., we have a bargain in a two-story, 8-room house, near in; all improvements.

W. E. Treadwell & Co.

THREE BARGAINS

PEACHTREE STREET lot just below Baker St., at a reduced price for a few days; $6,500 cash will turn the deal.

WEST PEACHTREE ST. lot just below Alexander Street. Price $500 per front foot. Regrading of this street will soon begin. This is your chance at a nice profit. $5,000 cash, balance in five years.

SPRING AND CAIN STREETS. A corner 40x50 feet; a money maker; is now almost central property. A quick profit awaits you.

See

W. L. & John O. DuPree

REAL ESTATE, 501-2 EMPIRE BUILDING.
Atlanta Phone 930. Bell Phone Main 3457.

G. T. R. FRASER

"Buys and Sells Real Estate."

19 Real Estate Row. Y. M. C. A. Bldg. Phone Ivy 2308.

LARGE CLOSE-IN-LOT.

ABOUT ONE BLOCK FROM CORNER ELLIS AND IVY, where property is priced at $1,000 per foot, BIG LOT 90x202 and side alley, for $27,500 if bought promptly. Jessup & Antrim Ice Cream Co., of Indianapolis, think this location is a good one after looking around about six months, and have agreed to lease a factory building on an adjoining lot 40x202 for 10 years. Work will commence soon. For business purposes, not dependent on retail trade, you'll not find a better lot in Atlanta at the price.

Beautiful North Side Home $15,000

WE have one of the most attractive ten-room, two-story brick residences on the North Side for sale; tile roof, two baths; every room handsomely decorated; hardwood throughout; birch doors, cabinet mantels, elegant fixtures, tile porches, side drive, garage and servants' house; everything for comfort and convenience; on lot 50x200; will take small house and lot or vacant lot in sale. This is on one of the choice residence streets. Call 2854 Main.

S. W. SULLIVAN & SON,
308 Peters Building.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE. REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.

GRAND AUCTION SALE

DO YOU WANT A

Home in Atlanta Suburbs

Where you can live in a nice, growing town, with good schools and good churches, surrounded by congenial neighbors—yet, where it is convenient to the city?

You Do!

Then come with us on SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 10th, to

Stockbridge, Ga.,

Where we are going to hold a big auction sale of NINETY BEAUTIFUL LOTS, all inside the corporate limits, and all lie level and nice for building purposes. About 20 are good business lots, right in town. This is the property of Mrs. L. J. Dorsey.

Stockbridge is just eighteen miles from Atlanta, on the Southern Railroad to Macon. It is a live, progressive town, and even if you should not decide to live there, you can make a good and profitable investment in one or more of these lots. Good railroad schedules make it convenient for the residents of the town.

TERMS ARE SO EASY—anybody can buy—ONLY $10 CASH, $5 a MONTH.

FREE BARBECUE FOR EVERYBODY.

A good brass band will furnish catchy music.

We are going to give away three good lots and a few other things. You might pick up one of these. So come go with us.

Train leaves Terminal Station at 7:45 a. m. Meet us there—enjoy the day with us—and at the same time make a good profit for yourself.

UNITED BUILDING CO., Agents.
400 Temple Court.
COL. WATT KELLY, Auctioneer.

BANKRUPT SALE FARM LANDS MAYSVILLE, GA. CARR, BOYD & CO. AND PARTNERS BANKRUPTCY ESTATES MAY 6th, 1913

I WILL offer the land of A. B. Smith, bankrupt. Consisting of 687 acres of fine farm land, close to Maysville, surveyed into five farms, one of 223 acres containing residence of A. B. Smith, one of 102 acres, one of 205 acres, one of 116 acres and one of 36 acres, practically all of this land being in a high state of cultivation and can be purchased either in parcels or as a whole.

I WILL also offer for sale the home place of H. D. Watkins containing residence and 47 4-5 acres of fine farming land and a one-half undivided interest in 216 acres of fine farming land, the other half being owned by Thomas Garrison.

I WILL also offer for sale the home place of D. R. Marlow, near Maysville, containing residence and about 151 acres of fine farming land. And also a tract containing 10 acres. All of this land is in cultivation and close to Maysville.

SALE WILL be at Public Outcry in Maysville on May 6th, 1913, between 11 a. m. and 4 p. m. Terms. One-third cash, one-third six months, one-third twelve months.

I WILL also offer for sale at the same time a 34-acre tract of fine farming land in cultivation, near Maysville, belonging to the estate of D. R. Marlow. Terms: All cash. All bids to be subject to the approval of the referee.

For further information inquire of the undersigned or H. Lyle, Maysville, Ga.

H. A. FERRIS, Trustee, 402 Rhodes Building, Atlanta, Ga. Slaton & Phillips, Cobb & Erwin, Holdin & Shackleford, Attorneys for Trustee.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE. REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.

EXCEPTIONAL BARGAIN—WHITEHALL STREET.

AT THE INTERSECTION of Whitehall and Forsyth Streets, we have a lot 52x171 feet to a 12-foot alley which we consider an EXCEPTIONAL BARGAIN. With the natural growth of the city and the developments underway in this section, you have absolute assurance of a GOOD INVESTMENT. Price, $17,160. Terms: One-fourth cash; balance 1. 2 and 3 years at 6 per cent interest.

WEST PEACHTREE STREET.

WE ALSO HAVE an exceptional bargain on West Peachtree Street, located between the intersection of Peachtree Street and Porter Place. A small amount of cash will handle the property, and we can sell it under the market. THIS IS WELL WORTH INVESTIGATING.

J. R. SMITH & J. H. EWING

Real Estate, Renting, Loans

130 Peachtree St.

Ivy 1513. Atl. 2865.

VACANT LOTS

ON NORTH SIDE OF ST. CHARLES AVENUE, between Frederica Street and Highland Avenue, lot 50x200, to alley. If taken at once, we can sell this lot for less than anything on this coming street. Small cash payment, balance easy. Why not build on this and make a profit, others are doing this, why not you?

CORNER OF WASHITA AND SINCLAIR STREETS. Lot 50x200, level, east front and very cheap. Owner wants money and we must sell.

COLONIAL HILLS—Two beautiful high and well-shaded building lots facing St. Michaels Street. All improvements down and paid for. Convenient to but not on car line. New bungalows going up in this location very fast. For quick sale owner will sacrifice. Phone us for prices and terms.

PEACHTREE TERRACE—Just a short distance off Peachtree Road, and overlooking it, we have five very beautiful and rapidly enhancing lots, two on corners. Lots 50x160 each. We have a price on these that you can make money by buying now.

THE L. C. GREEN CO.

305 Third Nat'l Bk. Bldg. Phones Ivy 2943, 4546

Ben Graham Co.

319 Empire Bldg. M. 4376

HURT ST., near Euclid, an 8-room house, up to date, on a good lot, which we can exchange for semi-central business property.

ON THE South Side, a brick storeroom with dwelling attached, on a good corner. We will sacrifice for $4,500 and give terms.

IF YOU have a deed to a vacant lot and want it improved, we will build you a home or a house to rent.

J. O. PALMER, Salesman

$1500.00--$500.00 CASH

Six-room house adjoining plant of Atlanta Steel Co. Arranged for two families. House almost new and in good condition. Always rented for $15.00 a month.
Lot 45x150. Well shaded and drained.
Just outside the city. No city taxes. A 10 1-2 or 11 per cent investment.

J. D. COLLINS

201 Peters Bldg.

Phone Main 890. Residence Phone, Main 2502-J.

COFIELD INVESTMENT CO.

605 Empire Bldg. Telephone Main 2224.

ACREAGE FOR SALE.

$5,000.00

TWENTY-FIVE-acre farm fronting main chert road 1,682 feet. Beautiful oak grove; fine building site for country home; six miles from the center of the city. Let us drive you out to see this.

J. M. BEASLEY, Sales Manager.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE. REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.

M. L. PETTY, Real Estate

I Make a Specialty of Southwest Georgia Farms

125 N. Pryor St. Bell Phone, Ivy 7286

WEST PEACHTREE STREET—Beautiful 8-room house, modern in every respect; almost new. West Peachtree needs no introduction to the public, as every one knows what it is. I am offering this place for $8,500. Assume a small loan; $1,000 cash; balance easy.

ON GLENN STREET, near Central Avenue, 5-room cottage with all improvements. In fact, this is a splendid proposition for the money. new, six-room bungalow; no loasy. There is no loan on this place and I consider it a good proposition.

IN KIRKWOOD, on Boulevard Drive, near Clifton Street, I have a new, six-room bungalow! no loan. $3,150; $500 cash, $25 per month. This is in a new settlement and will make you a nice little home. If you are interested in this, call to see me.

PECAN FARM for trade for Atlanta property. 150 acres one mile and a half from Albany, Ga.; 20 acres set in pecan trees; 4,000 budded trees which will be ready to set this fall. With the 20 acres this will make about 100 acres in pecans. The 4,000 trees are now worth 75 cents apiece. I am offering this for $12,000. This place has good improvements and is all under fence.

BEDFORD PLACE LOTS

$2,750.00 for 51x160 to alley.

All Improvements.

$275.00 Cash, $275.00 per year, 4 years, balance 5 years at 6 per cent.

WAS there ever such an offer made Atlanta buyers? Think what it means to buy elevated, shaded building lots between Seventh and Eighth Streets, right in the center of the most important residence district of the city.

A SURE PROFIT HERE AND QUICK.

Chas. P. Glover Realty Co.

2 1-2 Walton Street.

Vacant Lots.

NORTH BOULEVARD, CORNER SEALS PLACE, we are offering a beautiful corner lot, 52 by 160, for $3,200. Go look at it right away, or it will be gone.

PONCE DE LEON AVENUE; LOT LEVEL AND VERY PRETTY; 50 or 60 feet frontage, with a depth of 200, at $92 per foot. This is no hole or hill; perfect in every respect. We have others cheaper. See us Monday.

HILL STREET, right at East Georgia Avenue car line, a dandy level lot, 48 by 150, facing east, for only $1,000.

PEACHTREE STREET—One of the prettiest lots on the road, 100 by 400, right near Mr. Nunnally's home, for $150 per foot, or $15,000. Terms, 6 per cent. Adjoining owners want $175 per foot. Let us show it to you. We have many others.

MARTIN-OZBURN REALTY CO.
Third National Bank Bldg. Phone Ivy 1276; Atlanta 208.

FOR RENT BY

Ralph O. Cochran Co.

74-76 Peachtree Street

26 PONCE DE LEON Ave., a 12-room dwelling in very best shape; modern in every way. Rent, $125.

739 N. BOULEVARD, 8-room, two-story house, in elegant shape, brand new, modern. Rent, $42.50.

18 WELLINGTON St., two-story dwelling on very large lot; now vacant; near car line. Rent, $20.

635 WHITEHALL St., in West End, two-story place in swell shape; all conveniences. Rent, $27.50.

130 GILMER ST., 5-room cottage, on good size lot, city conveniences; now vacant. Rent. $19.

169 SIMPSON ST., within walking distance of town; 5-room cottage on large lot; conveniences. Rent, $22.50.

CALL, write or phone for our RENT bulletin.

The Randolph Loan Company

IS PREPARED to make first mortgage loans on real estate, second mortgage loans and we buy and sell purchase money notes. We loan from $1,000 to $1,000,000. The rate of interest is 5, 5 1-2, 6, 6 1-2, 7, 7 1-2 and 8 per cent, depending on grade and size of loans. Come direct to our office. Quick service. We finance building propositions.
21 INMAN BUILDING. MAIN 877.

Future Wealth Is to Be Found in Atlanta Real Estate. These Ads Are the Guide Posts

ADAIR'S LIST

Suburban Cottage Near East Lake Road

A SIX-ROOM COTTAGE on lot 100x200, half a block from car line, in growing section. Price, $3,000. Terms, $250 cash and $25 a month.

Jackson Street A $4,250 Residence

NEXT to the corner of Jackson Street and Highland Avenue, a two-story, seven-room house, well built and in good repair. A home you can occupy a while and make some money on. One-third cash.

North Boulevard A Corner for $5,000

AN INVESTMENT property, corner Boulevard and Wheat Street. Lot is 64x90; has twelve-room house. Price, $5,000—one-third cash, balance monthly.

Railroad Front Near Bellwood Ave.

AN ENTIRE BLOCK, fronts 225 feet on A., B. and A. Railroad; triangular in shape; has three renting houses. An income property with railroad background; lies well for factory site. Price, $2,500.

A Residence Lot Under the Market

ON THIRTEENTH STREET (Piedmont Place), there is one residence lot that can be bought for $1,800. It lies a little below street level, but there is hardly another lot within a mile that you can buy for $1,800.

Crescent Avenue A $4,500 Home

BETWEEN Eleventh and Twelfth Streets, facing east, an attractive six-room cottage on Crescent Avenue, lot 50x150. When we sell this $4,500 home the edition will be out of print; there will not be any more at the price.

Inman Park A $6,500 Residence

ON EUCLID AVENUE, between Poplar Circle and Alta Avenue, well built, two-story house; lot 55x150; every convenience. Price, $6,500; reasonable terms.

Ponce DeLeon Avenue Building Lot, 55x200

IN THE VICINITY of Bonaventure Avenue we have a Ponce DeLeon lot for $4,000, a section where a home purchase has the enhancement feature.

Piedmont Avenue Building Lot

NEAR DRIVING CLUB, east front lot, 60x160. A choice building site; high-class home neighborhood. Price, $3,750.

Seven Acres At East Lake Junction

THE TRACT fronts 500 feet on the car line, right at East Lake Junction; runs through to Fair Street; property lies low, with good building site in one corner; water and sewer accessible; suitable for country home with gardens. Price, $5,000; easy terms.

Pryor Street A 12 Per Cent Investment

IT IS NOT OFTEN you can buy a 12 per cent investment on a main paved street, all improvements down and enhancement a certainty. We offer an apartment building on Pryor, near Vassar Street, lot 50x165; rents four tenants at $13 each; total rent $52. Price, $5,200. Tenants pay water bills. This is standard income property.

Renting Property Near Davis Street

THREE BLOCKS from A., B. and A. freight depot, a corner lot 100x105; has two single and one double house; room for another double house. Rents $30 above water bills; price, $3,200. This is very close to Terminal Station and always rents.

Forsyth Street Corner Garnett Street

WE OFFER the southwest corner of Forsyth and Garnett, 46x75 to alley, for $20,000.

Fair Street At East Lake

ONE BLOCK from Country Club, a pretty lot in oak grove, 100 x200; close to paved road; a desirable bungalow site. Price, $1,500; terms.

FOREST & GEORGE ADAIR.

LOAN AGENTS NEW ENGLAND MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.

LANDS FOR SALE BY THOS. W. JACKSON, FOURTH NATIONAL BANK BLDG. PHONE Main 5214.

80 ACRES.

17 MILES north of Atlanta, one mile from depot, 35 acres in cultivation, balance in pasture and timber; one five-room and one three-room house, barn and other outbuildings; two fine springs. This will make an ideal country home. Run up there in your automobile in fifty minutes; cherted road all the way, excepting 1½ miles. Special price and easy terms if sold at once.

63 ACRES.

AN IDEAL North Georgia country home; two-story Swiss bungalow, with modern improvements, cement walks, marble pillars, barn, servants' house; nice orchard; all kinds of fruits. On account of change in business, owner must sell, and will make a special price or exchange for a cottage in Atlanta.

50 ACRES.

17 MILES north of the city, one mile off the chert road; 35 acres in cultivation, balance pasture and timber; fine spring; four-room house and barn. This is a splendid little farm and will make you an ideal country home. Price $2,000; half cash, balance one and two years, with 7 per cent interest.

10 ACRES.

ON CHERT ROAD, 4½ miles out. Owner must sell and will offer at a very low price for the next few days; nice cottage, barn and other outhouses.

THOS. W. JACKSON, Fourth Nat. Bank Bldg

Hearst's Sunday American
Published Weekly
BY THE GEORGIAN COMPANY
At 29 East Alabama Street, Atlanta, Ga.
Entered as mail matter of the second-class at the postoffice at Atlanta, Ga., under act of March 3, 1879.
Subscription price: $2.00 per year, payable in advance.

Want Anything?

TELEPHONES
Bell M. 8000
Atlanta

Telephone clerk will take your ad, and, if requested, assist you in wording, or will write the ad for you—that's his business. He will also make it as brief as possible to obtain the results desired. In order to accommodate customers, accounts will be opened by phone, but you will make payments promptly after publication or when bills are presented by mail.

Classified Advertising Rates:

1 insertion ...10c a line
3 insertions .. 6c a line
7 insertions ... 5c a line
20 insertions ..4½c a line
30 insertions ... 4c a line

No advertisements taken for less than two lines. Seven words make a line.

To protect your interests as well as ours, an order to discontinue an ad will not be accepted over the phone. Please make order to discontinue in writing.

No advertisement accepted from out of town unless accompanied by cash or forwarded through recognized advertising agency.

TELEPHONES
Bell M. 8000
Atlanta

LITTLE ADS THAT BRING BIG RESULTS

ANSWER—Just as you have read this will others read your ad if you place it in the Want Ad columns of this paper. A word to the wise is enough.

HAVE YOU SOLD THAT HOUSE? A little "For Sale" ad in the "Want Ad" section will find a purchaser.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.

Sharp & Boylston

FOURTH WARD INVESTMENT.

THIS IS THREE NEGRO HOUSES ON HILLIARD STREET, NEAR HIGHLAND, ALWAYS RENTED FOR $31.40 PER MONTH. PRICE $3,000 AND CAN MAKE TERMS. THIS IS OVER 12 PER CENT AND A GOOD BUY.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE. REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.

For Sale by FOSTER & ROBSON

11 Edgewood Avenue

ONE OF the most beautiful bungalows in Inman Park for $5,000. Owner was offered $6,000 for this place a few months ago, but now leaving city and is willing to make the sacrifice. No information over phone. See Mr. White.

SWELL modern bungalow on North Side in rapidly growing section. Good buy for $5,000. Druid Hills neighborhood. Easy terms. See Mr. Martin.

IN THE Fourth Ward some property on two good streets, renting for $68 a month. $6,000. One-half cash. This is good property and a splendid investment. See Mr. Cohen.

E. FOURTH Street, a dandy 8-room, two-story house. Has all the conveniences. Large lot. This is in walking distance of the city, and is well worth the price, $6,500, with terms. See Mr. Martin.

IN EAST LAKE section, where advances in value have been steady and will continue, we have sixteen and a fraction acres with a good bungalow on same; young fruit trees; beautiful grove land; about one-half in cultivation; $8,000 will buy this. Reasonable terms can be arranged. See Mr. Hook.

IN SOUTH KIRKWOOD, convenient to stop on the South Decatur and East Lake cars, several brand-new and particularly attractive bungalows of 5 and 6 rooms, with all conveniences. Values in Kirkwood are enhancing rapidly and we know of no better locality for modest homes. Reasonable prices and attractive terms. See Mr. Radford.

ON TENTH Street, near West Peachtree, a jam-up, 2-story, 7-room home; especially attractive appointments. Growing section. Extra good buy for $6,750. Any reasonable terms can be arranged. See Mr. Bradshaw.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE. REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.

EAST PINE STREET

There are plenty of high-priced homes on the North Side, but there are not many you can buy for $3,500.

We offer an unencumbered place, No. 182 East Pine, near Ripley Street, for $3,500 cash; it is a two-story house, showing its value to any observer.

Forrest & George Adair

FOR SALE BY
GREENE REALTY COMPANY
511 EMPIRE BLDG. REAL ESTATE, RENTING, LOANS. Phones 1599

GRANT PARK COTTAGE.

We have a 6-room cottage on one of the prettiest South Side streets, has all conveniences, and a real home to be appreciated. Only $3,500, on terms.
SEE US QUICK.

Ansley Park---8-Room New Home Lot 60x400 Feet

RIGHT NEAR Piedmont Avenue and the car line, we have a brand new two-story eight-room home, of all improvements; beautiful electric fixtures, facing the golf links and on lot 60x400 feet. Price, $7,000 on terms. Can you beat it?

THOMSON & LYNES
18-20 WALTON STREET. PHONE IVY 718.

WE CAN SELL you a nice, NEW 6-room BUNGALOW with bath and every modern convenience for $3,000, and others for $3,300 and $3,500, on EASY TERMS. These bungalows are situated in the beautiful and coming section of Murray Hill in North Kirkwood, and are bargains at the price. It is a pleasure to show them.

Walker & Patton
8 Nelson Street. Phone Main 2824.

WILLIAMS-HARTSOCK CO.

Real Estate and Builders
Main 2106 4th National Bank Bldg.

ANSLEY PARK—Modern six-room bungalow on a $2,500 lot. Near car. Now look—the price is cut to $5,000, and the terms are—see us, but hurry.

JUST OFF Ponce DeLeon and right at Druid Hills, on an unsurpassed street, we have a beautiful east front lot. It's worth $2,750, but the owner has given us a two-days' price of $2,150. An inquiry will convince you that this is your opportunity.

IN DRUID HILLS, on a 100-foot front lot, we have an excellent eight-room HOME. It's a bargain at $12,500.

ST. CHARLES AVENUE—Good little home on a lot 50x207 feet to an alley. $3,500 on terms gets this. The owner of this put the gain in bargain.

THREE BLOCKS from Peachtree, five from Georgian Terrace, on swell street, six-room bungalow; furnace, etc. Owner leaving city. $5,750, $500 cash.

WE BUY, build, sell and exchange, so let's get together.

---

37 Beautiful North Side Lots at Auction Administrator's Sale

Special Request Made A. J. & H. F. WEST, Auctioneers

Come to our office, get plats, go out to corner Fourteenth Street and State Street, East Street and Kontz Avenue, where you will find our signboards on the W. C. RICHARDS ESTATE PROPERTY — 37 as pretty lots as any in Atlanta, to be sold by us for the administrator on the first Tuesday, THE 6TH DAY OF MAY, 1913, at the COURT HOUSE.

FOURTEENTH STREET is to be paved by the county this spring; it already has sewer, water, electric lights, tile sidewalks and curbing.

STATE STREET IS PAVED, has water, tile sidewalks and curbing.

This property will double in value very quickly, affording an unusual opportunity FOR SPECULATION and HOMES.

SHREWD BUYERS always get bargains at the Court House. It will pay you to drop everything else, go out, look over this property, and meet us at the Court House WITHOUT FAIL ON FIRST TUESDAY, THE 6TH DAY OF MAY, 1913. Terms one-third cash, balance 1 and 2 years, 7 per cent.

A. J. & H. F. WEST
REAL ESTATE AUCTIONEERS.
218-219 Atlanta National Bank Building.
W. B. B. RICHARDS, Administrator.

A HUNDRED HOMES

Advertised For Sale Or Rent

IN TO-DAY'S REAL ESTATE SECTION

HOMES in all that the word means to the discriminating home buyer.

HOMES at all prices from $1,000 to $50,000—well built, well located, of latest design and modern construction.

HOMES on hill and in dale, that appeal to the business man or his clerk who seek rest and contentment for themselves and heir families after the day's work is over.

HOMES in all the wonderfully beautiful suburbs of Atlanta.

In Hearst's Sunday American Real Estate Section

you have spread before you, for careful consideration, hundreds of homes, some with illustrations, but all with full descriptions—a wealth of information it would take weeks to collect.

HERE IS WHAT YOU HAVE BEEN LOOKING FOR—a 12 per cent investment, ON ONE OF THE BEST RESIDENCE STREETS IN ATLANTA. EASY TERMS, $2,000 cash and assume a loan of $3,500; balance $50 per month. This property rents for $75 a month. This house is built for TWO TENANTS; STEAM HEAT; will always stay rented, or you can occupy one apartment yourself and the rent from the other APARTMENT WILL PAY YOUR MONTHLY note. This proposition will not STAY LONG ON THE MARKET. See us at once.

Feld Realty Company
211 EMPIRE BLDG.,
Bell Main 208; Atlanta 3437.

THOS. J. BUCHANAN

405 Peters Building. Phone, Main 5258-J.

ON COPENHILL AVENUE I have for sale a nice six-room cottage on a large lot that I can sell at a very reasonable price and on the easiest of terms. See me for particulars on this place.

ONE OF THE VERY choicest residences on north side that I can sell for $8,500; has eight rooms and all up-to-date conveniences. This is a choice place in every essential.

J. W. DOBBINS & CO.

312 Peters Bldg. Bell Phone M. 2126.

$4,000—Absolutely the best bargain in Druid Hills section; six-room bungalow; every convenience; $500 cash, $25 monthly.

$2,550—New five-room cottage, with all conveniences; Inman Park; $250 cash and $20 per month.

$3,750—Extra good home; best section of West End; six rooms; walls nicely papered; large level lot; $750 cash, $25 monthly, and rented for $30.

$635—Three-room house; little bargain; $75 cash, $10 per month.

WE HAVE special bargains in lots; all prices, all sections.

HOMES ON EASY TERMS

IN WEST END we offer a six-room house in good condition, on lot 36x150, for $2,250, on terms of $100 cash, assume loan of $1,250 at 7 per cent, balance $15 per month. Now rented for $15.00.

WE ALSO OFFER a new 8-room house in Inman Park, well built and now being papered. Every convenience; lot 48x150. Price, $5,750, on terms of $250 cash, assume loan of $3,000, 4 years, at 7 per cent, and pay balance $46 per month. Now rented for $40. Owner can get possession on short notice if desired.

These are genuine bargains. See us.

Empire Trust & Safe Deposit Co.
EMPIRE BUILDING.

YOUR OPPORTUNITY

WE HAVE on Ponce DeLeon Avenue two-story, new, modern, up-to-date home. All possible conveniences. We can deliver this property at a very low price. Misfortune causes owner to sacrifice. This is an exceptional opportunity to get a first-class home at the right price. Will take pleasure in showing this property.

R. C. Woodbery & Co.
REAL ESTATE AND RENTING.
803 EMPIRE LIFE BLDG. PHONE IVY 4726.

A. J. MAYFIELD

REAL ESTATE AND RENTING.
49 S. Pryor St.

EAST DECATUR.
WE HAVE several Bargains on new car line to Stone Mountain. Nice homes, ranging from $1,500 to $5,500. Also store and dwelling combined, large lot, in excellent location. Party can take immediate possession. These are not only good investments but are ideal homes.

FOR SALE JOHN J. WOODSIDE

HUBBARD, NEAR MARY ST.
(In "Pittsburg.")
Four double houses, near Southern Railway Shops. Large block of ground. See this and make offer.
THOS. R. FINNEY,
Sales Manager.
12 "Real Estate Row."

MONEY

WE HAVE ample connections whereby we can make loans on desirable real estate in the city. Anyone wishing to have a loan made quickly will please see us. We can place the application without any unnecessary delay.

Ralph O. Cochran Company
74-76 Peachtree Street.

Steam-Heated Apartments

NEW, 6-room, second story; refrigera tors, gas ranges, electric lights and all modern conveniences; 67 Highland, second door from Jackson. Special price to September 1.

W. H. WITHERS
217 and 218 Temple Court, Phone Main 4569.

MARBUT & MINOR

BELL PHONE MAIN 3762. ATLANTA PHONE 3102-A.
$4,200—EIGHT-ROOM TWO-STORY HOUSE; LOT 100 BY 200; SOUTH MORELAND AVENUE.
$2,500—TWO NEW FIVE-ROOM COTTAGES; MAY AVENUE.
$2,750—SEVEN-ROOM COTTAGE; FLAT SHOALS AVENUE.
$250 TO $800—THIRTY BEAUTIFUL LOTS, NEAR EAST ATLANTA BANK.
$3,200—EIGHT ACRES WELL IMPROVED; 2 MILES OUT.
$750.00—Two large lots on McPherson Avenue.
$1,600—Five-room house, lot 60x160, Flat Shoals Avenue.

MARBUT & MINOR

MERCHANTS USE ECONOMIC LAWS

Selection of Sites Is Important, and Clever Devices Are Employed to Reduce Cost.

Atlanta merchants are constantly putting into practice some of the fundamental principles of economics in the selection of business sites. Department stores and other establishments along Whitehall are using a minimum of frontage and a maximum of "backage." For instance, the store which fronts 30 feet on Whitehall will extend back many feet toward Pryor Street or Broad and there spread out over a great area. The floor space is what is desired and the store gets it without paying the high prices that more frontage would entail.

The office building is likewise built on an economic principle. While there are lateral restrictions on a 100x300-foot lot, there is no limit to the extent to which the structure may go into the air, except the limit of safety. If an office building were reduced to twenty large stores, all of which demanded frontage, the cost would be twenty times as great, and the efficiency would not make up for it by any means.

A capitalist who was trying recently to place a wholesale house in a desirable location recommended a site at $1,000 a front foot. "What is the price on the opposite side of the street?" asked the wholesaler.

"That is $750," was the reply. "The difference is due to the fact that twice as many people use the other side of the street."

"Then I'll take the cheaper location," returned the wholesaler. "It suits my purposes just as well and it saves me considerable expense."

A far-seeing business man had a piece of unproductive property on his hands. He had tried in vain to sell it. It was far-removed from the prevailing trading centers and it couldn't be sold as it stood. Then an idea struck the business man. The lease of an undertaking establishment in another section of town was expiring. Undertaking establishments pay good rentals. He would erect a building and lease it to them. The undertakers, in the meantime, were wondering what they were to do for a new place. The business man showed them.

RIDDER GIVEN NEW YORK OFFICE; MITCHELL BEATEN

ALBANY, N. Y., May 3.—Governor Sulzer to-day nominated Herman Ridder, of New York, for the position of Superintendent of State Prisons. The Senate confirmed the nomination.

The Governor also resubmitted the nomination of John Mitchell, the labor leader, for State Labor Commissioner. This nomination was rejected.

Cattle Tick Incubus Is No Obstacle to New Stockman

Dipping Vat and Sprays Take Care of Ticks—Progressive Stockmen Welcome Severe Restrictions—Tick Continuance Inexcusable, if Thorough Safeguards Will Be Taken in Every Instance Tick Appears.

By CHARLES A. WHITTLE.
(Georgia State College of Agriculture.)

MORE than 180,000 miles of territory has been freed of cattle tick since 1906—a territory that would cover Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia and slightly more. Pretty good work that!

And what is more, his pudgy nibs is on the way to oblivion at a faster pace than ever. The street would put it more expressively by saying that he was being put on the "blink," for that is about what happens when he receives a deluge of the arsenic solution in the "dip."

For a long time the Margaropus Annulatus—none other than the cattle tick—gorged and gorged good blood of Southern cattle, but at last a scientific sleuth trapped and convicted him of cattle raiding computing his outrages at millions and millions of dollars a year.

Forthwith the federal authorities located the van of the tick's far flung lines, set up a quarantine and stopped crossing from infected to uninfected territory until a clean bill of health was shown. It was discovered that the tick had fixed itself upon the cattle industry of the South and Southwest, that cattle reared in uninfected territory when taken into infected territory died when the tick got in its work. Indeed the cattle tick fever is to the cow what yellow fever is to man.

Farmers Do Not Appreciate Damage.

A CURIOUS feature about it is that the Southern farmers did not know that the cattle tick had anything to do with the development of their herds. In fact, a great many Southern farmers to-day will hoot the claims that the cattle tick amounts to anything, averring that it is all a fuss about nothing.

The explanation is that Southern born and reared cattle receive a touch of the tick fever very early in life with comparatively slight effect, but enough to make them immune from serious effects afterwards. Though Southern cattle thus early go through the tick ordeal, as a matter of fact, they are never afterwards what they might have been. Their growth is permanently stunted. They are, in fact, predestined bovine failures.

The Southern farmer faces his poor cattle with an "Oh, well the South is no place to grow them!" He has been placing the blame on the country and climate when it belonged to him.

Every intelligent farmer now knows that the South is a territory suited to cattle growing, indeed, wonderfully adapted to it—the tick, of course, eliminated as a factor. The long grazing season, the great variety of crops maturing at desirable intervals, the possibility of double cropping, the generally favorable climatic conditions, have all been made to show prime beef and dairy results where the tick has been driven out.

How Tick Does Damage.

THE charges against the cattle tick have been well briefed by Dr. W. M. Burson, professor of Veterinary Science of the Georgia State College of Agriculture in the following way:

1—Sucks blood thereby causing loss of vitality.
2—Stunts the growth of calves.
3—Lessens milk production.
4—Increases expense of fattening cattle.
5—Interferes with the improvement of breeds.
6—Causes commercial damage to hides.
7—Restricts commerce in cattle.
8—Lowers the market value of cattle in tick infested territory.
9—Causes death of many cattle.
10—Prevents to a large extent the proper use of cotton seed meal thereby reducing soil fertility.
11—Prevents the exhibition of Southern cattle at northern fairs and stock shows.
12—Prevents sale of breeding and feeding cattle to northern farmers.

How to Eradicate the Tick.

THE two general methods of eradicating the tick are pasture rotation and spraying or dipping with arsenic solution. If one had only a small herd and time he could resort to hand picking and currying being sure to remove once a week every tick before it grows sufficiently to lay eggs. For a small herd he could also apply with brush or sponge a tick destroying wash or oil, such as crude petroleum, tick oil, cotton seed oil and kerosene mixed equal parts; lard and kerosene mixed equal parts or other disinfectant.

Spraying these oils, disinfectants, and stock dips or what is cheapest, arsenic solution, upon the cattle seeing that all parts of their skin is thoroughly dampened, is also practical for small herds.

But the most effective and the practical way for large herds is the "dip." It is the most economical for a community that is willing to co-operate in its construction, and is adapted to the treatment of a large number of cattle. The "dip" consists of passing the cattle through a vat full of tick destroying liquid, the liquid being so deep that when the animal is forced to plunge into it, complete immersion is the consequence.

Concrete is generally used in the construction of the dipping vats and plans and specifications for their construction can be had from any college of agriculture, from the Department of Animal Husbandry of the United States Bureau of Agriculture, from industrial departments of railroads, etc.

In the South much interest has been taken by railroads and cotton seed crushers interested in fostering the cattle industry, and at their own expense, community dips have been constructed for the benefit of any farmer who would join the crusade against the tick.

The arsenic solution which has given such excellent results and is most generally used in dipping vats, can be made from the following formula: sodium carbonate (sal soda), 24 pounds; arsenic trioxid (white arsenic), 8 pounds; pine tar, one gallon; water sufficient to make 500 gallons. To prepare this mixture for use, 25 gallons of water are brought to a boil, the sal soda is added and stirred till it dissolves. The arsenic is added and again stirred until it in turn dissolves. The solution is then allowed to cool to 140 degrees fahrenheit. One pound of concentrated lye is dissolved in one quart of water and stirred into the pine tar. The pine tar is then added slowly in a thin stream to the solution of soda and arsenic, the whole being stirred thoroughly. The volume is then increased by the addition of water to make the total 50 gallons. This 50 gallons of substance is known as "stock" solution. In this conditier it is entirely too strong for application. Previous to use it must be diluted with water at the rate of nine gallons of water to one gallon of "stock" solution.

Arsenic is, of course, a deadly poison and care must be exercised in handling it. Cattle should be watered before dipping and should be allowed to drip off throughly in the dripping pen to make sure that none will drip off on grass or pasture and be eaten by cattle. When the liquid has become too foul for further use, it should be drained off into a pit where it will not run out on pasture land or find access to the water supply.

A single dipping of a cow, of course, destroys all ticks on the animal at the time. Other ticks might crawl on her the next day and if they are allowed to remain there long enough would develop and be ready to perpetuate the race of ticks. Until the ticks have been completely eradicated it is, therefore, necessary to put the cattle through the dipping vat about every two weeks.

How Ticks Reproduce.

OBSERVATIONS made by government experts concerning the habits of the cattle tick reveal that ticks average from 350 to over 5,000 eggs, the average being nearer 3,000. These eggs are laid in greatest abundance in November with January and February next in order. The incubation period varies greatly from 19 to 188 days with October and February as hatching periods. The tick's longest life time as observed by scientists is 249 days.

The life history of the cattle tick may start with the female tick after reaching its full development on a cow. It then drops to the ground and immediately hunts a hiding place on moist earth under litter that will protect her from the sun and her numerous enemies. Egg laying may then begin in ten days and continue for a period of five months. From 19 to 188 days after the eggs have been laid, they begin to hatch. The small seed tick may live eight months after hatching. After hatching they fasten themselves to the nearest vegetation and attach themselves to cattle as they pass by or when they lie down.

As soon as a seed tick attaches itself to a cow it begins to draw blood and to grow. It molts twice and may mate, mature and drop to the ground in from one to three months.

Thousands of Isolated Farms Free of Ticks.

THE quarantine line established by the Federal Government does not mean by any means that all territory south of the line is infested with ticks. As a matter of fact whole counties below the quarantine line have been clean of ticks and hold a clean bill of health to this effect from Federal inspectors. Wherever a progressive farmer has taken the pains, he has been able to eradicate the tick from his farm without trouble and much to his profit in increasing the development of his live stock business.

For a long time the Southern States did not support the Federal Government in its efforts to eradicate this cattle pest. But now most Southern States have entered heartily into the fight and have established intra-State regulations as stringent as any that the Federal Government ever established in protection of the cattle industry north of the line.

A great deal of fuss has been encountered within the States and no small opposition. In fact, at times, it would appear that the worthy crusade would have to fall back from gained ground and give up hope, but good advice has prevailed and practically all that has been won has been held.

The meaning of it all is that the man who will permit his cattle to be infested with ticks will have to stand to lose a market for them. At least his market will be so constricted by reason of quarantine measures as at times to amount to no market at all. He must get rid of the ticks if he is going to stay in the cattle raising business. Such is about the significance of the Georgia State law which is one of the strictest and therefore one that is accomplishing most in and putting Georgia more rapidly on the cattle growing map than others.

Each year the number of kickers against cattle tick regulations become smaller. The kickers have "come across," joined the ranks of those who have eradicated the tick and have become the most exacting in their demands that the law be enforced upon the other fellow. The veterinary department of Georgia deserves much credit for the rapidly growing area it is wresting from the tick.

If the farmers of Georgia would co-operate, the cattle tick could be eradicated from the State in two years. The Georgia farmer with his excellent Georgia market for his products could quarantine against all other Southern territory not free from ticks and feel a great impetus in live stock growing.

There is nothing else in Georgia in the way of developing a cattle industry on a vast scale than the tick. The same may be said of any other Southern State which has been afflicted with the trouble.

The eradication of the tick is a direct contribution of science to the welfare of the farmer. Had the habits and harm of the tick not been discovered through scientific research, the South might have gone on for ever as a failure at cattle raising without ever suspecting the correct reason.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE. REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.

Adair & Holt's Revised New Listings

HIGH-CLASS SUBDIVISIONS.

HAVE EXCLUSIVE listings and options on North Side land, right in the town, and property never before on sale. If you want something real good we know where it is and have it at the right price.

PONCE DE LEON AVE. APARTMENT SITE.
AT THE GEORGIAN TERRACE and Ponce DeLeon Apartments. Price only $600 per foot, and it is cheap at that.

PONCE DE LEON AVE. HOMES AND LOTS.
JUST LISTED some elegant homes on this beautiful thoroughfare—some dandies. They are right up to date and the prices are right. Easy terms.

STONE MOUNTAIN CAR LINE HOME.
SMALL TRACTS on and near this line are getting scarce. We have some nice ones at low prices. Have nine acres with small house in quarter mile of car stop for $1,500. It's pretty and cheap, too. too.

TWELVE ACRES ON MARIETTA CAR LINE.
$300 WORTH of improvements, such as private water, sewerage and barns. No dwelling, but elegant grounds. Price, $6,000. Make an offer.

$1350, NORTH SIDE ACREAGE, RIGHT NEAR PIEDMONT PARK.
CHEAPEST, prettiest and most desirable tract on the market. We have only a few days at this price, then it will be $1,500 per acre. Buy it now and make a quarter of a million on the 100 acres. It is just simply beautiful and in the right place, facing to main thoroughfares that are paved now.

"LET US SHOW YOU."

ADAIR & HOLT
97 1-2 Peachtree St., Alfriend Bldg. Bell Phone, Ivy 10

AT PUBLIC OUTCRY

WE WILL SELL to the highest bidder before the Court House door on May 6th the property and equity of Moise DeLeon, Bankrupt, located at 241-243 Whitehall Street, being 52 1-3 feet on Whitehall Street with an average depth of 225 feet through to Forsyth Street, and fronting thereon 107 1-2 feet, being known as Nos. 210-214 South Forsyth Street.

At the same time and place, we will sell an undivided one-third interest in an equity in house and lot on the northwest corner of Forsyth and Castleberry Streets, known as 205 South Forsyth Street, and fronting 76.6 feet on Forsyth Street with an average depth of 85 feet.

Both of these pieces of property are in the immediate section of the Whitehall Street regrading and improvements.

Plats and full particulars regarding terms, titles, etc., to be had in our office.

TURMAN, BLACK & CALHOUN
203 Empire Building.

INMAN PARK BUNGALOW

IF YOU will call to see us early Monday morning we'll show you one of the prettiest bungalows in this section. No use to try to describe it; you must see for yourself. No information over phone only for an engagement. Owner leaving. Must sell at once. It's up to you.

STEWART & COOPER
MAIN 1228. 317 PETERS BUILDING.



BE A BELL TELEPHONE OPERATOR

The work is agreeable. The surroundings are pleasant. You are paid a salary while learning. The opportunities for rapid advancement are excellent. Increased salary is assured if you prove efficient.

There are several vacancies in our training school for young women between 16 and 22 years of age who have a common school education and can furnish satisfactory references.

Apply in person at training school, 25 Auburn Avenue in the

Bell Telephone Exchange

Paving Extension On W. 14th Street?

Suggested That Marietta and Peachtree Be Connected—Much Activity in Section.

A "revival" in street paving seems to have struck the Fourteenth Street neighborhood. Less than a year ago Fourteenth Street paving was completed between the Peachtrees, and now Peachtree is being repaved from Sixth to Fifteenth Street, and Crescent Avenue is being repaved from Fourteenth Street southward.

It has been suggested that West Fourteenth Street be paved from West Peachtree to Marietta Street, and, in fact, this extension is said to be under consideration by the city. Such an improvement would connect the entire Ansley Park and Piedmont Park sections with the big west side of the city, and through Marietta and Peachtree Streets from a loop, which would be of great advantage in a commercial way. Fourteenth Street is wide and long, and its advantages mark it for car line use eventually, as a help in the solution of the "cross-town street" problem.

Extra! All About Frank West's Buy!

Two New York Lots Received as Book Premium Are Now Worth $120!

H. F. West, of the real estate firm of A. J. & H. F. West, bought a set of books three years ago for $48 and received as a bonus two residence lots on Long Island, 40 minutes from New York City, and Friday he got a letter saying his lots had been appraised at $100 to $120. Mr. West is seriously considering a trip to Long Island to look over his property. He thinks he had better hold it a while for more enhancement.

Not only Mr. West, but many local realty men invested in books and received lots in addition. At the time of the purchases, it will be recalled, a local newspaper ran half a column telling of a well-known dealer's investment in New York real estate.

"There is one difference between Atlanta and New York land," declared Mr. West. "You can't club the former with book offers."

Houses and Lots Net Nearly $25,000

R. L. Turman, of Well-Known Real Estate Agency, Puts in Busy Week.

In addition to the sale of 157 and 159 Decatur Street for $44,280, R. L. Turman, of the Turman, Blake & Calhoun agency, has made the following sales:

For Dr. John B. Daniel to Mrs. S. M. Whitner, two lots on St. Charles Avenue for $5,000; one six-room house on two acres of land on Brown Mill Road for Dr. E. L. Osborne to J. W. Culpepper for $2,250; two lots on McDonough Road for C. J. Martin to Mrs. L. F. Owens for $1,300; four lots just off McDonough Road to Mrs. Owens for $800; one lot on Lakewood Avenue for Miss M. N. Graves to W. J. Milam for $525; one lot corner Griffin and Simpson Streets for Mrs. S. A. McDonald to W. R. Johnson for $750 cash; two houses and lots in Fortified Hills to clients for $5,000.

E. W. Grove Property Is Placed on Market

Fortified Hills, on Mason and Turner's Road, Listed With Well-Known Agency.

The subdivision known as Fortified Hills on the Mason and Turner's Ferry Road has been turned over to Messrs. Turman, Black & Calhoun for sale. This is a large tract of land on which Dr. E. W. Grove, of St. Louis, has built quite a number of handsome homes and spent a great deal of money laying out parks and driveways. It is one of the "show places" of Atlanta. The river car line runs through the property for about half a mile.

The property is fashioned after the residence parks of St. Louis, and is restricted exclusively to the building of residences, nine years having been required to bring about this development. Quite a number of handsome stone buildings have been erected during the spring and the owners have spent $5,000 in getting a water main to the property.

WOMAN 102 SAVES TO ATTEND BARGAIN SALES

WATERLOO, IOWA, May 3.—"Live in the open, eat moderately, exercise regularly and use tobacco if you feel like it."

This was the advice given by Mrs. Isaac Spoors, of Waterloo, 102 years old, as she paused while on her way to a bargain sale. Mrs. Spoors had walked more than a mile at the time, yet appeared fresh and active.

"This little walk is a mere step," Mrs. Spoors said, as she urged her husband to hasten to the sale before the rush started. The husband, 73 years old, found difficulty in keeping the pace set by his wife. She helped him up and down the curbings.

POOR FEWER THIS YEAR, SAYS ENGLISH REPORT

Special Cable to The American.

LONDON, May 3.—A substantial decline in pauperism in England and Wales is shown in a paper issued recently.

In 1912 the total number of paupers was 780,329, which is equal to 21.6 per 1,000 of the population. The figures for 1911 were 886,177, or 24.8 per 1,000.

Last year's figures were the lowest on record.

The cost per head of the population of the relief of the poor was $2 in 1912, compared with $2.50 in 1911.

POULTRY

Public Market a Big Help to Producer and Consumer, as It Cuts Out Profit of Middleman--Personal Patronage Better Than Any Other Method, of Course, but Goods Should Be Kept Up to High Standard.

By JUDGE F. J. MARSHALL.

In Germany and France, and in fact in many of the large cities of this country, the market place is the great rendezvous for all classes to trade in the products of the farm. It is specially the place for the farmer and market gardener and the poultry raiser to dispose of their goods. A good market place full of good market goods is a godsend to any community, as it brings the producer and the consumer together.

If the poultryman puts his eggs and dressed poultry into his market stall in the best possible condition he can readily command the top of the market. Buyers, as a rule, are looking for the nicest and most attractive things they can find for the money they have to spend. In this way, you see, the producer and the consumer are brought together and they do away with the middleman's profits. There are, however, many of our best Southern cities in which there are no public street market places, nor the other method of allowing all producers to back up and stand upon certain streets two or three days of the week, for a limited time during the morning hours.

Cities of the South owe it not only to themselves as a purchasing body of people to maintain a good public market, but also they owe it to the community of farmers and producers surrounding them. You need them and they need you. Supplies will be much more satisfactory, both quality and variety. Freshness is half the value in considering all kinds of green garden stuff, as it is in the line of poultry products. The next best thing for the poultryman to do in the absence of these market places is to use a small light delivery wagon, making regular runs certain days, getting in touch with the best hotels, restaurants and private families where they know a good thing when they see it and are willing to pay for it.

Cleanliness Keynote.

Cleanliness, which means attractiveness, is the keynote to success. Let every egg be spick and span, not a spot of any kind to prevent them from looking like they were surely intended to eat. People will stay with you on that class of goods, in spite of the fact that they think they want to buy as cheap as they can.

In the leading cities and larger towns good plump broilers weighing from 1 1-2 to 2 pounds are in good demand from January to June and command fancy prices. The bulk of such trade will usually be at the best hotels, although a good retail market can be worked up by perseverance and a little patience in canvassing the residents. Often those a little larger will take better with private families. Vigor, health and quick growth are the essentials for putting this product upon the market at top prices. Customers will not stand for scrawny, ill-kept looking specimens of this class.

Chicks weighing 2 1-2 to 3 pounds are not much in demand in the best city markets for the simple reason that they are neither broilers, fries nor roasters. Quick-growing, young, tender cockerels weighing from 3 to 4 pounds usually sell pretty well during July and August and bring fairly good prices. Then there is a demand for prime roasters weighing from 4 to 6 pounds at almost any season of the year. They must, however, be well fattened and in the pink of condition.

As a rule, the best time to dispose of old hens and cocks is during the Thanksgiving or Christmas holidays. There is usually at this time an enormous demand for all classes of roasters, consuming everything in sight.

Fine Goods; Best Prices.

The fine ones bring the best prices, so that it stand one in hand to have his product at the head of the list. Stock usually brings the best prices when nicely dressed and furnished in the pink of condition.

A fowl may be rather old, but if nicely handled will not show it so much when dressed as it does in its old scraggly plumage.

In fact, a good healthy fat fowl roasted to a turn is pretty good eating at any time during cold weather. As already indicated, where the poultryman raises stock in considerable numbers, it pays to look up markets for himself. It does not pay to deal in proxies. It requires personal effort inspired by personal interest to make it a go. A retail business of this kind is usually started with two or three good customers who, being well satisfied with the goods delivered, make good trade pullers for you. There must by all means be regularity in the delivery of the goods, as customers soon tire of an irresponsible party who fails to keep his word as to time of delivery. When the housewife is depending upon two dozen eggs at a certain time to do her cooking with she will not be in a very pleasant mood toward you if you fail to show until the next day and then with perhaps but one dozen for her in the place of the two promised.

Let everything go along like clockwork, with precision and system. Provide yourself with neat little packages of some kind holding one, two and three dozen that your delivery may not only be businesslike but more promptly executed, saving your own time and that of your customer.

It will insure confidence at the start if you will take the trouble to stamp each egg as fresh and guaranteed by "yours truly," telling your proposed customers that you will replace all eggs that are not strictly fresh and good.

Married 3 Times; Had 34 Children

Englishman Thinking of Another Wife—Five Born Within Year to Proud Father.

Special Cable to The American.

LONDON, May 3.—A man who has been married three times, has had 34 children and still hopes to marry again, has just been discovered in York.

This wonderful husband and father is William Bonnett, aged 65, who has worked as a ganger in various parts of England for over 40 years.

His marital adventures are as follows:

First Marriage—Hepsy Suderby, who died in 1872; four children, two living.

Second Marriage—1873; Caroline Tuck; died about 1890; 26 children, including triplets and twine (the latter on more than one occasion); six children living.

Third Marriage—1898; Liza Page, who died in 1908; four children, two living.

This, in brief, is the record of Bonnett's family.

"I can not think of the names of my children that died," said Bonnett. "Within a year my wife Caroline had five children—triplets and twins. We got the Queen's bounty of $13. All these five children died, however.

"I've seen many funerals in my time—just 27, to be exact—in my own family.

"It may not be very long before I am married again. My advice to bachelors is that to marry is the best thing a man can do."

Gold Braid Given Convicts of Merit

All Forms of Punishment in the Indiana Penitentiary Are Abolished.

MICHIGAN CITY, IND., May 3.—The "hole", otherwise known as "the solitary," has been abolished at the Indiana State Penitentiary. So have prison stripes.

The announcement was made today by Warden E. J. Fogarty. Prisoners in the future will wear light blue and plaids. Although the changes remove unruly prisoners, Warden Fogarty declares the prison will continue to maintain excellent discipline."

Warden Fogarty said the abolishing of "the solitary" and stripes puts the Indiana prison ahead of any similar institution in the world.

STEPMOTHER DEPENDENT RELATIVE COURT RULES

WASHINGTON, May 3.—A stepmother is a relative of her step-children, according to a decision to-day by Comptroller of the Treasury Tracewell. The question arose in the case of Lieutenant Reginald W. Ludlow, of the United States Marine Corps, who died at Key West, Fla., in January, and who had designated Mrs. Margaret Ludlow, his stepmother, as a "dependent relative to receive the six months' gratuity allowed by the Government."

China May Adopt 'Pidgin-English'

Parliamentarians Find Difficulty in Selecting Universal Language for Debate.

Special Cable to The American.

HONGKONG, May 3.—It will be interesting to see how the new Chinese Parliament grapples with the language difficulty. The committee appointed in 1906, under the presidency of Prince Ching, to report on the best means of introducing parliamentary institutions into China, found that one great obstacle to the successful working would be the difficulty of finding a common tongue.

The Chinese have so many dialects that delegates not of the mandarin class gathered from all parts of the country would find it impossible to carry on debates. It was held that if a Parliament were established it would be necessary to draw up a new grammar and vocabulary for the use of its members. Commenting on this, the Japanese review, "Keizai," suggested that pidgin-English, which the progress of railway construction has spread over a wider area than any other dialect in China, might perhaps serve the desired purpose.

Wife May Steal if Husband Looks On

Queer Provision in Old English Law Frees Woman Accused of Theft.

Special Cable to The American.

LONDON, May 3.—When Egerton Philbrick, a Stratford estate agent, and his wife were accused of theft at the London Sessions, Mr. Allen Lawrie said the woman must be acquitted.

"When a married woman committed a felony in the presence of her husband," he remarked, "she is assumed to be under his coercion, and, not being responsible, is entitled to acquittal. Little is heard nowadays of this provision in English law in favor of women. It does not form the subject of conversation at certain meetings which have become prevalent of late."

"Philbrick's wife is worse than he is, for she has six convictions to his three," said Detective Sergeant Redcliffe.

"That may be," said Mr. Lawrie, "but she is not worse in the eyes of the law. It may be altered in the days of equal rights."

Philbrick was given 21 months' hard labor.

COLLEGE GIRLS THRONG BUREAU SEEKING WORK

CHICAGO, May 3.—College alumnae, all eager to find work in the lines of their individual specialties, most of them eager to begin at the top, thronged the Chicago Collegiate Bureau of Occupations the past week when it opened its new offices on the ninth floor of the Fine Arts Building.

There were girls who said they were past masters of domestic science; others who were sure they had qualified themselves for highly paid executive positions over women of lesser educational advantages, and still others, although they were not in the majority, who acknowledged that they wanted "any kind of a job to start."

FEDERAL FARM ADVISERS URGED

Lever Bill Now Before Congress Suggests Co-operation Between State and Nation.

WASHINGTON, May 3.—Interest in the plan to establish a public service supported equally by Federal and State funds, providing skilled farm advisers and demonstrators in every agricultural county in the United States, is renewed in the introduction at the opening day of the extraordinary session of Congress of the so-called Lever agricultural extension bill.

This measure, indorsed by agricultural colleges and organizations, industrial and commercial bodies and institutions, failed of adoption by one vote in the Senate, after passing the House by unanimous vote at the last session.

The bill provides a Federal appropriation, graduated upward for ten years until a maximum is reached, to be matched by the States accepting the proposition, to establish as rapidly as practicable a skilled farm—a permanent public fixture for the aid of the agriculturist and the educator of his particular community.

Basis of Population.

The appropriation is apportioned on the basis of percentage of agricultural population and the gradual increase of interest in the work and the adoption of the plan. The scarcity of competent advisers was another reason for the gradual increase instead of attempting to establish the system generally.

The demonstrator, or adviser, is regarded as the logical complement of the educational plan inaugurated by the establishment of the Department of Agriculture, followed by the creation of the State agricultural colleges fifty-one years ago, and the State experiment stations a quarter of a century later.

By this process the enormous fund of valuable knowledge gathered by the institutions is expected to be brought direct to the farmer himself, and the operation of the Lever act is not at variance with any of the work on similar lines now being conducted in this country, although in course of general adoption it will relieve individual bodies and communities of the burden of support and will establish a uniform standard in this branch of education and evolution of natural development.

The demonstration work has met with general approval, and is regarded as essential to the aid and guidance of the American farmer. President Wilson has expressed himself clearly on that direction. During a recent address to the New Jersey Legislature Mr. Wilson said:

Farmer Neglected.

"The farmer has not been served as he might and should be. We have set up and subsidized agricultural schools, horticultural schools, schools of poultry raising, and the rest, and they have done excellent work. Our support of them should be hearty and generous. But a more effective way still has been found by which the farmer can be served. Lectures and schools and experimental farms attached to schools like laboratories are excellent, but they do not and cannot of themselves push their work home. Some States have gone much beyond this, and we should follow them with zest."

President H. H. Gross, of the National Soil Fertility League, has been in Washington to consult with Senator Smith, Congressman Lever and other leading supporters of the Lever bill, and states that the organization he represents will give every aid possible to the passage of the farm extension measure.

The league has in its directory and advisory committee such men as William Jennings Bryan, James J. Hill, Speaker Champ Clark, President Mudge, of the Rock Island Railway; David R. Forgan, President of the National City Bank of Chicago, and Alonzo Wilson, Master Farmers National Grange.

3 Injured During Duel in Argentina

Father Dead, Son Fatally Wounded, and Two Others Badly Hurt.

Special Cable to The American.

BUENOS AYRES, May 3.—A triangular fatal duel took place at Buenos Ayres recently.

Senores Carlos Juarez Celman and Oscar Posse were fighting, and the latter was wounded by his adversary's sword, and was about to be removed from the dueling ground, when his father, Senor Francisco Posse, arrived.

He attacked Senor Celman, wounding him, and also one of the witnesses, severely. Senor Celman then shot Senor Francisco Posse dead with a revolver.

HAZARDOUS WORK CLAIMS 1 VICTIM OUT OF EVERY 8

OLYMPIA, WASH., May 3.—In the State of Washington one man in every eight who are engaged in hazardous or extra hazardous occupations, as defined by the industrial insurance law, is injured, and one in every fifty who are injured is injured fatally. These astounding figures are discovered in the report of the State commission for the first seventeen months of its work.

During that period 145,000 persons were engaged in hazardous work. The accidents brought before the commission totaled 19,226, and the deaths resulting 406.

An average of $2,000 per day is paid by the industries of the State to injured workers or their heirs. The gross amount collected in premiums during the seventeen months was $1,703,566, while the amount actually paid out in claims was $929,446.92.

FUNERAL SHIP TO TRANSPORT 5,000 TO REST IN CHINA

Bodies of Orientals Who Have Died in This Country Will Be Sent Home for Burial.

EYES NEVER CLOSE HERE

Followers of Confucius Must Be Interred in Native Land to Reach Heaven.

LOS ANGELES, May 3.—Some time in the next six months a ship will leave San Pedro with the most curious and grewsome cargo that ever left Southern California. The cargo will consist of the remains of between 5,000 and 6,000 Chinese who have died in this country in the last 50 years. It will be the largest single removal of human remains in the world's history, and the preparations have been carried forward so quietly that no comment has been occasioned.

Nearly a year ago the Chinese Consolidated Benevolent Association of San Francisco, sometimes known as the Chinese Six Companies, took out permits for the removal of the remains of the Chinese who are buried in Northern California, and up to this time more than 5,000 skeletons have been exhumed and prepared for shipment.

Sealed in Tin Boxes.

The bones are carefully wrapped, each in a separate piece of soft cloth, in order that they may not be defiled by handling nor injured by undue friction, and are then placed in a tin box and carefully sealed. On the outside of the boxes are placed characters giving the name and the family of the deceased and the village, district and province from which he came.

When the cargo reaches China the remains will be taken in charge by the relatives and friends who in many cases have been waiting for them for more than 50 years and will be interred with all due honors that should be accorded to such as have adventured far into strange lands.

The Chinese Benevolent Association of Los Angeles is now seeking permission to take up the remains of their countrymen who are buried in Southern California. This work will be begun as soon as the necessary permits are granted, and since there are less than 1,000 Chinese buried in this part of the State, will not take more than three or four months.

Eyes Never Close.

The Chinese believe that the eyes of the dead never close as long as they are buried in a foreign land, and how is one to rest in the long sleep if the spirit may not close its eyes?

When a Chinese leaves home to enter another country and seek fortune, he goes in a totally different way than does a man of any other nationality. There is in it the spark of adventure, and the average Chinese makes no effort to maintain his station in the country to which he goes. We find scholars and poets working in kitchens and over laundry tubs, in order to get the wealth necessary to return to China and hold his proper position there. Until late years, there were no Chinese who did not fully intend to return, so their fellows feel that they are only doing their duty in sending the remains back to relatives and thus ending the pilgrimage.

When the work of exhuming and preparing these bodies has been completed a ship will be chartered, probably one of the Dollar line, as Captain Robert Dollar is one of the best friends the Chinese have.

FATHER ELOPES WITH HIS DAUGHTER'S YOUNG CHUM

ST. LOUIS, May 3.—Two years ago Miss Inez Clare, of St. Louis, introduced her chum, Miss Laura L. Hufft, a teacher, 26 years old to her father, Thomas J. Clare, retired furniture salesman, 59. Clare and Miss Hufft eloped to Granite City, Ill., last week.

Now Miss Clare refuses to live at her father's home or speak to her pretty stepmother.

Hanging Urged For Youthful Slayer

Illinois Coroner Says Boy Who Killed Three Should Give Up His Life.

AURORA, ILL., May 3.—States Attorney William J. Tyres has announced that he would ask a life term in prison for Herman Coppes, the fourteen-year-old reformatory boy who a week ago slew Mrs. Nannie Sleep and her two babies on their farm at East Plato.

"I pity the poor degenerate lad, but it is imperative that the community be protected from another of his outbreaks. No one knows when another such paroxysm might come upon the lad. Were he a year or two older I would demand that he be hanged."

Coroner Eugene Norton, of Dundee, said:

"The boy should hang or be subjected to sterilization. He is a degenerate of the lowest type."

Attorney Tyres asked in the Circuit Court that a special grand jury be impaneled to consider the boy's case. The special jury has been called to guard against the boy getting a continuance. He will be given a hearing immediately after he is indicted.

Diver Finds a Ship Lost 20 Years Ago

$20,000 In Salvage Should Be Recovered From Cargo of Sunken Hulk.

TACOMA, May 3.—After nearly two decades of silence, the North Pacific Ocean has yielded the secret of the disappearance of the American cannery schooner Sadie F. Caller, of San Francisco. Walter McCray, a Tacoma diver, has located the battered hull of the staunch three-master in sixty feet of water near Shinik Lagoon, in Alaska, and expects to recover approximately $20,000 in salvage during the summer.

McCray was putting down a fish trap at the lagoon last July and in investigating an obstruction came astride the schooner's rail. Scratching away barnacles, he was able to make out the name.

He learned that the schooner had been lost about eighteen years ago while carrying tin bullion from San Francisco to Alaska.

Triplets Added to Peddler's Flock of 7

Family of Ten Children Living in 4-Room Flat, and All Are Happy on $2 a Day.

NEW YORK, May 3.—A visitor to the four-room flat of Morris Segel, on the second floor of No. 59 Stanton Street, last night thought he had stumbled into a foundling asylum or a transplanted baby farm. The way was literally strewn with cribs and cots.

"You see there are twelve of us now," explained Segal, a cheery countenanced little man in broken Roumanian-English; "my wife, seven children before Sunday and three children since—in what you call a cutlet—no, a triplet. But we—my wife and I—we don't mind. We are proud of the last three."

Morris is a pushcart peddler. He earns $2 a day.

UNITED STATES COURT WILL SIT ON HIGH SEA

WASHINGTON, May 3.—Orders have been issued for the Government's "floating court" to make ready to tour the icy waters of Alaska and dispense justice there. Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo has issued instructions to the commander of the revenue cutter Thetis to be prepared to report at Valdez July 13 to take aboard Justice Overfield, of the Federal District of Alaska, together with his court officials.

During July and August, and well into September, the Thetis will touch at many ports in which the court will hear and adjudicate both civil and criminal cases.

Since the "floating court" was introduced statistics show that crime in the far northern possession of the United States has materially decreased.

FAST WORK ON IVY CAUSES COMMENT

Great Dip Nearly Filled and Completed Street Will Open Up New Section.

People passing the junction of Peachtree and Ivy Streets the past few days have noticed a quick change in the latter thoroughfare. Mountains of earth have been hauled by the county to fill in the gaps caused by regrading, and at the present rate only a few more days will be required to fill the deepest depression, between Peachtree and Baker Streets.

When the new level is attained the street will be nearly as high as trolley wires and other wires are now, and a great many trees will have to be cut out of the way.

The effect of regrading will be to put Ivy Street more nearly on a level with Peachtree, and this, it is believed, will operate materially to relieve Peachtree congestion. The completed thoroughfare will also open up to a great extent the territory around the Auditorium-Armory.

A number of citizens have complained that the old cobble stones are to be replaced, but property owners consider this the best paving they can furnish at present.

Atlanta Good Field For Skyscraper Work

So Thinks W. B. Paye, Manager of New Construction Concern Now Located Here.

That the erection of skyscrapers and other large public buildings in Atlanta has challenged the attention of the largest contracting concerns in the East is evidenced by the action of the Cauldwell-Wingate Company, of New York City, in opening a branch office here. This company, though of comparatively recent origin, is one of the largest in the country, with branch offices in the principal cities, and its manager, W. B. Paye, considers Atlanta an unusually good field for skyscrapers and similar establishments.

The Cauldwell-Wingate Company has completed in 30 months contracts involving $8,000,000 in and around New York, and now has under contract buildings worth $3,000,000 or more. It had the contract for the 24-story Candler Building in New York City, for the Dix Memorial Chapel in Trinity Churchyard, New York, and is now building a $4,500,000 residence for Henry Clay Frick, the steel magnate, on Fifth Avenue, New York. The company has also erected a number of railway stations for a well-known system running out of New York.

MITCHELL KING'S HOME FINISHED ON PEACHTREE

Builders have finally completed Mitchell King's $20,000 residence at the southwest corner of Peachtree and Seventeenth Streets. This place is two stories, brick veneer and stucco, with red tile roof and is one of the handsomest homes in this exclusive neighborhood. Edward E. Dougherty was the architect.

BUNGALOWS AT AUCTION ON SATURDAY, MAY 24

Two five-room and five six-room new bungalows will be offered at auction in Oakland City, near the new George W. Adair school, on Saturday, May 24, by W. E. Treadwell & Co. These houses are within two blocks of the car line and in the neighborhood of Adair Park, which the city will develop this summer.

ANOTHER COUNTRY HOME IN BUCKHEAD DISTRICT

Paces Ferry Road is soon to have another pretentious house. Joseph D. Rhodes has bought from Andrew Calhoun a 200x1,000-foot lot at the corner of Tuxedo Drive and Paces Ferry Road, and will build upon it.

The price was $50 a front foot, or $10,000.

HATPINS TOO LONG; ARRESTED.

BERLIN, May 3.—In accordance with a police order taking effect here recently, two ladies were arrested in a tramway car for wearing protruding and unprotected hatpins.

THE HOME BUILDERS' PAGE

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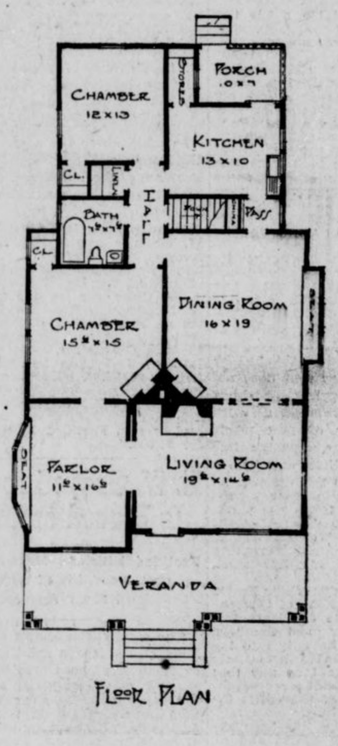

FLOOR PLAN

DESCRIPTION

Overhanging eaves, wide verge boards and heavy exposed rafter ends make the exterior of this bungalow unique and cozy in appearance. The entrance leads directly into the living room, which is divided from the dining room by wide sliding glass doors. The interior is arranged along the best bungalow lines, the dining room having a built-in buffet, while book cases are provided for at the sides of the brick fireplace in the living room. A small hallway leads from the dining room and connects with each bed room and bath.

Estimated cost, without furnace, $1,900.

Plans furnished by LEILA ROSS WILBURN, Architect, 305 Peters Bldg., Atlanta

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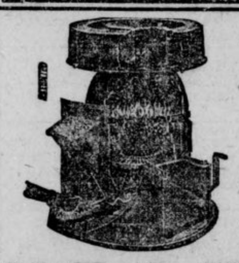

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MAIN SHEET—Part II.
ALL THE LATEST NEWS.

HEARST'S
SUNDAY AMERICAN

MAIN SHEET—Part II.
ALL THE LATEST NEWS.

ATLANTA, GA., SUNDAY, MAY 4, 1913.

NEW LEADERS PROMINENT IN LEGISLATURE

Untried Material Makes Up the Greater Part of This Year's General Assembly.

PROMINENT FIGURES GONE

Joe Hill Hall and Hooper Alexander Will Be Missing When Body Convenes.

By JAMES B. NEVIN.

The Legislature that assembles in Atlanta in June will bring into notice in Georgia an entirely new lot of leaders of public thought and opinion.

Very few of those members who dominated the last General Assembly were returned to the new.

Eighty per cent of the new House either is untried legislative material, or from the ranks of that used two, three and four legislatures back.

Joe Hill Hall, of Bibb, for years the most commanding figure in the House, will not sit in the next one, and neither will Hooper Alexander, of DeKalb, for half a dozen Legislatures a leader of repute and force.

Besides these two familiar faces, there will be missing John N. Holder, of Jackson, Walter McElreath and George Brown, of Fulton, Mack Johnson, of Bartow, Emmett Cabaniss, of Oglethorpe, Carl Vinson, of Baldwin, Alex Lawrence, of Chatham, Byron Bower, of Decatur, and J. A. Ault, of Polk. All of these men played conspicuous parts in the last House.

Beyond Burwell, of Hancock, Fullbright, of Burke, Hardeman, of Jefferson, and one or two others who took an active and aggressive interest in legislation last summer, there are few of the "old guard" left to "keep the lid on" in the next.

Strong Men Not Lacking.

While all of the foregoing is true, however, it does not follow that the incoming House of Representatives will lack for strong men.

On the contrary, the shifted leadership will be found to have landed in capable hands. The veterans of the last House will be succeeded by strong men in the next, even if they are in a measure untried in legislative ways.

In the next house will be found such men of mark as Slater, of Bryan. Slater served a term once as Senator, and will take immediately a high stand in the next House. He is a fine floor debater, and a hard worker in committee.

Grover Edmondson, of Brooks, who likely will be the "baby" of the new House, is sure to be a live wire therein. He is only 22, but as he was admitted to the practice of law at the very early age of 17, and has grown to be one of South Georgia's most progressive young men, his standing seems a foregone conclusion. He will urge, among other important things, the calling of a constitutional convention for the revision of the State's fundamental law.

Barry Wright, who will represent Floyd in the new House, is a son of Seaborn Wright, father of much reform legislation in Georgia. Young Mr. Wright served a term in the House several years ago, and made a fine reputation for hard work and fighting ability then. He is loaded with a number of propositions calculated to create a stir.

The "talkingest" member of the new House likely will be H. B. Moore, of Cobb. He, like Wright, of Floyd, has served one term, and during that time is said to have made more speeches on the floor than any other five members put together. He is something of an orator, and has ideas upon all sorts of subjects.

Gower Will Show Strength.

O. Y. Gower, of Crisp, who comes to the Capitol for a second term, is the father of the present insurance legislation, recognized as among the finest work of the last House. He already has won his spurs and will play a large part in forthcoming constructive legislation.

C. M. Methvin, of Dodge, is one of the best known newspaper men in Georgia. He is the president of the Georgia Weekly Press Association, and will wield an influence in the House that is certain to be wide and result getting. Personally he is very popular throughout the State.

Shelby Myrick, of Chatham, son of the late Bascombe and Louise Myrick, of Americus, will come to the House with all the political prestige of his father and mother's name, and a fine reputation as an attorney in Savannah. This young man's friends are predicting great things for him.

Joe McCarthy, of Chatham, comes back. He will be looked to lead in

Continued on Page 2, Column 5, This Section.

Southern Women More Emotional---Mrs. John M. Slaton

The differences between the women North and the women South are not of degree or kind, but of environment and habit and of climate. They are sisters.

The Northern woman knows more textbook definitions but the Southern woman knows more things. The two types have the same ideals with different ways of reaching them.

Northern Women More Conventional---Mrs. Champ Clark



Mrs. John M. Slaton, wife of Governor-elect Slaton.



Mrs. Champ Clark at her writing desk with her daughter, Genevieve.

Sisterhood of Women of United States Point That Both Emphasize and Agree Upon.

WHAT difference is there in the ideals of the Northern and the Southern woman? A discussion about this interesting question arose recently at a meeting of a local woman's club. The Sunday American sought to find the answer.

A telegram was sent to Mrs. Champ Clark at Washington, asking her views. Mrs. Clark, wife of the Speaker of the House, is a woman whose position in the society of Washington for years has brought her into personal contact, and has led to her intimacy, with women of every section. By birth and domicile she is neither of the extreme South nor of the North, being a native Kentuckian and a present resident of Missouri what time she is not in Washington. She is qualified to speak.

Mrs. John M. Slaton, wife of the Governor-elect of Georgia, was interviewed on the question. Mrs. Slaton has traveled extensively, and has enjoyed the friendship and companionship of many women of the North. A leader in the social affairs of her native State, she knows Southern women. Her opinion was requested as that of a woman of fairness, of keen analytical judgment, and of knowledge of human nature. She, also, is qualified to speak.

The opinions of these two interesting women are given in the following articles:

CLIMATIC DIFFERENCES CHANGE CHARACTERISTICS

Women South and their sisters North are different, truly, thinks Mrs. John M. Slaton. The differences, however, are not of heart nor of character, but of habit and environment.

"The climate's the reason," Mrs. Slaton smiled. "The differences, I should say, are climatic."

Early in life, she thinks, the difference is easily marked.

"There is a glamour of romance about the life which the Southern girl sees ahead of her," she related, "which her more literal Northern sister does not behold.

"The Southern girl would be the lifelong sweetheart of the man she marries. The Northern girl would be the comrade, the good fellow. There you have an index to the difference between the woman North and the woman South.

"The women of the North are not cold, and not formal, as persons in the South probably have heard. The difference between women of the South and of the North is not one of the heart. The Northern woman is merely less responsive to sentimental appeal, and more matter-of-fact.

"The difference, again, I think, is one of climate and of environment; don't you?"

This very gracious first-lady-of-Georgia-to-be smiled the question at her interviewer. In such a case there was nothing to do but to agree. Besides, it was so, he thought.

"Don't think," she continued, "from all this that the woman of the North has fewer ideals. At the risk of becoming monotonous, I would say again that the difference is one of climate, and not of heart."

Mrs. Slaton Analytical.

Mrs. Slaton was seriously analytical and thoughtful. She talked with her eyes studious and with her finger marking her arguments, as she ran over the points of difference between her acquaintances North and South. None of her comparisons even bordered on the invidious. None of the difference which she enumerated were derogatory to the one or the other. Women, individually, are Mrs. Slaton's friends; women, generically, are no less. Nothing she said revealed anything else. The languor of the South produces a different temperament than the briskness of the North. That was all.

"Northern women," she said, "are more punctilious. The little demands of social etiquette, the nice little formalities, the returning of calls, the interchange of notes, the observance of the tiniest custom—all these they consider in the strictest detail. This our women of the South do not do.

"Hence, the Northern woman is the more conventional, and the more firmly bound by custom. Precedent means much more to her than to her Southern sister.

"This would seem to make out the Southern woman the more original, wouldn't it? Well, maybe that is so."

Mrs. Slaton pondered a thoughtful moment over the question whether women North or women South most readily affected fads and fashions.

"We are not confronted with the changing fads and fashions so much down here as are the women of the North," she said. "If they affect more readily the new things, it is not because they are more susceptible, probably, as because the new things are more insistent in their appeal in the North. They don't strike us with so much force down here."

Summarizes Ideas.

Then Mrs. Slaton began to summarize her ideas.

"There is not much difference in the final analysis," she said.

"Neither the one or the other is the more lovable; neither the one or the other is the more gracious; neither the one or the other is the more hospitable. This quality of hospitality exists in the North as well as with the Southerners. Nothing is more delightful than the reception which is accorded visitors in the North.

"Differences between the women North and the women South, then, are not of degree or kind, but of environment and habit, and of climate. They are sisters."

Mrs. Slaton at first was a little inclined not to talk about the difference between the women of the two sections. Then she acceded with the graciousness of hers that has made her the most loved woman in Georgia, and talked of women North and women South—both her friends. After all, it was a beloved theme with her, being that of her friends.

Mrs. Slaton is a Southern woman by every right. She comes of generations of Southern ancestors, and was born in West Point, Ga., the old Grant home. Before her marriage to John M. Slaton she was Miss Sallie Grant, the daughter of an old Southern family.

ENVIRONMENT SHAPES WOMEN OF ALL SECTIONS

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 3—Mrs. Champ Clark, wife of the Speaker of the House of Representatives, to-day gave to The Sunday American an interview on "What Difference I Have Found in the Ideals of Southern and Northern Women."

In a word, this is what Mrs. Clark said:

The Southern Woman: More conservative, more individual, more independent, more original, more inclined to have the courage of her convictions, better equipped with latent business ability.

The Northern Woman: More conventional, better equipped with technical knowledge, relies on precedent, more active in community work, and more subject to fads and and fashions.

"The Southern woman is a law unto herself," said Mrs. Clark. "She confronts a situation squarely, and wastes no time seeking precedents by which to govern her course, but makes her own laws.

"I think," Mrs. Clark continued, "that environment has a great deal to do with all of us. The Southern woman is more sheltered than the Northern woman. In general, I would say that the two types have the same ideals, with different ways of reaching them, due probably to the fact that they are brought up differently.

"The Northern woman has more money and more convention, and a better knowledge, as a general thing, of technical values."

In carrying out this idea, Mrs. Clark used a phrase which deserves to be isolated from the rest for its clearness in indicating one fundamental difference which she finds in the women of the South and North.

Textbooks and Things.

"The Northern woman knows more textbook definitions," said Mrs.

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MAY 12 WILL BE 'TAG DAY' TO AID LOCAL CHARITY

Sheltering Arms Will Profit by Atlanta's Generosity on That Day Alone.

If you're waking, call me early, call me early mother dear,
The Twelfth will be the happiest day of all this happy year.
For on that day the beauty, fashion, wealth and woman-charms,
Will hold in thrall Atlanta, for the Tag of Sheltering Arms.

Monday the twelfth of May has been selected as Tag Day.

Tag Day means to Atlanta what any wonderful festival of roses, or carnival of masks, or gala occasion means to the other countries. It becomes a holiday for everybody. Young and old play at Tag, and no one has the nerve to walk along the thoroughfares of the city without a tag, or two or perhaps twenty tags. Many men who have some sweetheart buys tags by the dozens, and others more conservative give the same amount and get one tag which is sufficient for Tag Day.

For four years the Sheltering Arms women have had the exclusive right to Tag, and as this is the only way a demand is ever made upon the public for funds with which to carry on the work of maintaining the home, the public has come to make it a festival occassion, and last year gave in dimes and dollars the great sum of $5,000 for the home.

Four Nurseries Supported.

Under the direction of the Sheltering Arms management, there are four day nurseries supported. They are, The John Barclay, the Cornelia Moore, the Sheltering Arms, and the Whittier Mills, where children from six weeks to eleven years old are cared for, from 5 o'clock in the morning to 6 in the afternoon, while the working mothers are making a living for their offspring.

Lunch and dinner are given the children, baths are in order, and everything taught the children that will make them keep their bodies strong, and their minds healthy. The management stresses the value of nourishing food, fresh air and cleanliness as vehicles to better health, better citizenship and happier lives.

The Sheltering Arms was founded in 1895, and the late John Barclay gave much time and effort to its firm establishment as one of the foremost organizations in the city. From the Day Nursery bearing his name, have come the committees of the association many of them having been teachers in the John Barclay Mission.

The committee in charge of the John Barclay Nursery is composed of Mrs. John Scott, matron; Miss Laura Hoyle, assistant matron; Miss Susie Sandiford, kindergarten teacher; Mrs. Lee Jordan, president; Mrs. Rix Stafford, treasurer; and Miss Ada Alexander, secretary.

The following women make up the governing committee: Mrs. Edward Van Winkle, chairman of the Kindergarten; Mrs. Frank West, chairman of the House committee; Mrs. Cyrus Striekler, chairman of entertainment committee.

Associate Members.

Associate members are: Miss Hattie Orr, Miss Martha Boyuton, Miss Marie Sciple, Mrs. Edward Inman, Mrs. Paul Goldsmith, Mrs. William Glenn, Mrs. Evelyn Harris, Mrs. Joseph Raine, Mrs. J. K. Orr, Mrs. W. J. Blalock, Mrs. Henry Leonard, Mrs. Bates Block, Mrs. John N. Goddard, Mrs. Robert Davis, Mrs. Shephard Bryan and Mrs. Edward Doroughty.

Officers of the Sheltering Arms are, Mrs. Gilbert Fraser, president; Mrs. W. S. Elkin, vice-president; Mrs. Eugene Black, treasurer; Mrs. William Kiser, secretary; Mrs. Dunbar Roy, corresponding secretary.

J. A. Chaloner of 'Who's Looney Now?' Fame Tries Poetry

Muse Stirred Into Lively Gallop by Thoughts of John L. Sullivan, 'Prize Ring King.'

NEW YORK, May 3.—John Armstrong Chaloner, author of the famous "Who's Looney Now," which he dedicated to his brother, then husband of Lina Cavalieri, has produced a volume of verse under the title "Scorpio."

A bitter arraignment of Rockefeller is followed by the following eulogy of John L. Sullivan, under title of "The Apotheosis, or a Dead Game Sport's Lament."

Oh! for a day of Lawrence Sullivan!
Just one day of just one hour—nothing more.
"Jeff," "Fitz," Ruhlin, Sharkey at four rounds per man,
In succession sev'rally would bite the floor!
Each into sweet oblivion then would float,
Propell'd by John's strong arm which ne'er did tire.
Each in John L. would then his master note—
John L. the paragon of "T. R.'s" empire!
For twelve years he fought as man never fought before;
As John L. fought, ne'er will man fight again;
For with him the love of battle counted more
Than what rules now-a-days—the love of gain.
John L.! Th' Imperial Roman, now I sing!
Great John L. Sullivan, the Prize-Ring King!

"Venice All Bunk" Garland Declares

Noted Lecturer Says Every Venetian Is Born and Reared a Grafter.

CHICAGO, May 3.—Hamlin Garland, essayist, novelist and lecturer, delivered an address to the Hamilton Club to-day, in which he said:

"Venice is the world's Coney Island. It is a show place supported by visiting suckers, and the show is so old and moth-eaten that it is a wonder any American falls for it. There is some beauty of architecture, but the city has a petrified system to fleece all visitors.

"Venice is a poor, old, slimy place of scenery. All the so-called canals outside the grand canal are sewers. It is the home of mosquitoes and the field of malaria. Every inhabitant is a grafter, especially the hotel owners and gondoliers.

"The Doge's Palace is mediaeval bunk and the Bridge of Sighs Byronic bunk. The air is bad, and most of the money handed tourists is counterfeit. The gondolier is a brigand, and his merry song usually precedes a robbery of his passengers. The waiters are thieves, who take your good Italian money and hand you counterfeit in change.

"The ignorant man who referred to the dogs of Venice had the situation sized up right."

Manila Bay Society Honors Adm'l Dewey

At Annual Banquet He Reads Poem Entitled 'Lest We Forget,' Written by Philadelphian.

WASHINGTON, May 3.—Twenty-one of the surviving officers who fought under Admiral George Dewey in Manila Bay celebrated the fifteenth anniversary of the famous naval battle here at the annual reunion and banquet of the Society of Manila Bay, in honor of the Admiral, who is president of the society.

Admiral Dewey read a poem by Edward C. Curran, of Philadelphia, entitled "Lest We Forget," the last stanza of which pointed out that there was not a single casualty on the American warships, while hundreds of the enemy were killed or wounded.

Buddhists Die in Fire as Sacrifice

Ten Monks Put Torch to Temple, March Into Structure and Perish at Altar.

Special Cable to The American.

TOKIO, May 3.—Ten Buddhist monks, victims of religious mania, sacrificed their lives at Seki to-day in the most painful form of death—self-destruction by fire.

Aroused to a frenzy of passion, the priests set fire to the Sanryo Temple and then as the flames spread, marched into the burning structure.

Unmindful of the torture and with the chant of the Buddhist upon their lips, the priests marched to the altar, where they knelt. Their bodies were burned to ashes.

JAPANESE TO LECTURE.

T. Umrate, a Japanese student of Vanderbilt University, will lecture at St. John Methodist Church, East Georgia and Central Avenues, on Tuesday night. He will discuss the progress of Christianity in Japan and its effects upon the Japanese people.

SOUTHERN MERCHANTS FILL NEEDS IN ATLANTA

City Best Friend of Dealers in Georgia and All Over South, as Indisputable Figures Clearly Demonstrate at First Glance.

Two Hundred Thousand Men Out of 312,491 Within Five Hundred Miles of Atlanta Come Here to Buy All Their Supplies.

Seven Hundred and Fifty Different Articles Are Made in This City and Shipped Out Broadcast Over This Whole Section.

Atlanta boldly makes its bid, backed by figures indisputable, for the position of the best friend of merchants in Georgia and in the South everywhere.

Figures, compiled for The Sunday American by the Chamber of Commerce and the Merchants and Manufacturers' Association, bear evidence that as an advantageous trading center Atlanta has not a rival in the South.

Hard-headed business men have realized it. Of 312,491 merchants in the South, more than 200,000 trade in Atlanta. The 200,000 and more are listed by the Atlanta Credit Men's Association; the other figures come from the books of Bradstreet's agency; both are records of impeccable truthfulness.

Said Harry T. Moore, secretary of the Merchants and Manufacturers' Association, yesterday:

"The figures alone should prove Atlanta's advantages as a trading center. It is just another instance that nothing succeeds like success or like merit. The fact that business men do trade here is the best evidence of the city's advantages."

What can merchants buy in Atlanta?

The stamp "Made in Atlanta" is a label know now to the entire United States. It is borne by no less than 750 distinct articles, the range of whose variety covers practically everything that can be contrived by the hand of man.

750 General Classes.

The 750 articles do not include the enumeration of different varieties of a single object. The number is that of the general classes of things manufactured.

An alphabetical list of articles made in Atlanta gives an idea of the great variety of the city's industries. The list begins with abdominal supports, accordion plaiting, and acid phosphates. It ends, after 18 pages, with cotton yarn, including everything from car wheels to jewelry, and from horse collars to candy. No branch of known industry is unrepresented.

Atlanta's boast that no other city in the United States can show such a versatility of manufactures is well founded on government statistics. Other cities, larger cities, may claim a great aggregate value for their manufactured articles; none can claim a greater variety. Few wants can not be filled by Atlanta's factories.

Besides the products native to Atlanta, the city offers to merchants the articles made in other sections, which are distributed from Atlanta to all the immediate South. The city's claim to prestige as the South's first distributing point is based on the fact that fourteen railroad lines run from the doors of its warehouses and factories into every part of the South. Atlanta is a veritable hub city, with the fourteen lines radiating in every direction, tapping the Atlantic and gulf coasts, reaching northward, eastward, westward and northwestward. There is no part of the South Atlantic or gulf coasts that can not be reached by rail from Atlanta in eighteen hours.

John C. Calhoun Prophetic.

History records that John C. Calhoun, the great South Carolina statesman, saw with his wonderfully prophetic eye Atlanta's future greatness. The city, founded about 1838, was known to Calhoun and his contemporaries as Terminus.

"The city will be great," he said. "It is the natural point of convergence for roads that will be built

DEALERS FROM ALL OVER DIXIE BUY IN ATLANTA

Continued From Page 1.

parallel with the Appalachian chain of mountains into the Southeast, and the Western lines which will be built from the Mississippi Valley toward the South Atlantic seaboard. Gaps in the mountains locate these roads, and bring them to this city of great promise as a common center."

His prediction is literally fulfilled by the fourteen roads that run from Atlanta like the spokes of a wheel. The roads are the fourteen reasons why Atlanta is the Southern headquarters of great commercial houses, and why Atlanta can offer to merchants so much more of a variety than any other city of the South.

But railroads are useless if the rates they impose on patrons are prohibitive of profit. See how Atlanta stands in this regard.

As a manufacturing city, Atlanta is blessed beyond most cities of the United States. It is close to the base of the fundamental supplies of coal and iron. An advantageous rate of $1 a ton on pig iron, and of $1.15 a ton on coal insures to Atlanta manufacturers a ready margin of profit, and insures a consequent economy to the purchaser. In other particulars, freight rates into and out of Atlanta are as reasonable.

Manufactories Exceed Birmingham's.

All this is why Atlanta, even before Birmingham, which is on the ground with the coal and iron, is the manufacturing center of the South, with 483 manufacturing establishments to 248 in the Alabama city. Atlanta's factories, also, are more versatile than are Birmingham's, which largely are constructed around the coal and iron industry. That is why $30,878,000 has been invested in Atlanta's factories, against $23,718,000 in Birmingham.

In Atlanta factories, 12,302 wage-earners and 2,422 clerks and officials on salaries are employed; $8,147,000 is paid annually in salaries and wages.

All this has a bearing on the advantages of Atlanta as a trade center, a vital bearing. Atlanta is the city of prosperous and growing manufactures because the manufacturers are being patronized. And being patronized is an evidence that business men have found in Atlanta their trading opportunities.

Nothing, to quote again Mr. Moore, so succeeds like success. And nothing so warrants success as merit. Atlanta is successful.

The city's banks have an aggregate of capital, surplus and undivided profits of $12,642,141.54, and deposits amounting to $31,971,868.67.

What has this to do with the question of Atlanta's advantages as a trading center? Merely proving that Atlanta's industrial and commercial institutions are substantial and reliable.

Indispensable Articles.

Many of the Atlanta-made goods are the smaller articles that are indispensable to the modern home or business life: wearing apparel, office supplies, every edible that a well-appointed pantry should contain. Hence Atlanta's great penchant for the parcel post. When that institution first was established, it became immediately popular in Atlanta. Means thus were provided for the construction of a tremendous increase of trade between Atlanta merchants and the consumers of smaller merchants of the country towns, and even between Atlanta commercial houses and customers in other large cities. Hence, Atlanta's first week's business over the parcel post outdistanced that of Milwaukee, Denver and other cities of nearly twice its population. Postmaster McKee is authority for the statement that most of the business was due to the patronage of the parcel post by commercial houses and supply houses, particularly those that deal in farmers' supplies. Atlanta's postoffice receipts have been steadily increasing at the rate of $100,000 a year.

The logical territory which Atlanta should serve is reckoned by the city's business men to include all that within a radius of 500 miles. It is within this that the 312,491 merchants operate, of whom more than 200,000 trade in Atlanta.

Atlanta merchants are making a strong bid for the trade of the others, holding out to them a hundred advantages—cheap prices, because the things are made in Atlanta and because the materials are brought to Atlanta under the beneficent influences of an advantageous schedule of freight rates; a large variety of articles, so that the customer may seek no farther than Atlanta for anything he desires; a wonderful quality, as well as quantity, of the things for sale. Of the last it is the boast of Atlanta merchants, in the general literature sent out, that quality is the basis of their foremost bid for patronage.

Checks Her Baby in Store and Deserts It

Child Is Fed by Sales Girls and Then Wheeled to Police Station by Members of Force.

NEW YORK, May 3.—William Saylor, a youth employed to check the babies of women shoppers in a Bronx department store, reported at 6 o'clock last evening that baby No. 62 was still on his hands. He said he had paged the woman who had checked the infant, but got no response.

The store was closing and the saleswomen decided the infant was hungry. After it had been fed on a bottle Policeman Pickett wheeled it to the Morrisania Police Station. Later he carried it to Bellevue.

The child is a boy about two weeks old.

DIES 14 YEARS BEFORE SPIRITS SAID HE WOULD

DENVER, COLO., May 3.—Alonzo Thompson, eighty-one years old, millionaire, spiritualist and war-time auditor, of Missouri, who believed ghostly advices that he could not die before he was ninety-five years old, died the other day. For six weeks Mr. Thompson's belief in his imagined span of life supported him in resisting pneumonia and an incidental operation for removal of a rib. A year ago his declaration that his "guides" told him his wife and son were conspiring to get his fortune led to Mrs. Thompson's divorce decree.

Junius S. Morgan Just Average Harvard Man

Financier's Heir No Prodigal; Very Modest

Rich Man's Grandson Has No Valet Nor Auto and Only Four Suits of Clothes—He Spends About $2000 a Year at College.

JUNIUS S. MORGAN, the modest. Grandson of the late financier snapped coming out of one of the Harvard College gates. He hid his face just in time to avoid the camera. At first he thought of thrashing the man behind it.



CAMBRIDGE, MASS., May 3.—"Junius Spencer Morgan."

Twenty times the name appeared in the will of the great American king of finance.

The last will and testament of J. Pierpont Morgan disposed of untold millions.

There were $20,000,000 of bequests. It will be fully a year before the world will know the value of the residue handed down to J. P. Morgan, Jr.

And "Junius Spencer Morgan, a student at Harvard," the press dispatches told, "is nominated in the will to take up certain duties in the event of the death of his father, J. P. Morgan II."

"So Morgan's grandson," people said, "is a student at Harvard! What sort of a chap is he? How has it happened that we have never heard of him before?"

This chronicle is an attempt to answer these questions.

Junius Spencer Morgan, named for his great-grandfather, is a rich young man quite like other rich young men whose riches are not new to them. He shuns and abhors personal publicity, quite as his grandfather shunned and abhorred it. He inherits his father's dislike for the photographer. Only the other day he shook his fist at the young man who "took" the picture which accompanies this personal mention. "You're not wanted here!" this youngest of the Morgans cried out to the camera man.

The photographer expected a mixup, when, suddenly Morgan checked himself. He grinned, pulled his hat down over his face and moved away. He may have had visions of the caption for another sort of picture:

"MORGAN'S GRANDSON WHIPS PHOTOGRAPHER."

Has No Automobile.

In Cambridge, they say that young Morgan—he is 21 years old—is "nothing out of the ordinary."

He gets along on $2,000 a year.

He has no automobile.

He pays $600 for his rooms in Beck Hall, one of the college dormitories.

He is a member of the Porcellian Club—sometimes called the "Pork"—the last word in the exclusiveness of Harvard selectness. Only twenty undergraduates, ten from the senior and ten from the junior class, can belong to the Porcellian.

He is not at all a snob, and yet he is not a "mixer." His rule is, apparently, that he knows nobody at Harvard whom he did not know before he came. This does not mean that he is either lonesome or lonely, for his mother was one of the Beacon Street Grews and the younger Morgan has several Harvard acquaintances among the Boston men.

He likes the theater, he loves the river and he "goes in" for tennis.

Like his grandfather, finally, Junius Spencer Morgan, who some day may be called upon to rule the greatest of American banking houses, is more or less a silent person. Some call him "Silent Morgan."

Most of these things were related of the young men by other Harvard young men who do not pretend to intimacy with him. He fills no particular place in the little world of his college. He leads no "crowd." He has "made" the best of college societies. For the rest he appears to be rather a "lazy" young man!

Morgan is so lazy, in fact—and perhaps it is well that "Grandpa" did not know of this—that he has yet to pass off an entrance condition. This is why, in his junior year, he is still rated a member of the sophomore class.

Morgan came to college shy—of all things!—in mathematics.

One of these days, therefore, he will be called to the college "office" and told to "get busy."

It will not avail him then that his father is one of the Fellows of the Corporation. Instead—if he follows the course of other rich young men who have been prodded by the "office"—he will call upon the "Widow Nolan," a professional tutor and a Harvard institution, and, guided by the "widow" or one of his several first-aids-to-the-indolent, will be put through a course of sprouts at the flat rate of $5 an hour. He will leave the "Widow"—who isn't a widow at all, of course—fit to take any hurdle that Harvard mathematicians want to place before him.

Being of the Grew family of Beacon Street, young Mr. Morgan occasionally journeys into Boston. His uncle is Henry S. Grew, of Marlboro Street, in the Back Bay, president of the National Union Bank. The family is related to the Wigglesworths, another Boston family as old as the Puritan capital.

Mostly, these Boston visits are for the purpose of occupying a front row seat in one of the theaters, but Morgan Junior is unknown to Back Bay ball rooms.

Has No Valet.

He is tall and big, this young student who may yet be one of the financial powers of the Republic, with certain suggestions that physically he is inclined to the Morgan heaviness. Another note of the Morgan is his large nose.

There is no Morgan valet in Cambridge. The young man of many millions—in the prospective—is believed to be the possessor of not more than three or four suits of clothing. His accustomed attire may best be described by the well-worn phrase "neat but not gaudy." The cloth is usually dark. He shuns jewelry, except a watch chain, avoiding even a scarf pin, he wears a black tie and he affects a felt hat.

If it were not for his social successes he would pass unnoticed in the great crowd of Harvard men. But, one after another, he has "made" those Harvard clubs which the socially elect call worth while.

At the end of his freshman year, for instance, he had made the famous "Institute of 1770."

Election to the Institute marks the first upward step in a social career at Harvard.

Men do not seek the Institute, oldest of the social organizations at Harvard; they are "chosen." Ten at a time they are picked, from the freshman and the sophomore classes, until the limit of one hundred is reached.

So, Morgan was picked, and so later he was picked for the Porcellian.

The Porcellian twenty come ten each from the junior and the senior classes. Theodore Roosevelt was a Porcellian. So was Henry Cabot Lodge. So were J. P. Morgan, Jr., and August Belmont. The members are not only men of wealth, but men of families socially eminent. Some of the associates of young Morgan in the present club are E. D. Morgan, Jr., of New York; Percy Wendell, the athlete; "Ted" Frothingham, of the eleven; Morgan Belmont, Leverett Saltonstall and Charles P. Curtis, Jr., of a well known Boston family.

Hit Social Bull's-eye.

The home of the Porcellian Club is built on college land in Massachusetts Avenue. Here is the headquarters of this youngest of the Morgans. Here, every morning, he may be found at breakfast.

The club house is richly furnished. The surroundings are luxurious. A colored servitor in livery guards the portal. Other colored men are waiters and attendants.

Over the entrance—on either side are a famous book store and a furnishing goods shop—is carved in stone the club coat of arms, the head of a wild pig. Hence "The Pork."

On his society way from the Institute entrance to the Porcellian goal, Morgan became a member of the Signet Club, founded in '70, and the Phenix Club, now in its eleventh year. These are good clubs, but when Junius Spencer Morgan "made" the Porcellian—became one among twenty among 4,194—he had hit the social bull's-eye of college life and had rung the bell.

His time is largely divided between the Porcellian Club, where not more than nineteen others may enter, and his rooms in "Beck." If his failure to remove a "condition" is an indication of laziness it must yet be said of the wealthy student that he has passed his examinations with good marks even if he has never made a scholarship.

MANY NEW FACES IN LEGISLATURE

Few of Old Leaders Have Been Returned to Incoming General Assembly.

Continued From Page 1.

all legislation effecting organized labor, and he more directly represents that than anything else.

Pleasant A. Stovall, a veteran legislator, will not qualify as a member as he is to be appointed minister to Switzerland by President Wilson. Friends of Alexander A. Lawrence are urging him to stand for Mr. Stovall's place, but it is not yet known whether he will agree to. If he does, of course, he will take his old time stand among the directing forces in the House organization.

A. S. J. Stovall, of Elbert, will be a strong friend of all educational proposals in the next House. Educational matters make up his one big legislative hobby.

W. J. Nunnally, a new member, will come to the House with a reputation for common sense and high legal ability, established and unquestioned. He has served a term as Judge of the City Court of Rome, and is a man of large business interests.

Close to Being "Baby."

Lewis E. Wisdom, of Forsyth, who will push Edmondson hard for the honor of being known as the "baby" of the House, is a high class man, and likely to be heard from extensively.

"Bob" Blackburn, of Fulton, large in past legislative experience, will be one of the dominating forces in the new House. He is a ready debater, quick as lightning to see a point and press an advantage, and very popular. He is sure to be one of the floor leaders.

The business interests of the State, the larger business interests, probably will look to L. R. Akin, of Glynn, for leadership. He is a very wealthy man, conservative, and largely interested in various South Georgia enterprises. He is rated very level headed, fair minded and genuinely patriotic.

J. O. Adams, of Hall, one of the few old members to come back, already has a reputation for effectiveness that will stand him in good stead in the next House. He is a very substantial man and has been prominently mentioned for Speaker pro tem. His colleague, J. A. Palmour, is a new man, but is looked to as a comer.

Taking the place of Mack Johnson and Emmett Cabaniss, in a way, will be F. H. Kimbrough, of Harris. He is a firm friend of the farming interests and is expected to watch them carefully and jealously.

Judge J. B. Clements, of Irwin, and Robert Holtzclaw, of Houston, both are strong men, and Ed Cole, of Bartow, who started his business career less than ten years ago with something like $3.75 and is now worth well along toward $100,000 should not be long getting in evidence.

J. E. Sheppard and Crawford Wheatley will represent Sumter in the new House. Each is a man of force and character, and both will be among the front rank men.

Fosters School Tax Laws.

E. H. McMichael, of Marian, who passed the present law permitting local taxation for public school purposes, will take charge of kindred legislation in the next House and nurse it through all perils that beset it.

Ed Wohlwender, who comes back from Muscogee, likely will share floor leadership with "Bob" Blackburn, of Fulton. Wohlwender is one of the readiest speakers in the House and one of the most uncompromising fighters. J. J. Slade and Herman Smyth will complete the Muscogee delegation—both fine legislative material.

Thomas E. Watson, the "red headed person" of McDuffie, will have two staunch spokesmen in H. J. Strickland, of Pierce, and W. H. Collins, of Grady. These two members are strong for the agricultural interests, and are ardent Watson followers.

The doctors of the State will look generally to Dr. L. S. Ledbetter, of Polk, for leadership in all matters effecting their interests. He is one of Northwest Georgia's leading physicians, is very popular and has advanced ideas on legislative matters.

Charles A. Picquet, of Richmond, will be the newspaper boys' friend. He is certain to be a fine source of "copy" for he is very picturesque, indeed, and everybody likes him. If there are any "lids" that need kicking off, Picquet may be depended upon to kick them.

The traveling men of the State likely will pin their faith to Tinsley Ragsland, of Tolbert. He is one of them, and knows what they want in legislation. Moreover, he has been in the House before, and knows all the ropes.

Three other well known men who will come to the next House are Tom McRea, of Telfair, and Judge H. W. Hopkins, of Thomas, and Dr. J. M. Spence, of Mitchell.

Of course, there likely will develop some surprises among others who come more or less as unknown quantities to the next House of Representatives, but the foregoing are some of those who will come with reputations well established in the beginning.

In many ways the incoming Legislature bids fair to be one of the most genuinely interesting ever elected in Georgia.

Sunday Concerts at Auditorium Resumed

Puccini Intermezzo From 'Lescaut,' Heard Here Opera Week, Rendered This Afternoon.

After a lapse of several weeks the Sunday organ recitals at the Auditorium-Armory will be resumed today. Dr. Percy J. Starnes, municipal organist, has announced a program to begin at 3:30 o'clock this afternoon.

Handel's overture to "The Occasional Oratorio" will be the first number, followed by a dainty "scarf dance" by Cecile Chaminade. The organist will improvise a number on the folk song, "Die Lorelie."

The Puccini intermezzo from "Manon Lescaut," heard here during opera week, will be played. The concert will be concluded by Wagner's overture to "Die Meistersinger."

COMPARE WOMEN IN DIXIE AND NORTH

Former Independent, Says Mrs. Slaton—Latter Punctilious, Asserts Mrs. Clark.

Continued From Page 1.

Clark, "but the Southern woman knows more things."

Mrs. Clark said she had noticed that the women of the South and North are getting closer together every day, and this, she thought, was greatly to be desired.

"This idea of the Southerner saying, 'Let them do that in the North if they want to; we in the South will do so and so,' is essentially wrong," said Mrs. Clark. "It would be just as proper for the head to say to the heart, or to the lungs, 'I'm sorry you're affected, Mr. Heart, or Lungs, but so long as I'm clear I don't care.'

"A question that affects the South vitally affects the North vitally. It's the North's business what happens in the South, and it's the South's business what happens in the North.

"I think the Southern women are going to lead in the suffrage movement. It is a quality of the Southern woman that when she takes up a thing she moves ahead with it. The Northern woman is more backward in this respect. The Southern woman will pitch in and solve a question while the Northern woman is running around looking for a precedent.

"This makes me think of something that happened during Mr. Roosevelt's administration, to indicate how a Southern woman proceeds. Senator John Sharp Williams, of Mississippi, was then a member of the House. Some friends came from the South one day, and immediately on their arrival they looked up Mrs. Williams. They were to be in the city only a very short time, and they wanted to see Mr. Roosevelt. So it was left to Mrs. Williams to do something quickly. She called up her husband, but he was buried under a pile of work and couldn't help her out. But he dropped the remark, 'Why don't you call up the White House yourself?'

Mrs. Williams Called.

"Well, Mrs. Williams did it. She not only called up the White House, but she got Mr. Roosevelt himself on the wire, and told him she wanted to bring some friends over at once to meet him. The President was just as cordial as could be, and the meeting took place.

"That is an illustration of how a Southern woman disregards precedent.

"I find that the women of the South and North like each other, although there are differences between them. There has always been jealousy between Virginia and Massachusetts, yet they admire each other, and there is plenty to admire in each."

Mrs. Clark herself is a Kentuckian. Her father was a Kentuckian, his ancestry dating back to Lord Baltimore. Her mother also was a Kentuckian, with ancestry from Virginia. Mrs. Clark has lived in Washington for twenty years or more, and has traveled the United States over from end to end. She is much interested in people.

"I like to go through a crowd and try to tell where the people came from," she said. "We all have our earmarks."

Church Flock Waits While Pastor Fishes

Rector Goes Angling Sunday Morning and the Sermon Is Half-Hour Late Because Fish Bite Well.

MIDDLETOWN, CONN., May 3.—The Rev. George B. Gilbert, rector of Emmanuel Episcopal Church at Killingworth, went fishing last Sunday morning before church and the speckled beauties were so responsive he forgot about the passing moments, and it was half an hour after the time for the service to commence when he hurried into the church, armed with a fish pole and with an angler's basket thrown over his shoulder. He threw these into a rear pew and entered the pulpit mopping his brow.

A frank acknowledgment of his deed made, he proceeded with the sermon. After the service he allowed the vestrymen to peep into his basket, and some of them vowed his delinquency was excusable.

BABY FED 24 TIMES A DAY, DROP OF MILK MEAL

LONG BEACH, CAL., May 3.—Its regular meal consisting of one drop of milk administered each hour and its hand and arm so small that the attending physician's finger ring can be slipped over the arm to the elbow, a tiny baby weighing exactly two pounds is being cared for by a trained nurse at the home of its parents, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Hills, No. 109 Chestnut Avenue, this city.

FREE!

TRY THIS WHISKEY AT OUR RISK

We want you to try our famous old *Mellow Springs Whiskey* wholly at our risk. We know you'll like it—it's a whiskey that has thousands of friends among the most critical judges of good liquor all over the country. Just send us a trial order—use a full quart bottle to test it out if you like it—and if not more than satisfied return unused portion and we will refund your money.



4 FULL QUARTS Mellow Springs Whiskey $2.25

8 FULL QUARTS Mellow Springs Whiskey $4.25

12 FULL QUARTS Mellow Springs Whiskey $6.25

With each 4 quarts of *Mellow Springs Whiskey* we send free a handsome scroll glass decanter, filled with your choice of delicious Sherry, Port or Angelica Wine or Manhattan Cocktail. Decanter is full size—a handsome ornament for table or sideboard. *Also FREE*—Gold-tipped White-Rose Diamond Patent cork screw. EXTRA With every dollar's worth of goods we give, free, 10 profit sharing coupons. With first order, 10 extra coupons. Coupons good in exchange for 700 valuable and useful articles—nearly everything you can think of.

MAYER-LUFFE DIST. CO., Warehouse 510 St. Louis, Mo.

Dictagraph to Bar Spooning in Parks

Police Can Overhear All Conversation by Means of New Invention.

MILWAUKEE, May 3.—This season's prospects for park spooners are threatened. An inventor has offered the city a dictagraph, which he guarantees will record every word of conversation carried on in the parks.

When it is installed police will be able to listen to the tete-a-tetes of every couple within several hundred feet of them.

The invention consists of numerous sound receivers connected by wires which lead to the central station. These receivers are placed in trees overhanging the haunts of spooners.

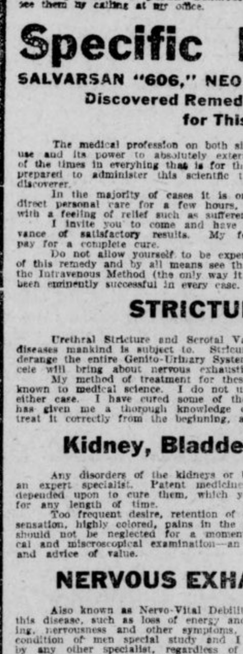
PROGRESSIVE MEDICINE, MODERN EQUIPMENT and VAST EXPERIENCE

Are the Keynotes of Success With the Up-to-Date Specialist in Nervous and Chronic Diseases

Dr. Hughes Tells Why His Improved German-American Methods CURE When Others Fail

Any person in need of skilled medical attention should consult Dr. Hughes, Atlanta's skilled Reliable Specialist, because he shows by the way he examines you and the manner in which he is satisfying his patients, that his methods are **Different, Quicker** and far **Better** than those of the average doctor.

His Methods Are Painless---His Cures Are Quick and Lasting



Consultation, Examination and Advice FREE!

I Advertise What I Do
I Do What I Advertise

Are you a Sick, Diseased, Worn-Out, Run-Down Man? Have you the dread Blood Poison? Are you suffering Nerve, Blood and Skin Diseases, STRICTURE, Prostatic Troubles, Varicocele, Hydrocele, Kidney, Bladder and Urinary Diseases? I successfully treat all nervous, deep seated and serious ailments of women and men.

I NEVER DISAPPOINT MY PATIENTS
I FULFILL MY EVERY PROMISE
I NEVER HOLD OUT FALSE HOPES

MY GRATEFUL PATIENTS SPEAK FOR ME

READ THE FOLLOWING TESTIMONIALS

Atlanta, Ga., April 16, 1913.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:—

This is to show that about four years ago, after having been treated by numerous doctors and after taking various treatments, without success, I went to Dr. Hughes, after having suffered more than eight months with Kidney and Bladder troubles and other complications, among them a frequent desire to urinate without being able to do so with any degree of success. Every time I had a desire to urinate the pain and misery were almost unbearable.

After Dr. Hughes examined me, he readily told me that he could completely cure my case. The first bottle of his medicine relieved me to such an extent that I was able to sleep the first night; something I had not been able to do in eight months.

Dr. Hughes, in my opinion, will treat every one fairly and honestly. I found him a gentleman who can be relied upon. After a little over four years since taking his treatment I write this letter to show him my appreciation, because he is the only physician who ever gave me the slightest relief and after the four years have passed I feel and know I am completely cured, as I have never been bothered with this trouble since consulting Dr. Hughes.

(Signed) T. L. DAVIDSON.
501 Crew Street, Atlanta, Ga.
Subscribed and sworn to before me, this the 16th day of April, 1913.

C. R. GROOVER,
Notary Public, Fulton County, Ga.

Atlanta, Ga., April 16, 1913.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:—

This is to certify that for about two years I had been afflicted with Hemorrhoids and Bleeding Piles and had taken various treatments and consulted various physicians without receiving any permanent relief. After making a thorough investigation of Dr. J. D. Hughes, of 16½ North Broad Street, Atlanta, Ga., I decided to place my case in his hands, which I did a short time ago. I wish to say that after taking two local treatments in the office of Dr. Hughes, that I have been completely cured of my troubles. Before taking treatment from Dr. Hughes my trouble had reached a stage where the disease caused me great pain and suffering, the piles itching and bleeding to such an extent that life was almost unbearable. I have had no pain or suffering whatever since consulting Dr. Hughes and it is with pleasure that I write this letter and have told Dr. Hughes that he may publish same, if he so wishes. I gladly recommend Dr. Hughes to any one suffering from diseases of this nature. I found Dr. Hughes to be a gentleman in every respect and I know that he will keep any promises which he makes to his patients.

(Signed) S. S. LESTER,
Loganville, Ga.

Sworn and subscribed to before me this 16th day of April, 1913.

A. H. EIDSON,
Notary Public, Fulton County, Ga.

You can consult me with positive assurance that your trouble will be held sacredly confidential. I never show or publish any testimonial unless my patient requests me to do so. I have permission to publish hundreds of sworn testimonials, such as the above. You may see them by calling at my office.

Specific Blood Poison

SALVARSAN "606," NEOSALVARSAN "914" and Such Newly Discovered Remedies Are the Latest Treatment for This Dreaded Disease

The medical profession on both sides of the Atlantic have become a unit regarding its use and its power to absolutely exterminate the scourge. It is my custom to keep abreast of the times in everything that is for the good of my patients, accordingly I am thoroughly prepared to administer this scientific treatment according to the most approved methods of its discoverer.

In the majority of cases it is only necessary for the patient to remain under my direct personal care for a few hours, after which he can go to his hotel, business or home with a feeling of relief such as sufferers from this disease never dreamed.

I invite you to come and have a heart-to-heart talk with me. I assure you in advance of satisfactory results. My fee will not be one cent more than you are willing to pay for a complete cure.

Do not allow yourself to be experimented on by those inexperienced in the administration of this remedy and by all means see that substitution is avoided. I have given this remedy by the Intravenous Method (the only way it should be given) in several hundred cases and have been eminently successful in every case. I can assure you that it will positively cure you.

STRICTURE---VARICOCELE

Urethral Stricture and Scrotal Varicocele are two of the most painful and dangerous diseases mankind is subject to. Stricture, if neglected or improperly treated, will completely derange the entire Genito-Urinary System, causing severe kidney and bladder diseases. Varicocele will bring about nervous exhaustion or lost vitality. Both require expert treatment.

My method of treatment for these diseases is absolutely the most skillful and scientific known to medical science. I do not use the knife unnecessarily or other harsh means in either case. I have cured some of the most severe and difficult cases. My wide experience has given me a thorough knowledge of these diseases and I can understand a case and treat it correctly from the beginning, and I can assure you of prompt results.

Kidney, Bladder and Urinary Diseases

Any disorders of the kidneys or bladder, no matter how slight, should be treated by an expert specialist. Patent medicines and treatment of inexperienced doctors can not be depended upon to cure them, which you no doubt have found out, if you have been afflicted for any length of time.

Too frequent desire, retention of or too profuse, sediment or brick dust, burning, scalding sensation, highly colored, pains in the back, dry, pale, waxy skin, etc., are symptoms that should not be neglected for a moment. If you call I will make a careful, expert chemical and microscopical examination—an absolute test—without charge and give you information and advice of value.

NERVOUS EXHAUSTION and DEBILITY

Also known as Nerve-Vital Debility, Neurasthenia, etc. If you have any symptoms of this disease, such as loss of energy and ambition, vitality, easily fatigued, dull, listless feeling, nervousness and other symptoms, I want you to be sure and call. I have given this condition of men special study and I unhesitatingly say that my treatment is not excelled by any other specialist, regardless of what they claim. I know what I have accomplished in even the most severe cases—letters of indorsement on file—and there is no reason to believe that I can not cure YOU also. REMEMBER, by calling you do not obligate yourself to take treatment.

PILES---DISEASES OF THE RECTUM

I find a very close relationship of the Rectum to the entire Pelvic region and this close relationship has particular reference to the nerve distribution and vascular structures. This being the case, a sympathetic affection of these parts is a frequent accompanying symptom. I have for years protested against the barbarous practice of cutting (operating) for the cure of Piles, since an operation seldom produces a permanent cure. Neither do I use strong acid injection, which often proves deleterious to the general health and in many cases deranges the entire system.

I am exceedingly successful in Diseases of the Rectum. I cure Piles by a safe, sure and painless method, and the cure is permanent. Come to see me and no doubt I can refer you to some of your neighbors whom I have cured.

MY METHODS ARE MY OWN

The result has been that I have perfected a system of treatment for chronic diseases which is superior to that of any others.

I know this by results, and by this I mean CURES effected. I keep pace with scientific research and I am always among the first to introduce its latest discoveries.

I employ no old-time, painful, slow and unsatisfactory methods.

All dealings strictly confidential. Call to-day and let us talk the matter over.

REMEMBER—That if you place your case with me it will cost ABSOLUTELY NOTHING if I fail to effect a cure. Don't you think it would be well worth your while to INVESTIGATE what I am doing for others suffering possibly just as you are?

PAY ME FOR CURES ONLY

I successfully treat by my German-American methods the following diseases.

Asthma	Diseases of the Nervous System	Emaciation	Rheumatism
Biliousness	Diseases of the Prostate Gland	Headache	Rupture
Bladder Diseases	Diseases of the Rectum	Insomnia	Skin Disease
Bronchitis	Diseases of Women	Kidney Disease	Stomach Diseases
Catarrh	Dyspepsia	Liver Disease	Stricture
Constipation	Eczema	Neurasthenia	Tumors
		Obesity	Varicocele

To the afflicted I especially urge that you call at my office immediately for Free Consultation and Advice. If your condition is incurable, I will honestly and frankly tell you so and save you useless expense and waste of time. However, I assure you that I have cured many cases which were pronounced incurable by other doctors and I may be able to accomplish the same happy results for you. At any rate, it will cost you nothing and you will absolutely be under no obligations to me for Consultation, Examination or Advice.

WRITE—If you can not call, write for my symptoms chart and full information regarding my Treatments.

No detention from Business. Treatment and advice confidential. Hours: 9 a. m. to 7 p. m. Sundays, 9 to 1. Address

DR. J. D. HUGHES, Opposite Third National Bk., 16½ North Broad Street, ATLANTA, GA.

SUCCESSFUL VICE 'CLEAN-UP' TURNS EYES OF NATION ON METHODS USED BY ATLANTA

Literary Digest Publishes Review Based on Article Written by Wm. T. Ellis Lauding Campaign Carried on by Men and Religion Movement.

Atlanta, making good in its "clean-up" campaign against vice, has attracted the eyes of the nation. The nation is looking, and what it finds it is communicating through the agency of newspaper and magazine articles, most of them expressive of wonder that the thing should be done.

Significant is the fact that periodicals given to editorial comment in connection with their analysis of public events are publishing page upon page about Atlanta's achievement. Yesterday there came to Atlanta a notable instance, in The Literary Digest, a magazine that is probably the country's foremost weekly editorial epitome of events.

The Literary Digest analyzes an article by William T. Ellis, famous writer on ethical subjects, which was printed in The Continent. Says The Literary Digest:

"The crusade in Atlanta constitutes, in the opinion of Mr. Ellis, the most remarkable story in the present religious life of North America."

Photographs of Chief Beavers and John J. Eagan are reproduced in connection with the article, which The Digest entitles "How Atlanta Cleaned Up." It is:

All Houses Driven Out.

In Atlanta all the houses of professional vice have been advertised out of existence by the churches. The crusade that effected this constitutes, in the opinion of Mr. William T. Ellis, the most remarkable story in the present religious life of North America. The Christian sentiment of this Southern city has been solidified, 'a ruler of the underworld has become a matron of a new home for rescued girls, and "a tense political battle wherein Christian men showed that strategy and the ability to win are the possession of the righteous"—such are some of the outstanding features of the campaign. The "unforgettable address of Jane Addams" at the Men and Religion Congress in New York last spring sent the Atlanta delegates home with a new vision of their city's local conditions. "They discovered what may be found in almost every other large city in the country—a 'red light' district wherein the social evil was protected, or at least winked at, by city officials." The Continent, Chicago, gives Mr. Ellis' account of how these men went to work:

"Without taking the world into their confidence or boasting of what they meant to do, or calling in the counsel of any experts, these men blended the publicity message and the social-service message into one agency and began to advertise in all the city papers the facts of the social evil in Atlanta. They contracted for a large amount of advertising space in the daily papers to be paid for at regular rates. They entitled their advertisements 'The Houses in Our Midst,' and called them 'Men and Religion Bulletins.' They were numbered in consecutive order. No. 1, of course, implied that No. 2 was to follow, and No. 10 called up in the minds of the friends of vice the dread possibility of a No. 20 or a No. 30. In truth, the bulletins have now numbered 50, and there have been frequent extras, sometimes a whole page in extent. Ordinarily the advertisements are two, three and four columns wide, extending the full length of a page.

No Answer Possible.

"There was no way of answering, avoiding or diverting the tremendous truth told week by week in these display advertisements, which naturally came to be the first part of the paper to which thousands of readers turned every day."

The outcome was dramatic. The Chief of Police of Atlanta "does not have to confer with any authorities higher up."

"Chief of Police Beavers of Atlanta was at heart a better man than the world with which he had dealings ever suspected. He had fallen into a vicious custom. These advertisements 'got him;' they found the real man Beavers. He resolved, to stand by his parents, by his own early training and by the best life of Atlanta. He publicly pledged the Men and Religion committee that he would close the houses. * * *

"At once many persons who had shown no spark of solicitude for the fallen girls in their virtual slavery began to shed maudlin tears in public over their fate at being turned adrift without shelter. This ostentatious sympathy was short-lived, for the advertising campaign was part of a Christian movement. The ensuing advertisements were directed to the women in the evil resorts. The word of the committee was pledged that every one of them would be offered shelter and help in a new life.

Vested Vice Counteracted.

All of the arguments that the vested interests of evil might offer to their victims were counteracted by this unequivocal statement, which could not be kept from the eyes of anybody who read the daily papers, that there was a door of opportunity open to all who sought a better life. Whatever was necessary to help the victims of vice back to respectable life was freely pledged to them.

"Here comes the most shining chapter in the long and beautiful story. More than 200 of the women accepted the committee's offer and forsook the old life of shame."

Only the "worldly wisdom, driven by a deep Christian passion" of Marion Jackson and John J. Eagan, says Mr. Ellis, could have achieved such results as Atlanta shows. The story of these two men is romantic:

"They are David and Jonathan in their friendship. Young men of the same age, born and bred in Atlanta, they once were peculiarly antipathetic; but when Jackson became a Christian in the Torrey meetings the two found themselves drawn together by great tie of Christian fellowship. It does not take a psychologist to explain this. The men held the great essentials in common. They were in unity in life's deepest purpose. Marion Jackson is a study in the unexpected consequences of vital religion. He was a born aristocrat, an aristocrat to his finger-tips, by birth, tradition, and aptitude; but when, in Dr. Torrey's preaching, the gospel gript him, he became a democrat. He now has a New Testament passion for people. Te simplicities of the Christian brotherhood shine out in his life and actions.

Marion Jackson's Character.

"Marion Jackson is a lawyer and a good one. That explains why the method of the Men and Religion committee has been bomb-proof and water-tight. The advertisements were all written by him. Of course there was not money enough in Atlanta to hire professional brains that could write such advertisements as these. Nobody ever thought of Marion Jackson as a man to write advertisements. Yet to-day if he cared to abandon his legal practice he could take those advertisements in his hand and secure employment with any advertising agency in the land.

"Hand in hand with Marion Jackson has gone John J. Eagan, whom the books write down as a capitalist. A quiet young man who inherited a fortune from his uncle, he had gone on his simple way as in the day when he did not possess wealth. The money that came to him he invested in securities that were in consonance with his Christian beliefs, for he is an earnest Presbyterian. This Atlanta campaign has thus far cost over $12,000, $6,500 of which was for advertising bills. One does not have to be much of a guesser to surmise where the money came from. We may be sure, though that the giver has had a 'run for his money,' in the phrase of the street. Judged by any standards, the Atlanta campaign has been more fun than can be got out of a fleet of aeroplanes or a garage full of racing automobiles. One would hunt far to find a happier man than John J. Eagan.

"In this Men and Religion Movement he has come to be dominated by a great idea, of which he is the apostle among his fellow business men. That is that business is a ministry, that a man should serve the world by his business. The rights and welfare of his employees and of the larger world which they represent should be the first consideration of business, taking precedence even of dividends. * * *

"What these two laymen have done with the full and efficient co-operation of the churchmen of their city, is a revelation and a foregleam of the new era of efficient Christian patriotism which will utilize the most modern methods and the ripest worldly wisdom to bring to pass the reign of the kingdom in this present world."

Bump on Wilson's Head Saves Nation

Phrenologist Finds Dornick on President That Proves He Has Business Judgment.

PHILADELPHIA, May 3.—President Woodrow Wilson is a proud possessor of a bump, and Professor Michael Lewis, a phrenologist who recently arrived in this city from Washington, declares that if it were not for this dornick on the chief executive's head heaven only knows what would become of the nation.

According to the savant, this particular cranial protuberance, upon which the ultimate destiny of a united people is dependent, is situated nine centimeters to the left of the right occipital bone on the presidential dome.

While Professor Lewis did not really examine Dr. Wilson's head, he saw his photograph, and simply by one look at it discovered the spheroid. He thought at first it might be due to the President's recent interest in baseball, but later, after an unsuccessful effort to obtain an audience at the White House, he declared that the bump evidenced the fact that Mr. Wilson was a cold, hard, matter-of-fact business man and the fate of the nation was safe in his hands.

"Most Beautiful Girl In South" Say United Sons of Veterans

MISS AMELIA RUSSELL, of Memphis, who has been named sponsor-in-chief by the United Sons of Confederate Veterans for the Confederate reunion at Chattanooga this month.

The Sons pick the most beautiful and popular young lady in the South as their sponsor, and in their choice of Miss Russell they have strengthened this tradition.

Miss Russell is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. B. Russell and a granddaughter of former Governor Alcorn, and is immensely popular. The appointment was made recently by J. P. Norfleet, commander-in-chief of the United Sons of Confederate Veterans.



Mrs. Preston Heads Anti-Suffragettes

Grover Cleveland's Widow Refuses to Express Herself on the Question, However.

NEW YORK, May 3.—Mrs. Thomas J. Preston, formerly Mrs. Grover Cleveland, was on Thursday elected vice president in the Jersey City Association opposed to woman suffrage. In an effort to ascertain her views on the subject of votes for women, Mrs. Preston's home was called on the telephone to-day. When the reporter said he wished to speak with Mrs. Preston a voice at the other end of the telephone replied:

"I will speak for her; I am Mr. Preston."

"As Mrs. Preston has accepted office in the Anti-Suffrage Association, the International News Service would like to present her views in opposition to woman suffrage."

"Mrs. Preston seldom gives interviews, and I do not think she would care to have her views on this subject in the papers," was the reply.

"Will you ask Mrs. Preston?" insisted the reporter.

Professor Preston gave a good-natured laugh and said:

"All right."

There was a moment's delay and then Preston again spoke:

"No; Mrs. Preston agrees with me. She does not want to talk for publication."

COURT RULES GUM SLOT MACHINE GAMING DEVICE

KANSAS CITY, MO., May 3.—The court of appeals to-day decided that a gum slot machine is a gambling device, and its use is rightfully prohibited by city ordinance and State law. Judge Jackson, in his opinion, defined gambling as "whenever the player hazards his money on a chance that he may return money or property of greater value than he hazards." Admission of the lower court assessing a fine against a merchant is affirmed.

Countess Says Toes Reveal a Parricide

Frenchwoman Claims She Can Tell What Babies Will Kill Their Fathers.

Special Cable to The American.

PARIS, May 3.—The Countess De La Rochefoucauld has announced a remarkable discovery by which she claims to be able to tell from an examination of a child's toes while a babe in arms whether it will murder its father when it grows up.

"He who is going to kill his father has a shorter big toe than most other children," said the countess.

The suggestion of applying this test was first suggested to the Countess by the story of Oedipus, a famous historical parricide, who from birth bore the stigma of crimes he was to commit in later life.

Since receiving the inspiration she has busied herself examining hundreds of toes, big and little, and especially has she sought the toes of parricides.

The Countess has found it difficult to gain recognition for her discovery. She went first to M. Bertillon, of the finger-print fame. He appeared interested, but thought that the Paris chief of police was the proper official to consult. So it has gone on until the Countess has visited all manner of officials from a captain of gendarmes to the President of the republic. But none of them have appreciated the value of the system.

MUSIC FESTIVAL CHORUS WILL REHEARSE MONDAY

George W. Wilkins, vice president of the Atlanta Music Festival Association, announces that there will be a rehearsal of the Music Festival chorus Monday evening at 8 o'clock in Cable Hall.

Arrangements have been made for the chorus to sing before the delegates of the big Presbyterian convention May 7. Other concerts will be given by the chorus during the summer.

LAUNDRY NEEDED HERE TO REMOVE MONEY MICROBES

Paper Bills Greatest Carriers of Disease in County Says Bacteriologist.

Atlanta's need of a machine for the renovation and cleansing of paper money, or of some means of disinfecting, is revealed in a statement by Dr. Claude Smith, city bacteriologist, denouncing filthy paper money as a source of disease, and as a means of germ transmission. He pointed out a statement in the Journal of the American Medical Association, which declared:

It would be difficult to find anywhere in civilization a medium of exchange so filthy and so much a menace to the public health as is most of our paper money.

Numberless Bacteria.

The number of bacteria that a single attered and soiled bank note may carry is astounding, he said. Figures have been compiled showing that several billion bacteria have been found on one bill, an exceptionally dirty one.

Plans for the renovation of paper money have been adopted by the Federal Government. A machine in which the bills may be laundered has been devised, by which money is washed, starched, and ironed much as are collars and cuffs. This machine is well described in an article published June 8, 1912, in the Scientific American Magazine, together with the announcement of a proposal to establish a similar device in each of the sub-treasuries, and the expression of a hope that national banks install the machines. By the use of the one machine at Washington, it was estimated the Government will be saved $800,000 each year in the wear and destruction of paper money. None of the national banks in Atlanta yet have installed a money laundry.

The discussion was sprung by the circulation given a local theory that paper money might have been the source of transmission of smallpox cases. Several physicians, including Dr. Smith, were inclined to deride this theory, although declaring that the menace of paper money may apply in other cases. As to smallpox, they said they had no absolute knowledge that the germs of that disease may be transmitted by such means.

Smallpox Never Identified.

Although one of the most contagious of diseases, Dr. Smith explained, smallpox has never been identified with a specific micro-organism. In standard medical works the disease is set down as one of "unknown causation."

It is estimated that $500,000 daily, at least, is the aggregate amount of the bills handled by the banks of Atlanta, and that the sum total in daily circulation through the city is several millions.

Dr. Smith, outlining generally the work in the war for sanitation and against disease, said that the renovation of paper money should be a part in the whole scheme, but necessarily must be a small part.

"In this work constant and universal vigilance is necessary," he said. "Garbage removal is only a small part, for instance, though an important part. No one thing can be stressed as the most important; so in the case of the paper money. Cleaning would help. But it is not the only thing to do. General watchfulness is the price of health."

Planning to Restage Battle of Gettysburg

New York Would Place Survivors in Two Armies—Handshakes to Replace Bullets

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., May 3.—A plan to restage the Battle of Gettysburg on its fiftieth anniversary in July—with hand-shaking taking the place of bullets—has been announced by Henry M. Howell, who fought with the 124th New York Regiment at Gettysburg.

Mr. Howell is trying to arrange a reunion of the survivors, place the contending "armies" as they were on the eve of battle and have them advance across the famous field and clasp hands.

COLLECTORSHIP KEPT UNFILLED TO BAR REPUBLICANS

Georgia Democrats Studying to Pass Examinations So as To Be Eligible.

WASHINGTON, May 2.—The awarding of one of the fattest Federal plums in Georgia, the collectorship of internal revenue, now held by Henry S. Jackson, is being delayed temporarily for the curious reason that to appoint Jackson's successor now likely would perpetuate in office a long list of Republican deputies, whereas to hold it off a few weeks will afford prospective Democratic deputies an opportunity to qualify.

Mr. Jackson forwarded his resignation as Collector to the Secretary of the Treasury several weeks ago. It may be accepted at the Secretary's pleasure, although Mr. Jackson coupled a request with it that it be not accepted until June 30, the end of his fiscal year. It is very well known here that A. O. Blalock, of Fayetteville, is slated to get this job.

All Deputies Republicans.

Investigation of the situation in the Georgia Collector's office, however, disclosed the fact that practically every deputy now in service, and there are twenty-odd, is a Republican, and, while they all will go out automatically with the present Collector, unless there are waiting on the civil service list sufficient Democrats to fill their places, the law will require their immediate reappointment by the new Democratic Collector.

Once they are reappointed, however, they can not be removed except for cause—real cause, definitely made out and sustained.

The "tip" has been quietly slipped along, therefore, that Mr. Jackson's request that his resignation be not accepted until the end of his fiscal year will be agreed to, with the additional hint to his prospective successor that he cause his anticipated Democratic deputies to get busy, stand the required civil service examinations, and be in readiness to accept the deputy places when the tendering time comes.

This peculiar and more or less humorous situation will keep Mr. Blalock out of his job for two or three months longer than he might have been kept out in ordinary circumstances, but it will afford him an opportunity, nevertheless, to surround himself with Democratic deputies, rather than Republicans, when he does go in.

The Treasury Department has unofficial information to the effect that a battalion or so of Georgia patriots is busy brushing up on its grammar, history and arithmetic nowadays, and that by the time Mr. Jackson's successor is named there will be three or four qualified Democrats ready for deputy collectorship honors to every Republican deputyship vacated.

You Can't Escape Nature; Read This

Cat in Winsted, Conn., Closely Pressed for Honors by Texas Caterpillars.

WINSTED, CONN, May 3.—A cat which is nursing four kittens, owned by a Winsted liquor house, yesterday took one of her young, which was suffering with a badly inflamed eye, to the office of a veterinarian next door and left the afflicted kitten in a chair.

The doctor entered the office a few minutes later, observed the kitten with one eye closed and was bathing the patient's eye with a warm solution when the anxious mother returned.

The cat waited patiently until the optic was open and then took her kitten back home.

AUSTIN, TEXAS, May 3.—For several days myriads of caterpillars have seriously interfered with the operation of trains in this section.

An army of the larvae covers the railroad tracks in this section and a wide area of adjacent country.

Before the trains can pass through the caterpillar belt the larvae must be swept from the railroad tracks.

Railroad officials declare the caterpillars are so numerous that wheels going over the tracks are so greased that brakes do not work.

Cotton Threatened By Pink Boll Worm

Government May Quarantine Staple Imported From Infested Countries.

WASHINGTON, May 3.—The Department of Agriculture has information that a dangerous enemy of cotton, known as the pink boll worm (Gelechia gossypiella Saunders), may be introduced at any time into the United State. It is widely distributed in Egypt, India and other cotton producing areas.

The insect lives within the seed in a dormant condition for about six months. Consequently, it is likely to be introduced into the United States in cotton seed from regions in which it occurs.

Under section 7 of the plant quarantine act of August 20, 1912, it became the duty of the Secretary of Agriculture to consider the advisability of restricting or prohibiting the importation of cotton seed that may be infested by the pink boll worm from any region in which the insect is known to occur.

In compliance with the act a public hearing will be held at the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., at 10 o'clock on May 20, 1913, in order that all persons interested may have an opportunity to appear and be heard concerning the establishment of a quarantine on all cotton seed coming to the United States.

Cox Refuses Ballot To 1665 Vote Sellers

Ohio Governor Denies Franchise to Adams County Residents—Signs 'Movie' Censor Law.

COLUMBUS, O., May 3.—Governor Cox to-day vetoed the Kessler bill, which sought to reinstate to citizenship the 1,665 Adams County voters disfranchised by Judge A. Z. Blair for vote-selling.

"The Legislature has no pardoning power except for treason," said the Governor.

Governor Cox signed the liquor license commission bill, also the "blue sky" law to regulate the sale of stocks, and the law creating a State commission to censor moving pictures.

Aeroplane Guards Pankhurst Refuge

Suffragette Leader May Be Smuggled to France by Night in Biplane.

LONDON, May 3.—A mysterious biplane hovered to-night over a house at Woking, whither Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst was removed from London earlier in the day. No facts are obtainable about the aerial visitor, but it is suggested that an attempt is to be made to smuggle the suffragette leader out of the country by the air route. The distance in a straight line from Woking to Calais is 115 miles, easily covered by aeroplane in two hours.

MORE ATTENTION FOR CHILD URGED

Expert Declares Atlanta Is Far Behind in Physical Development of School Pupils.

Atlanta spends but 10 cents per child for physical development of the students in the public schools, while Newark, N. J., has an average expenditure of $1.21. This comparison is drawn by Dr. Theo Toepel, supervisor of physical education of Atlanta schools, in his report to Superintendent William M. Slaton to show Atlanta's need for increased expenditure in the direction of physical training.

Dr. Toepel goes into detail regarding the way physical education is handled in Newark, which is said to have made greater progress along this line than any other city. During the past year Newark spent $46,500 for salaries and $30,000 for equipment in the physical department, he said.

Atlanta's need of physical development of the children is great, according to Dr. Toepel, and the city of Newark is held up as an illustration. There are nineteen gymnasiums in the Newark public schools, four in the high schools and fifteen in the elementary and grammar schools. Each school has its own physical director. The public schools have their own athletic fields, upon which $50,000 has been spent.

Dr. Toepel's report, based upon statistics compiled at a recent meeting of the American Physical Educational Association, will be submitted to the Board of Education, and it is expected to serve as a basis for a further development along this line.

Dr. Toepel said that the meeting of the American Physical Education Association showed that wonderful progress was being made along the line of physical development of school children in cities.

WOMAN 89, TRAVELS 2,000 MILES IN ORDER TO VOTE

PORTLAND, ORE., May 3.—Mrs. Sarah Rust, formerly of Laporte, Ind., registered as a voter here. She is eighty-nine years old and left Laporte a year ago to become a voter before she died. She walked briskly to the polls, declaring that at last the dream of her life, the right to vote, was about to be realized, although she had to travel over 2,00 miles for it.

GO WITH THE CROWDS TO THE BONITA THEATER

The Bonita Theater becomes more popular each day, until capacity houses are the result.

The reason is that the management will have nothing but the best, and the musical comedy is clean and the girls are pretty. The pictures are on the same line—good, clean and educational.

THE ATLANTA--ALL WEEK EXCEPT WED. NIGHT

Come and Laugh With

"The Girl FROM OUT Yonder"

WITH

MISS BILLY LONG

AND COMPANY

MATINEES WEDNESDAY SATURDAY 25c

Nights: 15c, 25c, 35c, 50c

Home Again With Keith Vaudeville.

FORSYTH Week May 5th. Daily Matinee and Night.

GUS EDWARDS'

KID KABARET

The smartest corps of youthful Singers and Dancers in Vaudeville.

Belle Story Dainty Singer —Sweet Songs.

Williams, Thompson and Copeland; Eldora and Co.; Riesner and Gores; Musical Alvinos, and

HART'S SIX STEPPERS

You'll have to hurry if you want a seat for this show. The bill is a perfect variety of entertainment.

2 GALLONS $2.95 EXPRESS PAID

Special 30-day cut price on **STRAIGHT WHISKEY**

Made to Secure 5,000 New Customers

Send for 2 gallons of this whiskey at the CUT PRICE of $2.95 and compare the quality with 2 gallons of any other kind advertised in this paper at $4.00 or $5.00 for 2 gallons, and if our **Straight Whiskey** is not better—you be the judge—send ours back on first trail, and we will return your money and a dollar bill extra for your time.

The above is an iron-clad agreement never printed before in any paper by any whiskey house—so it's up to you to test it out! Return this ad with remittance and state if you wish Rye or Corn Whiskey.

SPECIAL The Webb Bill is not intended to and does not interfere in the slightest manner with shipments of whiskey intended or personal use. We guarantee delivery to you of above described 2 gallons Straight Whiskey on receipt of $2.95. We refer to Atlantic National Bank, Jacksonville, Fla.

Uncle Sam Distilling Company
JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

Admission 10 Cents | **BIJOU** THIS WEEK | Children At Mats. 5c

POPULAR FAMILY **VAUDEVILLE**

4 MUSICAL CATES 4
Saxophone Kings
Wesley and White
Clever Entertainers

3 EMPIRES 3
Mirth, Melody and Music
Marie Walsh
First Appearance Here

MOTION PICTURES—Changed Daily.

2 Matinees Monday and Saturday. Balance of week, 3 p. m. Night Shows, 7:30, 9:00.

POCKETS DO NOT HELP BRAINS, SAY SOUTHERN WOMEN

Delegates to Southern Sociological Congress Scoff at Theory Advanced by Upton Sinclair.

ROT AND FOOLISHNESS

"Not a Suffragette, but He Is Wrong," Declares Mrs. E. W. Cole, of Nashville.

A woman who has no pockets in her clothes is not a competent person to exercise the ballot. She has not learned to think for herself, as opposed to the man who makes her clothes without pockets. The pocketless woman cannot concentrate very long on a subject. Thought of fear that she will lose the numerous things she is compelled to carry in her hand constantly haunts and taunts her mind—UPTON SINCLAIR, author of "The Jungle."

Thomas Carlyle, out of his Sartor Resartus, might well have prompted the debate on "Pockets and the Feminine Intellect" on which several prominent delegates to the sociological congress in Atlanta last week had something to say.

The debate was sprung by a widely published statement by Upton Sinclair, author of "The Jungle," that women are non-thinkers because they are pocketless.

With one accord the prominent Southerners whom the Sunday American interviewed on the subject said that the brilliant Mr. Sinclair was for once wrong, dead wrong, and even foolish.

Dr. McKelway Laughs.

Dr. A. J. McKelway of Washington, D. C., whose figure has been the most prominent in the Congress—if such a statement can be hazarded,—was certain that Sinclair's opinion in this instance was foolish. So much so, that when he was confronted with the author's utterance he merely laughed. That was his answer.

"Well, now, what in the world do pockets have to do with it?" asked Mrs. J. B. Chatfield, of Montgomery, Ala. "We get along very well without pockets. In fact we don't want them."

She is one of the founders and former President of the Alabama W. C. T. U., one of the South's most prominent workers for home missions and charities, and a powerful force in her State. She was appointed a delegate to the Congress by Governor O'Neal, of Alabama.

Mrs. Chatfield made so bold as to say that the talks before the Congress by women were the most interesting of all, and the most significant.

"Women can think without pockets and with their hands full of things, too," she said. "Women are thinking and working every day here in the South, and along lines that really count. The world is hearing from them. The idea that pockets count!"

And Mrs. Chatfield laughed too, just as Dr. McKelway had laughed.

But Dr. W. D. Weatherford, of Nashville, Tenn., international Y. M. C. A. worker, did not laugh.

Rot and Foolishness.

"It is rot. It is foolish," he said. "People don't think with their hands. Men don't have to stick their hands in their pockets to get along in this world. This proposition of a link between the hands and the pockets and the mind is about the most foolish statement I ever heard. It's silly."

Mrs. E. W. Cole, of Nashville, Tenn., whose brain inspired the Congress and who is directly responsible for its being, saw the statement of Upton Sinclair. The phrase about the woman and the ballot caught her eye.

"I'm no suffragette," she said, "but even at that I can say that I think he is wrong."

Like the two others, she smiled.

"What connection is there between the pockets and the intellect?" she asked.

And nobody else could be found to agree with the bold author.

So the very interesting theory of Mr. Sinclair could not achieve a serious audience among prominent Southern men and women. A poll of a dozen or more men and women revealed one opinion about it. If they had been of another stratum of life they would have said simply:

"Forget it."

CHICAGO PROSECUTOR GIVES O. K. TO NUDE ART

CLEVELAND, OHIO, May 3.—"September Morn," the nude art that drew the condemnation of Chicago police and resulted in the arrest of exhibitors, has been given the O. K. of Police Prosecutor Paulson, who was called to pass judgment upon it.

His approval threatens to nullify the police inspector's crusade against nude pictures in theaters, cafes and grill rooms.

J. E. M'LAUCHLIN TAKES METROPOLITAN AGENCY

J. E. McLauchlin, Atlanta insurance man, has resigned as agent here for the Equitable Life Insurance Company and will take charge of the Metropolitan agency, an organization recently formed by the Southern States Life Insurance Company. The announcement of Mr. McLauchlin's appointment was made by Wilmer Moore, president of the Southern States Company.

Mr. McLauchlin came to Atlanta in 1903 as a newspaper man.

J. C. WHEATLEY BACK.

John Charles Wheatley has returned to Atlanta. Mr. Wheatley is a former resident of Atlanta. He represented a large New York investment banking house here, and later represented the same concern in Syracuse, N. Y. Mrs. Wheatley, daughter of J. H. Nunnally, also is here.

BRONZE RELIEF MEDALLION designed by Roger Noble Burnham and presented to the Uncle Remus Association.



BURNHAM BRONZE FOR WRENS NEST

Work of Famous Sculptor for Uncle Remus Association to Be Exhibited Here.

The handsomest gift as yet made the Uncle Remus Memorial Association is the low-relief bronze bust made by Roger Noble Burnham, of Boston, and presented by Mr. and Mrs. Burnham and a few members of the Boston Branch Folk Lore Society, and the Boston Author Club.

The medallion will be put on exhibition in a central location on Whitehall Street, early in the week, and will soon thereafter be installed with the autograph collection in the Wrens Nest Library at Snap Bean Farm.

When the Uncle Remus Memorial Association was organized, Mrs. Burnham was appointed chairman of the Boston auxiliary, and it is through her influence and effort that the money was raised to supply the material for the making of the bronze bust. The work is that of Mr. Burnham who is one of the foremost sculptors in the East.

During her young ladyhood, Mrs. Burnham was a frequent visitor in Atlanta, living at her father's home at Cement. As Eleanor Waring she was a belle and beauty, and descended from the first Governor, George Houston Waring, of Savannah.

Mr. Burnham has had several of his portraits on exhibition in the Spring Salon at Paris this year, and the bronze he has just contributed to the Wrens Nest collection of art treasures, has been favorably viewed at the Copley Galleries at Boston, the Boston City Club, and the Boston Agricultural Club.

During the past summer, a number of Atlantans visited the Burnhams' studio at Magnolia, Mass., among the number being Mr. and Mrs. Reuben Arnold, and Mrs. Richard Johnson, a cousin of Mrs. Burnham.

Recently Mr. Burnham has been invited to make an exhibition of low-relief portraits, which is the most difficult of all relief work, at the International Exposition of Ghent, to be held from May to November of 1913. Mr. Burnham will remain in Boston this year as he is engaged upon four colossal figures, Justice, Industry, Education, and Charity, which have been designed by him for the annex of the City Hall of Boston, and accepted by the Boston Art Commission. Mr. Burnham also designed the California University medal which is annually presented to the most distinguished graduates of the institution.

At the dedication of the Wrens Nest, Mr. and Mrs. Burnham will visit Atlanta as guests of the Uncle Remus Memorial Association.

Princess Conquers Gunman With Fists

Member of Italian Royalty, Fired Upon Twice, Punches and Subdues Black Hander.

Special Cable to The American.

ROME, May 3.—Princess Hercolani had an exciting encounter to-day with an armed man at her residence in Bolongna.

An ex-soldier named Callerani, posing as a police officer, demanded money or jewelry for the Black Hand. On the Princess refusing, the man fired twice with a revolver, but missed the princess, who punched him on the chest, rang for help, then kept the man at bay until the police arrived.

DR. BELK TO PREACH TO NORMAL INSTITUTE GRADS

Dr. S. R. Belk, pastor of the Park Street Methodist Church, will preach the baccalaureate sermon of the graduating class of the Atlanta Normal and Industrial Institute at the Cosmopolitan A. M. E. Church next Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

Students of the senior class will be graduated Friday night, May 18, with exercises at the school.

INMAN PARK METHODIST CHURCH WILL CELEBRATE

Anniversary services commemorative of the dedication of the Inman Park Methodist Church will be conducted by Dr. A. Q. Quillian, pastor, this morning at 11 o'clock. Dr. W. P. Lovejoy, presiding elder of this district, will occupy the Inman Park pulpit to-night.

CLASSIC ATHENS RENT ASUNDER BY CHICKEN WAR

Citizens of Georgia City Split by Ordinance Now Before Its Aldermanic Board.

DOMESTIC FOWLS MUST GO

Amateur Gardeners Aroused by Ravages of Industrious Seekers After Worms.

ATHENS, May 3.—The great heart of Athens is rent asunder in contemplation of a new and fretting problem.

Municipal bigwigs are sharply divided and families are at loggerheads over the question of whether chickens shall be allowed longer to run at large in the Classic City, or kept under lock and key from early morn till dewy eve, that they may neither be seen nor heard hereafter in proscribed places.

Thomasville, with its famous and everlasting pro and anti-cow agitation, is no less engaged in internecine war than is Athens in respect of the fowls that long have vexed a portion of its patience.

Councilman Hugh H. Gordon precipitated the disturbance when he proposed a new city ordinance requiring all owners of chickens within the limits of the city of Athens to keep said chickens securely confined and strictly under their own vine and fig tree.

Many Amateur Gardeners.

Athens is abundantly blessed with amateur gardeners. Its population is more or less old-fashioned, in a way, and loves the conservatism of bygone days. Its broad and untarnished escutcheon has been tainted little, if any, with despised modernism, and hence everybody who is anybody has a big back yard and a fine and dandy garden spot. Moreover, it is a sure mark of eminent respectability to work one's own garden in Athens and to raise one's own radishes, snap-beans, lettuce, cucumbers, spinach, carrots and the like for one's own table.

And it is a fact that the unrestrained liberty of the chickens in Athens has of late seemingly interfered much with the orderly procedure of this honorable garden custom. Hence the growing anti-chicken sentiment abroad in the Classic City nowadays.

Long-suffering citizens have complained that their neighbors' chickens get into gardens they have no business in, and there proceed to scratch up the young and tender vegetables, thus rendering the fruits of much labor vain, and even as that of the Dead Sea.

It took Athens a long time to make up its mind to harden its heart against its old friends, the chickens. Its habitual conservatism rebelled at the thought of doing something radical—and turning foe to the chickens in its midst was radicalism run riot in Athens!

Still, there was Athens, up against a choice of two evils—either to see its time-honored gardens go to wreck and ruin, or banish the chickens from the commons, the byways and hedges, and decree that no more should chickens in its vicinity roam wheresoever fancy led them and in their erstwhile unchallenged freedom.

Chickens Have Friends.

Let it not be understood, however, that the chickens have no friends in Athens. Far be it from such! There are brave citizens who rate chicken ahead of garden "sass," and who firmly aver that if either the chickens or the gardens must go, fare-you-well gardens! These doughty persons will fight to the bitter end Councilman Gordon's extraordinary proposal in re the suppression of the fowls.

These pro-chickenites have organized themselves into an aggressive legion of protest, and will go before the Council when the chicken ordinance comes up for final passage, then and there to mash it flat with weighty arguments and profound logic, if the mashing happens to be fair to middling good that evening.

Athens has this matter very much up in the air at present. Bookmakers incline to lay no odds either for or against the chickens, and only the best sports of the town offer to bet anything on the outcome of the dispute, one way or the other.

In the meantime, one-half of Athens is viewing Councilman Gordon with genuine alarm, while the other half is pointing to him with unalloyed pride.

WHITE CITY PARK TO HAVE OUTDOOR BATHING LAKE

Arrangements are now being made by many Atlanta Sunday schools for picnics to be held this month at White City Park. This resort was reopened recently for the season and has been made more beautiful and attractive than ever.

One of the additional features, which will be provided by C. L. Chosewood, is a bathing pool. The lake at White City will be arranged for this purpose and south side people will have outdoor bathing facilities.

CORNELIA ELECTS COUNCIL UNDER NEW CITY CHARTER

CORNELIA, GA., May 3.—Cornelia elected its first Mayor and Council under the new charter to-day as follows: Mayor, W. B. Ellard; Councilmen, W. B. Pass, J. W. Peyton, L. Y. Irvin and L. Wilbanks. Messrs. Pass and Wilbanks, received the highest votes for Council, which entitle them to two-year terms. Messrs. Peyton and Irvin serving only one year. The new Mayor and Council will take charge the first Monday in June.

Sacred Harp Singers At Buckhead Service

Chorus Choirs of Atlanta Baptist Churches to Assist in All-Day Music Festival.

The Sacred Harp Singers, with their songs of 50 years ago, feature the program for the all-day music festival at the Buckhead Baptist Church to-day. The choir of the Central Baptist Church and the chorus choir of the Baptist Tabernacle will take part in the exercises.

Dr. Lester A. Brown, dean of Cox College, will speak at 11 o'clock. A quartet of young women students of the Cox Conservatory—Misses Pearl Johnson, Della Galusier, Bessie May Daniel and Julia Harris—will sing. Miss Miriam Madden will render a violin solo. The Slatton Orchestra also will take part.

The day's services will be closed with an address by Dr. V. I. Masters, editorial secretary of the Baptist Home Mission Board.

Secrets of Chorus Will Be Revealed

Edward Payne to Write History of Twenty Years at Gaiety Theater, London.

LONDON, May 3.—"Oh!" they say—they all say—"what in the world's comin' out in Eddie's book?"

"They" may be taken to mean girls, past and present, for two decades at the Gaiety Theater, and the swell Johnnies who have helped to make their histories.

And "Eddie" is Edward Payne, for twenty years the well-known comedian at the Gaiety. Edward has written a book, and 'tis said "they" are all shivering at the revelations he promises—some in anticipation, others in panic.

It's to be called "Romances of the Chorus."

He announces that he will present stories "that sound like romances of the girls of the chorus who are now leading actresses in London and New York, stars of comedy and tragedy. There will be no fiction about them—all facts."

Yale Seniors Adopt Knickerbocker Style

Academic Class Appears at Chapel and Has Picture Taken in Knee Trousers.

NEW HAVEN, May 3.—A distinct innovation in the line of wearing apparel was to-day introduced by the senior calss of the Academy Department at Yale, who startled the college world by appearing in Battell Chapel wearing knickerbockers.

After the chapel exercises the wearers of the revised fashion were photographed on the college fence. The new costume will be continued until the the close of the present school year, when the class will be graduated.

Members of the other classes have asked permission from the seniors to copy their rig, and it is likely that it will be given to all except the first-year boys.

Employees of Postal Hold Annual Banquet

G. H. Usher Is Elected President of Atlanta Club and G. W. Ribble Vice President.

The fourth annual banquet of the Postal Telegraph Club of Atlanta was held at Durand's last night, an elaborate menu being served. Seventy-five members of the club were in attendance.

Toasts were made by G. H. Usher, general superintendent; G. W. Ribbel, superintendent; W. C. Lloyd, C. H. Ashburn, W. C. Daviet and J. F. Heard.

The club comprises officials and employees in Georgia and surrounding States. Officers elected for the year were: G. H. Usher, president; G. W. Ribble, vice president; H. W. Pearce, secretary; W. C. Daviet, assistant secretary; H. W. Waterbury, treasurer; J. F. Heard and W. C. Lloyd, governing committee.

2 French Brothers Have 53 Children

Peasants Make on Average Fifteen Cents a Day to Support Their Families.

PARIS, May 3.—The national record as French fathers will probably go without protest to Jean and Claude Bossu, two brothers of the village of St. Usuges. Jean had seventeen boys and one girl by his first wife and seven boys and five girls by the second. Claude had eighteen children by his first wife and five singly to his second. Three sets of triplets came to his first wife. The grand total for the two brothers is fifty-three children.

Of this monstrous family, ten of Jean's children are living and twelve of Claude's. The brothers are poor peasants, earning on the average 15 cents a day. This is helped slightly by the bounty of $2 a year paid by the Government to the citizens of France who raise more than three children to the age of sixteen.

WHEN YOU GO TO CALIFORNIA

—for you will go, within the next two years, if only to see the Panama-Pacific International Exposition in 1915—you will need a guide and appreciate a friend.

To all the people of Central and Northern California

AN AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE

The San Francisco Examiner

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF

is more than a mere newspaper—it is an institution upon which Californians have learned to rely in every contingency.

There is no reason why you should not rely upon The Examiner to the same extent that the people of California do.

The Examiner maintains a large and efficient bureau of information for the sole purpose of serving those who wish to make use of it, without any charge whatever.

If you are contemplating visiting the State as a tourist, and want to know about its wonderful sights and how to get to them, write to The Examiner and it will send you the information.

If you are seeking health in this most wonderful of all climates, and want to know where the health resorts are, write to The Examiner.

If you are contemplating investing in any of the industries of the State, and want to know their character and standing, write to The Examiner, and if it cannot give you the information itself, it will put you in touch with reliable people who can.

The great country land movement is just beginning in California. Thousands of acres of its bountifully rich valley lands have been put under irrigation and divided into small farms and large farms, and you will hear more about California's rich lands in the next two years than you have ever heard before.

If you are interested in them, write to The Examiner, and it will either give you definite information, or will refer you to people upon whom you may rely, who will give you the information, as to whose accuracy there will be no question.

We invite you to make the freest use of The Examiner, and it is our desire not only to serve the people of California at home, but to serve them also by interesting people away from home.

And we are glad also to serve you, because The Examiner is not only a newspaper—it is an institution.

It is this universal usefulness that has developed for The San Francisco Examiner:

The largest circulation of any morning or evening newspaper west of St. Louis.

The largest circulation of any newspaper in America selling for five cents.

More than double the circulation of any other San Francisco morning newspaper.

More than double the combined Sunday circulations of all other San Francisco papers.

Californians have learned that almost any service may be expected of The San Francisco Examiner. No hesitancy is shown in utilizing every resource at its command, and this attitude of the people has been encouraged by The Examiner's endeavor to fulfill every requirement made upon its time, its influence and its sources of information.

You, who now contemplate California from afar, soon will be enjoying, within its boundaries, the prosperity, productiveness and hospitality for which the State is famed.

A preparatory course of reading on California's possibilities will equip you better to make the most of your opportunity, either as settler or sightseer, when you reach California.

For 1912, The Examiner consisted of nearly twelve thousand pages—over one-third more than its nearest rival.

This immense library of down-to-the-minute information on California is available to you for eight dollars a year, and proportionately for six or three months.

For any information concerning California, or for any other requirement in which The San Francisco Examiner can be of assistance, write to the address below.

Keep in mind this feature of The Examiner—SERVICE; and when you arrive in California you will be glad to resume relations with the greatest paper in the West.

Send seventy-five cents for a month's trial subscription—the two dollars will follow every quarter thereafter without further suggestion. Single copies five cents.

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The San Francisco Examiner

Hearst Building

Third Street, Corner Market San Francisco

BARWICK SEEKS LEGAL REVENGE FOR LOVE THEFT

Grand Jury Expected to Probe Alleged Elopement of Clubman With Whole Family.

HUSBAND TO PUSH CASE

'Here's Chance for Courts to Make Example of Home-wreckers,' He Says.

The Fulton County Grand Jury is expected to make a thorough probe this week of the alleged sensational elopement of John D. Mattiford, wealthy Atlanta clubman, with Mrs. Bertha Evelyn Barwick, her mother, Mrs. Annie Laurie Jeter, and Mrs. Barwick's two children, John A., Jr., and Dorothy.

John A. Barwick, the husband, head bookkeeper for the Exposition Cotton Mills, yesterday had a long conference with Solicitor General Dorsey, going into all of the details of the elopement and laying before him the numerous soul-mate love letters found by the husband in his wife's writing desk, some of which were published in last Sunday's American. Barwick is anxious that both Mattiford and Mrs. Jeter be indicted for kidnaping.

Husband Asks Punishment.

They are being sought now on warrants taken out in Justice James B. Ridley's court.

To an American reporter Barwick declared he would resort to every possible legal recourse.

In appealing to the law, he said, he hoped to teach the lesson that the courts and the law will protect homes and that other men may find it unnecessary to resort to the "unwritten law."

Barwick said:

"I have placed my case in the hands of the law and have appealed for legal satisfaction, not because it will bring my family and my home back to me—that is out of the question—but that my example may save some weak woman and some other man from becoming a murderer in avenging himself.

"If the law upholds me in this instance and severely punishes the wreckers of my once happy home, other husbands will know that they can rely on the law. Home wreckers, too, will know that swift, sure and severe punishment will be theirs, and they may be deterred.

"Time for Courts to Act."

"The history of such cases in the past, however, I will admit, has been very discouraging. If a man, though he was a vicious home-wrecker, had a little money behind him, he could get out for a small fine.

"It is now time for the courts to set a new precedent and warn the home-wrecker that he must go to the penitentiary for a long number of years. If the courts would only make examples of such people as these—the ones who have blighted my happiness—they would avoid much of this 'unwritten law' killing.

"Men have no assurance that the courts will punish such offenders, hence they rely on the revolver as a means of surer vengeance. I easily could have killed that man Mattiford on more than one occasion, but I refrained. Now, I have appaled to the courts, and it is up to them to determine whether they will discourage 'unwritten law' tragedies.

"If the laws themselves are not sufficient, they should be strengthened."

Stayed by Mother's Influence.

Barwick said that it was the influence of his mother, now deceased, that prevented him from slaying his rival, and prompted him to appeal to the courts.

"My mother always taught me to be peaceable and to shun all that was wicked," said Barwick, "and her influence has guided me throughout this tragedy of my home. Whenever I would feel that I ought to go out with a pistol and riddle the man who stole my wife's love from me, my mother's influence would stay my hand. I could never make up my mind to shoot.

"Of course, my home and my wife's love are gone forever—I'm done with her—but I trust that I may be the means of saving some other home."

Clerk Steals Money to Assist Churches

Howard John Didn't Gamble, Didn't Drink, but Robbed Employers for Charity Work.

CAMDEN, N. J., May 3.—Howard John, formerly prominent in church work, pleaded guilty of embezzling $4,000 from a firm by which he had been employed, most of which, it is said, was applied to charitable uses. Although a representative of the firm asked that mercy be extended, John was sentenced to an imprisonment of not less than eighteen months nor more than seven years.

The representative of the firm said the young man found it easy to get away with a small amount of money and finally he plunged deeply. He did not gamble and he did not drink. He, however, applied the money to help build temples of worship and to help his fellow man."

Called to Fire, Finds Own Family Dead

SAN FRANCISCO, May 3.—When Police Sergeant George H. Schall responded to an alarm in Tennessee Hollow to-night he found it was his own home that was in flames and that his wife and three children had been trapped and burned to death.

Mrs. Schall, who was a paralytic, had been left alone with the children. Two of them had the croup. The eldest, 8 years old, poured oil on the fire. An explosion followed.

Society Folk Forego Beauty Sleep for Gardens

Pretty Flowers Enhance Magnificent Homes

Old-Fashioned Plants Rival Parvenues in Brilliancy and Attractiveness. Fashionables Do Their Own Work.

Three of Atlanta's society folk working in their gardens. Mrs. Shirley Brooks (at the top), Mrs. T. B. Felder (on the left), and Colonel Willis E. Ragan.



PHOTO © BY G.V. BUCK

Sun hats and big aprons on, and armed with rakes and other implements, Atlanta matrons are losing beauty sleep getting up these mornings to make gardens.

Even Atlanta men, husbands and brothers, are getting the fever.

Raids that look like bargain days are being made on greenhouses and seed stores—and there isn't a bulb nor a root or branch that is safe from capture anywhere.

There are about a thousand million rosebuds around in everybody's gardens preparing to open up in a night into red and yellow and pink and every other color down to green just as soon as they get a little older. And there will be trainloads of phlox and verbenas and zennias and other things—for old-time flowers are leading the vanguard of popularity this season.

When the girl reporter rang the phone at a dozen places she found the houses deserted for the gardens, and everybody too busy to come inside and talk.

At the home of Mrs. Phinizy Calhoun a voice that sounded like it belonged to an old negro mammy of long standing said:

"Mis' Calhoun say she cain't speak to you jes' now. She's busy plantin' flowers outside."

"That's just what I wanted," chirped the girl reporter. "Run out and tell her I'm writing a garden story and want to know about hers. Ask her if she's going to have some old-fashioned flowers, and what she's doing out there, anyhow."

Long pause while mammy went and came back.

"Mis' Calhoun say she's killin' wurms," said mammy.

"Did you ask her about the flowers she's going to have?" questioned the reporter.

Mammy's broad smile of a mission fulfilled made itself heard over the wire.

Both Kinds Planted.

"Yes'um," she said, "I ast her. She say she gwine ter hab some of both sorts—de ole-fashion kind and de new-fashion kind, too."

Mrs. Shirley Brooks was planting nasturtiums in cunning little rows by the side of her walk when the girl reporter got out to her home on Third Street, into which she has moved for the summer.

"I think everybody ought to have a garden," she said, sowing the seeds carefully so as not to get them too thick. "Even if they haven't got but enough space to dig a hole, they can plant something in that if it's nothing but a cypress vine. Flowers do help the looks of a place so."

She told the reporter that she is going to have a regular little grass lawn in the back where she can drag out big chairs and plenty of sofa pillows in the summertime. There will be hollyhocks all along the back fence, big boxes of bright-colored flowers on the front porch and morningglories over the yard walls and upon the sides of the house.

"It's a mistake for people to think a person has to be experienced to grow flowers," Mrs. Brooks declared. "Last year was my first try-out, but I had splendid success. All I did was to have the ground well broken up and fertilized. Then I was careful to water the plants morning and afternoon through the summer. I didn't find our red clay a drawback, as so many people told me it was."

Country Places Brilliant.

Out at the country places of Atlanta people, the same story of springtime planting is being repeated. Mrs. S. D. Felder believes in hardy flowers, and the ground around her home on Howell Mill Road is all ready for sowing a variety of sweet-old-timey things.

"I haven't any system about planting my flowers," she told the reporter as she was busily cutting the weeds down among her roses. "I just throw the seeds out broadcast and let them come up where they will, like wild flowers. I love to see them blooming ten feet away from a bed."

She had petunias already open, and out next to the road rows of violets framed a triangle where salvia this summer will make a bright red patch of color.

Mrs. J. M. High is laying plans for a pretty garden for her new place out on Peachtree Road. While it's going to be a bit formal in style, it will have a rustic fountain, and spice pinks and bachelor buttons are going to have their own little corner in it somewhere.

If you wander down by the sun dial in Mrs. W. S. Witham's yard this summer, notice the four-o'clocks. She's planted them already and they'll be coming up soon. Along in June the whole place will be abloom with a riot of pink roses, fairly covering the porches and pergolas. She will also have sweet peas. Her snowball trees are now a mass of white. Later there will be quantities of peonies.

"My garden is always such a comfort to me," she told the reporter. "And this spring particularly I have spent hours in it every day. There is always something so restful about flowers."

Long-Ago Blooms Here.

Sweet Williams and cockscomb and other long-ago blooms are among the simple things that Mrs. Harry Atkinson has planted this spring, which will add a quaint touch to her formal garden. Carnations grown in her own conservatory this winter turned out exceptionally well.

Mrs. Robert Maddox has also added other plants and flowers to her grounds and gardens, so beautiful at any season of the year.

Pansies are looking up—great beds of them—out at the home of Miss Ellen Peters, but Mrs. E. L. Connelly's golden fields of daffodils and jonquils at West End are almost gone.

"There were literally thousands of them," she said, speaking of how luxuriantly they grew. "Every day dozens of people stopped to admire them and wanted to buy. But I have never sold them—I love the opportunity of giving them away too much. I call that my cup of cold water."

Another home garden enthusiast is Colonel Willis E. Ragan, of 574 Peachtree Street. He is amply justified in his enthusiasm, too, because his hyacinths and tulips during the early spring are without contest the most gorgeous sight in Atlanta. But no Atlantan finds greater pleasure in the sight and fragrance of the hyacinths than their owner.

None So Satisfactory.

"There is no plant so satisfactory, none so fragrant, none so easy to produce, none so beautiful," he said yesterday, when he stood in his garden, which represents his own labor. Aided by his butler and his chauffeur, he set out the plants himself, as he does every fall, 6,000 or 8,000 of them.

"Personal attention and personal work is the secret of all garden success," he said. He is not afraid to be seen, armed with pick and shovel, in full sight of the Peachtree parade.

Colonel Ragan sets his bulbs anew every year, getting them from Holland. Every variety and shade is in his garden, mingling with a glorious blaze of color when the plants are in bloom.

Colonel Ragan voiced an earnest recommendation to every Atlanta householder to plant tulips. And they all would, maybe, if they were assured of the success that marks his labors.

Woman's Eye Worth $25,000, Says Jury

Husband Awarded $5,000 By Same Body For Loss Of Wife's Services.

NEW YORK, May 3.—A jury awarded $25,000 to Mrs. Mae I. Peterson in the Supreme Court before Justice Platzel. The verdict was against the Ocean Electric Railway Company, which operates cars between Rockaway Beach and Far Rockaway.

The same jury awarded to Ernest E. Peterson $5,000 for loss of his wife's services. Mrs. Peterson was run into by a car of the defendant company at Tent City on September 1, 1909. The sight of her right eye was destroyed. A deep dent in the side of her skull remained after the injury.

Legless Man Proves Wonderful Farmer

Missouri Man Overcomes Physical Handicap and Makes Success of Life.

PARIS, MO., May 3.—A young man with no legs, yet who can traverse a county at pleasure, getting about almost as well as those who do have legs, and who manages and does his part of the actual work on a farm of 240 acres, is one of the prodigies Monroe county has given the world. His name is Earl Craft.

He is a son of Charles E. Craft, living near Paris, and he was born on a Monroe County farm 25 years ago. In good looks, manners and general demeanor he might pass for Sir Richard Calmady, the legless hero of Lucas Malet's novel of that name. At the age of twelve years Earl was taken with necrosis of the bone, for which there is no specific, and both his legs were amputated at the hips.

He can hook or unhook a team, ride a horse, drive a gang plow, cultivator or binder, and do almost anything else to be done on a farm, save gather corn, at which he is not very handy. Last week he built and roofed a hen house without assistance, and is one of the most efficient men in the County.

$120,000 CARPET.

Special Cable to The American.

LONDON, May 3.—An offer of $120,000 has been refused by Johan Kermowsky, of Prague, for a carpet which, he claims, he can prove was used by the Prophet Mahomet when at prayer.

SHETLAND PONIES FOR BIG CONTEST TO BE HERE SOON

Twelve Best Specimens of the Famous Tennessee Breed Purchased for The American.

WINNERS OF BLUE RIBBONS

Coupons for Free Theater Tickets Will Be Redeemed When To-day's Is Clipped.

Here they come!

Here is news of interest to the boys and girls of Atlanta who have entered, or will enter, the pony outfit contest:

Nashville, Tenn., May 3, 1913.

The Sunday American,

Atlanta, Ga.

Leaving to-night after rounding up twelve best ponies in Tennessee. Promise contestants finest animals to be had anywhere. All in perfect health and in good shape for trip.

Whiteside An Expert.

James Whiteside is an expert in horseflesh, who has specialized in ponies. The Georgian and Sunday American delegated him to go to the Blue Grass region of Tennessee and buy the best twelve Shetlands he could find, young, broken to harness and thoroughly sound.

He telegraphs that he has succeeded.

Middle Tennessee is the great pony breeding region. Contrary to the general impression, the Blue Grass belt is not confined to Kentucky, but extends through the adjoining State. Indeed, the greatest breeding farms, excluding horses for the race track, are in Tennessee. A colony of breeders of Shetland ponies has gathered in Tennessee and their stock is acknowledged the best in the United States.

From these The Georgian and American's expert has chosen the prizes for our contest, picking little fellows who trace their ancestry straight back to the blue-bloods of the Shetland Isles, where the original breed was developed.

The ponies soon will be in Atlanta, if they are not already on the car. As soon as they arrive they will be shown on the streets, in order that every boy and girl in Atlanta may look them over and be sure that they are really worth winning.

Nominations continue to pour into The Georgian and American offices by telegraph, by telephone and by mail. The number now crowds the century mark closely.

From such widely scattered localities as Anderson, S. C., and Piedmont, Ala., they come, and from almost every town in Georgia, to say nothing of the scores of contestants in the city.

The subscription books which the contestants will use in the contest are ready. There have been many requests for these books from contestants who are anxious to start work at once, and the news that they now may be had in quantities for the asking will be welcome.

Books in Pads of 25.

The books are in pads of 25, wherefrom the subscribers get their receipts and the contestants get the voucher for their votes.

Meanwhile the coupons are appearing daily in The Georgian, and the first Sunday coupon, good for fifteen votes, appears to-day. These coupons must be voted within fifteen days, and most of the contestants are sending them in at once.

The final coupon, completing the set wherewith you may get free seats to the Atlanta Theater, also appears to-day. If you have saved the first three clip out this fourth coupon and send it in with the others, and The Georgian and American will take pleasure in presenting you with a seat for a performance of Miss Billy Long's stock company.

Wife May Search Husband's Pockets

Anything But Money May Be Removed by Spouse, Says Learned Judge.

LAKEWOOD, N. J., May 3.—The right of a woman to search her husband's pockets while the latter is asleep, and to retain anything excepting money which she may find in the pockets, was upheld by Magistrate Andrew J. Staring.

The decision was rendered in the case of Caleb McKelvey, a prominent merchant, whose wife swore out a warrant for his arrest because he used too strenuous methods in trying to force her to return a perfumed note which she found in his pocket.

Mrs. McKelvey told the Court that she had suspected her husband for some time of being friendly with a certain neighbor who is now in California, and that last night she determined to secure, if possible, some form of material evidence.

Mrs. McKelvey found the letter, read it and kept it. McKelvey was held for the Grand Jury.

FARM STAYED IN SAME FAMILY FOR 150 YEARS

BLOOMSBURG, PA., May 3.—For the first time since it was claimed from the wilderness, the Hagenbuch Farm, near Hidlay's Church, Columbia County, is without a Hagenbuch as an occupant. Elmer W. Hagenbuch, the last of his farmily to work the farm, moved away last week and a stranger for the first time holds possession. It was 150 years ago that Jacob Hagenbuch, a great-grandfather of the last occupant, took the land for his own and began to clear it off.

David F. Houston Tells Good Jokes

Secretary of Agriculture Member of Jolly Alfalfa Club at National Capital.

WASHINGTON, May 3.—Secretary David Franklin Houston, of the Department of Agriculture is a member of the Alfalfa Club, whose members assemble in the dining room of the Occidental Hotel at 12:30 o'clock every week day.

Mr. Houston, although reserved ordinarily, is a jolly story teller when the Alfalfa Club members meet. When Walter H. Page, Ambassador to Great Britain, Secretary Lane and other members got together for lunch today Mr. Houston told them a negro story.

"It was at the old Southern Hotel in St. Louis," said Mr. Houston. "The colored waiter told a new guest that his landlord served anything. 'No difference what you ask for, you kin git it,' said the negro.

"'Well,' said the guest, 'bring me a piece of elephant steak.'

"The negro looked puzzled a minute and passed out to the kitchen, but soon he returned and reported: 'Boss, we don't serve dem except whole. We ain't got no pieces.'"

Armistead Out For Aldermanship

Printer Announces for Council Place to Succeed F. J. Spratling From Seventh.

Jesse Armistead, president of the Atlanta local of the International Typographical Union, yesterday announced his candidacy for Alderman from the Seventh Ward, to succeed F. J. Spratling, who has announced that he will not stand for re-election.

Mr. Armistead is the first candidate to announce for the fall election, when four Aldermen and ten Councilmen are to be elected.

Advocates of charter reforms have announced that they will put out candidates in the fall. Mr. Armistead said he was for charter revision, but not radical reforms.

Ruse Saves Woman From Indiana Mob

Dressed as Policeman, Slayer of Youth Is Hurried From Gary to Escape Violence.

CROWN POINT, IND., May 3.—Mrs. Grace Smith, dressed in a policeman's uniform and seated in an automobile, in which were a number of Gary officers, Mayor Knotts, of that city, and Chief of Police Neuman, was rushed here this afternoon to escape a mob reported about to lynch her at the Gary jail. Mrs. Smith a few nights ago went to Gary and shot and shot and killed Clarence Murphy in the roadhouse of his father.

This afternoon friends of Murphy met and determined to be revenged on the woman. The would-be lynchers endeavored to intercept the automobile on its way.

'Movies' Aiding in Search for Child

Picture of Missing Girl To Be Flashed on Screens All Over Country.

CINCINNATI, May 3.—"Movie" exhibitors throughout the United States will try to find Catherine Winters, aged 9, of Newcastle, Ind., daughter of a prominent physician of that city. Her picture will be flashed on motion picture screens throughout the country. The girl disappeared from her home on March 21 and it is believed she was stolen.

It is believed this is the first time the motion picture screen has been used to show pictures of missing persons. Police authorities approve of the plan.

Ex-Senator Bailey To Defend Glover

Standard Oil Ally Will Represent Banker Arraigned in House for Attacking Sims.

WASHINGTON, May 3. — When Charles C. Glover, president of the Riggs National Bank, appears before the House on the charge of contempt in attacking Representative Sims, he will be defended by Joseph W. Bailey, who was practically drummed out of the Senate on account of his connection with the Standard Oil Company.

Mr. Glover, whose arraignment was recommended by a select committee of the House, will be called to account immediately after the disposition of the tariff bill.

Charles Frohman Ill In His London Hotel

Condition of His Health Causes Anxiety to His Friends Abroad. Confined to His Rooms.

Special Cable to The Atlanta Georgian.

LONDON, May 3.—Charles Frohman's health is causing his friends the greatest anxiety recently.

Since his arrival in London he has visibly declined. He keeps to his room, and recently requested the Savoy Hotel management to remove him from the suite he has usually occupied to a quieter one.

He declines to see all callers and telephone calls to his room are forbidden.

CHILDREN TO GIVE FOLK SONG FETE

1,000 Pupils of Public Schools Will Participate in Auditorium Concert Friday Night.

More than 1,000 students of the eighth grades of Atlanta's public schools, with a few selected from the seventh grades, will participate in a folk song concert to be given in the Auditorium Friday night at 8 o'clock. Dr. Percy J. Starnes, the Auditorium organist, will be the accompanist.

Songs of England, Scotland, Wales, America, with a group of Dixie songs as a finale, will be sung.

Miss Kate Harralson, director of music for the Atlanta schools, will conduct the chorus. She has been working for some time on the program. The concert will include the following numbers:

Songs of England, (a) "The Fox Hunt," (b) "Weel May the Keel Row."

Songs of Scotland, (a) "Flow Gently, Sweet Afton," (b) "Auld Lang Syne."

Folk Songs, (a) "The Blue Bells of Scotland," (b) "My Normandy"—Seventh grades.

Songs of Ireland, (a) "Spirit of the Summertime," (b) "Isle of Beauty."

Songs of Wales, (a) "The Rising of the Lark," (b) "Why Lingers My Gaze."

Folk Songs, (a) "The Hills of Tyro," (b) "Santa Lucia"—Seventh grades.

Songs of America, (a) "Way Down Upon de S'wanee Ribber,' (b) "Dixie," (c) "Home, Sweet Home"—Seventh grades of Crew, Edgewood, Formwalt, Calhoun, Williams, Lee, Peeples and Pryor Schools.

Mental Baseball in Church on Sunday

Women Take Part in New Game at South Norwalk—Bible Questions Strike Them Out.

NEW YORK, May 3.—Mental baseball was the game played Sunday night by the Juniors and Seniors of the Baptist Church at South Norwalk, Conn. The new game is played with nine on a side. Bible questions are asked.

When a batter is up and fails to answer three questions, he is out. If he answers one question correctly before he makes three misses, he is on first base. He is forced to second by the next batter or left on first. When the bases are full a good batter brings in a run and a bad one may retire the side with the bases full.

The Rev. Dr. Hartley umpired. The players were women with two exceptions, and the Juniors won by a score of 8 to 5.

Cat and Dog Start 2 Fires With Tails

Animals Knock Over Lamps In Different Houses Within Two City Squares.

CINCINNATI, May 3.—A cat and a dog imperiled a whole section of this city when with a sweep of their tails they overturned lamps in houses within two squares of each other and started fires.

The dog, a big Newfoundland, barked at two children. He knocked over a kerosene lamp with his tail.

Simultaneously the cat upset a lamp. The two fires which resulted grew rapidly and when the fire department reached the scenes the blazes had grown to threatening proportions.

VISITORS SHOWN SKILL OF ATLANTA'S BLIND WORKERS

Members of the Susannah Wesley Bible class, of Druid Hills, and blind workers in the Georgia Association for the Blind Broom Factory, 332 Simpson Street, united Thursday night in a social gathering.

One of the features was a demonstration by the blind of their skill at their work. Before the gaze of their visitors, they made several brooms in record time.

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News and Views by Experts of Finance, Industry, Crops and Commerce

COMMERCE IS FACING MORE CLOUDY HORIZON

Wall Street Soon Is To Be Brighter With Hope Than the Avenues of General Trade---Banks Nearing the Limit of Power to Make Loans.

By B. C. FORBES.

NEW YORK, May 3.—Financial skies are clearing, but commercial clouds are gathering.

Wall Street is steeped in gloom, but I believe a decided change is near.



The dreaded "European conflagration" is most unlikely to occur.

War between the United States and Japan need not be taken into reckoning. The Mexican situation is occasioning more concern in international banking circles, for stability there appears extremely uncertain.

Domestic politics soon should quiet down. Tariff-wise, the worst is known and largely, if not wholly, discounted; developments can be only for the better, from a business viewpoint.

Agricultural prospects are brightening daily. More attention will be devoted to crops than to politics. And nature usually deals bountifully with this favored land.

Should the Interstate Commerce Commission allow the railroads serving the East to advance freight rates five per cent, as desired, the whole financial and investment tide probably would be turned, causing later a revival in general trade.

My own opinion is that the railroad case will be properly handled this time, and that the railroads will be able to convince the regulators that a modest increase in freight charges is necessary if the development of America's scarcely scratched resources is not to be gravely retarded.

I have been bitterly condemned for having warned readers of these articles that a marked recession in business loomed ahead. Certain critics went the length of declaring that such sentiments could have been prompted only by bribery, by the acceptance of graft from stock market bears.

READING THE SIGNS.

Well, what do these charitable-minded people now think of themselves and of recent commercial happenings? Is the forecast proving wrong or right?

Is no decline in activity creeping into view? Are no unpleasant incidents cropping up?

Commercial failures have been abnormally heavy and threaten to be worse before the year ends. Bank clearings are falling off week after week—the total for the week just ended (Dun's compilation) was only $2,745,000,000 as contrasted with $3(208,000,000 a year ago and approximately $3,000,000,000 in 1911. Watch also the course of our oversea trade, and if there be no shrinkage in exports, present signs will be falsified.

There is another ugly phase of the outlook for American trade, one that prudent students can not ignore.

BANK LOANS EXPAND.

National bank loans continue to expand at the rate of $1,000,000 every business day, despite a serious depletion of the amount of cash held by these institutions. During the two months from February 4 to April 4 loans increased $53,000,000 in face of a cash loss of $45,000,000. As compared with the returns of a year ago, loans have been inflated $296,000,000 not only without a single dollar additional cash, but in spite of a cash shrinkage of fully $43,000,000.

New York banks have pulled in sail and are urging their country correspondents to do the same, but with no success. Optimism is a virtue, but it may, under certain circumstances, become a vice. Blind optimism may lead a business man over a precipice. If disaster befall any regular reader of these articles because of over-extension of his credit, he will have only himself to blame.

The banks simply MUST call a halt.

MANY NEAR LIMIT.

They can not go on weakening their position month after month as they have been doing for more than a year. They can not lend after they have no more to lend. And some of them—many of them—already have reached the limit of safety; they are entering dangerous ground.

The intelligent business man before entering upon enlarged commitments should step into his bank and have a talk with the president or other responsible officer. Mention these figures to him—show him this article if need be—and ask him how he feels; be particular also to inquire whether he stands ready to grant all necessary credit during the remainder of the year.

The sober truth is that it is a good thing trade is slackening. Anything like a boom would have brought on a devastating crash. Commerce calls for cash, and the banks could not have supplied enough to finance a boom.

PROPHECY VENTURED.

Rather dismal stuff this? However, after reading it, pondering it and discussing it with your banker, you will be in a much sounder position than your rival who has been reading nothing but "sunshine" articles, who has been led to believe that 24-karat prosperity was assured, who has borrowed unrestrainedly with never a thought of a possible sudden tightening of the rein and a lull in the demand for his wares.

Prophecies are dangerous. Yet I am to venture one, namely:

The bluest spot in the country at this moment, Wall Street, will be more cheerful several months from now, and those business circles where nothing but unmitigated optimism now rules then will be having a taste of Wall Street's gluminess.

The bottom already has been reached in the bond market, I believe.

Some readjustment of gilt-edged prices remains to be effected, but most issues appear to be at bedrock.

FINANCIERS "STRIKE."

Have you noticed that short-term notes have been put out instead of bonds during the last week? In last Sunday's issue the statement was made that borrowers were going to "strike;" that they would not consent to meet the terms demanded by buyers of bonds, but that temporary financing would be resorted to in the hope of a more propitious market for bonds in the not distant future. There has been prompt confirmation of the "strike" intimation.

Stocks look cheaper than they did. There are certain indications, however, which still impel caution. Selling has come from one or two very influential sources. At least two powerful financiers are understood to be liquidating consistently and both are men of uncommon acumen.

The "turn" of the market, nevertheless, should be very near. It requires courage to refrian from giving the word "go."

JAP QUESTION IS OLD AS HISTORY

Experience Teaches That Orient and Occident Always Must Remain Divergent.

By BOERSIANER.

CHICAGO, May 3.—For two days of last week the Japanese "question" was the pivotal point in American finance. To it the stock market was more susceptible than to what came from the Balkans or from London.

In their anger at being confronted with a fresh impediment, denizens of the financial district charged Californians with being headstrong and headlong, with only a slender regard for their country. The charges are far more applicable to the people who made them.

The Japanese "question" is not a California "question." It is a world problem; or, looking higher, it always has been, and is, and probably it will continue to be, a matter of manifest destiny, since it involves not Japan alone, but the entire Orient.

The Occidental's conception of what the Oriental calls destiny or fate is more purely spiritual than the Eastern mind conceives it. To him history suggests it is the purpose of Providence that the Occident and the Orient should ever remain distinct and separate; yet act and react upon each other beneficently, in the manner of positive and negative poles. The experiences of Eastern and Western nations are certainly confirmatory of this.

The Chinese were learned when we of the West were man-hunters. Egypt taught Greece, as Persia taught Egypt. And now the West is teaching the East. But while the Orient and the Occident have acted and reacted upon each other at long intervals—serving in a universal sense to keep a world balance—they have remained rigidly unassimilative. The Omnipotent Power, apparently, has meant that they should be apart.

Each side has gone so far and then rapidly receded. The Turk was repulsed from Vienna by a Polish general centuries ago. To-day he is practically out of Europe. Russia tried for supremacy in the East. She was thwarted by Japan. England nominally has ruled India since Warren Hastings' time. Were she to retire or be driven out, the Hindus would unlearn in a quarter of a century what England has tried to impress upon them for three centuries.

This is because the Oriental brain structure is radically different. It seems ordained that this should be so—ordained that the East and the West must act as counterparts in the world scheme; must, therefore, remain where they are.

The man of the East and the man of the West are permanently benefited by the interchange of things commercial and esthetic, but their mental—or spiritual—outlook is sheerly divergent. In all their martial victories there has been nothing abiding, morally or ethically. To the Occidental there must be always something mysterious about the Orient. To the Oriental the Occident always must be strange.

Californians are not settling the Japanese question. That question was solved at the dawn of humanity.

BUYS NEW MACHINERY.

WEST POINT, GA., The Lanett Cotton Mills have bought 25,000 spinning spindles to replace old equipment; also two spoolers, two motors; total cost about $70,000.

Millers Slashing Throats of Rivals

Prices Cut Deeply—Wheat Business in Chicago Simmers Down to Professional Trading.

By JOSEPH F. PRITCHARD.

CHICAGO, May 3.—Business in the wheat market at Chicago has drifted downward until it has reached a semi-professional attitude. Hedging transactions are a thing of the past and there is very little trade on export account in either the nearby or the deferred positions. While the crop prospects could hardly be more favorable, and this has doubtless been discounted in the present price of the cash article as well as the futures, the foreign situation will, from this time forward, cut quite a swath in the matter of price making. When the foreign situation is gone over carefully, it will be seen that the export demand from America is not likely to show any great improvement unless the market level of Chicago and the other points is somewhat lower.

Millers are cutting each other's throats in order to place at least a part of their output, and in the hope of securing new customers. As an illustration of the manner in which prices are being slashed by the larger millers of Minneapolis they are sending out quotations of $5.50 for their best hard spring patents, in wood, while this same grade of flour may be purchased from Chicago millers at $4.75, which gives the miller in this market a small margin of profit.

The bulls in wheat have left no stone unturned in putting in circulation news favorable to their side of the house. The cash wheat situation is dull with about all the business passing on interior milling account.

The cotton crowd has stepped down and out of May corn and has a handsome profit tucked away. The crowd made a fight against big odds and won out. The traders now are in September in a liberal way as holders.

Oats are likely to follow corn in its price changes and hog products will be governed entirely by the run of hogs at Chicago and the Western markets.

Estimates Expense of General War

Paris Statistician Say European Conflict Would Cost Close to $55,000,000 Per Day.

If war were actually to break out when Austria and Servia were quarrelling, and if Germany, England, France, Russia, Italy, Austria, and Rumania were to have been drawn in, what would it have cost? Dr. Charles Richet, a statistician of the University of Paris, has published detailed and elaborate estimates. From them he concludes that the daily expense of the actual campaign would be something like $55,000,000 per day.

He bases his estimate on the assumption that, roughly, twenty million men would be called to arms, of whom at least half would be sent to the front. On this basis, he works out the daily expenditure for the seven Powers, as follows—the figures being here rendered into dollars:

Provisioning of troops	$12,500,000
Feeding of horses	1,000,000
Pay	4,250,000
Wages, arsenals, and harbors	1,000,000
Mobilization	2,000,000
Transport of foodstuffs, weapons, etc.	4,000,000
Ammunition—	
Infantry	4,000,000
Artillery	1,250,000
Ship artillery	375,000
Fitting out of army	4,000,000
Ambulance service	500,000
Movement of ships	500,000
Deficit in taxes	10,000,000
Support for population without means	6,750,000
Requisitions, damage to towns, bridges, etc.	2,000,000
Total	$54,125,000

If such a war lasted only as long as the brief Franco-Prussian conflict of 1870, the outlay on this basis would exceed $5,000,000,000 irrespective of war indemnities.

Whence Will Come German War Hoard?

Reichsbank Has Amassed Huge Sum in Gold, but Hardly Enough for Kaiser's Demands.

Where will the German Government procure the 12,000,000 marks of gold coin which, it is announced, is to be added as "war treasure" to the similar amount of 12,000,000 marks taken from the French indemnity payment after 1871, and locked up since then in the castle of Spandau? The Berlin Tageblatt answers the question, after pointing out that Imperial Treasury bonds will be issued in payment:

"How is the gold to be obtained? It must either be withdrawn from the Reichsbank or from circulation. It is not possible for the Reichsbank to hand over so much. It is known that the gold currency is more important in Germany than in other countries, and the Reichsbank for a considerable time has been endeavoring to attract gold from circulation to the bank, first of all by the issue of banknotes, especially of smaller banknotes, and also by increasing the amount of silver in circulation.

"The efforts of the Reichsbank have been successful. At present the return is nearly 200,000,000 marks more unfavorable than at this time last year, but the gold has increased by almost 50,000,000 marks. The Reichsbank hopes to have concentrated in its vaults about one milliard marks in gold in May of this year, which would be a record amount."

Whether this is enough to provide the extra 12,000,000 marks, or $30,000,000, for the Emperor's war chest, is not yet apparent. The bank regarded its own gold reserve as none too strong a year ago, and it now holds less than $18,000,000 in excess of April, 1912.

WILL ADD 10,000 LOOMS.

GASTONIA, N. C., May 3.—The Ozark Mills, recently reported as to double its capacity, will add about 10,000 spindles in a three-story-and-basement 100x75-foot building.

RETAIL BUSINESS SHOWING GAINS OVER LAST YEAR

Big Stores Increase Sales Each Month, but Buy Less, Thus Decreasing Stocks.

FEEL NO PINCH AS YET

Surprised When They Talk to Bankers—Spot Cotton Dull. Crop Prospects Good.

By M. A. ROSE.

"Small retailers come in here for conferences, and are amazed when we tell them times are not of the best and that money is scarce," said a down town banker.

This means, of course, that retail trade, strangely enough, is above that of last year at this time, with every indication of its staying at present levels.

Big and little retailers tell the same story, except, of course, that the big fellows study general conditions more closely.

With all the talk of caution, of retrenchment, and of decreased buying power, the retailers, who get quickest intelligence of changed conditions, declare business exceeds expectations.

Whitehall Street stores say their balance sheets show increases over last year, that March was one of the best months they ever had and that April will exceed March.

Gains Every Month.

"Every month this year has shown a gain over the same months of the preceding year," said the head of one of the largest department stores, "and I believe this is the case all along the street in the retail district. Increases are not phenomenal, but healthy.

"We know, of course, that money will be more or less scarce until after the new crop comes in. We are buying cautiously from jobbers. My purchases in April were nearly $10,000 under my purchases for April last year. At the same time, sales for April show a gain over the same month of 1912. That means, of course, that I am eating into my stock. This is what I want. I want stock down to the lowest it has ever heached. Then I shall buy to supply actual needs, in small quantities and often. purchase of woolens. We do not purchases of woolens. We do not want to be caught with a big stock of them when free wool goes into effect.

Order Novelties Freely.

"The only lines we are ordering with any freedom are novelties. This is necessary. Manufacturers have ceased building up stocks in such lines. They produce only what is ordered in advance of production.

"With our stocks down, and our finances in healthy shape, we will be ready to jump in and buy to the limit of our ability if the crop outlook in the fall warrants expectations of a highly prosperous season."

In general, the week has been uneventful. Clearings are not so large, but deposits hold their own.

Demand for money continues lively, but bankers have not changed their policy of conservatism, and loans are made to cover only pressing needs. New enterprises or extensions are frowned upon.

Farmers Not Hampered.

Farm work progressed well for the week, with fair weather. It was too cold, however, for the cotton plant in many parts of the belt, including the Atlantic States, and seed is not germinating. In general, however, the ground is in excellent shape. Authoritative reports show the cotton and grain prospects to be excellent.

Spot cotton seems to be in little or no demand. The tone in the Atlanta market is merely nominal, with prices shaded somewhat from recent levels. Holders do not want to sell; spinners do not want to buy. In this deadlock, there is no profit for the dealers. What few sales there are for the most part supply foreign needs. Domestic spinners consistently refuse to show any interest. Warehouse stocks remain about the same.

The week has seen queer doings in the New York futures market. Tuesday, in particular, was an inexplicable mess, closing with April down ten points, May up twelve points, and the rest of the positions from one to a dozen points off from the close of the day before.

New York Futures.

Everything, it is said, has been discounted save the weather. Futures are selling at a big discount under the actual cotton. Liverpool is said to intend taking up big batches of New York cotton on May contracts. New York is not anxious to have this happen, as a depleted stock would leave July shorts in a precarious condition. So the war goes merrily on with the Southern farmer holding the balance of power, and refusing steadily to unload.

Interest in fall lines of dry goods is beginning. Some of the more important houses opened their fall lines May 1. A few buyers are in town, but not many. Country retail stocks are not moving so rapidly. Warm weather will improve trade.

Wholesale grocers have little to say of the week's business. They are satisfied, but claim they have not cast up the figures for April as yet, even roughly, though they think the totals will be satisfactory.

SOUTHERN IMPROVEMENTS.

During the five years from 1908 to 1912 eight railroads operating in Southern States have spent $122,230,000 on improvements. During the same period only three of the roads included paid dividends, the total amounting to $24,164,000. The expenditures for improvements, as compiled by the Manufacturers Record, include $55,241,000 for Norfolk & Western, $20,910,000 for 'Frisco, $14,688,000 for Seaboard Air Line, $19,736,000 for Florida East Coast, $6,951,000 for Carolina, Clinchfield & Ohio, and less than $2,000,000 each for three small roads.

All Favor Return To Old Methods

Naval Stores Factors and Producers Meet Tuesday to Discuss Means of Selling Crop.

SAVANNAH, GA., May 3.—Naval stores factors will meet in Savannah Tuesday to discuss a number of questions for the good of the industry. All factors from Pensacola, Fla., east have been invited to attend. The primary object is to arrange for putting into effect the old-time plan of marketing rosin, which has been revived by J. A. G. Carson, president of the Carson Naval Stores Company, and other factors, following the suspension of the American Naval Stores Company, which marketed practically the entire crop. It is understood that practically 85 per cent of the producers have signified their desire to join in the scheme. The plan is for the factors to carry stocks and rosins on hand and sell direct to the consumer, through a broker, thus eliminating the selling company and minimizing the chance for the speculator.

With the elimination of the American there has been no selling company to market the product, with the result that the market was absolutely stagnant for several weeks. As soon as the factors determined to take the matter into their own hands, the market revived, and during the past week there has been more or less lively trading, with a corresponding rise in prices. The condition of the market now is satisfactory, and the traders are optimistic.

The stocks of turpentine and rosins on the market at this time are not unusually large. The bulk of the old crop had been marketed before thes uspension of the American, and the new crop has not come in to any extent. Prices have not been sustained, especially on rosins, substitutes for which have been used to a large extent on the foreign markets, on account of the difference in price.

The meeting next week will settle for all time how the naval stores business is to be conuucted. The action taken will have a considerable influence upon the future of the industry. The producers generally are in favor of the scheme advanced by the factors.

The market is now easy, and both turpentine and rosins are selling well

Bend All Efforts to Crop Movement

Banks Prefer Short Loans to Mature In Time to Give Funds for Harvest Days.

Bankers do not discuss freely the prospects of money next fall, yet it is plainly evident that their policy is one of caution. The rate for six months' collateral loans in Wall Street has been lowered to 4 1-2 at 4 1-2 per cent., but even at that level it compares with 3 1-2 per cent. quoted for similar loans at thits time last year, and 2 3-4 per cent. two years ago. Time loans least difficult to obtain are those which run as nearly as possible for periods terminating at the time next autumn when the West will begin to call for funds to finance the crop movements. Not only at New York, but at Chicago and St. Louis it is testified that while six months' loans are the limit, the banks prefer not to go beyond four months on time-loan accommodations. What the demands for crop movements will amount to cannot even be guessed at, but if the exceedingly favorable winter wheat indication is later on reflected in spring wheat, corn and oats, there will be little question concerning the extent of the fall demands for money.

Commenting on these precautions, a banker of wide experience at the West and South pointed out that if many of the banks adopted such a policy there would be a far more comfortable money market in the fall than is now anticipated. One factor which has helped the situation so far has been the reduced borrowings by railroads and industrial concerns. Requests from such sources have been light compared with the broad borrowings that were looked for a few weeks ago. Some roads have deferred fresh financing until the investment outlook is more settled and the new tariff law is on the statute books.

NEW WALL STREET BOGIE.

Physical valuation of the railroads of the country is the next bogie Wall Street has to confront. The new law requiring the Interstate Commerce Commission to make a physical valuation goes into effect this week, on the first of May. After the commission makes a tentative valuation it must submit it to the railroads, to the Department of Justice, to the Governors of the States in which the railroad properties are located and to others whom the commission may prescribe. A protest against the valuation placed upon a railroad by the commission can be filed within 30 days, but if none is filed, that valuation becomes final. In case of protest, findings of the commission will be reviewed at a hearing at which testimony will be heard. There is no doubt that the recent decline in stocks, more especially of rails, is due to the impending valuation of these properties. The railroads do not consider that fair valuation can thus be placed upon their properties. Many elements entered into the construction of railroads in the early days when pioneer work had to be done which a physical valuation made to-day might not reflect.

NO EXTENSIVE FINANCING.

Frederick J. Lisman, a director of the Alabama, Tennessee & Northern Railroad, says the merger of the Tombigbee Valley Railroad and the Mobile Terminal & Railway Co. with the former company, represents the extension of the Alabama, Tennessee & Northern by something more than 100 miles of line and involves ownership of valuable terminal property at Mobile, including a large frontage on the harbor. Present needs do not call for large financing, and the only thing in this line that will be done at the present is an issue of $1,000,000 in bonds, which already have been taken up. Ultimately, of course, the development of the Mobile terminal will be attempted upon an extensive scale.

THINKS TIME RIPE FOR SHARP UPTURN ON WEATHER NEWS

NEW ORLEANS, May 3.—Although manipulation of the New York market resulted in a big break in contract values, Southern spotholders refused to be frightened by the tactics employed to pound the bulls into insensibility, and buyers of actual cotton find that they must pay the price if they want the goods.

Of course, spots have sympathized to a certain extent with the decline in the future markets, but the shading of quotations has been a very gradual progress as compared with knock-down and drag-out methods that have been used to put the long speculators out of business. It is the head of this firm who is said to have given out the information which led to the prosecution of Messrs. Brown, Hayne and Patten, leading bulls, in the famous cotton corner case two years ago.

Having secured a Supreme Court decision, by which bull interests are prevented from combining their forces for the purpose of taking up cotton on contract in New York, the New York bear interests, led by Mr. Craig, have resumed their old-time occupation of holding up the Southern speculator, by means of breaking the market under threat of delivery of the entire New York stock.

In the present instance, however, threat of delivery, while it had the effect of forcing out nearly all the speculative long interest in that market, was not of itself sufficient to break the market. Certain Liverpool interests, which had bought reams of contracts in New York against sales in Liverpool at differences that had worked very much in their favor, insisted upon staying in the market and receiving whatever cotton came their way.

The result was that when May notices were issued in New York, they were promptly stopped, and the initial decline that followed the issuance of the notices was promptly checked, and the attack on the market was resumed Tuesday. Bears had the market going, when all of a sudden. May contracts in New York began to advance with a rapidity that swept the shorts off their feet. A twenty-five point advance in the New York market was the signal for a sharp covering movement in this market also, the upward tendency being checked, however, as soon as the May position in New York became easier.

Favorable weather conditions, as interpreted through the spectacles of the prevailing bearish sentiment, together with warlike rumors cabled from Europe, encouraged another attack on the market Wednesday afternoon. Liverpool was discouraging Wednesday morning, and the market again slumped under bearish pressure, here and New York. In the local market, May contracts sold as low as 11.90, but even this price was a premium of 100 points over October, which sold as low as 10.90. At that level, however, Continental interests were heavy buyers, and the market has since had a fairly good re-action.

Reports being received in this market indicate that the cotton crop is not as well advanced as bearish circular writers have tried to make out. In fact, complaints are general as to the effect of the cool weather in Texas, where the crop is now reported as from two to three weeks late. Unfavorable crop reports are also being received from some of the Atlantic States, conditions being adverse in Georgia and Alabama especially. The market having recently been sold to a standstill is now in good technical shape to respond to bullish weather and crop developments.

SPOTS NOT WANTED; CROP DOING WELL

MEMPHIS, May 3.—Demand for the remnant of the cotton crop has been slack here and throughout this territory all the week, despite some disposition to shade prices. The apathy seen in so many other lines appears to have hold of the cotton trade, and it remains to be seen at what level there will be a revival of buying in anything like important volume.

That the weakness in the speculative markets has had much to do with the paucity of buying orders is not doubted, and behind that has been the continuation of the unsettled feeling abroad and the probable effect of tariff changes in this country. The firmness in the money situation is regarded as due partially to these things and also to the great amount of refinancing that will have to be done during the spring and summer consequent upon the maturity of short term notes issued a few years ago in an effort to tide over to better conditions. The cotton trade appears to have had its confidence rudely shaken by the realization that the tariff rates are to be an actuality. That the other conditions now existing, largely because of the failure of peace to be realized in Europe, have probably accentuated this feeling of pessimism is generally admitted, while a favorable start for a new crop has also given a distinct bearish temper to the trade's opinion.

Receipts have been small enough, the trouble being in the fact that movement toward the spinners is so slow and stocks decrease so little. The banking situation is such that there has been no special encouragement to hold for better prices, yet selling has been restricted because there were few buyers. There have been some reductions, yet not proportionate with the break in contracts.

The passing of first day for May notices in New York, tenders having been made of the bulk of that city's stock, has not been followed by some improvement. If the story that Liverpool spot people will ship out nearly half the New York stock proves true, there may be some lively happenings in the other summer options, but that will depend on what develops in Europe and how the new crop fares.

The financial troubles in this center involving two prominent firms of cotton factors reflect some of the losses from short yields and two floods in this territory, but have had no important influence on the general market. They might have been avoided if prices had not declined, but the cause was not in the lower level of values.

Preparations for the new crop continue without serious interruption and reports reaching here are more satisfactory than for several years. Temperatures have been a bit too low, yet there is not much cotton up and the chief trouble has been in delayed germination. The weather has been ideal for getting the soil in good shape and rains the latter part of last week were favorable. Some of the territory below here was beginning to need moisture, but all wants were supplied. The waters are rapidly receding and in some of the areas overflowed planting has been started. It is expected there will be a moderate increase in acreage, but estimates are yet unreliable. If there is continued good weather, it will help to encourage holders of the actual to accept lower prices for the remnant.

Business Is Lively In Light Linens

NEW YORK, May 3.—As predicted, when the latest change in the proposed linen schedules were announced importers have begun to get inquiries on lightweight dress linen and towelings. These goods, which come in under the present tariff at 30 per cent, are to be advanced to 35 per cent, if the new schedules as they now stand go through. Large buyers are apparently of the opinion that the bill will be passed practically as it stands, and are making inquiries as to prices on goods which will be needed later on. Importers in the New York market, when they learned of the proposed change in the duties on lightweight dress linens and towelings, stated that there would undoubtedly be a rush for goods, and their predictions bid fair to be realized.

The changes made in the schedules have been widely discussed throughout the trade, and the general opinion seems to be that imports of linens will increase, if the bill passes as it is outlined now. With regards to lightweight dress fabrics, it is believed that the imports of these will not be greatly hurt by a 5 per cent increase in the duty. Buyers will not be able to lose any time if they want to get goods in ahead of the passing of the tariff, as it has been generally intimated that the bill will go into effect as soon as it is passed. The mills abroad are already pretty well under order for the balance of this year, and it will be a question of whether the goods can be turned out in time to get them here before the tariff goes into effect.

Retailers are moving out dress linens steadily and stocks are by no means as large as they would like to see them. Solid colors in the popular shades are in excellent demand, with some houses reporting good sales of what are termed "high colors," such as reds, purples and bright greens. Cream shades and white are also good property, especially in the finely woven goods. Crashes are in very short supply, and prices continue to show an upward tendency. Domestic mills are well sold ahead and buyers are still complaining of the slow shipments from abroad.

SOUTH'S IRON MEN LOOK FOR TRADE

Revival of Buying Expected Soon. Steel in Good Demand—Products Move Well.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA., May 3.—Southern pig iron manufacturers are expecting some buying of their product in the near future. A buying movement is looked for that will require a considerable tonnage of iron during the last half of the year. As a consequence of the confidence that is expressed now, there is no idea of curtailing the production except it be to repair the furnaces. There is some pig iron going to the yards, accumulating, but the furnace companies in this section of the country are apparently in condition to hold the product for the good times that are in sight. The quotations are a little firmer than they have been, holding between $12 and $12.50 per ton. The statement is made that some of the manufacturers are holding their iron for $13 per ton, No. 2 foundry, though the sales being made now are under $13 per ton. Special brand irons as well as special analysis irons bring $13 and more with ease.

The production of iron in April was not very much under what it was in March, when the high water mark was reached. There was one furnace put out of blast early in the past month while another iron-maker went out for repairs towards the end of the month.

Some of the larger consumers of pig iron are making inquiries as to the product and quotations, indicating there will be some business placed. Cast iron pipe producers are said to have encouragement and will keep their plants in full operation. This means a good melt of iron right along the pipe interests being among the larger users of pig iron in the Southern territory. Reports have it that Southern cast iron pipe will shortly be moving out in train loads.

Pig iron for export is under consideration. Several orders for export are being negotiated and probably will be landed. During the quiet spell the first part of last year there was some iron exported.

Steel products still are in good demand. It will be some time before any lagging will be noted in the market. The plants are doing exceedingly well and labor feels confident there will be work for the better part of the summer, if not through the entire summer. Good wages prevail. Southern railroads are receiving rail constantly from the plant of the Tennessee Coal, Iron & Railroad Company. Fabricated steel from the Bessemer, Ala., rolling mills and wire, rods and other steel products are moving well and good prices obtain.

Organization of the Gadsden Pipe Company, capital stock $35,000, was announced during the week, the company to take over a pipe fitting plant at Gadsden.

Charcoal iron is selling at $23 per ton with the make not very large but no accumulation worthy of mention has taken place.

ALABAMA MILLS BUSY.

Alabama cotton mills are running on full time and have their product sold ahead until next October, according to J. A. Hicks, of Talladega, Ala. Mr. Hicks is president of the Highland City and the Chinnabee Mills of Talladega, which make a specialty of medium hosiery yarns. Mr. Hicks says that his mills are running on full time, that they have sold ahead up to October and that they have all the cotton they need to that period. The outlook after that time will depend upon the tariff revision. The mill men have not determined how the revision is going to affect the yarn business. Mr. Hicks also is a cotton grower. Planting in his vicinity is generally done. Rain is needed now.

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Latest Reports From the World's Great Markets---Cotton, Grain, Stocks

COTTON RECORDS FURTHER DECLINE

May and July Quoted Twenty Points Below High Level of the Week.

DRY GOODS TRADE AFRAID

Opinion Now Well Formulated as to Area Seems to Indicate 35,000,000 Acres.

WEEK'S RANGE.

NEW YORK.

	High.	Low.	Close.	Net Ch'ge
May	11.59	11.22		
	Fri.	Mon.	11.35-36	-.3
July	11.65	11.38		
	Fri.	Wed.	11.45-46	ugd
October	11.06	10.81		
	Fri.	Wed.	10.92-93	-.20

NEW ORLEANS.

May	12.19	11.90		
	Mon.	Wed.	12.00-03	-.10
July	11.99	11.65		
	Mon.	Wed.	11.82-83	-.8
October	11.26	10.91		
	Mon.	Wed.	11.01-02	-.17

LIVERPOOL.

May-June	6.45	6.28½		
	Fri.	Wed.	6.41	-.2½
July-Aug.	6.40½	6.24		
	Fri.	Thur.	6.39½	-.1½
Sept.-Oct.	6.15	6.02½		
	Mon.	Wed.	6.12	-.3½

By EDWARD LOW RANLETT.

NEW YORK, May 3.—The cotton market made a further decline to-day, the old crop months, May and July, being quoted at about 20 points under the highest levels of the week. There was no particular feature to the trade, which seemed to be influenced mainly by favorable crop news and lack of activity in the Southern spot markets.

Liverpool cables were better than expected, but the market failed to make even a temporary rally on this influence. The Financial Chronicle, in its weekly report on weather conditions, states that dry weather has prevailed over large sections of the belt this week, and where rain has fallen the precipitation has been light.

The Financial Chronicle, in its report on the cotton goods division of the dry goods trade, states that confidence in the future on the part of the dry goods merchants is badly shaken by the proposed tariff. The market is discounting the effect of the drastic cuts to be made.

Fair and warmer weather is predicted for those areas of the cotton belt lying east of the Mississippi River.

After a decline during April in the May future of over $5 a bale, the market made an upward turn late in the week of nearly 40 points in that month and in July. This result was caused by the fact that a substantial depletion of the local stock was definitely promised through engagements for export. This started a short interest to cover, and had no other significance, though a sympathetic rise in the new crop months took place. The rise in the new crop futures was partly the result of somewhat less favorable crop reports from the eastern cotton belt and from the northern part of the western areas. Low temperatures and lack of rain seems to be holding back the growth of the plant. Crop conditions as a whole, however, stand better than on the corresponding date last year.

Opinions on the acreage increase have become more definite during the week and the general consensus now is that the area contemplated and actually planted already will exceed last season's by fully 3 to 4 per cent. This might mean that an excess of 35,000,000 acres will finally be under plant and laid by during June. Such an acreage would justify, under normal conditions, a yield of between 14,000,000 and 15,000,000 bales of lint cotton, exclusive of linters.

RANGE IN NEW YORK FUTURES.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Last Sale.	Close.	Prev. Close
M'y	11.41	11.42	11.35	11.35	11.35-36	11.41-42
Jun	.....	.....	.....	.....	11.40-42	11.46-48
J'ly	11.50	11.51	11.43	11.45	11.45-46	11.51-52
A'g	11.28	11.28	11.22	11.24	11.23-24	11.29
Sep	11.02	11.02	11.00	11.00	10.98-99	11.01-03
Oct	10.95	10.95	10.88	10.93	10.92-93	10.95
Dec	10.97	10.97	10.90	10.93	10.93-94	10.96-97
Jan	10.93	10.93	10.89	10.90	10.90-91	10.94-95
M'r	10.99	10.99	10.97	10.97	10.99-01	11.03-04

Closed steady.

LIVERPOOL COTTON MARKET.

LIVERPOOL, May 3.—Due 1½ to 4 points lower on near positions and 1 to 1½ points lower on distant months, this market opened steady, at a net decline of 1 to 2 points. At the close the market was steady, net unchanged to ½ point higher than the final figures of Friday.

Spot cotton steady, at 4 points decline; middling 6.68d; sales 8,000 bales, including 7,000 American; sales include 4,000 bales made late yesterday; imports 13,000 bales, including 8,000 American.

Port receipts are to-day estimated at 9,000 bales, against 7,909 last week and 2,734 for the corresponding week last year, compared with 7,630 bales for the same week the year before.

Futures opened steady.

	Opening Range.	Close.	Close.	Previous
May	6.39½-6.38	6.41½	6.41½	
May-June	6.40 -6.38	6.41	6.41	
June-July	6.37 -6.36½	6.33½	6.39	
July-Aug	6.34 -6.32	6.36½	.....	
Aug.-Sept	6.23½-6.23	6.26	6.12	
Sept.-Oct	6.11 -6.10	6.12	6.05	
Oct.-Nov	6.04 -6.03	6.05	6.02½	
Nov.-Dec	6.01½	6.02½	6.01½	
Dec.-Jan	6.00	6.01½	6.01	
Jan.-Feb	6.00 -5.99	6.01	6.02	
Feb.-March	6.02	6.02	6.02½	
March-April	6.02½	6.02½	.....	

Closed steady.

NEW ORLEANS COTTON.

NEW ORLEANS, LA., May 3.—Cotton futures declined somewhat to-day on the favorable weather prospects and on the drop in French rentes. There was no anxiety to sell, however. Weather prospects were excellent and were a controlling factor. Liverpool was better than due. Rumors of labor troubles in the Lancashire spinning district are persistent and cause some apprehension. The trade here believes also that English interests will re-enter their May contracts in New York.

NEW ORLEANS COTTON.

Quotations in cotton futures:

	Open	High	Low	Last Sale	Close	Prev. Close
M'y	11.98	12.03	11.98	12.03	12.00-03	12.01-05
Jun	.....	.....	.....	.....	11.86-88	11.88
J'ly	11.83	11.84	11.80	11.82	11.82-83	11.84-85
A'g	11.44	11.44	11.39	11.42	11.41-42	11.44-45
Sep	11.02	11.02	11.02	11.03	11.12-14	11.15-17
Oct	11.05	11.05	10.99	11.02	11.01-02	11.04-05
N'v	.....	.....	.....	.....	11.01-03	11.04-05
Dec	11.02	11.02	10.97	11.01	11.00-01	11.03-04
Jan	11.05	11.06	11.05	11.05	11.05-06	11.07-08
F'b	.....	.....	.....	.....	11.02-04	.....
M'r	.....	.....	.....	.....	11.10	11.09-10

Closed steady.

NAVAL STORES.

NEW YORK, May 3.—Turpentine 41½c; at Savannah, 35½@36½c; tar oil, barrels, $5.50@5.75; rosin, C to G, steamer, $4.75.

COTTON GOSSIP

Following is the statistical position of cotton on Friday, May 2, as made up by The New York Financial Chronicle:

	This Week.	Last Week.	Last Year.
Vis. supply	4,631,070	4,817,408	4,916,221
American	3,201,070	3,333,408	3,729,221
In sight w'k	111,552	133,611	111,853
Since Sep. 1	12,445,320	12,330,768	14,454,732
Port stocks	555,005	665,224	660,602
Port rec'pts	71,220	81,197	75,737
Exports	168,829	107,222	97,668
Int. receipts	31,280	41,212	49,945
Int. shipm'ts	62,471	71,796	80,653
Int. stocks	448,000	479,150	284,000

Following is the Liverpool cotton statement for the week ending Friday, May 2:

	1913.	1912.
Week's sales	59,000	55,000
Of which American	43,000	48,000
For export	1,900	1,700
For speculation	1,300	5,000
Forwarded	83,000	108,000
Total stocks	1,168,000	1,355,000
Of which American	978,000	1,242,000
Actual exports	10,000	16,000
Week's receipts	80,000	110,000
Of which American	66,000	90,000
Since Sept. 1	3,976,000	4,538,000
Of which American	3,189,000	3,931,000
Stocks afloat	148,000	204,000
Of which American	121,000	158,000

Estimated receipts for Monday:

	1913.	1912.
New Orleans	1,800 to 2,200	1,207
Galveston	3,800 to 4,800	2,669

PORT RECEIPTS.

The following table shows receipts at the ports Saturday compared with the same day last year:

	1913.	1912.
New Orleans	2,325	1,331
Galveston	3,166	2,752
Mobile	536	782
Savannah	2,443	2,595
Charleston	756	44
Wilmington	305	129
Norfolk	358	999
New York	64	267
Boston	.....	92
Port Arthur	515	.....
Various	28	10
Totals	10,196	9,001

INTERIOR MOVEMENT.

	1913.	1912.
Houston	1,560	1,490
Augusta	575	314
Memphis	397	798
St. Louis	1,809	2,264
Cincinnati	1,089	508
Little Rock	.....	1,002
Totals	5,430	5,376

THE WEATHER.

WASHINGTON, May 3.—The weather will be unsettled with showers and thunderstorms during the next thirty-six hours in the region of the Great Lakes, the Ohio and Mississippi Valleys, and the East Gulf States, and fair and warmer tonight and Sunday in the Atlantic States.

Temperatures will be somewhat lower Sunday in the upper lake region and the Mississippi Valley.

Forecast until 8 p. m. Sunday:

Georgia: Fair to-night and Sunday.

SPOT COTTON MARKET.

Atlanta, nominal; middling 11¾.
Athens, steady; middling 12c.
Macon, steady; middling 11¾.
New Orleans, steady; middling 11¼.
New York, quiet; middling 11.85.
Philadelphia, quiet; middling 11.95.
Boston, quiet; middling 11.85.
Liverpool, steady; middling 6.68d.
Savannah, quiet; middling 12c.
Norfolk, steady; middling 12c.
Augusta, steady; middling 12c.
Mobile, steady; middling 11¾.
Galveston, steady; middling 12¼.
Charleston, quiet; middling 11¾.
Wilmington, nominal.
Little Rock, dull; middling 11¾.
Baltimore, nominal; middling 12c.
Memphis, quiet; middling 12¼.
St. Louis, quiet; middling 12¼.
Houston, steady; middling 12¾.
Louisville, firm; middling 12¼.
Greenville, quiet; middling 11¾.
Charlotte, steady; middling 12c.

Business Is Above Spring 1912 Level

Great Lakes and Pacific Coast Regions Fare Best; the South-east Lags Behind.

"The best business conditions are still in the States touching the great lakes and on the Pacific Coast. The poorest conditions are in the Southeastern States, not including Florida, and in the recently flooded districts. The average of all business is far above the situation at this time in 1912," says the Fulton National Bank in its April trade letter.

"With business generally so active and money so well employed that none is available for the financing of new concerns or for stock exchange operations, there should be little room for complaint in manufacturing and mercantile lines. Prospective tariff reduction is holding back some lines but the total volume of business is far above the average for this season. Some decline in imports and in manufactures will be apparent until the tariff bill has been disposed of. If the matter is properly handled by Congress, there need be no upsetting of business and the effect of such tariff reduction as may be made will soon be dissipated in the increasing business which will naturally result.

"Approximately one-third of the cotton, one-fourth of the corn, and one-third of the oats are in the ground. Too much water in the Southeast and Northwest has delayed planting and a considerable part of the recently flooded district is not yet in shape to plant.

"The average price of all commodities has steadily decreased since December and is now only a shade higher than it was a year ago. Low prices for all foodstuffs except meats and lower pig iron quotations helped to bring down the average. Present prices on staple crops average 25 per cent lower than a year ago, 37 per cent lower than two years ago and 18 per cent lower than three years ago.

"Bonds average 5 points below a year ago and stocks average 15 points below the quotations at this time last year. So far for April, the Exchange has been more active and trading for the month should show a considerable increase over March but will hardly equal April of last year."

NEW YORK PRODUCE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, May 3.—Petroleum firm; crude Pennsylvania, $2.50.

Turpentine firm, 41¾@42½c.

Rosin quiet; common, $4.75 bid.

Wool active; domestic fleece, 25@26c; pulled, scoured basis, 35@55c; Texas, scoured basis, 48@56c.

Hides more active; native steers, 16½@19¼c; branded steers, 15¾@15¾c.

Strength Evident In Wheat Market

Rains In Southwest Fail to Cause Expected Recessions—July Corn Quietly Absorbed.

ST. LOUIS CASH QUOTATIONS.

Wheat—No. 2 red ..... 105 @107
Corn—No. 2 57
Oats—No. 2 ..... 35¼

By JOSEPH F. PRITCHARD.

CHICAGO, May 3.—It was expected that with rains in the Southwest where needed, wheat values would tumble in an attractive manner to the bears. While it is true that there were losses of ⅛@⅝c to-day, there was some heavy recovery from the bottom prices reached and the undercurrent was certainly one of strength.

There are many conservative men in the wheat trade who are of the belief that wheat is worth the present price, and this, too, in the face of the most promising crop outlook in the Southwest ever known.

There is a general belief in the trade that scattered longs generally have liquidated, and in the absence of "hedging" sales from any direction the situation may be called stronger. There was some wheat bought to-day on the knowledge that there will be a set of bullish routine statistics the coming week. The visible supply will decrease freely Monday, the world's shipments will be smaller than a year ago, Chicago stocks will decrease still further and there will be a free falling off in the amount of breadstuffs on ocean passage for the week just closed.

The buying of wheat to-day was noticeably strong. On the other hand, the selling was considered rather weak. B. W. Snow, who is now in Crawford County, Kansas, claims that chinch bugs are destroying the wheat in that section, and the house with which he is connected—Bartlett-Frazier—bought considerable grain on this information. John Inglis wired from El Reno, Okla., that while the bugs are in the new fields in large numbers, they have up to the present tiem done no serious damage.

There was little in the corn trade of moment. The plant is above the ground in Oklahoma, and is now being harrowed. In Nebraska the weather was reported as colder, but field work is being pushed. There was a killing frost at North Platte, Neb., on Friday night. The South is reported as a good buyer of the cash article at St. Louis.

A noticeable feature in the corn market during the past few days has been the quiet but persistent absorption of the July that has been offered. This buying was doubtless for the coterie of men who have liquidated their May holdings and secured their profits.

May oats ruled very strong, but the deferred futures eased off fractionally on the rains. Country offerings were a little freer.

The larger men in the provision trade are friendly to both lard and ribs. Charles Roberts was a liberal buyer of September lard and ribs and other prominent brokers were buyers of July lard and ribs, all of which was believed to have been for Armour and Swift.

CHICAGO GRAIN MARKET.

Grain quotations:

	High.	Low.	Previous Close.	Close
WHEAT—				
May	91⅜	90⅜	90⅞	91
July	91⅜	90⅜	91	91⅜
Sept	91	90½	90⅝	91⅛
CORN—				
May	55½	54⅞	54⅞	55
July	56⅛	55⅝	55⅝	56
Sept	56⅝	56½	56½	56⅝
OATS—				
May	35⅝	35¼	35½	35⅜
July	34⅝	34⅝	34⅝	34⅞
Sept	34⅜	34⅛	34⅛	34⅜
PORK—				
May	19.52½	19.30	19.30	19.60
July	19.52½	19.40	19.42½	19.50
Sept	19.30	19.17½	19.17½	19.30
LARD—				
May	10.85	10.77½	10.85	10.87½
July	10.75	10.70	10.70	10.97½
Sept	10.77½	10.72½	10.75	10.77½
RIBS—				
May	11.45	11.37½	11.37½	11.47½
July	10.95	10.92½	10.95	10.97½
Sept	10.77½	10.75	10.77½	10.77½

CHICAGO CASH QUOTATIONS.

CHICAGO, May 3.—Wheat—No. 2 red, 1.02@1.04½; No. 3 red, 96@1.00; No. 2 hard winter, 92¼@93½; No. 3 hard winter, 90@93; No. 1 Northern spring, 92½@93¾; No. 2 Northern spring, 91@92; No. 3 spring, 89@91.

Corn—No. 2, 56@57¼; No. 2 white, 58@58½; No. 3 yellow, 56¼@56¾; No. 3, 55@55¼; No. 3 white, 57¼@57½; No. 3 yellow, 55¼@55¾; No. 4, 54½@55; No. 4 white, 56@56½; No. 4 yellow, 54¾@55.

Oats—No. 2, 36¾; No. 3, 35½@35¾; No. 4 white, 34@34¾; standard, 36½.

ST. LOUIS CASH.

ST. LOUIS, May 3.—Grain markets easier. Cash No. 2 red wheat 1.07@1.10, No. 2 corn 57, No. 2 oats 35.

Futures: Wheat, May 91¼, July 88⅞, September 89; corn, May 55¾, July 55⅝, September 56¼; oats, May 34¼, July 34¼, September 34¼.

PRIMARY MOVEMENT.

WHEAT—	1913.	1912.
Receipts	530,000	268,000
Shipments	974,000	825,000
CORN—		
Receipts	595,000	610,000
Shipments	676,000	542,000

CHICAGO CAR LOTS.

Following are the receipts for Saturday and estimated for Monday:

	Saturday.	Monday.
Wheat	24	122
Corn	204	149
Oats	160	154
Hogs	9,900	50,000

LIVERPOOL GRAIN MARKET.

LIVERPOOL, May 3.—Wheat closed ½d to ⅝d higher.

Corn closed unchanged to ⅛d higher.

LIVE STOCK.

CHICAGO, May 3.—Hogs—Receipts, 9,000; steady; choice light, $8.55@8.60; light mixed, $8.50@8.55; prime light butchers, $8.45@8.50; prime medium butchers, $8.40@8.45; prime heavy butchers, $8.35@8.40; heavy packing, $8.25@8.35; mixed packing, $8.20@8.35.

Cattle—Receipts 100; steady; good to choice steers, $8.25@8.85; fair to good steers, $7.35@8.25; fair to choice vealers, $8.50@9.00; heavy calves, $7.50@8.00; feeding steers, $7.25@8.10; fair to choice vealers, $9.00@9.65; heavy calves, $7.50@8.75; stockers, $6.50@7.75.

Sheep—Receipts, 1,000; steady; fed yearlings, $7.00@8.00; native lambs, $8.50@8.75; fed lambs, $8.60@8.80; clipped lamos, $7.00@7.75; native yearlings, $7.00@8.00; feeding lambs, $7.50@8.00; good to choice wethers, $6.50@7.25; good to choice ewes, $6.25@6.75.

ST. LOUIS, May 3.—Cattle—Receipts, 3,600, including 400 Texans; steady; native beef steers, $5.75@9.00; cows and $5.25@8.00; Texas and Indian steers, below the quotations at this time last year. So far for April, the Exchange $6.25@8.50; cows and heifers, $4.00@7.00; calves in carload lots, $5.00@6.50.

Hogs—Receipts, 2,500; steady; pigs and lights, $7.00@8.50; mixed and butchers, $8.20@8.50; good heavy, $8.20@8.50.

Sheep—Receipts, 900; steady; native muttons, $5.00@7.25; lambs, $7.00@8.80.

NEW ORLEANS RICE.

NEW ORLEANS, May 3.—A steady tone prevails in the local rice market. Quotations on the leading grades of clean rice are as follows: Honduras, 4½@4⅝; Japan, 3⅜ to 4¼; straights, Honduras, 5½ to 6; Japan, 3¼ to 5¼; screenings, Honduras, 2⅞ to 3¼; Japan, 2¾ to 3.

Saturday's New York Stock Market

The following table shows the highest, lowest, and closing prices of stocks sold on the New York Stock Exchange Saturday, together with the net change from Friday's close:

STOCK—	Open.	High.	Clos. Bid.	Net Ch'ge
Amal. Copper	73	72⅜	72¾	- ¼
Am. Ice Sec	25½	24⅜	24¾	+ ¾
Am. Sug. Ref	.....	.....	110½	.....
Am. Smelting	66¾	66½	66⅝	+ ⅛
Am. Locomo	.....	.....	33	- ⅛
Am. Car Fdy	48½	48½	48	- ⅜
Am. Cot. Oil	.....	.....	43	.....
Am. Woolen	.....	.....	20	.....
Anaconda	37	37	37⅛	+ ⅛
Atchison	99⅛	99	99	.....
A. C. L.	.....	.....	120	- ½
American Can	32½	32⅛	32½	.....
do. pref.	.....	.....	92⅛	+ ⅜
Am. Beet Sug.	28½	28¼	28	-1
Am. T.-T.	.....	.....	128	.....
Am. Agricul	.....	.....	49½	+ ¼
B. R. T.	89⅛	88¾	89	+ ½
B. and O.	98¼	98¼	98¼	- ⅛
Can. Pacific	238⅝	237¼	238	-1¼
Corn Products	10¼	10¼	10¼	.....
C. and O.	64	64	64	.....
Consol. Gas	129½	129½	127	-1½
Cen. Leather	.....	.....	22½	- ½
Colo. F. and I.	.....	.....	31	- ¼
Colo. Southern	.....	.....	28¾	+ ¼
D. and H.	.....	.....	155	.....
Den. and R. G.	.....	.....	19¼	+ ¼
Distil. Secur	15¼	15¼	15¼	.....
Erie	28⅛	28	28	- ½
do. pref.	.....	.....	43	- ½
Gen. Electric	.....	.....	138	- ½
Goldfield Cons.	.....	.....	1⅞	.....
G. Western	14⅜	14⅜	14¾	+ ¼
G. North. pfd	126½	126	126	- ¼
G. North. Ore	.....	.....	31½	.....
Int. Harv. (old)	.....	.....	102	+1
Ill. Central	112⅜	112⅜	112	- ⅝
Interboro	14⅜	14⅝	14½	- ⅛
do. pref.	51	51	51	.....
Iowa Central	.....	.....	7	.....
K. C. Southern	.....	.....	23	.....
K. and T.	23	23	23¼	- ⅜
do. pref.	.....	.....	59	.....
Lehigh Valley	154	154	153½	- ½
L. and N.	.....	.....	130½	.....
Missouri Pac.	34½	34½	34½	- ⅛
N. Y. Cen.	101½	101⅜	101½	.....
Northwestern	129	129	128½	+ ½
Nat'l Lead	.....	.....	48	.....
N. and W.	.....	.....	105	+ ¼
North. Pac.	114	113¾	113⅞	.....
O. and W.	.....	.....	99	- ¼
Pennsylvania	114¾	114½	114⅝	+ ⅛
Pacific Mail	.....	.....	22	.....
P. Gas Co.	.....	.....	108¾	- ¼
P. S. Car	.....	.....	24	- ¼
Reading	160¾	160¼	160⅛	- ⅝
Rock Island	19	18¾	18⅞	.....
do. pfd	.....	.....	31⅝	+ ⅛
R. I. and S.	.....	.....	22½	- ¼
do. pfd	.....	.....	82½	.....
Sloss-Sheff	.....	.....	29	-1
South. Pac.	97¾	97½	97½	+ ½
South. Rwy	24	23¾	24	- ¼
do. pfd	.....	.....	75⅝	- ⅛
St. Paul	106⅜	106½	106⅜	.....
Tenn. Copper	34½	34½	34½	.....
Texas Pacific	.....	.....	16	.....
Third Avenue	.....	.....	34	.....
Union Pacific	148⅝	148¼	148¾	.....
U. S. Rubber	64¼	63½	64	+ ⅞
Utah Copper	50¾	50½	50½	- ¼
U. S. Steel	60⅛	59⅞	59⅞	- ⅜
do. pfd	.....	.....	108	+ ⅜
Va.-Car. Chm.	30¼	30	30	¼
West. Union	.....	.....	65	- ¼
Wabash	3	3	3	.....
do. pfd	.....	.....	9⅜	.....
West. Elec	61½	61½	61	- ½
Wis. Central	.....	.....	51	.....
Western Md	.....	.....	38½	.....

*Indicates gains.
-Indicates losses.

Total sales 88,000 hares.

Number of shares sold to-day, 88,360, against 439,302 a year ago.

Par value of bonds sold to-day, $709,000, against $972,000 a year ago.

ATLANTA SECURITIES.

	Bid.	Asked.
A. & W. P. R. R.	150	153
American National Bank	220	225
Atlanta National Bank	305	310
Atlantic Ice & Coal Corp	94	96
do. preferred	86	88
Atlanta Brewing & Ice Co.	175	200
Atlanta Trust Co.	107	110
Central Bank & Trust Corp	140	142
Augusta & Savannah Ry.	105	108
Decatur Street Bank	100	110
Exposition Cotton Mills	160	165
Fourth National Bank	270	275
Fulton National Bank	126	129
Ga. Ry. & Elec. Co., stamped	119	121
Ga. Ry. & P. Co., 1st pf.	78	80
Ga. Ry. & P. Co. 2d pf.	35	37
Ga. Ry. & P. Co., com.	21½	23
Empire Cotton Oil Co., com	90	97
Empire Cotton Oil Co., pf.	21½	23
Lowry National Bank	248	250
Trust Co. of Georgia	250	252
Realty Trust Co.	93	97
Sou. Ice Co. (N'hville) com	56	58
Sou. Ice Co. (N'hville) pf.	80	82
Third National Bank	245	250
Southwestern of Georgia	103	110
Travelers' B. & Trust Co.	107½	112

BONDS.

Atlanta 4½s, 1922	.....	100½
Atl. Ice & Coal Corp. 6s, '20	90	92
Ga. Ry. & Elec. Co. 1st preferred 5s	99	103
Atlanta Consolidated 5s	104	106
Ga. Ry. & Elec. Co. consol 5s	102	103½
Southern Bell 5s	97	99

NEW YORK BANK STATEMENT

NEW YORK, May 3.—The weekly statement of the New York Associated Banks shows the following changes:

Average statement:

Excess cash reserve, $15,402,650; decrease, $1,032,650.

Loans, increase $12,017,000.
Specie, increase $991,000.
Legal tenders, decrease $870,000.
Net deposits, increase $9,119,000.
Circulation, increase $169,000.

Actual statement:

Loans, decrease $246,000.
Specie, increase $1,785,000.
Legal tenders, decrease $2,794,000.
Net deposits, decrease $7,953,000.
Reserve, increase $809,950.

MONEY AND EXCHANGE.

NEW YORK, May 3.—Money on call nominal; no loans. Time loans strong. Sixty days 5¾@6 per cent, ninety days 6@6¼, six months 6¼@6½.

Prime mercantile paper 5@5½ per cent. Sterling exchange steady with actual business in bankers' bills at 4.8310 for sixty-day bills and 4.8680 for demand. Commercial bills 4.82.

LONDON STOCKS.

LONDON, May 3.—Traders were idle on the Stock Exchange to-day, waiting for the next turn in the Montenegro situation. Consols did not change in price. Among home rails there was a slightly lower level and Kaffir mines eased.

Paris exchange on London unchanged at 25 francs 26¼ centimes. Berlin rate declined ¾ pfennig to 20 marks 46¾ pfennigs. DeBeers 20⅞, Rand Mines 7.

Trading Is Dull In Stock Market

Insignificant Price Changes Made. Southern Railroad Earnings Show Mixed Results.

NEW YORK, May 3.—The stock market to-day continued along the same lines that have prevailed since the beginning of the week. Trading was dull and price changes insignificant. Local bears made no effort to take advantage of the weakness of the European markets.

Adverse influences were the New Haven expose, the tariff agitation, the poor showing of the national banks in response to the last call of the Comptroller of the Currency and the probability of higher money rates as the result of heavy borrowing by corporations and the governments of the world.

There was no real pressure, but there was decided apathy and no one wanted stocks. In some quarters sentiment was depressed over the labor outlook. Some traders went so far as to predict a strike and a general tie-up of Eastern traffic. The conservative element, however, did not share in this view.

Losses of from ¼ to ½ were recorded in the active list.

Some of the specialties made greater declines.

International Steam Pump issues were notably weak on reports that the company was to be reorganized. The common stock lost 2 points, the preferred 5 points and the 5 per cent bonds 5⅛ points, making a loss of 10⅛ for these bonds in two days.

A number of Western and Southern railroads published their March earnings statements to-day.

Of four Southern roads, two reported moderate decreases in gross and larger decreases in net, while one reported a good increase in both gross and net, and one an increase in gross, but a decrease in net. The Boston and Maine reported a small increase in gross and big decrease in net. Western loading reports for April all showed gains over the April totals of a year ago. The New York Central reported the largest number of loads ever handled during the month of April.

Week-end trade reports are somewhat mixed. Business is lagging in the Eastern manufacturing districts, but is well maintained in the West and in most sections of the South and Southwest.

OUTSIDE SECURITIES.

NEW YORK, May 3.—Stagnation was shown in the market for outside securities to-day, and what little business appeared caused no fluctuations worth mentioning. The copper shares were almost entirely neglected. Greene Cananea was unchanged, notwithstanding the passing of a dividend which was fully discounted some time ago. Silver shares were unchanged. Close: Bay State Gas, 3-16@¼; Br. American Tobacco, 23@23¼; Standard Oil, 1050@1100; Br. Col. 2¾@3; Con. Ars., 3-16@¼; Davis-Daly, 2¼@2½; 100 Giroux, 2 3-16@2 5-16; 300 Greene Cananea, 6⅜@6⅞; Kerr Lake, 3-16@¼; 100 LaRose, 2⅜@2½; McK. Dar. 1 15-16@2; Nipissing, 8⅜@8¾; Tonopah Ext., 2⅜@2½; United Copper, ½@⅝; 100 Yukon, 2½@2⅝.

BAR SILVER.

NEW YORK, May 3.—Bar silver in London to-day was 1-16d firmer at 27¾d per ounce. To-day's New York price was ⅛c higher at 60¼c. Mexican dollars, 48@52c.

BONDS.

NEW YORK, May 3.—Government bonds were unchanged to-day. Railroad and other bonds were dull. Bank clearings to-day $344,292,899, against $349,535,404 a year ago, a decrease of $5,340,505.

MINING STOCKS.

BOSTON, May 3.—Speculation in mining issues was extremely quiet today, but the tone of the market in the main was firm. Close: Superior and Boston, 3⅝; Utah Apex, 1⅝; Chino, 38⅞; Greene Cananea, 6⅜; North Lake, 1; Old Dominion, 47; Shannon, 10; Butte and Superior, 28⅝.

NEW YORK COFFEE MARKET.

Coffee quotations:

	Opening.	Closing.
January	11.29	11.30@11.32
February	.....	11.31@11.32
March	11.30@11.35	11.34@11.35
April	.....	11.34@11.35
May	10.96@11.02	10.95@10.97
June	.....	11.02@11.05
July	11.06@11.10	11.09@11.11
August	11.06@11.20	11.19@11.21
September	11.29	11.19@11.21
October	.....	11.19@11.21
November	.....	11.30@11.31
December	11.27@11.31	11.29@11.30

Closed steady. Sales, 10,000 bags.

COTTONSEED OIL.

NEW YORK, May 3.—After opening irregular, the cottonseed oil list eased off under liquidation in May, occasioned by liberal tenders on May contracts and the lack of the consumptive demand.

Cotton seed oil quotations:

	Opening.	Closing.
Spot	.....	6.82@6.95
May	6.85@6.86	6.85@6.86
June	6.90@6.92	6.90@6.94
July	6.97@6.98	6.96@6.97
August	7.02@7.03	7.01@7.02
September	7.03@7.04	7.02@7.03
October	6.70@6.75	6.68@6.71
November	6.46@6.48	6.46@6.48
December	6.20@6.40	6.30@6.33

Closed very steady. Sales, 7,600 barrels.

BUTTER AND EGGS.

CHICAGO, May 3.—Butter market was easier. Eggs held firm. Butter receipts 7,764 tubs. Creamery extra 28, extra firsts 27, firsts 26, seconds 24@25, dairy extras 26, firsts 24, seconds 21, ladles 21, packing stock 20.

Eggs—Receipts 32,608 cases. Ordinary firsts 18¼, firsts 18½, prime firsts 19@20, extra 21, checks 14, dirties 15.

ATLANTA LIVE STOCK MARKET.

(By W. H. White, Jr., of the White Provision Company.)

Cattle receipts light. Market steady. Hogs coming more freely. Market lower.

Quotations based on actual purchases during the current week:

Choice to good steers, 1,000 to 1,200, $6.00@6.50; good steers, 800 to 1,000, 5.50@6.00; medium to good steers, 700 to 850, 5.25@5.75; medium to good cows, 700 to 900, 4.50@5.00; good to choice beef cows, 800 to 900, 5.00@5.75; medium to good heifers, 650 to 750, 4.25@4.75; good to choice heifers, 750 to 850, 5.00@5.75.

The above represent ruling prices of good quality of beef cattle. Inferior grades and dairy type selling lower.

Medium to common steers, if fat, 800 to 900, 5.00@5.75; medium to common cows, if fat, 700 to 800, 4.50@5.50; mixed common, 600 to 800, 3.25@4.25; good butcher bulls, 3.50@4.50.

Prime hogs, 160 to 200 average, 8.65@8.85; good butcher hogs, 140 to 160, 8.40@8.60; good butcher pigs, 100 to 140, 8.00@8.25; light pigs, 80 to 100, 7.00@8.00; heavy rough hogs, 200 to 250, 7.75@8.25.

Above quotations apply to corn-fed hogs, mash and peanut-fattened hogs, 1 to 1½c under.

DARTM

BOTTENFIELD'S SALES FORCE FOR PEACHTREE HIGHLANDS


MISS VELMA GARDNER


T. L. McRAN ~ SALES M'NGR.


L. P. BOTTENFIELD


EUGENE ANDERSON


H. E. FRENCH


D. G. JONES


L. C. BELL


E. P. McELROY


HUGH J. LYNCH



GEO. B. HANSOM'S HOME ON PEACHTREE ROAD,
Directly Opposite the Entrance of Peachtree Highlands.

HOMES AND ESTATES—Surrounding and adjacent to Peachtree Highlands, valued from $5,000 to $200,000, in all directions, have fixed the present values on all surrounding property at $50 to $100 per front foot.

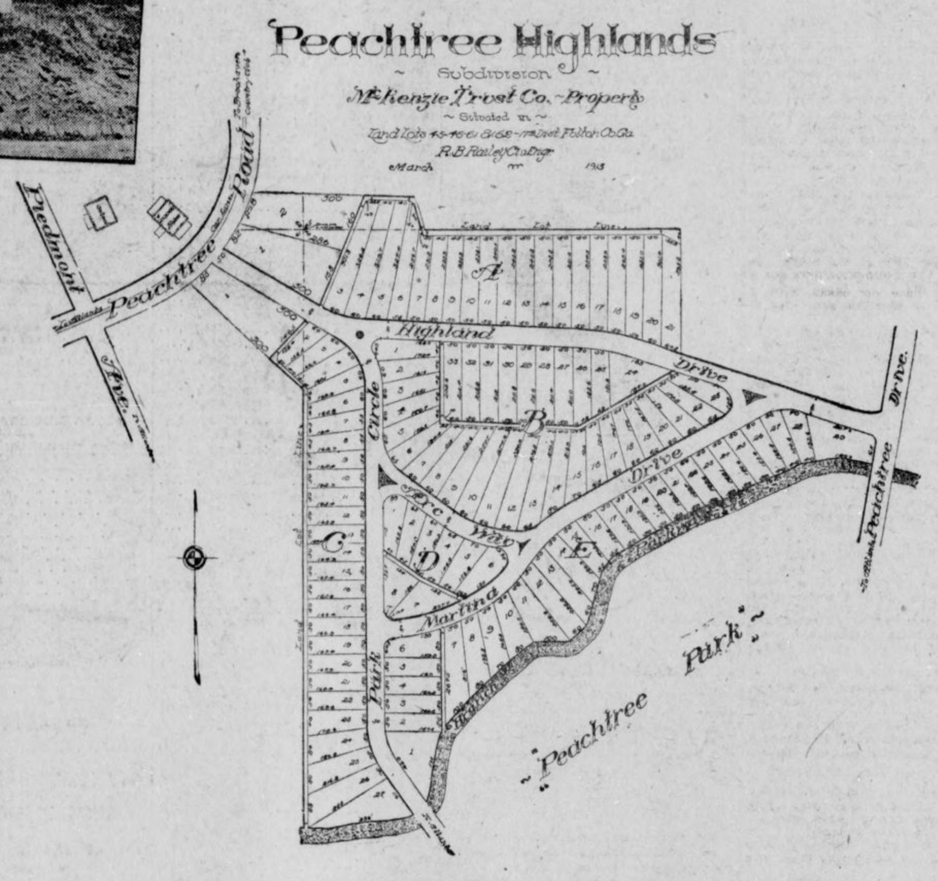
STREET CARS, STORES, CHURCHES AND SCHOOL—Excellent street car service right at the entrance. Fine school within two blocks and churches and stores within walking distance.

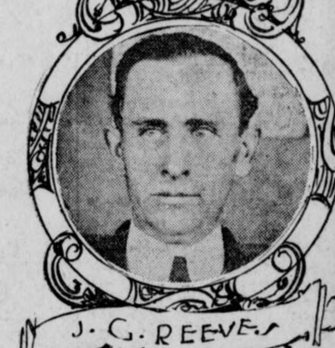
IMPROVEMENTS—We are developing this property to the highest extent. Every street will be a wide one, with easy grades, and all lots made perfect. All streets will be cherted, and cement sidewalks, water and sewer mains will be laid in front of every lot.

PRICES AND TERMS—Our prices are as low and terms as easy as one could expect for even undeveloped property, and every purchaser will share handsomely in the rapid increase of values as our development progresses.

LOCATION:

On Peachtree Road and Brookhaven Street car line, at the junction of Piedmont Avenue. This property is right in the hub of Peachtree Road's greatest development, at the Five Points of approach to all that is and will be in this most desirable and exclusive residence section.




J. G. REEVES


G. T. RANSOM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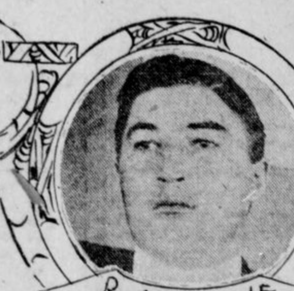
THERE MUST BE A REASON why our office has the reputation of selling the most high-class property in the right direction and selling it fast. If you have in mind the purchase of a lot for a home or as a good investment, you cannot afford to buy without first investigating this property. And it is to your interest to ***do it now.*** Come up to the office or call for any one of our salesmen, and we will be pleased to show you the property and the ***reason why.***

L. P. Bottenfield.


W. R. SESSIONS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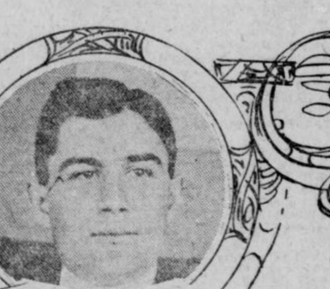
W. L. WEST

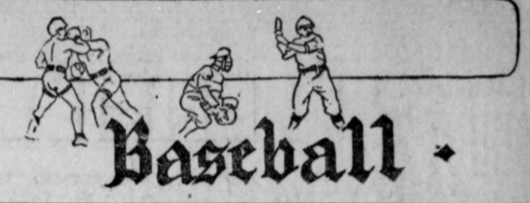

W. L. CLINE


G. L. BARBER



HEARST'S SUNDAY AMERICAN

Sporting Section



ATLANTA, GA., SUNDAY, MAY 4, 1913.

JACKETS DOWN SEWANEE LADS BY 5 TO 1 SCORE

Tech Has an Easy Time Winning Second Game of the Series From Tennesseeans.

EUBANKS ALLOWS 3 HITS

Coach Heisman's Sluggers Get to Gordon for Three Runs in the Opening Inning.

ERRORS, timely hits and heady work by Eubanks, collaborated yesterday to down the Sewanee Tigers and sew up the series for Tech. The score was 5 to 1, but does not indicate the fierceness with which the belligerents tussled through the nine rounds.

A rally, netting five hits and three runs in the first inning, cinched the game, the entire Tech team facing Gordon, who was on the mound for Sewanee. Eubanks went the entire route and in only one inning was he scored upon, one run going across in the second.

Altogether, the hard-hitting Tigers walloped the steady twirler for only three drives and these were scattered. The Jackets assisted him with some up-to-minute fielding.

The Sewanee players were credited with three errors and all these misplays were tabbed against Jones.

Gordon started the matinee and after Moore's home run in the first and four other singles in the same inning it looked like the bench for him, but he managed to settle down and pitched good ball for the remainder of the game. Except for the first blow-up, the game was close and exciting.

The biggest crowd of the year turned out. The weather was inviting and there was no other game in the city, so the fans found a first-rate substitute at Grant Field. It was a typical college crowd, with gay colors, pennants and blaring bands, intermingled with the cheering, jeering mass of "studes," who kept up a continual howl.

Moore's Homer Excites Fans.

Moore's home-run blow in the first was the first bit of excitement unloaded upon the attending populace. It happened with one dead in the first. Pitts, Montague, Amason and Pound also added hits in the same round and three men crossed the rubber.

After Moore had registered the first home run on the new field, Pitts hit to left and scored when Montague singled to deep center. Pound placed a neat double just out of reach of McGoodwin and Montague romped around the circuit and marked up a run. Amason singled and Pound sprinted around the bags and tallied. Donaldson got in the way of a bad one and was given free passage to first, but died there when Attridge and Eubanks failed to connect with the pill.

This ended the misery in the first inning, but again in the sixth the Jackets pulled across two more. Attridge cut the breezes. Eubanks singled to right, stole second and scored when Wooten was safe on Jones' error in hitting a runner and a bad throw to third, which allowed Wooten to pilfer second. Moore then singled scoring Wooten.

Sewanee's only run came in the second, when McGoodwin doubled to deep center field and scored on a pair of sacrifices by Gordon and Erving. Fanning fanned and the Tigers were gone.

Tech's Fielding Improves.

Tech's fielding stock leaped to a lofty notch yesterday and only one error is charged to them. That came when Captain Montague attempted to rob Armbruster of a Texas leaguer back of first and trampled on ground that could easily have been covered by Pitts. However, it mattered not, for no harm came of this. Montague, Donaldson and Amason were the fielding stars for Tech, while Pitts and Moore were the batting stars. Attridge caught a jam-up game.

For Sewanee, Fanning and Whited led in fielding and McGoodwin with the willow.

Eubanks pitched an exceptionally well-balanced game of bal. The box score:

Sewanee.	ab.	r.	h.	po.	a.	e.
Whited, ss.	4	0	0	1	4	0
Armb'ster, cf.	4	0	0	1	0	0
H'mm'nd, 3b.	4	0	0	2	3	0
McGoodwin, lf.	4	1	2	1	0	0
Gordon, p.	3	0	0	0	2	0
Irwin, rf.	2	0	0	0	0	0
Fanning, 2b.	3	0	0	4	4	0
Dinkens, c.	3	0	1	4	1	0
Jones, 1b.	3	0	0	11	0	2
Totals	29	1	3	24	14	2
Tech.	**ab.**	**r.**	**h.**	**po.**	**a.**	**e.**
Wooten, cf.	4	1	1	2	0	0
Moore, 3b.	3	1	2	1	0	0
Pitts, rf.	4	1	2	0	0	0
F. Mont'ue, 2b.	4	1	1	4	2	1
Pound, lf.	4	0	1	1	0	0
Amason, 1b.	4	1	1	10	0	0
Donaldson, ss.	3	0	0	0	4	1
Attridge, c.	3	0	0	8	3	0
Eubanks, p.	3	0	1	1	4	0
Totals	32	5	9	27	13	2

Score by innings:

Sewanee . . . . . 010 000 000—1
Tech . . . . . 300 200 00*—5

Summary: Two-base hits—Pound, McGoodwin. Home hun—Moore. Innings pitched—By Eubanks, 9; by Gordon, 9. Struck out—By Eubanks, 8; by Gordon, 11. Sacrifice hits—Erwin, Moore. Stolen bases—Amason, Moore. Hit by pitched ball—By Gordon, Donaldson. Umpire—Turner.

CORNELL BEATS MICHIGAN.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., May 3.—Cornell defeated Michigan in a dual track and field meet here this afternoon by a score of 86 to 31.

AGLER STARS AT FIELDING AND PINOCHLE

Cracker Infielder Is Player, Author, Plumber, and Aspires To Be Farmer.

PULLS FIELDING MIRACLES

He Is Only First Baseman Who Ever Successfully Broke Up "Squeeze" Play Unaided.

By Percy H. Whiting.

JOSEPH AGLER, first baseman of the Atlanta ball club, is as versatile as a traveling tinker. Among his accomplishments may be mentioned:

He is the best first baseman the Atlanta team ever had.
He's a corking newspaper correspondent.
He is the best fielding first baseman the Southern League ever knew.
He's a first-class plumber.
He can hit the ball and run bases.
He is the father of three fine children.
He is the champion pinochle player of the Cracker club.
He aspires to become a farmer.

* * *

WHEN a man is such a lot of things it's a hard matter for the baseball historian to decide what to say about him first. The fact that Joe Agler is a marvelous first baseman is of prime interest to Atlanta fans, however. And nothing ever happened better calculated to show the most amazing ability of the man than a play he made in Youngstown in 1909—a play never equaled before or since.

Agler was playing first for Canton, and his club was fighting a tremendous contest with the Youngstown nine. It was a close game and nearing the end. Canton had tied it up in the first half of the ninth. In the last half the Youngstowners got a man named Tate on bases with a two-bagger. A sacrifice sent him to third.

In this tight pinch it was Agler who diagnosed the play that was coming.

When the next batter took his place and the pitcher went through the painful preliminaries, Agler shrieked, "Look out for the squeeze!"

In 1909 the "squeeze play" was in the height of its glory in the minor leagues. When well executed it was regarded as unbeatable.

This time Agler beat it single-handed.

As the pitcher wound up he dashed forward. A glance at the batter told him he had guessed a-right. Tate was dashing in from third and the batter was poised to bunt. The play was perfectly executed. Neck and neck Agler and Tate tore for the plate. Dashing forward, Joe scooped up the ball and simultaneously both men slid—Joe head first; Tate feet first. Six inches before the squirming mass of humanity crossed the plate Agler pushed the ball against Tate's foot.

"Y'r out!" called the umpire.

Agler, a first baseman, had fielded the ball on a squeeze play and had touched out the runner at the plate. Never before had a first baseman done it. Never since has it been accomplished, as far as baseball history records.

* * *

JOE AGLER has made so many marvelous plays that you could write of them for a week without exhausting a worthy subject.

Agler is probably the only man who ever started two triple plays the same week.

This feat Agler pulled with the Newark team, of the Eastern League. On both occasions Joe McGinnity was pitching. The first triple play was against Baltimore. First and second were filled, and Cy Seymour was at bat. Cy hit a line drive back of first. Agler caught it, touched first and threw to second, tripping the runner who had been on second.

The second triple play was made against Rochester. Mansor hit a line drive over first. Agler grabbed it with one hand, touched first, retiring the man who had been there, and then hurled across the diamond to third, putting out Whitey Alperman, then of Rochester, who had strayed off third on what looked like a safe swat.

* * *

JOE AGLER'S fielding feats stand out so prominently that one is likely to forget his batting stunts. But he has proved a grand hitter at odd times in his career, and always a steady swatter at all times. In 1911, against "King" Brockett, who had just been secured by the Buffalo club, Agler opened the game with a two-bagger. His next three times up he singled. His fifth time up he hit another two-bagger, giving him five hits for seven bases out of five times at bat.

Agler's longest hit was made at Jersey City off Walter Justus. Joe laced the ball over the fence—a tremendous wallop and one rarely made.

* * *

THE hero of this sketch was born in Coshocton, Ohio. If you want a linguistic treat get Joe to pronounce that name for you. It's a wonder. This, according to Joe, is considerable of a burg, with 20,000 inhabitants and with novelty and "art" manufacturing industries.

Evidently this town was too giddy for Joe, because if wasn't long before he transferred his abode to Beach City, Ohio. This is a flourishing burg of at least 800 inhabitants.

Pressed as to his reasons for moving

Continued on Page 3, Column 2.

SIXTEENTH STRAIGHT FOR RIVERSIDE; BEATS GORDON

GAINESVILLE, GA., May 3.—Riverside won her sixteenth straight game this afternoon, defeating Gordon by a 11 to 4 score. Williams on pitched a great game, striking out 14 men and only yielding 7 scattered hits. He only extended himself in the pinches. He also hit a home run. Mitchell and McNeill hit well and Hingey starred at short.

Here's Joe Agler, Crackers' First Sacker, Considered the Best in Southern League



TURNING THIRD BASE

HEAVING BUNT HOME

SPEARING A LOW THROW WITH ONE HAND

MOTT MEETS COWEE IN FINAL ROUND

The finals have been reached in all three flights of the golf tournament now in progress at the Atlanta Athletic Club. The vice president's cup offered by Henry W. Davis will go to the winner of the first flight. Dr. C. B. Mott and H. W. P. Cowees have reached the final in this flight.

In the second flight Dr. E. G. Ballinger and W. P. Hazelwood will battle for the cup in this flight.

In the third flight W. F. Spratling and Frank Adair have reached the final.

Most of the matches have been extremely close and many of them have gone more than eighteen holes.

The results of the various matches were as follows:

FIRST FLIGHT.

First round, C. B. Mott defeated T. L. Ingram, 5-3; E. J. Winston defeated H. C. Moore, 4-2; J. O. Smith defeated H. C. Heinz, 4-3; W. C. Holleyman defeated W. Griffith, 2 up; S. Hudson defeated W. J. Tilson, 1 up in 20 holes; L. J. Beck won from C. V. Rainwater by default; C. J. Holditch defeated J. S. Rame, 1 up; H. W. Cowee defeated D. E. Root, 3-2.

Second round, C. B. Mott defeated E. T. Winston, 5-3; W. C. Holleyman defeated J. O. Smith, 3-1; S. Hudson defeated L. H. Beck, 3-2; H. W. P. Cowee defeated C. J. Holditch, 1 up in 20 holes.

Semi-final, C. B. Mott defeated W. C. Holleyman, 3-1; H. W. P. Cowee defeated L. H. Beck, 5-4.

SECOND FLIGHT.

First round, W. H. Rowan won from A. Davidson by default; D. Brown defeated R. E. Trippe, 1 up; L. D. Scott, defeated J. I. Burton, 7-6; E. G. Ballinger won from G. A. Nicholson by default; W. P. Hazelwood defeated S. Hard, 4-3; J. C. Harris defeated W. G. Humphrey, 4-3; G. W. Adair defeated W. Markham, 1 up; J. W. Eby won from R. P. Jones by default.

Second round, D. Brown defeated W. H. Rowan, 1 up in 19 holes; E. G. Ballinger defeated L. D. Scott, 1 up in 19 holes; W. P. Hazelwood defeated J. C. Harris, 2-1; J. D. Eby defeated G. W. Adair, 1 up.

Semi-final, E. G. Ballinger defeated D. Brown, 1 up; W. P. Hazelwood defeated J. D. Eby, 3-2.

THIRD FLIGHT.

C. M. Sciple defeated C. G. Giddings, 1 up; C. A. Thornton won from E. G. Ottley by default; F. B. Fay won from Dr. Frank Holland by default; W. F. Spalding won from J. W. Davis by default; Frank Adair defeated C. F. King, 2-1; C. E. Corwin defeated H. H. Albert, 5-4; W. F. Upshaw won from W. R. Tichenor by default, J. C. McMichael defeated W. C. Warren, 4-3.

Second round, C. M. Sciple won from C. A. Thornton by default; W. F. Spalding defeated T. B. Fay, 1 up; F. Adair defeated C. E. Corwin, 2 up; W. F. Upshaw defeated J. C. McMichael, 1 up.

Semi-final, W. F. Spalding defeated C. M. Sciple, 2- ; F. Adair defeated W. F. Upshaw, 3-2.

Shortstop Williams Goes to Pelicans

Manager Smith Decides That He Doesn't Need Former Washington Player.

A disposition of the protest entered by Manager Charley Frank, of New Orleans, for Shortstop Williams, secured by the Crackers from the Washington club several days since, was reached Saturday afternoon when President Callaway wired Manager Smith to turn the player over to the Pelicans at once.

Williams has been ordered to report to the Pels, and will join them immediately.

PHILADELPHIAN WINS WORLD'S RACQUET TITLE

PHILADELPHIA, May 3.—Jock Soutar, of the Philadelphia Racquet Club, to-day defeated Charles Williams, of England, for the racquet championship of the world.

Williams won four out of six games in England a month ago, but Soutar won four straight and the match at the Racquet Club to-day. The score: 15—2, 15—8, 15—4 and 15—3.

VALDOSTA 9, TIFTON 4.

TIFTON, GA., May 3.—Valdosta High School defeated Tifton High School here this afternoon, 9 to 4, in a loosely played game. Jones, for Valdosta, held Tifton to two hits for six innings. Tifton got to him in the last three for seven hits, counting four runs.

Clemson Captures Meet From Jackets

Tech Athletes Go Down to Defeat by Score of 70 to 47.

CLEMSON, S. C., May 3.—Clemson won a dual track and field meet from Tech here this afternoon, 70 to 47. The summary:

100-Yard Dash—Legrand (Clemson), first; Deschamp (Clemson), second; Logan (Tech), third. Time, 10 1-5 seconds.

High Jump—Robinson (Tech), 5 feet 8 inches; Culclosure (Clemson), second; Campbell (Clemson), third.

Half Mile—Ward (Clemson), first; Montsalvage, second; Cowles, third.

220-Yard Dash—Legrand (Clemson), first; Logan (Tech), second; Deschamps (Clemson), third. Time, 23 2-5 seconds.

Discus—Jones (Tech), 106 feet, first; Turbeville (Clemson), 104 feet 4 inches, second; Gandy (Clemson), third.

High Hurdles—Prevost (Clemson), first; Andrews (Tech), second; Robinson (Tech), third. Time, 17 3-5 seconds.

Hammer Throw—Turbeville (Clemson), 110 feet, first; Kerr (Tech), 96 feet 1 inch, second; Jones (Tech), 93 feet 8 inches, third.

Broad Jump—Street (Tech), 20 feet 2 inches, first; Prevost (Clemson), 19 feet 5 inches, second; Holmes (Clemson), 18 feet 4 inches, third.

16-Pound Shot—Turbeville (Clemson), 38 feet 5 inches, first; Gandy (Clemson), second; Jones (Tech), third.

Pole Vault—Stribling (Clemson), 9 feet 6 inches, first; Smith (Tech), second; Verner (Clemson), third.

One Mile Run—Lewis (Clemson), first; Montsalvage (Tech), second; Odom (Clemson), third.

Low Hurdles—Logan (Tech), first; McMahon (Clemson), second; Holmes (Clemson), third.

440-Yard Dash—Ward (Clemson), first; Robertson (Tech), second; Sparks (Tech), third.

George Marshall Tops Field of Marksmen

Professional Shooter Hits 74 Out of a Possible 75 Targets—Eubanks Leads Amateurs.

BROOKHAVEN CLUB, May 3.—George Maxwell led a field of professional marksmen at the shoot of the Brookhaven Club, held here yesterday. Maxwell felled 74 out of a possible 75 birds. W. Huff was second with 73, while J. M. Barrett was third with 72.

E. H. Eubanks topped the amateurs with 73 out of a possible 75. J. P. Sousa and W. F. Bingham were the others to hit 70 or more of the clay pigeons. The former hit 71 and Bingham 70.

C. E. Goodrich and H. D. Gibbs tied for high honors in the fifty-target shoot. Both clipped 49 birds. E. M. Daniels followed with 44 out of a possible 50. Nine took part in this event.

A large crowd of interested spectators witnessed the shoot, which was the best staged here in some time. Following are the scores:

Shooters marked * are professionals.

	Shot at.	Broke.
*George Maxwell	75	74
John Phillip Sousa	75	71
J. M. Barrett	75	72
R. F. Maddox	50	39
*Walter Huff	75	73
J. D. Allen	75	67
W. F. Bingham	75	70
E. H. Eubanks	75	73
Dr. Edmondson	75	39
M. Dabney	75	49
Dr. Pearson	50	31
*E. M. Daniels	50	44
*C. E. Goodrich	50	49
*H. D. Gibbs	50	49
Clyde King	50	36
Mr. Marriott	25	22
A. L. Dunn	75	66
C. E. Currier	75	67
J. K. Ottley	50	39
Mr. Berry	50	33

CLEMSON IS WINNER OVER NEWBERRY; SCORE 10 TO 7

NEWBERRY, S. C., May 3.—Clemson and Newberry played a ragged game here this afternoon, Clemson winning, 10 to 3. Home runs by Cureton and Dean were the features. The teams meet again Monday at Clemson.

Georgia Has Cinch Beating Tennessee To Tune of 9 to 3

Athens Team Wollops Visiting College Hurlers for Eighteen Safe Swats.

ATHENS, GA., May 3.—Georgia enjoyed another batting feast this afternoon and won easily from the Tennesseeans 9 to 3. Every man in the Red and Black line-up connected safely for two hits, except Hitchcock, who singled opportunely, while Harrison pulled down the honors of the afternoon with three hits out of five times up and as a sideline made a circus catch with one hand behind first base.

Hitchcock was on the mound for the locals and pitched good ball, giving up eight scattering hits. Cameron played the best game for the visitors, getting a triple and a single which would have been good for another triple, but he failed to touch second and was called out. A rally in the ninth gave the Knoxvilleans hope, but two hits and one run was the best they could do.

Georgia sewed up the game in the third inning when six hits netted five runs, every man on the team coming to bat.

Georgia meets Washington and Lee here Monday and Tuesday and will then burnish up for Tech on Friday and Saturday.

The score:

Georgia	ab.	r.	h.	po.	a.	e.
Glnn, lf.	4	1	2	1	0	0
Harrison, 2b.	5	1	3	3	3	1
McWhorter, cf.	4	1	2	0	0	0
Hutchens, c.	4	0	2	11	0	0
Bowden, 1b.	4	2	2	10	1	0
Holden, 3b.	5	1	2	0	0	1
Erwin, rf.	5	1	2	0	0	0
Hitchcock, p.	5	0	1	1	8	0
Clements, ss.	4	2	2	1	1	1
Totals	40	9	18	27	13	3
Tennessee	**ab.**	**r.**	**h.**	**po.**	**a.**	**e.**
Smith, lf.	4	0	1	3	1	0
Ashe, 2b.	4	1	1	0	3	0
Thomason, cf.	4	0	2	1	0	0
Deberry, 3b.	3	1	1	5	0	0
Lindsay, 1b.	3	0	1	6	0	0
Gilbreath, rf.	4	1	1	4	0	0
Cameron, ss.	4	0	1	1	2	2
Bibb, c.	4	0	0	3	1	0
Dawson, p.	4	0	0	1	1	1
Totals	34	3	8	24	10	3

Score by innings.

Georgia	005 012 10x—9
Tennessee	011 000 001—3

Summary—Bases on balls—Off Dawson, 4. Hit by pitcher—Hitchcock 1 (Lindsay). Struck out—By Hitchcock 10; by Dawson 2. Three-base hits—Cameron, Thomason, Clements. Two-base hits—Harrison 2, Bowden. Wild pitches—Dawson 2. Stolen bases—McWhorter, Hutchens 2, Bowden. Sacrifice fly—Clements. Umpire, Beusse. Time, 1:55.

FAMOUS ATHLETE WILL AGAIN TRY FOR HONORS

PULLMAN, WASHINGTON, May 3.—Jack Nelson, the champion 100-yard and 200-yard sprinter of the United States, who won these titles at Chicago while a student in Washington State College, has written to a friend here stating that he may return to try again for a fame on the cinder path.

Nelson is teaching chemistry and coaching the athletic teams in the California Polytechnic School at San Luis Obispo, Cal., where he has been since graduating from Washington State College in 1911.

BUCKLEY WANTS RITCHIE BOUT FOR TOMMY MURPHY

NEW YORK, May 3.—Manager Jim Buckley declares that Willie Ritchie, lightweight champion of the world, will be the next man to fight his clever little scrapper, Tommy Murphy. Murphy has beaten all of good ones in his class, and his decisive win over Wolgast entitles him to a chance for the title that Ritchie is guarding so jealously. If Ritchie intends to defend his crown, as a real champion should, why doesn't he come out and fight.

CRACKERS WIN LOOSE BATTLE FROM BARONS

Atlanta Captures Final Game of Series in Easy Styie by Score of 9 to 5.

BRADY DOES THE HURLING

Southern League Champions Have Off Day—Smith's Men Wear Hitting Uniforms.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA., May 3.—In a weird and uncanny series of evolutions which could under no circumstances be justly styled baseball. Atlanta won the last game of the series here this afternoon by the luscious count of 9 to 5.

Diljer, the Baron backstop, who was on the bench, fainted, and a fight took place in the bleachers, these being the real features of the afternoon's entertainment. Next in order might be classed a couple of near-home runs, equally divided between the Barons and their honored guests. Alperman and Ellam were directly responsible for those two breaks in the monotony, the former netting three runs as a result of his and the latter two, but they both completed the circuit as the direct result of errors.

Barons Field Badly.

Errors on the Baron side of the argument were as frequent as Cracker scores and the 6,000 or more of the fans had hydrophobia in its most violent form.

Brady, the deliberate, succeeded in staying through the fiasco, though he was touched up with some degree of ease and freedom, while Thompson was sent in to relieve Fittery in the sixth, Fittery having been shot to pieces long before he was taken out of the line of fire.

The fireworks were set off in the opening round. Long singled, Agler walked and Alperman knocked one between McBride's legs which went for a home run. Welchonce fanned, Smith made three bases then when Messenger juggled and fumbled his long fly, and Watty scored on Bisland's two-bagger to right.

Work a Double Steal.

In the second McBride hit for two bases, McGilvray walked and Mayer singled, scoring McBride. The double steal was then worked successfully.

In the fourth, with two down, Carroll singled and Ellam dropped a long one, which was poorly handled. He made the circuit, scoring Carroll also.

In the fifth Long drew a two-bagger and scored on Alperman's scratch hit to right. Welchonce and Smith both singled, the latter scoring. Alperman, Bisland and Graham walked, forcing Welchonce over the plate. Dunn hit through Marcan, and Smith and Bisland counted.

In the sixth McGilvray went safe on a scratch hit. Carroll singled and McGilvray scored on Ellam's infield out. The box score:

Crackers.	ab.	r.	h.	po.	a.	e.
Long, lf.	5	2	2	5	0	1
Agler, 1b.	3	1	1	12	0	0
Alperman, 2b.	5	2	2	3	1	1
Welchonce, cf.	5	1	1	1	0	0
Smith, 3b.	5	2	2	1	1	0
Bisland, ss.	3	1	1	0	4	1
Graham, rf.	4	0	0	2	0	0
Dunn, c.	5	0	0	3	1	1
Brady, p.	4	0	0	0	2	0
Totals	39	9	9	27	9	4
Barons.	**ab.**	**r.**	**h.**	**po.**	**a.**	**e.**
Marcan, 2b.	5	0	0	1	2	1
Messenger, rf.	4	0	0	1	0	1
Bodus, cf.	4	0	0	2	0	0
McBride, lf.	4	1	1	3	0	1
McGilvray, 1b.	3	2	1	7	0	0
Carroll, 3b.	3	1	2	2	1	0
Ellam, ss.	4	1	1	4	2	5
Mayer, c.	4	0	1	7	3	0
Fittery, p.	1	0	0	0	1	0
Thompson, p.	3	0	1	0	0	0
Totals	35	5	7	27	9	8

Score by innings:

Crackers	400 050 000—9
Barons	020 201 000—5

Summary: Two-base hits—Bisland, McBride, Ellam, Long, Agler. Struck out—By Fittery, 2; by Thompson, 1. Bases on balls—Off Fittery, 6; off Brady, 1. Sacrifice hits—Carroll, Stolen bases—Bisland, Graham. Umpires—Pfenninger and Wright.

CHANGE TO TAKE REST ON TRAINER'S ORDERS

NEW YORK, May 3.—Manager Frank Chance of the New York American League team, after several days of active service at first base, is laying off again. Hal Chase has returned to first base.

Chance has been ordered by Trainer Barrett to rest until his injured leg is in good shape again. He had not fully recovered from the wrench he gave it in Brooklyn just before the season opened.

Lelivelt is booked to succeed Chase in center field, and Derrick, who has been nursing a spiked hand, to get back into the game at short.

DE ORO WILL SUE FOR TITLE BILLIARD TROPHY

NEW YORK, May 3.—Alfredo De Oro is again national champion at three cushion carrom billiards. John W. Horgan, who won the title and accompanying John W. Lambert trophy from James Carney at Denver on March 14, last year, refused to accept a challenge by De Oro on March 10 of the present year and refuses to surrender the emblem. Legal action will be taken to compel a transfer of the trophy to De Oro.

HEISMAN TELLS ABOUT 2 FUNNY BASEBALL PLAYS

By J. W. Heisman.

MOST everyone knows that no base runner can score a run ahead of a player who is already ahead of him on the bases, that is one who is nearer home than the former. They have to follow each other in sequence when it comes to scoring, as in the batting order. But I recall the time when there was no rule whatever upon the subject, and this for the simple reason that the need for one had never arisen and had never been foreseen.

It was in a league game between Chicago and Boston very late in the summer of 1893 that an incident occurred which gave rise to the adoption of the present rule covering the case. The game was played in Chicago, and in no other respect did it offer anything in the least unusual in the way of play.

Boston had a man on third, and another—the great Duffy, if I remember rightly—on second, with two hands down. The runner on third went sound asleep, and when he awoke he found himself very cleverly caught off the bag. Realizing that he couldn't get back he made for home, but there also they had him headed off. I cannot recall his name, but I do know that after his nap he was the livest and most wide-awake base runner caught between stations that I have ever seen cavort back and forth: he certainly led that Chicago infield one grand chase.

Duffy Worked Back and Forth.

But it is not with him that we are mainly concerned, but with the runner on second. Duffy, of course, realized that if they caught his pal the entire side was down and he would die at second like a hobbled lamb. He kept fidgetfng back and forth, up to third when it looked as though his advance might make a break of it for home, then retreating again toward second when it appeared that he might get safely back on the third sack.

Finally, Duffy, tired of the tense situation, conceived the idea that an instant later made baseball history. Now they had the other fellow almost midway between third and home again, and the Boston coacher on that side was running up and down with the play like mad, yelling advice and encouragement to his drowning team mate.

From my seat along the same side of the field I suddenly caught side of a flying meteor rounding third base, and whizzing in a big circle out toward the grand stand. At first I thought it was the coacher on this side of the field, but directly I realized that it was Duffy coming in from second under full steam and quite unannounced. So intent were all the other players on the play centering around the other man that none of them noticed Duffy at all until he had touched the plate, which he did just an instant before the other runner was put out. The question naturally was whether Duffy's run counted or not. The umpire promptly said it didn't, and declared Duffy himself out, thus retiring the side before the advance runner was put out.

Never will I forget what a squabble ensued. In the end, on appeal to the league president, the umpire was sustained in his decision, but that very next winter the rule-makers decided it was best to have it down in the book in black and white.

* * *

NOT long ago I heard of an incident, while it did not come within my own experience or observation, is too unique to be held back. It was told me by Edgar Montague, of the Tech team, who formerly lived in Richmond, Va., where the play transpired.

It appears that a certain player—call him Jones—playing on a certain team in the Virginia League, one day undertook to steal second. The catcher threw neatly, and the runner slid dexterously. The runner and the ball met each other; but in a most peculiar manner. When the runner came up on his feet he promptly made a bee line for third, leaving the second baseman looking madly for the ball. The shortstop ran over and helped look, and then the pitcher, but all to no avail.

Meantime, Jones had rounded third and was heading for home. Everybody realized that the secret of the ball's magic disappearance reposed in the breast of B'rer Jones alone, but it was equally clear that no one was going to pump it out of him until he had scored.

And here was the centerfielder in by this time, and the first baseman, both straining their eyes from their sockets. And by the time Jones had tallied with a merry Ha! Ha! the whole of the opposing team and the umpire were on their way to the keystone sack or already there to Sherlock Holmes this wonderful sphere out of the ground.

They swore Jones himself had the ball and had carried it around the bases with him. He laughed and swore positively that he had done no such thing, and that he didn't have the ball. They searched him and couldn't find it. They knew he hadn't knocked or thrown it away, else would they have seen it. Finally he told them if they would go and look under the second sack they would find it, and they did.

And the ruf was, of course, allowed, for everyone supposed the catcher had simply thrown it under the bag.

But after the game was all over and the result had gone on record Jones privately admitted that when he slid the catcher's throw landed the ball squarely between his knees, and as he doubled up in a cloud of dust, with the second baseman tunring his back for an instant to look for the ball, he quickly took it out from 1st first resting place and himself shoved it under the sack, then sprang to his feet and made off again like a wild man.

That must have been funny enough, eh?

ALFRED REICH, WHO WOULD RATHER BE CLERK THAN CHAMPION---By Leo

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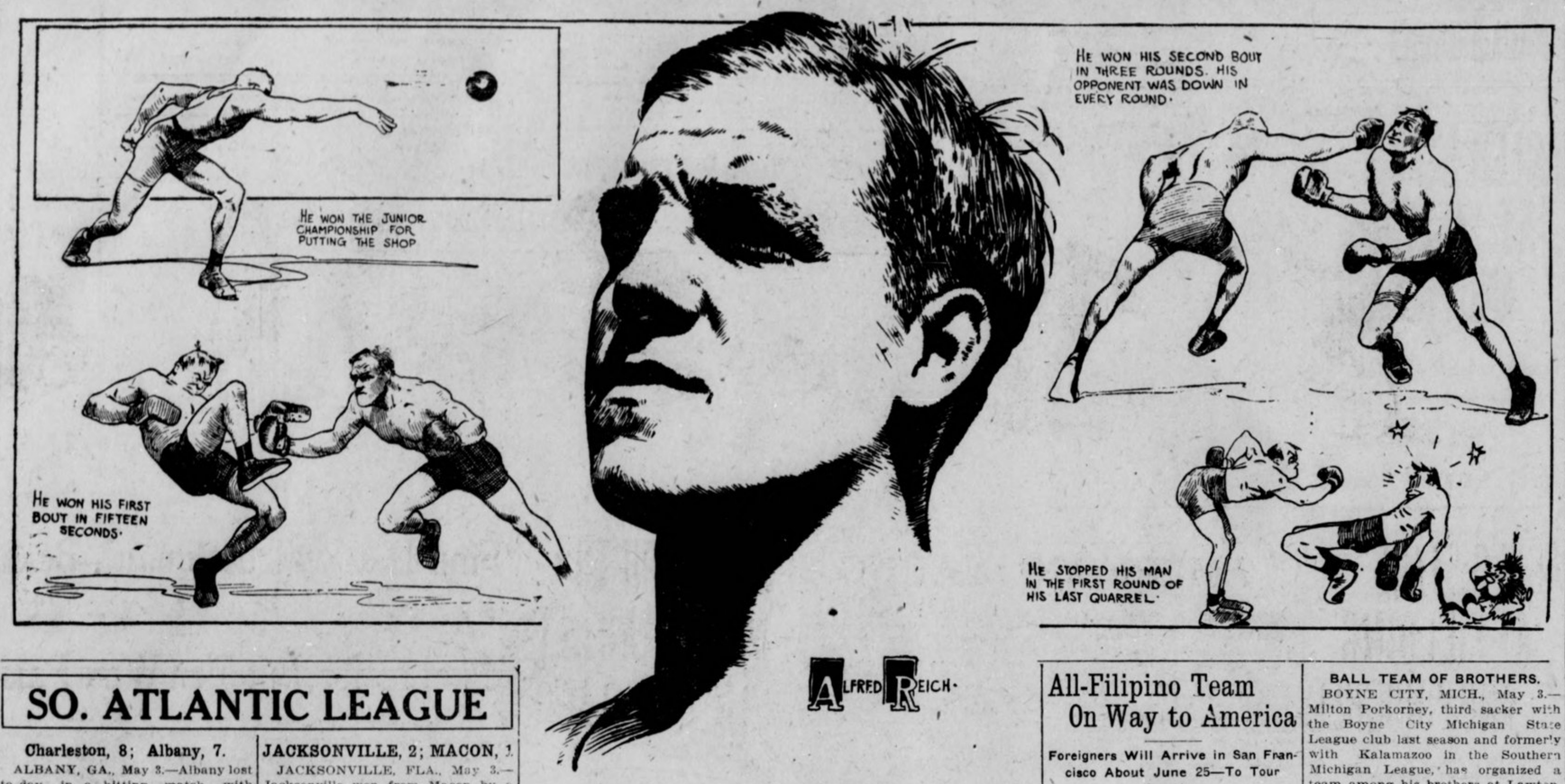

REAL WHITE HOPE, BUT SPURNS TITLE

NEW YORK, May 3.—It may seem an impossibility, but it is a fact that a fighter has been discovered who is somewhat bashful and a trifle too modest for the profession. When a man, and a big fellow at that, who has knocked out almost every one he has met in amateur heavyweight tournaments, says that he hates fighting and would much rather make a modest amount weekly as a shipping clerk than entertain any ideas of getting into the professional ranks a a "white hope," it seems about time to call, and call loudly, "POLICE."

After which long paragraph it is necessary to say that such a man has been discovered and even to give his name. He is Alfred J. Reich, and a member of the Irish-American Athletic Club.

Reich seems to be a natural fighter. He has size, speed and a punch that lands but once to send his opponent off into a dreamless sleep that is guaranteed to be all wooi and at least ten seconds long.

One would think a big fellow like Reich, who is twenty-three years of age, stands 6:00 2-3 in his stockings, weighs 204 pounds, with a reach of 81 inches, and can hit like a trip hammer, would not hesitate for a moment in going after the scalps of all the big fellows.

In his short career as a boxer he has put his opponents away so easily that all amateur tournaments he entered lacked interest. This was mainly due to the fact that his entry blank was always the signal for other heavyweights to take to the woods.

The latest victim of the new wonder was a young giant by the name of Benz, with some reputation as a boxer. Benz hails from the Hartley House and was selected to put a stop to the winning streak of Reich. It took Reich one minute and five seconds to put Benz to sleep.

Started Boxing Last Year.

Reich started boxing in the winter of 1912. His first appearance was in the novice tournament held under the auspices of the Irish-American A. C. He fought three bouts, a preliminary, semi-final and final. In the first go he knocked his man out in fifteen seconds. Three rounds did for the next man, and the last bout was stopped to prevent a knockout.

His next appearance was at the State Championships, also under the auspices of the Irish-American A. C. His opponent then was Big Sorenson, and he was knocked out in three rounds.

Garretson, who fought Warren Barbour to a standstill in Cooper's Gymnasium, was the next victim to buck up against Reich. He was stopped in three rounds.

After this fight, Reich took a rest for a short while, but never remained entirely idle, athletics being his favorite pastime.

Reich is a real athlete. In 1911 he represented the Irish-American A. C. in the Junior National championships in Pittsburg, and won the 16-pound shot put with a throw of 42 feet 8 inches. He beat such crackajacks as Larry Whitney and John Muchs.

"I don't want to be a 'white hope,'" said Reich to-day. "My home is being overrun with managers, trainers and everyone interested in the fight game. Only yesterday I was made a very flattering inducement, not to fight, but only to go into training. A prominent fight promoter made this offer. I have no desire to be a champion fighter. I would much rather be an amateur track or field athlete—like Sheppard, Kiviat, Sheridan and others. To my mind there is more glory in that.

Taught by Veteran Trainer.

Eddie Gorman, of the St. Bartholomew Club, is responsible for me having entered the amateur boxing ranks. Eddie is the man who trained John L. Sullivan in his fighting days. Gorman thought that I was so well developed physically that I ought to try my hand at boxing. Believing it would be well to know something about the manly art I took lessons for six months. Gorman teaching me how to block and punch.

"It was Gorman's idea to make a 'white hope' out of me, but I balked, and was on the point of giving boxing up entirely when friends induced me to enter the amateur tournaments."

Reich usually relies on a straight left to win his contests. He also has a terrific body blow.

He was born on the East Side, in Thirty-fourth Street, where he still resides. He is employed in one of the big department stores as a shipping clerk.

Measurements of Amateur White Hope

Age	23 years
Height	6 feet 2-3 inches
Weight	204 pounds
Chest, normal	40½ inches
Chest, expanded	44½ inches
Waist	34 inches
Thighs	24½ inches
Calf	16½ inches
Biceps	15 inches
Reach	81 inches
Neck	17 inches
Forearm	13 inches
Wrist	8 inches

SO. ATLANTIC LEAGUE

Charleston, 8; Albany, 7.

ALBANY, GA., May 3.—Albany lost to-day in a hitting match with Charleston, by a score of 8 to 7. Until the eighth inning, O'Hearn had Albany tied up, but after a streak of bad luck and bad fielding he was relieved by Hamilton. Both teams played a very bad game of ball. Box score:

Charleston.	ab.	r.	h.	po.	a.	e.
Kipp, ss.	5	2	1	1	6	2
Needham, 2b.	5	2	3	2	7	0
Hoey, 1b.	5	1	1	16	0	1
Witter, lf.	5	1	2	4	0	1
Winston, cf.	5	0	2	0	0	0
Menafee, c.	4	2	2	2	1	0
Smith, 3b.	5	0	2	0	3	1
Hurley, rf.	4	0	2	2	0	0
O'Hearn, p.	3	0	0	0	0	0
Hamilton, p.	0	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	41	8	15	27	17	5

Albany.	ab.	r.	h.	po.	a.	e.
McClesky, lf.	4	1	0	2	1	0
Colby, rf.	4	1	1	1	0	0
Kuhlman, 3b.	5	1	1	2	2	1
Holden, cf.	5	1	3	5	0	1
Brooks, 1b.	5	1	3	11	1	0
Holden, c.	5	1	2	4	2	0
H. Wolfe, ss.	4	1	1	2	3	1
Morton, 2b.	4	0	1	0	4	1
J. Wolfe, p.	4	0	1	0	1	0
Totals	40	7	13	27	14	4

Score by innings:
Albany ..... 000 000 070—7
Charleston ..... 411 000 002—8

Summary: Two-base hits—Menafee, Smith. Three-base hits—Needham, Witter. Base on balls—Off Wolfe 1, O'Hearn 1, Hamilton 0. Struck out—By Wolfe 1, O'Hearn 1, Hamilton 1. Hit by pitcher—McClesky. Left on bases—Albany 8, Charleston 6. Double plays—Kipp to Needham to Hoey, Kuhlman unassisted. Stolen bases—Witter, Needham and Holden

COLUMBUS, 4; SAVANNAH 4.

COLUMBUS, GA., May 3.—Columbus and Savannah battled to a 12-inning tie here this afternoon, 4 to 4. Handiboe's home run drive was the feature of the game. Umpire Moran was jeered when he called McCormack out on a home run hit for not touching third.

Columbus	ab.	r.	h.	po.	a.	e.
Moore, ss.	3	2	2	1	4	2
McDuff, 3b.	4	0	2	0	3	0
Keating, 2b.	3	0	0	4	2	0
Folmar, lf.	4	0	1	2	0	0
Thompson, c.	5	1	3	7	3	1
Fox, 1b.	5	0	1	15	2	0
McCormack, rf.	5	1	2	2	0	0
Morrow, cf.	4	0	0	2	6	0
xKrebs	1	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	38	4	11	36	20	3

x—Batted for Morrow.

Savannah	ab	r.	h.	po.	a.	e.
Handiboe, cf.	5	2	2	1	0	0
Lipe, 3b.	3	0	0	1	0	0
Mayre, rf.	4	0	0	3	1	0
Gust, 1b.	4	0	2	12	2	0
Dowell, lf.	5	0	0	2	0	0
Wietman, ss.	5	0	0	1	1	0
Zimm'man, 2b.	5	1	2	5	5	1
Glebel, c.	4	0	0	11	3	0
Adams, p.	3	1	0	0	6	0
Armstrong, p.	2	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	40	4	6	36	18	1

Score by innings:
Savannah ..... 001 000 300 000—4
Columbus ..... 011 000 200 000—4

Summary: Two-base hits—Folmar, Fox. Three-base hits—McCormack, Moore. Home run—Handiboe. Stolen bases—Handiboe, McDuff, Thompson 2. Double plays—Adams to Gust; Gust to Zimmerman. Left on bases—Savannah, 7; Columbus, 7. Bases on balls—Off Adams, 4; off Armstrong, 2; off Morrow, 2. Hit by pitcher—Lipe, Gust. Struck out—By Morrow, 5; by Adams, 2; by Armstrong, 4. Balk—Armstrong. Umpire—Moran.

THIS BALL FAN BOUND TO SEE WORLD'S SERIES

WASHINGTON, May 3.—The most forehanded baseball fan in the United States is believed to have been found in Paul G. Brock, of this city, who yesterday mailed a certified check to Garry Herrmann, chairman of the National Baseball Commission, for two grand stand seats at the coming world's series games.

Brock's early application for places at the diamond side is prompted by past difficulty in securing suitable accommodation and a firm belief that the Senators will be one of the teams contending for the pennant.

JACKSONVILLE, 2; MACON, 1.

JACKSONVILLE, FLA., May 3.—Jacksonville won from Macon by a score of 2 to 1 here to-day in a 14-inning game. Each team made one run in the fourth inning. In the ninth Martin was hit by a batted ball and O'Brien went in. In the fourteenth inning Mathews dropped the ball in center field, permitting Jacksonville to get the winning run. The score:

Macon.	ab.	r.	h.	po.	a.	e.
Mathews, cf.	6	0	0	3	0	1
Herold, 3b.	6	0	2	0	0	0
Voss, rf.	6	0	0	2	0	1
Munn, 1b.	5	0	0	15	1	0
Prysock, 2b.	5	1	1	6	9	0
Moran, lf.	5	0	2	1	0	2
Baumgard'r, ss.	5	0	2	5	4	1
Burns, c.	4	0	1	8	6	0
Martin, p.	2	0	0	0	3	0
O'Brien, p.	2	0	0	0	2	0
Totals	46	1	8	40	20	5

*Two out when winning run made.

Jacksonville.	ab.	r.	h.	po.	a.	e.
Klump, 3b.	5	0	1	2	3	3
Melchoir, 1b.	5	1	1	19	1	0
Hoffman, lf.	6	0	2	3	1	0
Cueto, 2b.	4	0	1	7	8	0
Hartman, cf.	6	1	2	2	0	0
Maurer, ss.	6	0	2	3	6	0
Howatt, rf.	3	0	1	0	0	0
Grover, rf.	3	0	2	1	0	0
Smith, c.	6	0	1	4	3	1
Horten, p.	5	0	0	1	2	0
Totals	49	2	13	42	24	3

Score by innings:
Macon ..... 000 100 000 000 00—1
Jacksonville. ..000 100 000 000 01—2

Summary: Sacrifice hits—Burns, Martin, Melchoir, Cueto. Stolen bases—Maurer, Grover. Double plays—Baumgardner to Prysock to Munn; Cueto to Melchoir; Baumgardner to Munn to Prysock to Burns; O'Brien to Baumgardner to Munn; Cueto to Maurer. Left on bases—Macon, 5; Jacksonville, 7. Base on balls—Off Martin, 1. Struck out—By Martin, 3; by O'Brien, 2; by Horton, 3. Time—2:05.

SAVANNAH WILL HAVE BIG BREEDING FARM

SAVANNAH, GA., May 3.—That Savannah is to have a stock farm where race horses will be bred, is the announcement of A. P. Doyle and Charles J. Odell, who are interested in the "sport of kings." The Doyle Park at Thunderbolt, where the late Captain M. J. Doyle always kept a string of trotters, and where he bred numbers of classy horses, will house the plant.

Odell has commissioned Tom Buckley, who is now at the Havre de Grace track, in Maryland, to purchase several thoroughbred mares for him.

In this connection it is interesting to note that a race track is about to be built in South Carolina within easy reach of the Savannah-Beaufort Ferry. It is understood that the money for this venture has already been put up. The idea will be to have the horses shipped through Savannah and taken by ferry to the proposed track.

Although Doyle, Odell and Charles H. Levin are interested in the plan for the new racing plant in South Carolina, the proposed breeding farm for thoroughbreds at Thunderbolt will not be dependent upon the establishment of the race track on the Carolina side of the river.

BRITTON TO START FOR COAST; AFTER JOE RIVERS

NEW YORK, May 3.—In response to a telegram from Manager "Dumb Dan" Morgan, Jack Britton, the Chicago lightweight who has been cleaning up around these parts of late, will soon start for the coast to meet his talkative business man in Los Angeles.

Britton declares that he is unable to get a match with any more of the Eastern lightweights, because, he says, they are afraid to get in a ring with him. Such being the case, his manager has decided to bring him across the Continent in the hope of matching him up with the best of the Western crop of lightweight championship aspirants. Britton declares that Morgan expects to either coax or force Joe Rivers into a match with him.

INDIANA RACING DATES.

NOBLEVILLE, IND., May 3.—The Northern Indiana and Southern Michigan Fair and Racing Association has announced the following dates: Crown Point, August 19-22; Laporte, August 26-29; Cassopolis, September 2-5; Goshen, September 9-12; Fort Wayne, September 16-19; Kendallville, September 23-26; Bremen, September 23-26; Bourbon, September 30-October 3.

All-Filipino Team On Way to America

Foreigners Will Arrive in San Francisco About June 25—To Tour Country.

MANILA, P. I., May 3.—A crack all-Filipino baseball team composed of fourteen of the fastest players in the Philippines, have left Manila for a tour of Japan and the United States. The team expects to arrive at San Francisco about June 25. The aggregation of athletes is under the management of Director Alejandro Albert, Manager E. F. Willets and Advance Agent Arthur E. McCann.

The program calls for about twelve games in Japan with the leading colleges. One game in Hawaii, en route, and about fifty games in the United States with class "C" and "D" league teams, the fastest semi-pros and college teams.

The natives here have made wonderful strides in the progress of the national game and the managers of this team are confident that their boys will make a creditable showing.

Although the members of this team are all Filipinos no two of them speak the same language, so they are obliged to speak in a tongue other than their own in order to carry on a conversation among themselves.

WILLARD TO BE IN GREAT CONDITION FOR SMITH

HARBIN SPRINGS, CAL., May 3.—Tom Jones, the veteran fight-manager, is working hard over his new charge, Jess Willard, in the expectation of putting Willard in such shape that he will score a decisive win over "Gunboat" Smith, when they meet on May 17, in Goffroth's arena, San Francisco. Wolgast, the former lightweight champion, is with Willard and Jones, and occasionally puts on the gloves with the big fellow.

Jones declares Willard is the only white man in the world at the present time, possessing world's championship calibre, and as he has already handled two world's champions, Wolgast and Billy Papke, he ought to know.

BALL TEAM OF BROTHERS.

BOYNE CITY, MICH., May 3.—Milton Porkorney, third sacker with the Boyne City Michigan State League club last season and formerly with Kalamazoo in the Southern Michigan League, has organized a team among his brothers at Lawton, Okla. The club bears the family name. Several of the Porkorney brothers played professional ball last season, while the others are semi-pro stars of the little Oklahoma city.

HANS WAGNER HAS A HEART OF PURE GOLD

CINCINNATI, May 3.—Hans Wagner, the wonderful star, of him is this story told—a tale that shows how the German had a heart that was purest gold:

Four years ago Hans Wagner, rich in this world's goods, and, even then, weary of the game, announced his retirement. No holdout, no demand for money or privilege—just determined to quit and take things easy, that was all. Panic prevailed in Pittsburg—and Harry Pulliam, now dead, came up to see the German. He found Wagner obdurate, immutable, immovable. "I'm through, that's all," growled Hans. "I've got money—and sore muscles. I need no more money—I can't stand much more ball playing. I'm done."

"Hans," said Pulliam, "this old smoky town is full of hard-working, honest toilers, men of the mills. Little pleasure is theirs in life—mighty little. A Saturday afternoon—a few hours under the blue sky—and the chance to see Hans Wagner play ball. They go out there to that field by thousands, just to see you. That's a joy and a real delight to those poor fellows—and you don't want to take that pleasure away from them?"

"Give me that pen," growled Wagner—"I'll sign it, Harry, and I'll stay as long as they want me to!"

No holdup, no holdout—only a sacrifice of the strained body that yearned for rest and ease—only a sacrifice to please a gentleman and to please the smoke-grimed thousands that made Wagner the idol of their leisure hours! That was all—but it showed the golden weave of Wagner's heart and soul.

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GOLF IN SOUTH IS FAR BEHIND OTHER SECTIONS

By Tick Tichenor.

THE question no doubt has often been asked why have Southern players never made any showing in the Amateur Championship of the United States?

There is but one answer to this question and that is that our players are not yet in the class of the Northern and Western golfers. If you take the handicap list of the United States Golf Association of those who are eligible to enter this event you will readily see that this is a fact. On this list there are four hundred and forty-two names. If you will examine it carefully you will find that of this number only twenty-five are Southern players. Thus there are nearly twenty players from other parts of the country to one from the South.

If you will look further you will see that Nelson Whitney, of New Orleans, is the only player from the South ranked as good as four, while there are twenty-four players rated better than four and forty-four at this figure. There are one hundred and two players rated at five and of this number the South has six. Rated at six are one hundred and seventy-two men of which number eighteen are Southerners.

Whitney Only Southerner.

Thus it will be seen that in the first sixty-eight players as ranked by the U. S. G. A. Nelson Whitney is the only one from the S. G. A. In the first one hundred and seventy players in addition to Nelson Whitney are found R. G. Bush, Jr., F. G. Byrd, J. P. Edrington, N. A. Hardie, Ellis Knowles, W. P. Stewart.

The other eighteen Southerners, whose names appear on this list and who are handicapped at six are George W. Adair, G. N. Aldridge, J. B. Bush, Douglas Call, Leigh Carroll, R. H. Connerly, E. W. Daley, K. L. Dalglish, Charles Dexter, Jr., Bryan Heard, Lewis Jacoby, F. M. Lewis, C. H. Munger, George C. Oliver, W. E. Stauffer, J. F. Turner, Milby Porter, and the writer. In some way the name of Albert Schwartz, of New Orleans, has been omitted from the list. This is very evidently an oversight as he was included last year and is one of the very best golfers in the South as he showed last year, when he won the low score medal in the qualifying round of the Southern championship.

It is therefore easily seen that there are few players in the South who have much of a chance to qualify in the amateur championship and therefore few of them care to make the attempt with such little chance of success attending their efforts.

Only Two Have Qualified.

Last year the South sent a team of four to this event, three of whom had been Southern Champions and one twice runner-up, and it was hoped that some of them would at least qualify, but not a one of them did. Only twice, if my memory serves me right, have Southern players ever qualified in this event. In 1908 Nelson Whitney was successful and in 1910 Ellis Knowles was one of the elect.

But no doubt you ask—why is it our players are inferior? If this condition exists what are the reasons which cause it to be so?

I am of the opinion that there are several answers to this question.

In the first place the number of our players are far smaller than in the East and West. In fact, if we exclude the winter resort courses, which are used practically entirely by players from other sections, you will find that there are only about a dozen eighteen-hole courses in the South, while around Chicago alone there are more than this number.

In the next place we have not been playing the game long enough. No country or people can take up a new athletic game and at once become proficient in it. It takes time to develop golfers just as it takes times to develop topnotch players in any other line of sport.

Lack Professional Teaching.

But it may be argued that we have been playing golf in the South for ten years or more. This is quite true but it has only been within the last six years that the game has really become popular. Then too those who took up the game ten years ago had no opportunity to secure professional coaching and they therefore fell into habits which have handicapped them ever since. Most of the topnotch golfers of to-day began to play when they were kids, when their muscles were pliable and when it was easy for them to acquire a free and easy swing.

Take the case of Nelson Whitney and Ellis Knowles, who are generally accepted as the best players in the South, and both of them began to play when they were in their teens.

No where can better evidence be produced that it requires time to become proficient in golf than in the case of the American professional, who until two years ago had practically no showing against the Scotchmen, who had come to this country to teach the game. But in the last two years the home-bred pro has come into his own and three of the team of four, which will represent America in the British open tournament as well as the French open are boys who learned the game on this side of the Atlantic.

Our Courses Are Too Easy.

Then there is another reason. Our courses are too easy. They are not properly trapped and there are too many parallel fairgreens. This gives the player an opportunity to make a really bad shot and suffer no penalty. We have not put a premium on direction by having sufficient hazards to catch the player who is off the line with his shots.

Take any course of any club, which is a member of the Southern Golf Association, and see how many parallel fairgreens there are on it and see how many chances there are for a man to slice or pull his shot far off the line to the hole and yet have as good a chance to reach the green as the player who was on the direct line to the hole. Think of the number of chances there are to play a second shot wide of the green and yet have an easy unobstructed run in shot for the green.

We must tighten up our courses so that a shot which is bad in direction will be punished and we must develop our young players before we can expect to have a chance to capture the Amateur Cchampionship.

Jeff May Be Short in Size, but He's Long in California Spirit :: :: *By "Bud" Fisher*



AGLER STARS AT FIELDING AND PINOCHLE

Continued From Page 1.

ing to such a place, Joe admitted he didn't know.

"I guess I just drifted there," says Joe. "I really forget."

Anyhow, Joe stuck around, got a public school education and set out to become a plumber.

At odd times, when he wasn't plumbing, Joe played baseball. He began by playing in the lots. Then he was grabbed for the Beach City team, which played a couple of times a week.

In 1907 Joe decided to embark on the treacherous seas of professional baseball and applied as a pitcher for a job with the independent team which called Elyria, Ohio, its stopping place. This club lasted fine up to July 4, when it blew up, leaving Joe jobless and with an alternative of organized baseball or plumbing. And Joe chose baseball and hired out to the Lansing (Mich.) club.

Up to that time Joe had posed as a pitcher. When he quit fiddling around and went in for real baseball he forgot the past and signed as a first baseman. He has not had any reason since to regret the change.

• • •

THAT year and the several that followed were seasons of steady progress for Agler. In the fall of 1907 Joe was drafted by Wheeling. He played out the season and finished with Springfield. The next year he was with Canton in the O. and P. Newark, N. J., drafted him that fall and he was in the Eastern League in 1910 and 1911.

In the fall of 1911 the Cubs gave Newark $3,000 for Agler. Frank Chance gave him no real try-out, but instead sent him to Jersey City in the spring of 1912. Some hitch over terms arose between the Cubs and Jersey City and Charley Murphy sold the great first baseman outright to the Cracker club.

• • •

WHEN Agler came to Atlanta he succeeded an awful mess of first basemen—Mert Whitney, Dick Rohn, Jake Henn and goodness knows who else. In fact, in the memory of living fan, the Crackers had had no real first baseman except Jim Fox. And James was a raw country lad, who never knew more of the game than Bill Smith taught him, and who finally slumped so badly that he was sold.

Agler not only succeeded these rummy first basemen, but he joined a team so largely composed of lemons that any first-class player stood out like a whale at a tadpole convention.

Joe played great ball last year. He had to stop the awful throws of fielding mistakes like "Humpty" McElveen, "Dug" Harbison, Pete O'Brien and the rest of the motley 1912 collection, but he took them all alike.

The league has never seen a better man on low throws than Joe Agler. He doesn't seem to have any set method of getting them, or any rule for it.

I asked him the other day how he went after low heaves.

"I'm sure I don't know," said Agler. "I just stick my hands down and the blamed things bound in."

"Have you any particular way of playing throws to the bag?" I asked him.

"Naw," was Joe's reply; "I just play 'em. I stand about 20 feet from the bag in playing an ordinary batter. I always try to judge my man and to 'get right' for him.

"There's one big thing a first baseman has to learn, and that's how to shift his feet. If he's way inside and a ball is thrown on the outside of the bag he has to cross over. Now, if he happens to cross his feet it's all off with him. He must learn to shift in a case like the one mentioned, so that his right foot, instead of his left, is touching the bag. When he gets this down, the rest of it is just a matter of playing baseball."

• • •

IN our private opinion, Joe Agler deserves about as little credit for playing good baseball as any man who ever lived. He plays well because he plays well—and that's the only reasonable explanation. He doesn't give the game a thought. It all comes naturally to him.

If you should write out a puzzling play in baseball and ask Joe to give you the way it should be played he'd probably give up. But let the play come up in a game and Joe would perform it perfectly—just because he is a natural player.

• • •

"WHAT about going back to the big leagues, Joe?" I asked him.

"Oh, I'm not worrying," was the answer. "You see, it's a pretty tough game up there," is the way Joe put it, "and I'm not hankering for it. Atlanta looks mighty good to me. I don't see why anyone should want a better place."

"And what about after you're through with baseball?" I asked him. "Are you going back to plumbing?"

"Me for the farm," said Joe. "I've got a nice home up there in Beach City that I've refused $3,500 for. By the time I get through with baseball it will be worth a lot of money. Then I'll sell it and buy a farm. Once you get hold of a nice Ohio farm the money mighty near makes itself.

"I'm salting away some money," concluded Joe, "and when the managers decide I'm through as a ball player I don't suppose I'll have to pass the hat to get back to Beach City—or to live comfortably to the finish."

AMERICAN LEAGUE

SENATORS, 2; RED SOX, 1.

BOSTON, May 3.—It was too much Johnson for the Red Sox, and Washington defeated the world's champions, 2 to 1. Engel, who started for Washington, gave ten bases on balls, but not a hit was made off him while he worked. Bedient pitched his best game of the season, and if it were not for Engle's costly error would have been returned a winner. Johnson relieved Engel in the fifth and struck out four men.

Washington	ab.	r.	h.	po.	a.	e.
Moeller, rf.	4	1	1	0	0	0
Milan, cf.	4	0	2	1	0	0
Ainsmith, c.	4	0	0	7	1	1
Gandil, 1b.	2	0	1	7	0	0
Williams, 1b.	2	0	0	4	0	0
Laporte, 3b.	4	1	1	1	3	0
Morgan, 2b.	3	0	1	4	3	0
Shanks, lf.	4	0	2	1	1	0
McBride, ss.	3	0	0	1	5	0
Engel, p.	2	0	0	0	3	0
Johnson, p.	1-	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	33	2	8	x26	15	1

Boston	ab.	r.	h.	po.	a.	e.
Hooper, rf.	3	0	1	1	0	0
Ball, 2b.	3	0	0	2	2	1
Speaker, cf.	3	0	1	0	0	0
Lewis, lf.	2	0	0	2	0	0
Gardner, 3b.	2	1	0	0	0	0
Engle, 1b.	2	0	1	10	0	1
Janvrin, ss.	3	0	0	2	6	0
Cady, c.	2	0	0	8	1	0
Nunamk'r, c.	0	0	0	0	1	0
Hendrix, lf.	2	0	1	1	0	0
Bedient, p.	3	0	0	0	2	0
xxYerkes	1	0	0	0	0	0
xxxThomas	1	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	27	1	4	27	12	2

Score by innings:
Washington . . . . . 000 000 110—2
Boston . . . . . 010 000 000—1

x—Speaker out, hit by batted ball.
xx—Batted for Cady in eighth.
xxx—Batted for Bedient in ninth.

Summary: Two-base hit—Moeller. Stolen bases—Ball, Shanks, Milan, Morgan, Gardner, Hooper. Double plays—Janvrin to Ball to Engle; McBride to Morgan to Williams. Base on balls—Off Engel, 10; off Johnson, 1; off Bedient, 1. Struck out—By Engel, 3; by Johnson, 4; by Bedient, 9. Hit by pitched ball—Janvrin, by Engel. Time—1:53. Umpires—Connelly and McGreevey.

NAPS, 11; BROWIS, 8.

ST. LOUIS, May 3.—Cleveland won from St. Louis this afternoon, 11 to 8, in a long drawn out struggle, in which nearly every kind of a fluke play or miscue known to baseball figured. It was a burlesque, which kept the spectators in roars of laughter. Triples and doubles were scattered so frequently that base runners got legweary.

Cleveland.	ab.	r.	h.	po.	a.	e.
D Johnston, 1b.	4	1	1	10	0	0
Chapman, ss.	3	1	1	1	2	0
Olson, 3b.	4	1	1	1	1	0
Jackson, rf.	5	1	2	2	0	1
Lajoie, 2b.	3	2	1	1	2	0
Birm'ham, cf.	4	2	1	1	0	1
Graney, lf.	4	1	2	4	0	0
Carish, c.	5	1	1	7	0	1
Baskette, p.	1	1	1	0	3	0
W. Mitchel, p.	2	0	0	0	1	0
Gregg, p.	2	0	0	0	2	0
Totals	37	11	11	27	11	3

St. Louis.	ab.	r.	h.	po.	a.	e.
Shotten, cf.	5	2	2	1	1	0
J. Johnston, lf.	5	1	2	0	0	0
Williams, rf.	3	0	0	0	0	0
Pratt, 2b.	5	0	0	5	2	0
Stovall, 1b.	3	1	1	8	0	1
Brief, 1b.	1	0	0	3	0	1
Mustin, 3b.	4	2	2	4	2	0
Wallace, ss.	4	1	3	1	2	1
Agnew, c.	4	1	3	5	1	0
Hamilton, p.	2	0	0	0	3	0
Adams, p.	0	0	0	0	0	0
Stone, p.	0	0	0	0	0	0
xMcAllister	1	0	0	0	0	0
xxBalenti	1	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	38	8	13	27	12	3

xBatted for Allison in seventh. Ccaompton ran for Wallace in seventh.
xxBatted for Stone in Ninth.

Score by innings:
Cleveland . . . . . 011 107 100—11
St. Louis . . . . . 001 222 100— 8

Summary—Two-base hits—J. Johnston, Lajoie, Agnew, Baskette, Shotten, Jackson, Austin. Three-base hits—Agnew, D. Johnston, J. Johnston. Home runs—Shotten. Double play—Chapman to Johnston. Balk—Gregg. Stolen bases—Birmingham, D. Johnston (2), Chapman, Graney. Hit by pitched ball—By W. Mitchell, Austin; by Adams, Lajoie; by Allison, D. Johnston, Chapman; by Gregg, Agnew. Wild pitches—Gregg Allison. Bases on balls—Off Baskette 2, off Mitchell 2, off Gregg 2, off Hamilton 3, off Adams 2. Struck out—by Mitchell 2, by Hamilton 3, by Stone 2, by Gregg 4. Hits—Off Baskette 7 in 3 2-3, off Allison 0 in 1, off Hamilton 10 in 5 2-3, off W. Mitchell 3 in 1 1-3, off Adams 1 in 1-3. Left on bases—Cleveland 7, St. Louis 11. Time—2:50. Umpires—Ferguson and O'Loughlin.

WHITE SOX, 6; TIGERS, 4.

DETROIT, May 3.—To-day's game between the White Sox and Tigers went into extra innings, the former winning 6 to 4. The Tigers put up a much harder fight than usual, twice coming from behind and tieing the count. A rally in the seventh gave them three runs as many as the Sox had compiled in the second.

The clubs started into the overtime rounds with the score 3 all. The Sox took a run in their half of the tenth, but the Tigers came right back. Russell relieved Benz in the eighth, and pitched excellent ball, allowing but one hit. A pass got him into trouble in the tenth, but he would not have been scored upon if Borton had been able to hold Lord's throw on Cobb. The Sox put the game on ice in the eleventh when Schalk singled and was forced by Russell. Rath walked and Lord scored Russell with a single to right. Rath took third on the drive, and counted while Collins was forcing Lord.

Chicago.	ab.	r.	h.	po.	a.	e.
Rath, 2b.	5	1	2	3	4	0
Lord, 3b.	6	0	2	3	6	0
Collins, rf.	5	1	1	1	0	0
Borton, 1b.	4	1	0	14	1	1
Mattick, cf.	4	0	3	1	1	0
Schaller, lf.	4	0	1	0	0	1
Weaver, ss.	5	1	2	3	4	0
Schalk, c.	5	1	3	7	3	0
Benz, p.	3	0	1	0	5	0
Russell, p.	2	1	0	1	1	0
Totals	43	6	15	33	25	2

Detroit.	ab.	r.	h.	po.	a.	e.
Bush, ss.	2	1	0	3	5	3
Vitt, 2b.	4	0	1	7	2	0
Crawford, rf.	5	0	1	2	0	0
Cobb, cf.	5	0	2	4	1	0
Veach, lf.	5	0	3	2	0	0
Rondeau, 1b.	5	0	0	10	1	1
Deal, 3b.	0	0	0	1	0	0
Louden, 3b.	4	1	0	0	5	0
Stanage, c.	3	0	1	2	2	0
Gibson	0	1	0	0	0	0
McKee, c.	1	0	0	2	3	1
Hall, p.	2	0	0	0	1	0
**High	1	1	1	0	0	0
House, p.	1	0	0	0	3	0
***Mullin	0	0	0	0	0	0
****Dubuc	1	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	39	4	9	33	23	5

*Batted for Hall in seventh.
**Ran for Stanage in seventh.
***Batted for McKee in eleventh.
****Batted for House in eleventh.

Score by innings:
Chicago . . . . . 030 000 000 12—6
Detroit . . . . . 000 000 300 10—4

Summary: Hits—Off Hall 9, in 7 innings; off Benz 8, in 7 innings. Two-base hits—Weaver, Benz, Stanage, Veach. Bases on balls—Off Hall 2, off Benz 3, off Russell 2, off House 2. Struck out—By Benz 3 (Louden, Rondeau, Hall), by Russell 3 (Cobb, McKee, Crawford), by Hall 1 (Weaver), by House 2 (Borton, Weaver). Passed ball—Stanage. Wild pitches—Hall, House 2. Balk—Russell. Stolen bases—Rath, Schaller, Bush, Cobb 2, Veach. Sacrifice hits—Mattick, Vitt.

ATHLETICS, 8; YANKEES, 6.

NEW YORK, May 3.—The Athletics trimmed the Yankees 8 to 6 today in a slow and uninteresting game. Schultz pitched good ball until the fifth, when his support blew wide open behind him and two doubles, a base on balls and three errors counted five runs after two were out.

Barry started the inning with a scratch hit to right field, which McKechnie went after and failed to get after a hard run. The hit went for two bases. The next two men were easy outs, but Walsh drew a pass and Oldring doubled against the left field wall, scoring Barry and Walsh. Collins was hit by a pitched ball, and Baker got a life on McKechnie's fumble. Collins and Baker then worked a double steal and Collins scored and Baker reached third when Sweeney threw the ball far into left field. Derrick booted McInnis' tap, and Baker scored the fifth run. Keating relieved Schultz, but was ineffective, and the Athletics scored three more runs, one in the seventh and two in the eighth.

Philadelphia.	ab.	r.	h.	po.	a.	e.
Walsh, cf.	3	2	0	2	0	0
Oldring, lf.	5	1	2	4	0	0
Collins, 2b.	3	2	1	2	2	0
Baker, 3b.	5	1	1	2	2	0
McInnis, 1b.	4	0	1	9	2	0
D. Murphy, rf.	3	0	1	0	0	0
Barry, ss.	5	1	1	2	3	0
Thomas, c.	4	1	2	4	3	0
Houck, p.	0	0	0	0	0	0
Bush, p.	4	0	1	1	3	0
*Orr	1	0	0	0	0	0
E. Murphy, rf.	2	0	1	0	0	0
Totals	39	8	11	27	17	0

*Batted for Houck in third.

New York.	ab.	r.	h.	po.	a.	e.
Daniels, rf.	5	1	2	0	0	0
Chance, 1b.	5	0	1	7	0	0
Hartzell, cf.	3	1	1	3	1	0
Cree, lf.	3	1	2	2	0	0
Midkiff, 3b.	3	0	0	3	1	1
Sweeney, c.	3	1	1	7	1	2
Derrick, ss.	3	0	1	2	4	0
McKechnie, 2b.	2	0	0	1	2	1
Schulz, p.	1	0	0	0	0	0
Keating, p.	1	0	0	0	1	1
*Wolter	1	0	0	0	0	0
Stumpf, 2b.	0	1	0	2	0	0
**Lelivelt	1	0	0	0	0	0
Kleipfer, p.	0	0	0	0	0	0
***Caldwell	0	1	0	0	0	0
Totals	31	6	8	27	10	5

*Batted for McKechnie in seventh.
**Batted for Keating in eighth.
***Batted for Kleipfer in ninth.

Score by innings:
Philadelphia . . . . . 000 050 120—8
New York . . . . . 110 100 012—6

Summary: Sacrifice hit—Midkiff. Two-base hits—Barry, Oldring, Thomas, Daniels. Three-base hits—Collins, Daniels. Stolen bases—Walsh 2, Hartzell, E. Murphy, Oldring 2. Double plays—Derrick to McKechnie to Chase, Hartzell to Chase. Baes on balls—Schulz 3, Houck 1, Bush 3, Keating 1, Kleipfer 1. Left on bases—New York 5, Philadelphia 10. Hit by pitcher—By Houck, Sweeney; by Bush, Derrick; by Schulz, Collins. Hits—Off Houck 2, in 2 innings; off Schulz 6, in 4 2-3 innings; off Keating 3, in 3 1-3 innings. Struck out—By Bush 4, by Schulz 2, by Keating 2, by Kleipfer 1. Wild pitch—Houck. Umpires—Dineen and Hart.

BOYS HIGH TO MEET MARIST IN BIG GAME

By Jim Glover.

LAST Tuesday afternoon Peacock sprung the surprise of the local Prep League baseball season by defeating Tech High, 9 to 8. Previous to that game Peacock had won but one game and had proved easy against all comers in the Prep League. Various excuses have been offered by Tech High players but the real reasons for their defeat were overconfidence and lack of practice. It is hoped that the result will be a lesson to them and that in the future the team will be ready at all times to go in to do its best.

On the other hand great credit is due the Peacock boys for winning the game. They went into the contest with the feeling that they did not have much of a chance to win, but at the same time they were determined to make a fight for it and by sheer nerve and slugging ability were able to come out ahead.

Callahan Back in Form.

Callahan, of Marist, appears to be back in his early season form again. For a while "Cally" was not pitching his usual game, especially in the Tech High affair when he was touched up for a number of hits. That he is going well again there can be no doubt, as he pitched a no-hit contest against G. M. A. at College Park Tuesday. Marist and Boys High will meet on the Marist diamond next Saturday in their second game of the season and the Prep championship may be decided then and there. The previous meeting of the two nines resulted in a ten-inning tie and there is little to choose between them at this stage of the season.

The local Prep schools are looking forward anxiously to the annual track and field meet next Friday. It has not yet been definitely decided where this meet will be held, but Marist wants it held on their Ivy Street campus and no doubt that will be the scene of activities.

50 Athletes to Compete.

There will be at least fifty well trained athletes entered in this meet and there will be plenty of competition for first place in each event. Some new local Prep records will no doubt be made and some new 'finds' discovered. The following are some pretty sure point winners in this meet. Allen, of Marist, Bedell, of Tech High, Parks, of Tech High and Johnson, of Boys High in the 100-yard dash; Allen, Lockridge and Bedell in the hurdles; Holtzendorff, of Boys High, in the pole vault and Fowler, Bedell and Meyers in the weight events. Cheeves, Downing and Covington look good for points in the distance runs.

Everything points to the most successful meet ever held. Numerous prizes have been offered and a cup will be given to the school winning the greatest total number of points. The odds favor Marist, but it is not at all certain that Marist will cop. At any rate the event will be worth witnessing.

'Finn Is a Real Irishman'--Bean

Mike Lost Job, But Men Were Paid

By Joe Bean.

THE fact that the Mobile Club under Mike Finn is playing such fine ball and showing some class brings to my mind my experience as a member of Mike's team during my early playing days. The story will also show that Mike is some Irishman.

During the season of 1898 which was the year of the Spanish-American war, Mike started as manager of Newport, R. I. team and I was a member of the Rochester, N. Y. team of the Eastern League. This year was a hard one on baseball and many teams went to the wall. During the excitement of busted leagues and teams, Mike was secured to manage Rochester and soon after joined the team. Along about July 1 the Eastern League began to go bad and salaries were cut and players released.

The Rochester Club was transferred to Ottawa, Canada to be taken over by some Canadian backers. We were shipped over to Ottawa and opened the season and played for quite a while when our new uniforms were assigned to us. Well, the pants and shirt were made from Scotch plaid with the bright red stockings and white yachting cap. Now that we were dressed up the official opening day was held and everything was ready for the parade.

Both teams lined up with the city and club officials and marched through the principal street behind a band of Scotch bag pipers.

The games were always advertised as the Baseball Match. We were not allowed to do much on Sunday, everything was closed up. The club officials had in mind the playing of Sunday ball and this was allowed in a little town across the river, called Hull, which was in another province. At last the game was advertised for Sunday at Hull and we went to this little town, which was a lumber town, inhabited mostly by lumber men working in a large mill on the banks of the river which divided the two provinces.

The ball grounds may have been used at some remote time as it had a fence around it and a place for a few hundred people to sit. The fence was not a very tall one and had many boards missing which were afterward replaced.

The ball grounds were a fright. The owners just took three bases and a home plate and threw them out in the field. Where they landed they remained. The first day was a dandy. We had quite a crowd and things looked good for the owners.

The next Sunday while driving through this little village we saw a lot of men carrying a frame made solidly and wondered what it all meant but we were not long in ignorance. After getting inside the grounds we could see these home-made grandstands sticking up along the outside of the fence and covered with people. Then it dawned that they had made their own grandstands. We had more people outside the grounds than we did inside. This did

Option On Club Nearly Up.

The time of the option on the club was soon up and if it was not taken over by the Canadian backers, the players were going to be thrown on the hands of the league and where salaries were coming from was a mystery at this stage.

There were many meetings of both the representatives of the club and the Canadian people. At last Mike Finn hit upon a scheme that is truly characteristic of him. He said at the meeting if the new owners would put the salaries of the players in the safe at the hotel for distribution among the players as was then due and then reorganize he would take a part interest in the club and put up much money as he thought it a good thing. To this they consented and we were paid our salaries. The meeting was then called to reorganize and when Mike was asked to put up what he had promised he had nothing to put up, and he immediately lost his job and we got our salaries.

Sox-Giants World Tour Is Mapped Out

Both Teams Complete Arrangements at Conference; Tourists Will Leave Chicago Oct. 14.

NEW YORK, May 3.—The world's tour of the baseball teams representing the Giants and the White Sox was arranged this week at a conference between Manager John J. McGraw and a representative of Charles A. Comiskey, owner of the White Sox.

The tourists will leave from Chicago on October 14, and will play through to the coast. Honolulu will be the first stop after the players embark on their long sea journey. The outfit will then p[ass] its way to Japan, and will give exhibitions in four of the biggest cities in the land of the slant-eyed inhabitants—Tokio, Yokohama, Hakodate and another large city.

Two games will be played in China, at Pekin and one in Hong Kong. Manila will be the next destination of the pilgrims, and then they will show the natives of India how the American game is played. Then will come a trip through Europe. Exhibition games will be played at the capitals of the various nations. The junket to Australia has been abandoned.

The sojourn will consume four months, the players getting back to the states in time to go South for spring training. They will have to become acclimated again.

$3.50 Recipe Free, For Weak Men

Send Name and Address Today —You Can Have It Free and Be Strong and Vigorous

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains, or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So I have determined to send a copy of the prescription free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellowmen to send them a copy in confidence so that any man anywhere who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what I believe is the quickest-acting restorative, upbuilding, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and so cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 3614 Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid recipe in a plain ordinary envelope free of charge. A great many doctor would charge $2 to $5 for merely writing out a prescription like this—but I send it entirely free.

Single Out The Man That Smiles

He's the man that wears a "Truly Yetter" Suit, "Great Clothes" that will win for you charm and dignity; they've class, tone and elegance, and will give you prestige wherever you go. You'll recognize my garments among the very best correct dressers; they put you on a footing with the man that goes to the top-priced custom tailor, and are priced at half their real value—take the judgment of men who know.

To-morrow is the day, Mr. Gooddresser, Here are over 3,000 "real smiles."

Clever Business Suits
Clever Norfolk Suits
Clever Blue Serge Suits
Clever Tuxedo Suits
Clever Full Dress Suits
Clever English Raincoats
Ready-To-Put-On

THEY'RE ALL $15 THAT'S ALL

They are "absolutely" all wool and silk and worsted. They are serge, mohair and silk lined throughout; the styles are right-to-the-second; match them if you can without paying double the price, look where you will.

You'll Wonder How I Do It

Yetter's Quality Clothes Shops

No. 78 NORTH BROAD ST. JUNCTION OF PEACHTREE ST NEXT TO BARTH'S PIANO HOUSE. — ATLANTA, GA

ALSO SEMINOLE HOTEL, OPPOSITE POST OFFICE AND MAIN & UNION STS. "YETTER BLDG." JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

FORMER DIXIE PLAYERS STAR IN AMERICAN

EX-SOUTHERN Leaguers are holding up the honors as usual in the American League. Four of them are batting above .300, while Tris Speaker, once of Little Rock, is wrestling with Eddie Collins for the league leadership.

Joe Jackson is dubbing along pretty well at a .346 mark, J. Johnston, of St. Louis, is walloping .308, while Ed Sweeney is hitting .304, which is pretty good for him.

One of the freaks of the season is Derrill Pratt, who is away to an awful start and is batting only .188. Milan leads the base-stealers, with Eddie Collins second.

Here are the batting averages:

Name. Club—	AB.	R.	H.	PCT.
Collins, Phil.	45	13	23	.511
Speaker, Boston	47	14	22	.468
Schaller, Chicago	13	2	6	.462
Compton, St. L.	5	1	2	.400
Lajoie, Cleveland	53	10	21	.396
Veach, Detroit	83	5	13	.394
Moeller, Wash.	41	5	16	.390
Cicotte, Chicago	13	0	5	.386
Thomas, Phil.	13	0	5	.386
Mullen, Detroit	14	0	5	.357
Lewis, Boston	57	5	20	.351
Daniels, N. Y.	23	4	8	.348
Jackson, Cleve.	52	12	18	.346
Shotton, St. L.	52	10	18	.346
Hall, Boston	6	1	2	.333
Strunk, Phil.	21	3	7	.333
Dubuc, Detroit	18	3	6	.333
Schalk, Chicago	48	7	16	.333
Schulz, N. Y.	6	0	2	.333
Collins, Chicago	73	10	24	.329
Hartzell, N. Y.	49	4	16	.327
Engle, Boston	34	8	11	.324
Gandil, Wash.	47	5	15	.319
Shanks, Wash.	41	8	13	.317
J. Johnston, St. L.	65	6	20	.308
McBride, Wash.	39	7	12	.308
Craney, Cleveland	49	7	15	.306
Carisch, Cleve.	23	1	7	.304
Birmingham, Cleve.	50	7	17	.304
Borton, Chicago	56	5	17	.304
Sweeney, N. Y.	23	0	7	.304
Gardner, Boston	53	7	16	.302
Leonard, Boston	10	2	3	.300
Jones, Chicago	20	2	6	.300
Williams, St. L.	64	3	19	.297
Weaver, Chicago	61	5	18	.295
Daley, Phil.	17	3	5	.294
E. Murphy, Phil.	45	9	13	.289
Bush, Detroit	59	8	17	.288
Oldring, Phil.	49	10	14	.286
G. Johnston, Cleve.	63	9	18	.286
Stovall, St. L.	60	4	17	.283
Vitt, Detroit	40	3	11	.275
Ball, Boston	11	3	3	.273
Lelivelt, N. Y.	11	1	3	.273
Ainsmith, Wash.	37	8	10	.270
Foster, Wash.	26	2	7	.269
Hooper, Boston	56	13	15	.268
Chance, N. Y.	15	2	4	.267
Crawford, Detroit	64	7	17	.266
Barry, Phil.	38	3	10	.263
Walsh, St. L.	19	3	5	.263
High, Detroit	46	4	12	.261
Milan, Wash.	47	4	12	.255
Easterly, Chicago	16	1	4	.250
Bedient, Boston	12	2	4	.250
Austin, St. L.	57	2	14	.246
McInnis, Phil.	41	5	10	.244
Cree, N. Y.	46	5	11	.244
Deal, Detroit	29	3	7	.241
Lapp, Phil.	25	3	6	.240
Chapman, Cleve.	59	6	14	.237
Yerkes, Boston	43	7	10	.233
Lord, Chicago	74	6	17	.230
Moriarty, Detroit	57	3	13	.228
Baker, Phil.	46	5	10	.217
Wolter, N. Y.	51	7	11	.216
McKee, Detroit	14	1	3	.214
Nunamaker, Boston	14	1	3	.214
Walker, St. L.	14	0	3	.214
Olson, Cleve.	57	7	12	.211
Sierrett, N. Y.	19	0	4	.211
Morgan, Wash.	43	7	9	.209
Gainer, Detroit	59	4	12	.203
Henriksen, Boston	5	2	1	.200
Bodie, Chicago	41	1	8	.195
Midkiff, N. Y.	26	1	5	.192
Laporte, Wash.	21	1	4	.190
Pratt, St. L.	64	6	12	.188
Wagner, Boston	52	3	9	.173
Wallace, St. L.	29	1	5	.172
Rath, Chicago	54	11	9	.167
Agnew, St. L.	37	2	6	.162
Carrigan, Boston	25	1	4	.160
Janvrin, Boston	19	0	3	.158
Williams, N. Y.	19	0	3	.158
Mattick, Chicago	46	6	7	.152
Louden, Detroit	28	0	4	.143
Chase, N. Y.	49	6	7	.143
Gregg, Cleve.	16	0	2	.125
McKechnie, N. Y.	25	0	3	.120
Land, Cleve.	22	1	2	.091
Alexander, St. L.	12	0	1	.083
Young, N. Y.	14	2	1	.071
Stanage, Detroit	29	0	2	.069
Fournier, Chicago	4	0	0	.000
Brief, St. L.	8	0	0	.000

ROAD SEEKS TO CONDEMN PENSACOLA WATER FRONT

PENSACOLA, FLA., May —The Gulf, Florida and Alabama Railway Company to-day instituted condemnation proceedings for about a dozen lots in the most valuable water front property of the city, claiming this property is necessary for the construction of piers and yards.

The company already owns considerable property in this vicinity on which it is now building docks.

SOCIALISTS' RED FLAG HAS OHIO TOWN IN ARMS

EAST LIVERPOOL, OHIO, May This city is in the throes of a civil war as to whether a blood-red flag flaunted by the Socialists on the roof of one of the city's tallest buildings shall continue to fly. Members of the G. A. R. and patriotic societies are protesting.

Police say there is no law to suppress the flaming banner. Threats that the flag will be burned are heard.

WOLGAST TO GET $2,500 FOR FRANKIE BURNS GO

SAN FRANCISCO, May —Ad Wolgast has signed for another fight. He was matched in San Francisco yesterday to meet Frankie Burns, lightweight, of Oakland, Cal., in a ten-round battle at Oakland May 21. The men will battle at 133 pounds and weigh in at 3 p. m.

Wolgast is guaranteed $2,500, with the privilege of accepting 50 per cent of the gross receipts.

MICHIGAN IN TRACK MEET.

ITHACA, N. Y., May —Cornell and Michigan will meet this afternoon on Percy Field in the first big dual track meet of the year. The outcome of the affair is very much in doubt.

TY COBB SIGNING $12,500 CONTRACT



This photograph was snapped in the baseball headquarters of the Detroit Club. It shows the "Georgia Peach" affixing his John Hancock to his $12,500 contract. President Navin is watching the greatest of players placing his signature on the paper.

D. ROBERTSON BEST BATTER IN SOUTHERN

D. ROBERTSON, of Mobile, seems to have set out to grab the batting honors in the Southern League. The most recent crop of averages shows that he is well out in front, with the smashing average of .417. King, of Chattanooga, is second, while Tommy Long is an entertaining third.

Sloan, of Montgomery, is the league's best slugger. With two doubles, three three-baggers and three home runs to his credit, he has a total base mark of 37.

Old Man Starr, of Mobile, is the league's leading base thief at present, with 41 to his credit.

Here are the batting averages up to and including games of April 29:

Player and Team.	AB.	R.	H.	PC.
Campbell, Mobile	24	6	11	.458
D. Robertson, Mob.	48	12	20	.417
King, Chattanooga	61	10	22	.361
Long, Atlanta	62	13	22	.355
Jantzen, Montgomery	64	8	22	.344
Welchonce, Atlanta	62	12	21	.339
Hogg, Mobile	18	3	6	.333
Baerwald, Memphis	73	11	24	.329
Smith, Atlanta	65	8	21	.323
Mayer, Birmingham	31	5	10	.323
Spencer, N. O.	82	9	26	.317
Sloan, Montgomery	63	14	20	.317
Elberfeld, Chat.	61	4	19	.311
McBride, Birm.	58	3	18	.310
Graham, Atlanta	39	5	12	.308
Alperman, Atlanta	69	14	21	.304
Manush, N. O.	47	6	14	.298
Street, Chattanooga	57	5	17	.298
Bodus, Birmingham	34	5	10	.294
Snedecor, N. O.	82	7	24	.293
Stock, Mobile	69	7	20	.290
Ward, Memphis	66	8	19	.288
Atz, New Orleans	28	4	8	.286
Knaupp, N. O.	46	5	13	.283
Love, Memphis	64	5	10	.281
Schwartz, Nashville	54	4	15	.278
Noyes, Nashville	33	7	9	.273
Bailey, Atlanta	48	5	13	.271
Gillespie, Chat.	31	2	9	.270
Jacobson, Mobile	63	14	17	.270
Tarleton, Mont.	52	7	14	.269
Daley, Nashville	56	9	13	.268
Price, Atlanta	15	1	4	.267
Shanley, Memphis	15	3	4	.267
Messenger, Birm.	49	9	13	.265
Perry, Nashville	57	8	15	.263
Dunn, Atlanta	23	4	6	.261
Elwert, Montgomery	55	11	14	.255
Flick, Chattanooga	55	6	14	.255
Elston, Chattanooga	63	5	16	.254
Keating, Atlanta	32	4	8	.250
More, Chattanooga	12	0	3	.250
Senno, Birmingham	20	4	5	.250
Starr, Mobile	71	9	17	.239
Evans, New Orleans	21	1	5	.238
Butler, Memphis	63	5	15	.238
Paulette, Mobile	72	15	17	.236
Dobard, Atlanta	17	2	4	.235
Musser, Atlanta	13	1	3	.231
Gribbens, Mont.	22	0	5	.227
Schweitzer, Mem.	66	9	15	.227
Donahue, Mont.	40	1	9	.225
O'Dell, Mobile	80	6	18	.225
James, Nashville	49	5	11	.224
Hendrix, N. O.	85	11	19	.224
Wares, Montgomery	58	12	13	.224
Clark, Mobile	73	9	16	.219
Harbison, Chat.	42	5	9	.214
McGilvray, Birm.	56	6	12	.214
Bagby, Montgomery	47	8	10	.213
Jordan, Memphis	58	3	12	.207
Coyle, Chattanooga	63	7	13	.206
Clancy, N. O.	73	11	15	.205
Yantz, New Orleans	39	2	8	.205
Manning, Mont.	20	4	4	.200
Breen, Mont.	62	8	12	.194
Schmidt, Mobile	32	6	6	.188
Agler, Atlanta	59	14	11	.186
Chappelle, Chat.	11	1	2	.182
Snell, Memphis	22	3	4	.182
Ellam, Birmingham	45	6	8	.178
Abstein, Memphis	68	5	12	.176
Steveson, N. O.	63	7	11	.175
Carroll, Birm.	58	5	10	.172
Brenner, N. O.	6	0	1	.167
Dilger, Birmingham	24	1	4	.167
Callahan, Nashville	61	9	10	.164
Goalby, Nashville	50	8	8	.160
Brady, Atlanta	13	1	2	.154
Cavet, Mobile	13	2	2	.154
Lindsay, Nashville	53	3	8	.151
Spratt, Montgomery	27	2	4	.148
Marcan, Birm.	54	10	8	.148
Brown, Mobile	34	1	5	.147
Kraft, New Orleans	7	1	1	.143
Massey, Chat.	28	8	4	.143
Maloney, Mobile	21	3	3	.143
Brenton, N. O.	16	2	2	.125
Angermier, N. O.	26	0	3	.115
Haigh, Memphis	36	0	4	.111
Kibble, N. O.	38	5	4	.105
Merritt, Memphis	19	1	2	.105
Troy, Chattanooga	11	0	1	.091
Swindell, N. O.	12	0	1	.083
Hannah, Chat.	4	0	0	.000
Coveleskie, Chat.	13	1	0	.000
Rohe, New Orleans	6	1	0	.000
Beck, Nashville	11	0	0	.000

NATIONAL LEAGUE

PHILLIES, 3; GIANTS, 2.

PHILADELPHIA, May 3.—By a strong finish this afternoon the Phillies made if three straight from New York, 3 to 2. With Matthewson going at his best and his team leading by two runs to nothing, it looked like a certain victory for the veteran until the eighth. Then with one out and Doolan on base, Doon sent Cravath to bat for Killifer.

The sturdy pincher blazed away at the first ball and hammered it high in the bleachers for a homer. Doolan came in and the score was a tie.

The Phillies made the winning run in the ninth with two out. Magee singled, stole second and rushed home with the winning run when Luderus doubled.

New York—	ab.	r.	h.	po.	a.	e.
Snodgrass, cf.	2	1	0	0	0	0
Shafer, ss.	3	1	0	0	8	0
Burns, rf.	3	0	0	1	0	0
Doyle, 2b.	4	0	1	4	2	0
Murray, lf.	4	0	0	0	0	0
Merkle, 1b.	3	0	0	15	0	0
Herzog, 3b.	3	0	1	1	1	0
Meyers, c.	4	0	1	4	1	0
Wilson, c.	0	0	0	0	0	0
Mathewson, p.	4	0	0	1	2	0
xDevore,	0	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	30	2	3xx	26	14	0

x—Ran for Meyers in the ninth.
xx—Two out when winning run scored.

Phila.—	ab.	r.	h.	po.	a.	e.
Paskert, cf.	4	0	0	2	0	0
Knabe, 2b.	4	0	1	0	1	0
Lobert, 3b.	4	0	0	0	3	0
Magee, lf.	4	1	1	4	0	0
Luderus, 1b.	4	0	1	14	0	0
Miller, rf.	3	0	1	0	0	1
Dolan, ss.	3	1	1	1	1	0
Killifer, c.	2	0	0	5	2	0
Doolin, c.	0	0	0	1	0	0
Chalmers, p.	3	0	1	0	6	0
xCravath	1	1	1	0	0	0
Totals	32	3	7	27	13	1

x—Batted for Killifer in the eighth.

Score by innings:

New York	200 000 000—2
Philadelphia	000 000 021—3

Summary: Left on bases—Philadelphia, 3; New York, 7. Earned runs—Philadelphia, 2. Stolen bases—Snodgrass, Shafer, Burns, Doyle, Devore, Magee. Two-base hits—Knabe, Luderus. Home run—Cravath. Struck out—By Chalmers, 5; by Mathewson, 3. Base on balls—Off Chalmers, 5. Passed ball—Killifer. Hit by pitched ball—By Chalmers, 1. Time—1:46. Umpires—Rigler and Byron.

REDS, 9; CUBS, 4.

CHICAGO, May 3.—The Reds sent Overall away before the big slabber had entirely come back, taking the final game from the Cubs, 9 to 4.

The locals evened the score in the sixth by scoring three runs. Overall seemed to have a chance, but in the eighth, he stocked the bases with none out and Lavender failed as a rescuer. Suggs stopped the Cubs after Benton was taken out.

CHICAGO.	ab.	r.	h.	po.	a.	e.
Leach, cf.	2	2	1	5	1	0
Schulte, rf.	4	0	0	1	0	0
Miller, lf.	1	0	1	5	0	0
Zimmerman, 3b.	4	1	2	1	1	0
Saier, 1b.	4	1	1	7	0	0
Phelon, 2b.	2	0	1	0	2	0
Evers, 2b.	2	0	2	3	5	0
Bridwell, ss.	4	0	0	3	3	0
Archer, c.	3	0	0	2	2	0
Overall, p.	2	0	0	0	1	0
Lavender, p.	0	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	28	4	9	27	15	0

CIN.	ab.	r.	h.	po.	a.	e.
Bescher, lf.	1	0	0	0	0	0
Bates, rf.	4	0	1	1	0	0
Tinker, ss.	4	1	1	3	6	0
Hoblitzell, 1b.	4	1	1	10	1	0
Marsans, cf.	3	2	2	4	0	0
Egan, 2b.	5	4	3	2	3	0
Almeida, 3b.	3	1	0	1	2	0
Clark, c.	4	0	4	6	3	0
Benton, p.	3	0	0	0	0	0
McDonald*	1	0	0	0	0	0
Suggs, p.	0	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	32	9	12	27	15	0

*Batted for Benton in ninth.

Score by innings:

Cincinnati	010 201 032—9
Chicago	100 002 000—4

Summary: Hits—Off Overall, 8 in 7 innings; off Benton, 8 in 7 innings. Bases on balls—Off Overall, 5; off Benton, 3. Struck out—By Overall, Tinker; by Benton, Schulte twice, Leach, Saier. Hit by pitcher—Almeida. Two-base hits—Egan, 2; Zimmerman, 2. Three-base hit—Tinker. Sacrifice hit—Bescher. Stolen bases—Bescher, 2; Egan, Leach, Saier. Wild pitch—Benton. Double plays—Bridwell to Evers to Saier; Hoblitzell to Tinker to Hoblitzell. Um-

DODGERS, 4; BRAVES, 1.

BROOKLYN, May 3.—Aap Rucker won his first game of the season on the home grounds to-day, polishing off the Boston braves, 4 to 1. The big southpaw wobbled a bit here and there, but with the exception of the fourth inning, always succeeded in pulling out of trouble. In that chapter Sweeney's single, a fumble by Stengel and a hit by Mann chased across the only Boston tally. The runs off Gervais came one at a time through timely hitting and good inside work by the hustling Dodgers. Devlin was spiked on the hand by Daubert in the fourth and retired.

Boston.	ab.	r.	h.	po.	a.	e.
Maranville, ss.	4	0	2	2	5	1
Connolly, lf.	4	0	0	4	0	0
Myers, 1b.	3	0	1	11	0	0
Sweeney, 2b.	4	1	1	1	1	0
Kirke, rf.	2	0	0	2	0	0
*Rariden	1	0	0	0	0	0
Titus, rf.	1	0	1	1	0	0
Mann, cf.	4	0	3	2	0	0
Devlin, 3b.	2	0	0	1	0	1
F. Smith, 3b.	2	0	0	0	0	0
Whaling, c.	3	0	0	6	3	0
Gervais, p.	3	0	0	0	3	1
**Dickson	0	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	32	1	8	24	12	3

*Batted for Kirk in the seventh.
**Ran for Titus in the ninth.

Brooklyn.	ab.	r.	h.	po.	a.	e.
Stengel, cf.	3	1	1	1	0	1
Cutshaw, 2b.	3	0	0	5	6	0
Hummel, rf.	3	0	1	1	0	0
Wheat, lf.	3	0	1	0	0	0
Daubert, 1b.	3	2	2	15	0	0
J. Smith, 3b.	1	0	0	0	4	0
Fisher, ss.	3	0	0	0	1	1
Miller, c.	4	0	2	5	2	0
Rucker, p.	2	0	0	0	2	0
Totals	26	4	7	27	15	2

Score by innings:

Boston	000 100 000—1
Brooklyn	011 100 01*—4

Summary: Left on bases—Boston, 6; Brooklyn, 7. Two-base hit—Mann. Three-base hit—Hummel. Sacrifice flies—Wheaton, Fisher. Sacrifice hits—Myers; Stengel, 2. First base on errors—Boston, 1; Brooklyn, 2. Stolen bases—Maranville, Daubert. Double plays—Maranville and Myers, Cutshaw and Daubert. Bases on balls—Off Gervais, 4; off Rucker, 1. Struck out—By Rucker, 4. Umpires—Klem and Orth. Time—1:41.

CARDINALS, 6; PIRATES, 3.

PITTSBURG, PA., May 3.—St. Louis made it three out of four from the Pirates by a score of 6 to 3, when they hit O'Toole hard all through the game, getting 13 hits in seven innings from the red-headed twirler. A peculiar feature of the game was that every one of the visitors' runs was scored after two men were out. Konetchy was the hitting star of the game, his pair of triples sending Mowrey home twice.

Third Baseman Mowrey fractured his ankle in the third inning and will be out of the game for some time. Harmon, after relieving Steele, pitched great ball, the Pirates being unable to do anything with his delivery.

Pittsburg.	ab.	r.	h.	po.	a.	e.
Carr, lf.	5	1	2	3	0	0
Booe, cf.	3	0	0	0	0	0
Byrne, 3b.	4	1	3	1	5	1
Miller, 1b.	4	1	2	14	2	0
Wilson, rf.	3	0	1	3	1	0
Butler, 2b.	4	0	2	0	3	0
Viox, ss.	4	0	0	2	2	1
Simon, c.	3	0	1	5	2	0
O'Toole, p.	2	0	0	0	0	0
*Mensor	1	0	0	0	0	0
Robinson, p.	0	0	0	0	2	0
**Hoffman	1	0	0	0	0	0
***Hyatt	1	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	35	3	11	27	17	2

*Batted for O'Toole in seventh.
**Batted for Simon in ninth.
***Batted for Robinson in ninth.

St. Louis.	ab.	r.	h.	po.	a.	e.
Huggins, 2b.	3	1	2	3	4	0
Magee, lf.	6	0	1	3	1	0
Mowrey, 3b.	2	2	2	0	1	0
Whitted, 2b.	3	0	0	1	1	0
Konetchy, 1b.	5	2	3	12	0	0
Sheckard, rf.	5	0	1	1	0	0
Oakes, cf.	4	0	1	4	0	0
O'Leary, ss.	4	0	0	0	3	0
McLean, c.	4	1	2	3	1	0
Steele, p.	1	0	0	0	1	0
Harmon, p.	3	0	2	0	2	0
Totals	38	6	14	27	14	0

Score by innings:

Pittsburg	201 000 000—3
St. Louis	102 011 10*—6

Summary: Two-base hit—Sheckard. Three-base hits—Konetchy, 2; Miller, Wilson. Hits—Off Steele, 6 in 2 1-3 innings; off Harmon, 5 in 6 2-3 innings; off O'Toole, 13 in 7 innings; off Robinson, 1 in 2 innings. Sacrifice hits—Booe, Magee. Stolen bases—Oakes, Mowrey, Konetchy, Miller. Double play—Whitted to Konetchy. First on balls—Off O'Toole, Oakes; off Harmon, Wilson and Booe. Hit by pitched ball—By O'Toole, Huggins; by Robinson, Huggins. Struck out—By O'Toole, Steele and Oakes; by Robinson, Whitted; by Harmon, Wilson and Hoffman. Time—2:12. Umpires—Brennan and Eason.

LYNCH ANNOUNCES DATES FOR POSTPONED GAMES

NEW YORK, May —President Lynch, of the National League, announced last night the following dates for playing off of postponed and tie games:

At Boston—June 21 (2), Philadelphia, game of April 28.

At Brooklyn—August 12 (open), New York, game of April 28.

At New York—June 23 (2), Brooklyn, game of April 15; June 25 (2), Boston, game of April 12; June 26 (2); Boston, game of April 11; September 4 (2), Brooklyn, game of April 16; October 2 (2), Philadelphia, tie game of April 22; October 2 (2), Philadelphia, tie game of April 25.

At Philadelphia—June 26 (2), Brooklyn, game of April 12; June 28 (2), Brooklyn, game of April 11; July 7 (2), Boston game of April 14; September 25 (2), Boston game of April 15; September 26 (2), Boston, game of April 16.

At Pittsburg—August 12 (open), Cincinnati, tie game of April 18.

At Cincinnati—May 24— (2), St. Loius, game of April 12; August 28 (open), St. Louis, game of April 14; September 7 (2), Pittsburg, game of April 11; September 8 (open), Pittsburg, game of April 10; September 26 (open), tie game of April 23.

At Chicago—May 28 (open), St. Louis, game of April 19, date not fixed for St. Louis game of April 11.

At St. Louis—May 31 (2), Cincinnati, game of April 25.

TOUCHARD AND PELL ARE TEAMED FOR NET MATCH

NEW YORK, May 3.—Gustav F. Touchard and Theodore R. Pell have been teamed in the doubles for the coming international matches for the Davis Cup.

Both are playing a fast game now, and it looks as though the pair will give Little and Hackett a close race for the selection honors.

Pell has maintained his place among the tennis leaders of this country for a number of seasons, and there are few others who would be more widely applauded than he for winning a place among the Davis Cup players.

The first appearance of Raymond D. Little in the trials will be this afternoon, when he will play in the doubles, paired with Harold H. Hackett.

EX-DIXIE MEN NOT SWATTING TRUE TO FORM

FORMER Southern League players are batting freakishly in the National League. Stengel, who batted only .290 in the Southern last year, is hitting .333 with Brooklyn, and Daubert and Wheat are both slugging harder than was their wont in Dixie. At the same time, Phelan, ex-Baron, is hitting an even .200, while Red Smith is swatting .167 and Dode Paskert, ex-Cracker, is feebly swatting .122.

Here are the averages:

	ab.	r.	h.	Pct.
Viox, Pittsburg	23	2	10	.435
Miller, Chicago	7	2	3	.429
Doyle, New York	40	6	15	.375
Leach, Chicago	8	3	3	.375
J. Meyers, New York	27	2	10	.370
Zimmerman, Chic'o	63	16	22	.354
Wilson, Pittsburg	61	7	21	.344
Butler, Pittsburg	54	7	18	.333
Tinker, Cincinnati	66	6	22	.333
Gibson, Pittsburg	24	3	8	.333
Johnson, Cincinnati	9	1	3	.333
Stengel, Brooklyn	51	8	17	.333
Fisher, Brooklyn	48	8	16	.333
Erwin, Brooklyn	12	2	4	.333
Merkle, New York	56	7	18	.321
Titus, Boston	28	1	9	.321
Dooin, Philadelphi.	22	1	7	.318
Kelly, Pittsburg	16	2	5	.313
Hoblitzel, Cincinn'i	61	7	19	.311
Booe, Pittsburg	13	2	4	.308
Daubert, Brooklyn	49	7	15	.306
H. Meyers, Boston	40	4	12	.300
Byrne, Pittsburg	64	6	19	.297
Mowrey, St. Louis	52	7	15	.288
Magee, St. Louis	59	9	17	.288
Bates, Cincinnati	52	9	15	.288
Wheat, Brooklyn	52	3	15	.287
Murray, New York	56	4	16	.286
Saier, Chicago	42	10	12	.286
Schulte, Chicago	70	15	20	.286
Wingo, St. Louis	36	1	10	.278
Sweeney, Boston	29	3	8	.276
Hendrix, Pittsburg	11	0	3	.273
Knabe, Philadelphia	44	6	12	.273
Camnitz, Pittsburg	11	1	3	.273
Miller, Pittsburg	63	11	17	.270
Mitchell, Chicago	63	9	17	.270
Shafer, New York	46	4	12	.261
Rariden, Boston	23	4	6	.261
Burns, New York	54	6	14	.259
Kirke, Boston	27	2	7	.259
Carye, Pittsburg	58	13	15	.259
Huggins, St. Louis	31	14	8	.258
Lobert, Philadelphia	43	3	11	.256
Maranville, Boston	51	3	13	.255
Mensor, Pittsburg	4	0	1	.250
Egan, Cincinnati	64	3	16	.250
Marsans, Cincinnati	48	5	12	.250
McDonald, Cincinn'i	8	1	2	.250
Becker, Cincinnati	36	4	9	.250
Hoffman, Pittsburg	57	8	14	.246
Archer, Chicago	61	6	15	.246
Clymer, Chicago	63	12	15	.239
Devlin, Boston	42	1	10	.238
Bridwell, Chicago	42	8	10	.238
Bescher, Cincinnati	67	11	15	.224
Seymour, Boston	30	1	7	.233
Connolly, Boston	43	6	10	.233
Clark, Cincinnati	56	6	13	.232
Konetchy, St. Louis	52	9	12	.231
Snodgrass, N. York	57	12	13	.228
Cutshaw, Brooklyn	58	8	13	.224
Grant, Cincinnati	49	7	11	.224
Dolan, Philadelphia	36	1	8	.222
Cheney, Chicago	14	0	3	.214
Sheckard, St. Louis	24	2	5	.208
Smith, Boston	20	2	4	.200
Evans, St. Louis	35	3	7	.200
Robinson, Pittsburg	10	2	2	.200
Phelan, Chicago	20	3	4	.200
Fletcher, New York	31	6	6	.194
Doolan, Philadelphia	36	0	7	.194
Wilson, New York	21	2	4	.190
Smith, Chicago	11	0	2	.182
O'Leary, St. Louis	50	2	9	.180
Evers, Chicago	45	9	8	.179
Magee, Philadelphia	36	3	6	.167
Smith, Brooklyn	48	4	8	.167

RACES

RESULTS.
AT PIMLICO.

First—Selling, 3-year-olds and up, 6 furlongs: Slim Princess, 110 (Butwell), 6.80, 3.60, 3.00, won; Hermis, Jr., 107 (Montour), 3.60, third. Time, 1:15. Clan, Alpine, Captain Jinks, Burning Daylight, Syosset, Merry Chase, Refugetta, Mohawk Queen, Bustpan, Battery, Brother Folk, Mohawk Boy also ran.

Second—Four furlongs: Bulgar, 108 (Turner), 5.50, 3.00, 2.10, won; The Idol, 106 (Butwell), 3.00, 2.20, second; Wooden Shoes, 116 (Mondon), 2.10, third. Time, 48:4-5. Drawn, Silver Mesh, Stellata and Lady Estherling also ran.

Third—The Stafford purse, 3-year-olds, mile: Kleburne 110 (Turner), 4.00, 3.80, 3.10, won; Cogs 110 (Connelly), 16.80, 7.00, second; Discovery 108, (Troxler), 3.70, third. Time, 1:41 4-5. Barnegat, Star Gaze, Yenghe, Good Day, Tale Carrier and Mayor Dale also ran.

Fourth—Patapsco Steeplechase, 2 miles: Himation 131 (Gilbert), 68.80, 10.70, 5.80, won; Ticket of Leave 146 (Allen), 3.80, 2.90, second; Juverence 144 (E. Henderson), 3.50, third. Time 3:52 1-5. Wooltax, Aunt Gemima, Rye Grain, Enniskillen and Buckthorn also ran.

Fifth—Driving Park handicap, 3-year-olds and up, selling, 6 furlongs: Towtonfield 108 (Wilson), 9.20, 5.70, 4.40, won; Yorkshire 110 (Pickens), 14.30, 8.20, second; Futurity 102 (McCahy), 19.50, third. Time, 1:13 2-5. Also ran, Blackford, Fatherola, The Busybody, Partner, Elwah, Magazine.

Sixth—Four-year-olds and up, selling, 6 furlongs: Lad of Langdon 103 (Turner), 3.70, 2.90, won; Kittery 108 (McCahy), 3.40, 3.50, second; Stelcliff 107 (Pickens), 4.40, third. Time, 1:14 1-5. Cloudy Chief, Naughty Rose, Profile, George S. Davis, Camel, Maritime and Madrigalian also ran.

AT LEXINGTON.

First—Selling, 3-year-olds and up, 6 furlongs: Theresa Gill, 99 (Kederis), 5.30, 4.10, 3.20, won; Wilhite, 110 (Borel), 5.50, 3.80, second; Just Red (field) 110 (Steele), 3.50, third. Time, 1:13 3-5. Winning Witch, Ada Ray, Silk Day, LaMode, Golden Egg, Polls, Ethelday, Al Bloch and Little Jane auso ran.

Second—Purse, maiden fillies, 2-year-olds, 4 1-2 furlongs: Bracktown Belle, 110 (Ganz), 9.40, 4.50, 4.20, won; Martha McKee, 110 (Loftus), 17.90, 11.60, second; LaValletta 110 (Kirschbaum), 21.40, third. Time, :54 4-5. Flying Frances, Relief, Mary Michaels, Jamella, Baby Sister, Flask, Maud B. L., and Watermelon also ran.

Third—Handicap, purse, $500, 3-year-olds and up, 6 furlongs: Sprite, 113 (Glass), 2.60, 2.70, 2.30, won; Yankee Notions, 104 (Karrick), 2.70, 2.30, second; Morristown, 102 (Buxton), 3.60, third. Time, 1:12 1-5. Three Links, Ymir and Clubs also ran.

Fourth—Blue Grass stakes, 3-year-olds, mile and 1 furlong: Foundation 112, (Peak), 2.50, 2.50, out won; Donerail 122 (Goose), 7.10, out, second; Gowell 117 (Borel), out, third. Time, 1:51 2-5. Lord Marshall also ran.

Fifth—Purse $400, 2-year-olds, 4 furlongs: Imperator 107 (Steele), 7.10, 4.80, 3.20, won; John MacGinnis 110 (Callahan), 41.30, 7.60, second; The Norman 110 (Peak), 2.50, third. Time, :54. Pebeco, Walters, Breakers, Kidday, Della Mack, Tiktok, Frances M. also ran.

Sixth—Three-year-olds and up, selling, 1 1-16 mile: Bonanza 114, (Dugan), 3.10, 3.30, 2.60, won; Banorella 109 (Buxton), 3.30, 2.50, second; Spindle 111 (Glass), 2.50, third. Time, 1:46 3-5. Tay Pay, Automatic, World's Wonder and Carpathia also ran.

ENTRIES.
AT LEXINGTON.

FIRST—Selling; maiden three year olds and up; 6 furlongs: Higher Up 105, Donwell 107, Bill Whaley 107, Kingling 107, Judge Kerr 107, Uncle Dick 110, Royal Amber 110, Holberg 110, Ravenel 110, Nancy Grater 113, Round the Moon 113, Rose Patrick 113.

SECOND—Purse; three-year-old fillies; 6 furlongs: Maria C 102, Guide Post 107, Old Woman 107, Beulah S 107, Anna Reed 107, Volita 107, Daisy Platt 107, Bright Stone 112.

THIRD—Purse; two-year-old fillies; 4½ furlongs: Carigla 107, Woof 107, Recession 107, Ruffles 112, Susan B 112, Dainty Mint 112, Barbara Lane 112.

FOURTH—Handicap; three year olds and up; mile and 70 yards: xxStrenuous 99, xxYankee Notions 103, Creme De Menthe 101, Princess Callaway 104, Bell Horse 107, Rudolfo 114.

FIFTH—Two year olds; purse; 4½ furlongs: Destino 105, Woodrow 105, Lost Fortune 102, Billy Stuart 105, Della Mack 106, Toyn 106, Dick Bodie 115, Harwood 115.

SIXTH—Selling; three year olds and up; mile and 70 yards: Marshon 89, Floral Day 103, Just Red 105, Puck 106, Startler 107, Supple 107, Love Day 108, Grif 108, Swish 109, Spindle 109, Howdy Howdy 109, Del Crusader 109.

Priest 104, Willie Wardell 112, Cutaway 104, Patty Regan 104, xxxKettledrum 107, xxxGrazelle 109, Spearhead 107, Santaneca 104.

xxParr Entry; xxxTyree entry.
Weather clear. Track fast.

AT PIMLICO.

SECOND—Four year olds and up, 6 furlongs: Textile 121, Horace E 111, Senator Sparks 113, Everett 114, My Fellow 118, Aldebarran 110, Grenilda 111, Tom Holland 111, Besom 118, Prince Ahmed 121, Pharaoh 121, Stentor 113, Montfolio 109, Vigorous 113.

THIRD—Selling, three year olds and up, 6 furlongs: Deduction 117, Silver Moon 95, xHatteras 112, xTiger Jim 107, Progressive 105, xArdelon 100, Dorothy T 110, Nimbus 117, Willie 105, xOrbed Lad 115, xGolden Treasure 112, xParis Queen 90, Coming Soon 112, Bryan 100, Phew 95, xHammon Pass 107, xMiss Moments 110.

FOURTH—Baltimore steeplechase, maiden four year olds and up, two miles: Shannon River 147, Song of the Wind 143, Harwood 147, xxFlying Yankee 140, Owanux 147, Seven Stars 140, Order Nat 147, Old Salt 140, Charles F. Grainger 149.

xxWilson entry.

FIFTH—Selling, maiden two year olds, 4 furlongs: Drawn 109, Bergamot 109, Beau Pere 109, xSalvation Nell 99, Bolola 107, xStellata 100, xLittlest Rebel 101, Veilchen 114, xCol. C 104, Our Mabelle 104, Stonehenge 110, Roger Gordon 107, Breakfast 104, Polly H 109, xOdd Cross 99.

SIXTH—Hotel Kernan purse, three year olds and up, 1 mile: St. Joseph 109, Everett 112, Tartar 100, Paton 112, Mediator 112, Buskin 97, Dr. Duenner 109, Kormak 112, Pandorina 95.

xApprentice allowances.
Weather clear; track fast.

Y. M. C. A. TEAM WINNERS.

CORNELIA, GA., May 3.—Cornelia and Demorest Y. M. C. A. played the first game of the season here this afternoon, the Y. M. C. A. boys winning by a score of 11 to 8. The feature of the game was the batting of Carson, of Cornelia, he getting two doubles in two times at bat.

AL DEMAREE, former Southern Leaguer, having just recovered from Umpire Klem's decision, herewith depicts the humorous effect of that ruling in various phases. The declaration of the umpire that McCormick's hit, which scored the winning run for the Giants, was null and void, proved a thunderbolt to the Giant players as well as to the fans. Klem based his decision on the rule that a player must be announced before he can go to the plate. In other words, Klem did not see the play. Demaree is the first to conceive the idea of the "Klem alibi."



NEAT UNIFORMS IS NOW CRY OF BAN JOHNSON

By Bill Bailey.

CHICAGO, ILL., May 3.—Buck Weaver, demon shortstop of the White Sox, must change his pants of course. Morris Rath already has done so.

Other athletes in the American League who have been in the habit of concentrating some eighteen or twenty square yards of real estate on their trousers' legs must do the same.

President Johnson of the American League is out with a demand for cleanliness and neatness. He can't figure why an athlete should try to take on the appearance of his surroundings. The President of the league is quite a hunter. He understands why nature gave to some wild animals the color of its surroundings. So that it would be better able to conceal itself from its enemies. But the league executive doesn't figure a ball player in the role of the hunter and he thinks there should be some contrast between a baseball uniform and the ground.

The President is on a still hunt in this instance. He hasn't reached the demanding stage, but that will follow, if his peaceful representations are not followed. Here is the way he is going about it.

Orders Uniforms Washed.

Silk O'Loughlin, umpire, strolls to the field and sees Morris Rath. Morris' uniform was once as white as the driven snow. Once is correct. But that was a long time ago.

"Morris, I would have that uniform scraped and then washed," says Silk.

"What for?" queries Rath.

"So that you could remain in the game. It would pain me like everything, Morris, to come out here some afternoon and be compelled to inform you that you couldn't get in the game until you had changed your pants."

Of course Silk laughed as he delivered this oration. But it wasn't exactly a friendly laugh. One of those mirthless laughs in which you are tipped to be on your guard as there's something likely to happen to you.

Players Should Look Neat.

"Why shouldn't the players be neat?" queried President Johnson. Then he proceeded to answer his own question. "President Comiskey's team has two home uniforms. Two were purchased so that it would always be possible to have a clean one.

"I understand perfectly well that athletes can't be spick and span and I don't expect them to. But there is no occasion for a man allowing his uniform to lose all semblance of its original color. Men must slide and that means that his uniform must get soiled. But the fellows I am after, the fellows who have the worst appearing uniforms, do not accumulate the dirt that way.

"They chew tobacco and spit upon their gloves and then they wipe their gloves on their trousers. They become unsightly and many of the fans do not like that, especially the female enthusiasts. With two uniforms there is no reason why a fellow shouldn't be neat and tidy, with no more dirt on him than he picks up in the natural course of the game."

ENGLISHMEN NOT ASKED TO YALE-HARVARD MEET

OXFORD, ENGLAND, May 3.—The athletic authorities of the universities of Oxford and Cambridge have not yet received any formal invitation from Harvard and Yale to participate in a track meet at Harvard stadium in June or July this year.

The secretary of the Oxford Athletic Union, however, expressed the opinion yesterday that it would be impossible to send a team from the English universities in June, as examination would then be in progress, while the month of July would, he thought, be too hot.

No action will be taken by the English universities on the invitation to take part in the American Olympic games at Chicago from June 28 to July 6 until the Harvard-Yale matter has been settled.

JOHNSON INSURED FOR $40,000.

WASHINGTON, May 3.—Walter Johnson, the Nationals' prize twirler, is insured against the Washington club for $40,000, it became known yesterday. This is believed to be the biggest policy carried on any ball tosser.

Collins to Make Debut in Majors
Vandy Twirler Should Make Good

By Innis Brown.

FOLLOWING numerous rumors and reports, Wilson Collins, erstwhile Vanderbilt football and baseball star, has at last signed a contract to play professional baseball, having cast his lot with the lowly bunch that is expected to divide patronage with the Red Hose Champions of the American League, hailing from Boston. By affixing his John Hancock to a Boston contract, Collegian Collins has made it possible for Lynnville, Tenn., his native heath, to occupy a definite location on the map of the grand old U. S. A.

Heretofore Lynnville, a peaceful hamlet of Middle Tennessee, has had to worry along with a kind of location by proxy, so to speak, viewing with envious eyes its more fortunate neighbor, that South Central Tennessee metropolis, Linden, the home of Zeb Milan, star outfielder and baserunner extraordinary of Clark Griffith's Senators. But at last Lynnville has an opportunity to come into its own, from a baseball standpoint, and if the fates deal Wilson a winning hand her civic pride is soon to feel a decided boost, while the circulation of daily papers, preferably those carrying a complete sporting section, is due for a fat increase.

Collins Has Great Chance.

Concerning Mr. Collins, it may be stated that his opportunities look more than passing fair. To begin with, he has hitched up with an aggregation that needs good ball players more than a kiddo needs its mother. In fact, any of the comparisons of the popular ditty, "That's How I Need You," look like satisfaction and contentment in person when stacked alongside the needs of the Braves for real ball players.

Furthermore, Collins has something more than a yearning to carry along in big league circles. This youngster has been playing ball for about seven years, during which time he has been associated with some rather creditable outfits, as amateur ball clubs go. Although Lynnville has never broken into the limelight of public notice through the unearthing of a local celebrity, it has for several years boasted of a very clever ball club, generally managing to hand a healthy walloping to visiting aggregations of ball tossers from neighboring localities.

In these performances Collins has been an important factor; in fact, he has been about the one best bet of the Lynnville Larrupers, and any time a visiting team could take Wilson's measure, Lynnville sports have generally acknowledged the corn, or else have set about establishing an alibi, through the medium of a sore arm or other physical ailment. During these years of service he has filled about every position on the team, with the exception of catching. What is more, he has filled them well. So well, in fact, that Lynnville sports, with all due respect to Tyrus Cobb, are inclined to measure a man's ability to play the game by the performance of Collins instead.

Beat Cobb in Dash.

In this connection it may be stated that Collins has all the natural ability of the Georgia Peach in one respect, at least—he is there with all the speed on a straightaway that Tyrus could show on a bet. This fact was demonstrated a year ago last fall, while Cobb was doing his theatrical stunt, as the hero in the "College Widow." Cobb visited Nashville with his troop, and, being a good friend of Commodore Dan McGuigin, went out to watch the Vanderbilt football squad work out. A speed contest between Cobb and Collins—the former in citizen's clothes, and the latter in football toggery—for a hundred yards was staged Allowing for Cobb's lack of training, the collegian still beat him out by several feet in the dash.

This, of course, does not mean that Collins nurses an ambition of showing the speed on bases that has made Tyrus famous. As a matter of fact, ripping off a hundred yards on a straight das hand touring a like distance, starting from the home plate around the cushions are two separate and distinct performances, even as the running of a hundred in track togs and doing a like distance in the same time, when weighted down in football regalia differ. However, Collins is fast, and he looks to have lots of room for development.

In addition to his speed, the Lynnville product is a finished player as amateurs and collegians go. He has played all over the diamond and handles himself well. Furthermore, he has better than an average batting eye for a college performer. It is hardly probable that he will hold on from the beginning in the big league, but he has all the promise to insure his making good if he sticks to the game, as he evidently intends to. Boston will no doubt turn him over to some minor league team, but he should go back in a year or so.

Yes, it appears that Lynnville, through Collins, has arrived. In the future, citizens of that vicinity, at least, will no doubt display the rashness of mentioning their native heath in the same breath with Royston, Ga., Wahoo, Nebr., and Trappe, Md., provided their fellow townsman comes through with the merchandise, in his chosen line.

Sporting Food

By GEORGE E. PHAIR.

IN MODERN ENGLISH.

One eve Old Sol was fading—they were getting to his stuff—
When some old hick named Kasper wandered out near Coogan's Bluff.
A little frail named Wilhelmine was clinging to his mitt.
She piped an object in the yard and cast her glims on it.
"Slip me an earful, Kas," she said.
"What you gleaming hump?"
"An ivory dome," old Kas same back,
"that once grew on an ump."
Then spoke the frail: "I wonder why they cracked the poor old Joe."
"I'll stand a frisk," old Kas replied.
"They sure did get him, though.
I am not hep to who it was, or why they did the same;
But, take it from your Uncle Kas, it was a grand old game."

Slowly but surely the magnates are realizing that they must cater to the public. Umpires are now ordered to wear white raiment so as to make better targets.

"How can Willie Ritchie dodge me now?" asks Tommy Murphy, who does not realize that Mr. Ritchie can dodge a streak of lightning if he thinks it is looking for a fight.

Another advantage in being a Federal League magnate is that one never need worry over the income tax.

Mr. Fogel's present attitude toward baseball demonstrates that it is different when one is outside looking in.

BACK.

As Tyrus Raymond Cobb might aptly say:
"Back to the yard! There'll be no strike to-day!"

Not only that, but Cobb's holdout stunt gave the Tigers at least $15,000 worth of advertsing next to pure reading matter.

Bill Klem leads Fred Merkle for the ivory championship by fourteen cubits and a span.

Tom Lipton is said to be growing impatient but it behooves him to learn fortitude. He has a heluva long wait before him.

We note by the paper that Woodrow Wilson "stood up in the seventh and cheered the winning rally in the eighth." Woodrow is a great little prophet.

For a President, Mr. Wilson is considerable fan, but he never can qualify as a regular until he has heaved a cushion.

A glowing example of repression is that of the scribe who calls the absence of Ed Walsh a handicap. He might have called it a calamity and still be conservative.

It is alleged that Ty Cobb will behave, but said allegation has not been conveyed to Mr. Sweeney, the celebrated marine.

LINES TO WILL H. LOCKE.

"You are poor, Father William," the young man cried.
"You are poorer than Old Father Job."
"I had plenty of kale," Father William replied,
"Till they threatened a baseball probe."

HAYES, LONGBOAT, QUEAL AND KOLEHMAINEN RACE

NEW YORK, May 3.—The fifteen-mile professional race of the Monument games at Celtic Park to-morrow promises to be one of the most interesting contests during the day, due to the fact that Johnny Hayes is entered to run against Longboat, Queal and Kolehmainen. Hayes has kept in condition during the last few years through coaching several Irish-American runners, and expects to lead the field to-morrow.

Johnny's entering the professional field was due to Martin Sheridan, who believed that the Marathon winner of the last Olympic games could successfully compete against the present crop of "pro" runners.

Marion Trims Auburn In Game of Thrills

Institute Boys Given Hard Battle, but Finally Win, 3-2—Many Features in Battle.

MARION, ALA., May 3.—By superior hitting and base-running the Marion Institute defeated the strong team from Auburn this afternoon by the score of 3 to 2.

The game was replete with brilliant playing. Each team starred in a double play. The game was one round of thrills until the last Auburn man was out in the ninth by a spectacular catch of Hairston.

The features of the game were the hitting of Howze, the catching of Hairston and the brilliant fielding of Walker, in center for Marion.

Auburn has been defeated only by the University of Georgia and the Alabama Polytechnic. The nine is conceded to be the best team that has ever played at Marion. The visitors have won unstinted praise by their sportsmanlike spirit and fine bearing, as well as for their playing. Coach Carter, of Marion, who captained the University of Virginia team last year, says that the Auburn team classes up with the big Eastern universities.

BILLIKENS SIGN SNYDER; PAIGE TO BE LET OUT

MOBILE, ALA., May 3.—Manager Johnny Dobbs, of the Montgomery club, has signed Pitcher Snyder, who was with the St. Louis club. He was secured from Louisville in the trade with Jack Powell. Dobbs will release Pitcher Paige on his arrival home from Mobile. The Billikens' leader has also announced that he will make a complete shake-up in the team soon.

TAMPA GETS MONEY BACK.

CHICAGO, May 3.—Tampa business men raised $4,800 to pay the expenses of the Cubs in training and have gotten it back from the receipts of exhibition games. It is said that President Murphy regrets that he did not pay expenses himself and take the receipts ends. If the unsophisticated Tampans have put one over on Charles Webb it will occasion much comment.

GIANTS AFTER JAMES.

NEW YORK, May 3.—McGraw, of the Giants, is said to have offered Ames, Crandall and Groh for Pitcher "Bill" James of the Boston Braves. But Boston intends keeping James, who looks like a real find.

GREENSBORO, 9; ASHEVILLE, 4.

ASHEVILLE, N. C., May 3.—In a ragged game here this afternoon on Oates Field, Greensboro, of the newly-organized Carolina League, defeated Asheville by a score of 9 to 4.

Decoration Day at Belmont Park

THE Con Man gazed on the betting ring,
Where the bettors yelled with glee,
And he sadly spoke to the Racing Bloke:
"Will you pass your dope to me?

"I once made a guy buy Brooklyn Bridge
I've peddled the bricks of gold,
And mining stock by the half-ton block,
And the old green goods I've sold.

"I first pulled the 'Spanish Prisoner bunk,
And there ain't a whole lot I've missed,
But I'd never the gall to think they'd fall
For a blind man's game like this."

The Turf King eyed him in gentle scorn:
"Why, you poor, back-country rube,
Don't you see where you make your big mistake?
You bring YOUR game TO the boob!

"Make him pay for a long hot railroad trip;
Let him sweat and swear and snort
Three beans to get in where you lift his tin,
And label the whole game Sport!"

ASTHMA
Cured Before You Pay
I want to cure every sufferer of this dreadful disease. I have such confidence in my newly discovered cure for Asthma I will send a large $1.00 bottle by express to any sufferer writing for it. When you are completely cured send me the dollar for this bottle. Otherwise not a cent. Address
D. J. LANE, 201 Lane Bldg., St. Marys, Kan.

East Meets West in Big Leagues
Games to Furnish Line on Teams

By Monty.

NEW YORK, May 3.—The first lap of the baseball season is nearing its end. At the conclusion of the present series in the two big leagues, round number two will be ushered in with first batch of intersectional clashes. The National League will launch the second stage of its season on Tuesday with the Western clubs in the East, and the following day the Eastern clubs of the American League will play in the West. The old argument of "our part of the country is better than yours" will proceed until settlement.

Judging from what has been seen already, the East possesses a trifle edge over the Occidentals, taken from all-around angles, but there is every indication of a number of surprises being sprung. The first set of East-West combats does not put any pair of the prime quality pennant favorites together. The National League presents Cincinnati at New York, Chicago at Brooklyn, Pittsburg at Boston and St. Louis at Philadelphia, and the American League offers New York at Detroit, Boston at Cleveland, Philadelphia at St. Louis and Washington at Chicago.

In the case of almost every one of the first batch of intersectional games, it looks as if the underdog is certain to win at least one game of each series, due to the possession of a particular star pitcher who can be banked upon to keep the opposition scoring low, and therein lies the likelihood that the mighty are not going to make any clean sweep.

The Reds have George Suggs in great trim to stymie the Giants. Nap Rucker is a two to one bet to stave off the rush of the Cubs in Brooklyn. Hub Perdue should keep the Pirate from walking all over his Hub teammates and Slim Sallee, of the Cardinals, ought to make the Phillies hustle.

This last mentioned series is likely to produce the smallest grand total of runs of the week, for neither team has been batting very hard and both have their flinging corps in grand fettle. The Cardinals, besides Sallee have Steele, Harmon and Griner doing top-notch work, while the Phillies have a great staff of shut-out and one-run twirlers, ready, including Seaton, Alexander, Chalmers, and the youngster Mayer.

Earl Hamilton, of the Browns, one of the best young southpaws of recent years, will beat the Athletics if he gets real assistance from his coworkers in batting and fielding. The great young Keating will give the Tigers, even with Cobb, a ragged run of it to down the Yankees, while Dubuc seems certain to win one game of the series for the Detroits. Unless Ed Walsh and Walter Johnson should pitch against each other in the White Sox-Senators series, each is sure of a victory. If they meet, it should produce the best pitchers' battle of the season to date. Vean Gregg, now called Cleveland's iron man, is more than a worthy foeman of the Red Sox.

* * *

IT'S great to hear how well the national pastime of Uncle Sam is taking hold abroad. Half a dozen countries now are going into the game on a fair scale, and it seems likely that maybe a few years hence it will be regarded as on a par with the chief sports in those lands. The latest place to take up the game extensively is the Philippines Islands, where a league has been developed that ranks about on a par with our class C or D organizations. The champion team of the circuit, which won the pennant with a percentage of .540 for 62 games in the winter season, is to pay us a visit the coming summer, when we will get an opportunity to see just what has been accomplished by the soldier boys who introduced the sport to the islanders.

The Filipinos will make a tour of the country, upon their arrival about June 25, and will play college, semi-professional and minor league teams in all sections. The Filipinos are reported to have made wonderful strides in the progress of the game since the American occupation, and are said to be remarkable base runners and fielders.

* * *

OTHER countries that have taken to the game with avidity are: France, Sweden, Japan, China, Cuba and Australia. The French Lycees, which wield a powerful influence in their country, have undertaken the fostering of the sport in the land of the lily. With a number of American students and visitors in the fore, the game has been brought along to such a point that the ebullient Alphonses and Gastons are much wrought up over it. The Frenchman rapidly is becoming conversant with the ins and outs of the game and enjoys the exciting situations that arise in it.

HERE'S PRINCETON CREW.

NEW YORK, May 3.—The Princeton rowing management has announced the names of the men who will be taken to Boston on May 6 for the race against Harvard and Pennsylvania. They are as follows: 1912—Bashinsky, Chester, Congleton, North, Rauch; 1914—Briggs, Bunzel, Curtis, Pyne; 1915—Putnam, I. Swart, Dr. Spaeth and John Fitzpatrick will also make the trip.

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LOANED TO SALARIED MEN AT LAWFUL RATES
ON PROMISSORY NOTES
Without Endorsement
Without Collateral Security
Without Real Estate Security
NATIONAL DISCOUNT CO.
1211-12 Fourth National Bank Bldg.

Tulane Captures Hot Game From Louisiana

Winners Rally in Sixth and Overcome Lead—Vandevere Clouts Homer in Second.

NEW ORLEANS, May 3.—Overcoming a two-run lead in the sixth inning, Tulane University won the wind-up game of the local season from the Louisiana Tigers, 4 to 3. Vandevere's home-run clout in the third featured. The box score:

Tulane.	ab.	r.	h.	po.	a.	e.
Burns, 2b.	5	1	1	4	3	0
Heard, lf.	4	0	2	0	1	0
Morsten, ss.	4	1	1	0	3	1
Taylor, rf.	4	1	1	0	0	0
Goodson, cf.	4	0	1	0	1	0
Woodward, 1b	4	0	1	13	0	0
Atkinson, 3b.	3	0	0	0	1	2
Borter, c.	2	0	0	9	1	0
Vandevere, p.	4	1	1	1	6	0
Totals	34	4	8	27	16	3

Louisiana.	ab.	r.	h.	po.	a.	e.
Morton, 1b.	3	1	0	12	0	1
James, rf.	4	1	1	2	0	0
Waldron, lf.	4	1	2	1	0	0
Holmes, c.	4	0	1	8	1	0
Zimmerman, 3b.	3	0	1	0	0	0
Franciscoci, cf.	4	0	1	0	0	0
Gayle, 2b.	4	0	0	0	4	1
Matta, ss.	3	0	0	1	3	1
Vallett, p.	3	0	1	0	1	0
*Gosseroud.	1	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	33	3	7	24	9	3

*Hit for Zimmerman in ninth.

Summary: Home run—Vandevere. Three-base hit—Francisci. Two-base hits—Goodson, Waldron. Struck out—By Vandevere 9, by Vallett 7. Bases on balls—Off Vallett 3. Wild pitch—Vandevere. Umpire—Ford.

BRITISH AMBASSADOR A FAN.

NEW YORK, May 3.—"If the American League baseball pennant goes to the National Capital, nobody will be happier than Sir Cecil Arthur Spring-Rice, the new British Ambassador. Sir Cecil to-day announced himself a fan. He qualified many years ago, he said, for this is the fifteenth time he has been in the United States. He is also an enthusiast over college rowing.

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WITH every Suit you have the ironclad "Dundee" guarantee of perfect fit and satisfaction, and you get the same all-wool fabrics, the same high-class tailoring—absolutely the same SUIT—for which other reputable tailors charge $25 to $30.

Hundreds of handsome new Spring woolens to choose from.

Dundee
WOOLEN MILLS
75 Peachtree, Corner Auburn Avenue

BASEBALL SUMMARY

Results of Every Game of Importance Played Yesterday.

SOUTHERN LEAGUE.

Games To-day.

Birmingham at New Orleans.
Atlanta at Mobile.
Chattanooga at Montgomery.
Nashville at Memphis.

Standing of the Clubs.

	W.	L.	P.C.		W.	L.	P.C.
Mobile	17	6	.739	B'ham	9	11	.450
Atlanta	14	7	.667	M'phis	8	12	.400
N'ville	11	9	.550	N. Or.	8	13	.381
Mont.	9	11	.450	Chatt.	7	14	.333

Southern League.

Atlanta 9, Birmingham 5.
Mobile 5, Montgomery 2.
New Orleans 4, Memphis 3 (ten innings.)
Chattanooga 3, Nashville 2 (ten innings).

YESTERDAY'S RESULTS.

Central League.

Terre Haute 5, Springfield 1.
Fort Wayne 4, Dayton 3.
Grand Rapids 6, Evansville 3.

Three-I League.

Bloomington 2, Davenport 0.
Springfield 5, Peoria 4.
Dubuque 5, Danville 3.
Decatur 9, Quincy 3.

AMERICAN LEAGUE.

Games To-day.

Detroit at Chicago.
Cleveland at St. Louis.

Standing of the Clubs.

	W.	L.	P.C.		W.	L.	P.C.
Phila.	12	2	.800	Boston	7	10	.412
C'land	13	5	.722	St. L.	8	12	.400
W'gton	10	4	.714	Detroit	5	14	.263
Ch'go.	13	8	.619	N. York	2	14	.125

Yesterday's Results.

Chicago 6, Detroit 4.
Philadelphia 8, New York 6.
Cleveland 11, St. Louis 8.
Washington 2, Boston 1.

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

Games To-day.

Pittsburg at Cincinnati.
St. Louis at Chicago.

Standing of the Clubs.

	W.	L.	P.C.		W.	L.	P.C.
Ch'go.	13	6	.684	N. York	8	7	.533
Phila.	8	4	.667	P'burg	9	9	.500
B'klyn.	9	7	.563	Boston	4	11	.266
St. L.	10	8	.555	Cin'ti	4	13	.235

Yesterday's Results.

Brooklyn 4, Boston 1.
Cincinnati 9, Chicago 4.
Philadelphia 3, New York 2.
St. Louis 6, Pittsburg 3.

SOUTH ATLANTIC LEAGUE.

Games To-day.

No games scheduled.

Standing of the Clubs.

	W.	L.	P.C.		W.	L.	P.C.
S'v'nah	11	3	.786	Ch'ston.	7	8	.467
J'ville.	10	5	.667	Macon.	5	10	.333
C'bus.	7	7	.500	Albany.	4	11	.267

Yesterday's Results.

Charleston 8, Albany 7.
Jacksonville 2, Macon 1 (thirteen innings).
Columbus 4, Savannah 4 (twelve innings; called on account of darkness).

INTERNATIONAL LEAGUE.

At Baltimore (first game):

		R.	H.	E.
TORONTO	.020 010 001	4	12	1
BALTIMORE	.070 100 00*	8	12	1

Brandt and Graham; Rath and Egan. Umpires, Carpenter and O'Toole.

At Baltimore (second game):

		R.	H.	E.
TORONTO	.004 000 020	6	12	1
BALTIMORE	.100 000 000	1	7	1

Hearne and Bemis; Smith and Bergen. Umpires, Carpenter and O'Toole.

At Jersey City:

		R.	H.	E.
MONTREAL	.000 010 000	1	6	0
JERSEY CITY	.100 000 10*	2	6	1

Smith and Burns; Doescher and Crisp. Umpires, Quigley and Finneran.

At Providence:

		R.	H.	E.
BUFFALO	.202 010 010	6	8	0
PROVIDENCE	.000 000 002	2	5	3

Holmes and Delong; Mitchell and Kocher. Umpires, Bierhalter and Mullen.

At Newark:

		R.	H.	E.
ROCHESTER	.002 000 000	2	8	0
NEWARK	.001 100 04*	6	12	0

Keefe and Jacklitsch; Gaskill and Higgins. Umpires, Nallin and Hayes.

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.

At Columbus:

		R.	H.	E.
KANSAS CITY	.000 000 000	0	4	3
COLUMBUS	.310 110 11*	8	9	0

Seabell, Covington and Kritchell; McQuillen and Smith. Umpires, Westervelt and Irwin.

At Toledo:

		R.	H.	E.
MINNEAPOLIS	.300 001 006	10	11	0
TOLEDO	.010 000 000	1	6	3

Mogridge and Smith; Collamore, Walker and Livingston. Umpires, Chill and O'Brien.

At Louisville:

		R.	H.	E.
ST. PAUL	.020 100 020	5	9	3
LOUISVILLE	.300 112 21*	10	14	3

Gardner, Vandyke and James; Northrop, Woodburn and Clemmons. Umpires, Johnstone and Connolly.

At Indianapolis:

		R.	H.	E.
M'WAUKEE	.010 010 000 000 00	2	6	4
IND'POLIS	.000 000 020 000 00	2	13	2

(Called end of fourteenth; darkness.)
Dougherty and Marshall; Harrington and Clark. Umpires, Murray and Handiboe.

Carolina League.

Greensboro 3, Asheville 4.
Durham 4, Charlotte 3.
Winston-Salem 5, Raleigh 3.

CAROLINA LEAGUE.

Score:		R.	H.	E.
GREENSBORO	000 400 113	9	7	1
ASHEVILLE	000 001 012	4	9	0

McKeithan and Doaks; Watson and Milliran. Umpire, Chestnut.

Score:		R.	H.	E.
CHARLOTTE	200 010 000	3	6	1
DURHAM	012 000 001	4	3	1

High and Malcolmson; Ferris and Ulrich. Umpire, McBride.

Score:		R.	H.	E.
WINSTON-SALEM	020 001 110	5	8	1
RALEIGH	001 000 002	3	8	4

Roy and Smith; Durning and Ledgate. Umpire, Miller.

VIRGINIA LEAGUE.

Score:		R.	H.	E.
NORFOLK	000 000 000	0	2	3
RICHMOND	011 000 00x	2	6	1

Easton and Kircher; Ayers and Mace. Umpires, Schetter and Norcum.

Score:		R.	H.	E.
HARRISBURG	002 003 041	10	17	2
ROANOKE	107 010 12x	11	16	1

Brooks, Nance and Laughlin; Efird, Brown and Stewart. Umpire, Kennedy.

Score:		R.	H.	E.
NEWPORT NEWS	000 002 000	2	5	6
PORTSMOUTH	101 121 02x	8	6	1

Paxton and Eagan; Herbert and Garvin. Umpire, Colgate.

COLLEGE RESULTS.

Amherst, 0; Harvard, 5.
Princeton, 6; Pennsylvania, 2.
University of Virginia, 3; Cadets, 2.
Springfield, 4; Yale Freshmen, 11.
Case, 12; Michigan, 8.
Rose Poly, 5; Earlham, 4.

Brooklyn's 'Big Four'; Manager and Players Who Are Relied Upon to Advance the Dodgers to First Division Berth in National League



Jake Daubert, the brilliant first baseman, is here pictured taking a wide throw. At the extreme left is shown Zach Wheat, the star left fielder. In the center panel is the gritty leader of the Dodgers, Bill Dahlen, and at the right is portrayed Nap Rucker, Brooklyn's great southpaw pitcher. Daubert, Wheat and Rucker are all former Southern League performers.

SOUTHERN LEAGUE

Lookouts, 3; Vols, 2.

CHATTANOOGA, TENN., May 3.—King's slashing triple to the left field fence and Coyle's single to the same territory, both after two were down, gave Chattanooga a 10-inning victory over the Vols this afternoon, 3 to 2. It was Beck's first defeat of the season. Both clubs fielded in brilliant style. Coyle and Perry hit home runs. The box score:

Chat'nooga	ab.	r.	h.	po.	a.	e.
King, cf.	5	1	2	2	0	0
Coyle, 1b.	4	1	2	15	0	0
Elston, rf.	4	0	0	1	0	0
Elberfeld, ss.	2	1	1	1	4	0
Harbison, lf.	4	0	1	0	0	1
Gillespie, 3b.	4	0	0	1	5	0
Flick, 2b.	4	0	1	3	3	0
Street, c.	3	0	1	5	1	0
Sommers, p.	4	0	0	1	5	0
Totals	34	3	8	30	18	1

Nashville	ab.	r.	h.	po.	a.	e.
Daley, lf.	5	0	1	7	0	0
Goalby, 2b.	2	0	0	4	5	0
Callahan, cf.	4	1	0	1	0	0
Perry, 3b.	4	1	1	3	2	0
Schwartz, 1b.	4	0	1	8	0	0
Young, rf.	4	0	0	1	0	0
Lindsay, ss.	3	0	0	2	5	0
Noyes, c.	2	0	0	3	2	0
Beck, p.	4	0	0	0	2	0
Totals	32	2	3	29	16	0

Score by innings:
Chattanooga . . . . . 000 200 000 1—3
Nashville . . . . . 000 200 000 0—2

Summary: Stolen bases—Elberfeld, Gillespie. Sacrifice hits—Coyle, Goalby, Noyes. Three-base hit—King. Home runs—Perry, Coyle. Struck out—By Sommers, 4; by Beck, 2. Bases on balls—Off Sommers, 3; off Beck, 2. Passed ball—Noyes. Time—1:25. Umpires—Kein and Breitenstein.

Gulls, 5; Billikens, 2.

MOBILE, May 3.—Mobile made it four straight from Montgomery this afternoon at Monroe Park diamond, winning the game with apparent ease by a score of 5 to 2. Six stolen bases were credited to Mobile, two men going to second while Pitcher Paige almost held the ball in his hands. Montgomery put up a wretched exhibition of baseball. Catcher Schmid's three-bagger was the only real feature of the game. D. Robertson covered first base in place of Paulet, who is ill. The score:

MOBILE.	ab.	r.	h.	po.	a.	e.
Stock, ss.	5	1	0	0	4	1
Starr, 2b.	2	1	1	4	1	0
O'Dell, 3b.	4	0	1	1	2	0
Jacobson, cf.	3	0	1	1	0	0
Clark, lf.	4	0	0	1	0	0
Robertson, 1b.	3	1	0	11	0	2
Campbell, rf.	3	2	2	2	0	0
Schmidt, cf.	3	0	2	6	2	1
Berger, p.	3	0	1	1	4	0
Totals	30	5	8	27	13	4

MONT'Y.	ab.	r.	h.	po.	a.	e.
Breen, cf.	4	0	1	0	0	0
Wares, 2b.	3	0	0	7	1	0
Spratt, ss.	4	0	1	4	2	0
Elwert, 3b.	2	0	0	1	4	1
Sloan, rf.	4	1	1	0	0	0
Jantzen, lf.	4	0	0	2	0	0
Tarlton, 1b.	4	0	2	9	0	1
Gribbens, c.	4	0	0	1	2	0
Paige, p.	3	0	0	0	2	0
Totals	32	2	4	24	11	2

Score by innings:
Mobile . . . . . 021 100 10*—5
Montgomery . . . . . 020 000 000—2

Summary: Three-base hit—Schmidt. Sacrifice hit—Jacobson. Stolen bases—Stock, 2; Starr, O'Dell, Robertson, 2; Elwert. Double plays—Elwert to Gribbens to Wares; Berger to Schmidt to Robertson. Bases on balls—Off Berger, 3; off Paige, 6. Left on bases—Mobile, 8; Montgomery, 5. Struck out—By Berger, 5. Time of game—1:48. Umpires—Stockdale and Fifield. Attendance, 3,000.

PELICANS, 4; TURTLES 3.

NEW ORLEANS, LA., May 3.—In the tenth inning, by hard hitting and base running, the Pelicans defeated the Turtles in the last game of the series here to-day, 4 to 3, making it two out of three for the home team. Frank McIntyre, former Turtle pitcher, late of Brooklyn Nationals, but now a Pelican twirler, doubled with one man on base in the seventh and tied the score. The score:

Memphis	ab.	r.	h.	po.	a.	e.
Shanley, 2b.	4	1	2	1	1	1
Baerwald, rf.	4	1	1	6	0	0
Schweitzer, lf.	4	0	0	2	0	0
Ward, 3b.	5	0	1	1	2	0
Abstein, 1b.	4	1	2	10	1	0
Love, cf.	3	0	1	1	0	0
Butler, ss.	4	0	2	0	0	1
Seabaugh, c.	4	0	1	5	1	0
Newton, p.	4	0	0	3	4	0
Totals	36	3	10	29	9	2

Two men out when winning run was scored.

New O.	ab.	r.	h.	po.	a.	e.
Atz, 2b.	5	2	1	5	2	0
Manush, 3b.	3	0	0	1	6	0
Clancyñ rf.	4	1	2	1	0	0
Hendryx, cf.	2	0	1	0	0	0
Spencer, lf.	4	0	0	4	0	0
Snedecor, 1b.	4	0	0	13	0	0
Knaupp, ss.	2	1	0	2	3	0
Angemier, c.	4	0	0	4	4	0
Taylor, p.	2	0	0	0	2	1
xMcIntyre	1	0	1	0	0	0
xxStevenson	0	0	0	0	0	0
Brenton, p.	1	0	0	0	3	0
Totals	32	4	5	30	20	1

x—Batted for Taylor in seventh.
xx—Ran for McIntyre in seventh.

Score by innings:
Memphis . . . . . 100 002 000 0—3
New Orleans . . . . . 101 000 000 1—4

Summary: Home run—Abstein. Two-base hit—McIntyre. Sacrifice hits—Manush, 2; Clancy. Stolen bases—Hendrix, Knaupp, Atz. Struck out—By Brenton, 2; by Newton, 5. Bases on balls—Off Taylor, 3; off Newton, 3. Passed ball—Seabaugh. Left on bases—New Orleans, 6; Memphis, 9. Time—2:13. Umpires—Hart and Rudderham.

WISCONSIN IS WINNER.

MADISON, WIS., May 3.—Wisconsin won the first conference track and field meet from Ohio State University to-day, 33 to 33. No extraordinary feats marked the contest.

Carpentier Still an Idol, Despite Defeats

The Premier French Fighter Possesses a Very Fascinating Personality.

PARIS, May 3.—Georges Carpentier the pugilistic idol of La Belle France, possesses a very fascinating personality. His well-proportioned frame and handsome features are far removed from the ordinary conception of a pugilist. He is a brilliant conversationalist and a good all-round sportsman. Carpentier is a very wealthy man as a result of his many fistic combats.

So popular is he with the fair sex that hundreds of ladies are invariably present at any contest in which he figures as a principal.

Not yet twenty years of age, he has had a wonderful ring career. Just now he is at the zenith of his fame, and in all probability he and the English heavyweight champion, Bombardier Wells, will oppose each other in the near future. His contemplated return match with Frank Klaus has been indefinitely postponed owing to Carpentier having injured his hand.

PICTURE SHOWS IN BALL PARK.

CINCINNATI, May 3.—Redland park, the home of the Cincinnati club, will be turned into an open-air moving picture theater on evenings from May 5 to October 1. A screen will be erected in front of the right field bleachers, and movies will be shown during the summer nights. Frank Bancroft, the veteran secretary of the Reds, is manager of the enterprise.

BOOE MAY SUPPLANT HOFFMAN.

PITTSBURG, May 3.—If Artie Hoffman, now covering center field for the Pirates, falls off in his work Fred Clarke will supplant him with a youngster named Everett Booe, who is said to be a speed merchant and a corking good hitter. Smoky City critics seem to think that Booe will displace Hoffman before Decoration Day.

DROPSY TREATED. Quick relief, swelling, short breath soon removed, often entire relief in 10 to 25 days. Trial treatment sent FREE. Write Dr. H. H. Green's Sons, Box A, Atlanta, Ga.

Piles BO-SAN-KO'S PILE REMEDY Gives instant relief to Itching, Bleeding or Protruding Piles. 50c. DR. BOSANKO 234 N. 10th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Most mileage—fewest tire troubles, greatest riding pleasure and relief from road worries—these are yours with—

Firestone NON-SKID TIRES

Made in all types to fit all standard rims.

Ask for book "What's What in Tires," by H. S. Firestone.

THE FIRESTONE TIRE & RUBBER CO.
"America's Largest Exclusive Tire and Rim Makers."
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Home Office and Factory: Akron, Ohio.
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Do You Want a Motor Car?

THERE is a car that suits your individual tastes, your individual needs, your individual pocket book. You want that car, but it is one in many hundreds. If you would find it, study May MoToR.



This Annual Buyer's Number is a concise and comprehensive review of the motor car market. It shows just "what is what" in automobiles and accessories. You need MoToR Magazine. It is a continuous automobile show, a buyer's reference book—the broadest, newsiest, most thoroughly practical magazine in the motor world. Your newsdealer will give you a copy today for 25 cents.

MoToR
381 Fourth Avenue, New York City

'CRACKERS NOW READY FOR THE GULLS'—AGLER

By Joe Agler.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA., May 3—The Crackers triumphed over Birham yesterday 9 to 5 and are now after Mobile, the league leaders. Starting to-morrow we clash with the Gulls in a four-game series and watch the dust fly.

All of us are going into this series in a "do or die" spirit and unless I am very much mistaken we will cop three of the four battles. We want to regain the lead we lost last week and you can bet that the boys will fight every minute of the time.

It will be Paul Musser on the hurling hill in the first game. Dunn will do the catching. Musser is feeling fine now, and the way the boys played against Molesworth's squad we should have little trouble in giving Paul a nice lead to work on.

Bisland has strengthened the Crackers 25 per cent. We have been looking for a good boy to cover the short field for some time and I think Bisland will fill the bill.

The Barons put up a good fight against us for a time to-day, but the boys finally got to Fittery and forced his banishment. We made five runs in the fifth inning.

Jim Brady was going great after he struck his stride. He blanked Birmingham in the last three innings. The victory gives us the edge on the series with three of the four games to our credit.

EMORY COLLEGE WANTS INTERCOLLEGIATE SPORTS

"Emory College needs and should have intercollegiate athletics." This is the slogan of most of the Emory alumni throughout the entire South and a great movement is on foot to have the famous old school entered in the S. I. A. A.

At a meeting held at the University Club of this city last night the matter was taken up by the alumni and speeches were made by men in all walks of life. They were unanimous in their declaration for intercollegiate sports at their alma mater.

A short time ago the under graduates of the school sent out 1,200 letters to alumni all over the United States, and the replies were 12 to 1 in favor of intercollegiate athletics.

EXPERT SAYS MARATHON RUNNING IS BENEFICIAL

BOSTON, May 3.—Marathon races are beneficial to young athletes rather than injurious, in the opinion of Dr. J. H. Cunningham, Jr., an expert examiner of the Boston Athletic Association, as given in the current issue of the association's official organ.

Dr. Cunningham says that during the seventeen years he has had medical supervision of the contestants in the association's annual Marathon he has not had a single case of even slight injurious effects resulting from the race.

"The best physical condition is essential," said Dr. Cunningham. "In fact, the conditions of the runners finishing this 25-mile race are quite as good as usually seen in runners after a quarter, half or mile run."

COMISKEY TO INCREASE CAPACITY OF SOX PARK

CHICAGO, May 3.—President Comiskey, of the Chicago Americans, plans to increase the capacity of the South Side baseball park from 30,000 to 45,000 for the season of 1914. When the enlargement has been completed the White Sox park will have the largest capacity of any baseball plant in the country. According to the plans, the grandstand will seat 25,000, the 50-cent pavilion 10,000 and the 25-cent bleachers, 10,000. The improvements will cost $150,000.

$7,000 IN PRIZES FOR GRAND PRIX AT SAVANNAH

Automobile Club of America in Receipt of Entry Blanks. Over Chatham Roads.

NEW YORK, May 3.—The Automobile Club of America is in receipt of the Entry Blanks for the Grand Prix, to be run in Savannah, November 27, 1913, for the G. C. $5,000 gold cup. Total prizes this year amount to $7,000, divided as follows: First prize, $3,500; second price, $2,000; third price, $1,000, and fourth prize, $500.

The length of the course to be run over the famous Chatham County roads will be approximately 11.44 miles, which must be covered thirty-five times, making the total distance of the race about 400.4 miles. Should the number of cars entered be excessive, taking into account the length of the course, the contest committee of the Automobile Club of America will run eliminations. The race is to be run under the racing rules of the Automobile Club and such additional rules for the race as may be adopted by the contest committee.

Entrance Fees.

Entrance fees are as follows: One car, $1,000; two cars, $1,500, three cars of the same manufacture, $1,750. American entries should be made direct to Harvey Granger, care of the Savannah Automobile Club. American and foreign cars shall be eligible to compete; but no more than three cars of one make may be entered. Foreign entries should be made through the recognized Automobile Club in the country in which the car is manufactured.

Miscellaneous rules governing the race are as follows:

The committee in charge of the race reserves the right to restrict any entry or entries, and to make such changes in the rules of the race as in its judgment are necessary.

Each car must carry two persons seated side by side.

All cars taking part in the race must have: 1—a reverse gear driven by the motor. 2—an exhaust that is not directed toward the ground. 3—the over-all width of the car must not exceed 6 feet and 2 inches.

Positon of Camps.

The position of competing cars at the starting line will be according to receipt of entry. If two or more cars of one manufacture are entered at the same time, they will occupy the same relative position after each single entry has been given its position.

This will be the fifth Grand Prize Race to be run for the Automobile Club of America Grand Prix Cup, which was donated with a view of stimulating interest in international automobile road races, to be htid in America. There have been two Grand Prix Races held over the Savannah Course, those of 1910 and 1911; the late David Bruce-Brown winning both races.

Nineteen Cars Entered for big Indianapolis Race

Two French and One English Car to Compete With American Machines

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., May 3.—With the third annual 500-mile International Sweepstake race, which will be held at the Indianapolis Motor Speedway, May 30, holding the attention of motor enthusiasts the world over, the event of this year promises to surpass any singular contest in the history of American racing. Interest at this time is at fever heat, and the management of the Indianapolis Speedway is preparing to take care of a record-breaking crowd. The French Grand Prix and the Brooklands races have gradually given place to the speed contests which during the past four years have been staged at Indianapolis, and the big American track now stands supreme in the motor world.

Interesting Departure.

A departure this year has aroused the keen interest of manufacturers in the 500-mile race. Heretofore the race has been open to cars having a piston displacement of 600 cubic inches or less, but this year the announcement is made that in order to qualify for entrance cars must have a piston displacement of not more than 450 cubic inches. This gives the manufacturers the chance to enter cars of the regular stock class, and it also prevents the big, powerfully built racers from running away from the cars of more ordinary size. While the new ruling will not interfere in any way with the making of sensational records, it is an established fact that it will make the race more closely contested, thus adding to the excitement of the sport. The ruling has met with the marked approval of manufacturers and other entrants, and the wisdom of the move has been recognized to such an extent that it is believed that hereafter practically every race staged in this country will adopt the same rule.

Thirty cars will be allowed to start in the coming race, and it is believed that the list will be filled, besides allowing for some entries which may fail to pass the preliminary speed trials which will be held before the race. In order to qualify a car must be able to show an average speed of seventy-five miles an hour, and in the event that more than thirty cars remain in the field following these preliminaries, some of the three-car teams may be reduced to two cars.

The lineup of drivers discloses the names of many veterans—men who have helped to make racing history and who are noted for their skill and daring. In fact, with the exception of one or two men, there is not a driver entered so far who is not widely known throughout the racing fraternity.

Jap Billiardist to Play Hoppe for Title

Koji Yamada Will Try for 18.2 Honors Here on May 27.

NEW YORK, May 3.—Koji Yamada, the billiard expert from Japan, has challenged William F. Hoppe for the 18.2 balkline billiard championship. The challenge was issued last week and the game involved will be played in this city on May 27.

Under the rules governing the championship, the holder of it must play within sixty days from the date on which a challenge becomes effective, but cannot compel the challenger to play in less than forty days. Hoppe agreed to promptly accept the defi, exercising his prerogative and name the shorter limit as the time for the match.

Yamada wished more time in which to prepare, but had to abide by the champion's decision.

The prospective contest promises to be unusually attractive. Both of the principals are fine exponents of the intricacies and beauties of balkline billiards. Hoppe is the most resourceful. Yamada the more spectacular. While the champion gathers carroms all over the table, the Oriental confines his operations as far as possible to the ends of the table, where he executes draws and masse shots with either hand with equal facility.

Splitdorf Branch For Sou. Territory Is Soon to Open

Site Selected and W. H. Girdlestone Will Be Manager, With S. Katz, Assistant.

O. I. Rohde, Treasurer and Manager of the Splitdorf Electrical Company of New York, was in Atlanta recently selecting a store to open a branch and service station, which will carry a large stock of magnetos, coils, spark plugs, lightning generators, and parts of the entire line which the company manufactures.

The opening of this branch is in response to a demand of many customers.

W. H. Girdlestone will have charge of the branch, assisted by S. Katz. Both of them have long been connected with the company and are well identified with its management.

Henderson Says Wire Wheels Are Popular

Early in November "The Hendersons of Indianapolis" announced through the columns of the daily newspapers that they were then offering to the automobile buying public regular models of Henderson cars equipped with wire wheels.

The first of January found their factory filled with orders for wire wheel cars, and the demand has exceeded the supply. Since the first of the year more than fifty per cent. of the shipments of Henderson cars have been wire wheel models.

The Henderson Motor Car Company of Indianapolis has the distinction of being the first among American manufacturers to list wire wheels as regular equipment.

CHICAGO AUTOISTS PLAN TOUR.

CHICAGO, May 3.—Fort Wayne, Ind., will be the turning point in the two days' run that will mark the sixth annual motoring match between the Chicago Automobile Club and the Chicago Athletic Association. The run will start June 12. The exact route has not been picked.

Babcox New Firestone Advertising Manager

Edward S. Babcox, formerly advertising manager of the Yawman & Erbe Manufacturing Company world's largest makers of filing system, Rochester, N. Y., is now advertising manager of the Firestone Tire and Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio.

Mr. Babcox is well known in advertising circles, having done very effective work for the "Y. & E." Company and having addressed many publicity and business organizations during the past few years.

I. S. Sleeper, former advertising manager of the Firestone Company, is now general sales manager of the Colonial Printing Company, of Cleveland, Ohio.

PENANG WANTS AUTOMOBILES

Penang, in the Federated Malay States, it is said, is in the market for a number of motor vehicles for conservancy purposes.

A. A. A. PLANS FOR BIG RELIABILITY TOUR THIS YEAR

To Start From Minneapolis on July 11 and Finish at Glacier Park, Montana.

Last year the A. A. A. Reliability, or so-called Glidden Tour from Detroit to New Orleans, was abandoned for lack of entries. This year the A. A. A. has made arrangements with the Minnesota State Automobile Association and the Automobile Club of Minneapolis to run the tour from the Twin Cities, to Glacier Park, starting from Minneapolis on July 11.

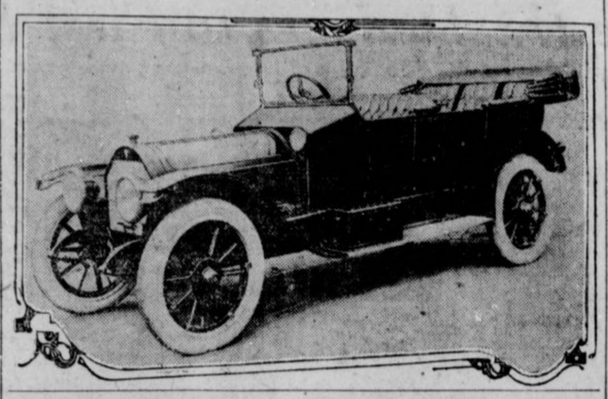
The route leaves the Twin Cities, following the Northwest Trail to Fargo, N. D., where a northward tour is made to Grand Forks, and then west following the general line of the Great Northern Railway through North Dakota and Montana to Havre. So far it follows the St. Paul-Helena run of the Minnesota State Association of two years ago. From Havre a new line will be surveyed nearly directly across western Montana to Glacier National Park, which will be the formal end of the tour. After running through the Park, a rendezvous has been arranged at Kalispell, Mont., coincident with the Good Roads meeting of the Montana Good Roads Congress, which has already been arranged.

A large number of entries have already been made, particularly from St. Paul and Minneapolis and it is expected that the list of participants will be as large as in any one of the former tours, irrespective of the fact that the tours have been made in more populous territory.

Glacier Park is a terminus of unusual importance from the fact that automobiles are allowed on the Government roads there, as is not the case as yet with Yellowstone National Park. Participants will be encouraged to return over the roads through Missoula and Butte (or Helena) to Livingston and Gardiner, where they may leave their cars and make stage trips in Yellowstone National Park.

Entry blanks are now ready and can be had from Dr. E. C. Dutton, Pillsbury Building, Mineapolis, Minn., or from the A. A. A. Touring Bureau, 437 Fifth Avenue, New York City. President Laurens Enos of the A. A. A., has named as Chairman Dutton's associations on the National Tour Committee, the following well-known Western motorists: Asa Paine, W. J. Clark, Minneapolis; W. W. Smith, North Dako; A. J. Davis, Montana; James T. Drought, Wisconsin; N. H. Van Sicklen Illinois; and E. W. Bazille, St. Paul.

Automobiles at Cut Prices are Costly



Motor Cars Should Have Birthday Tag

Would Greatly Add to the Value of Used Cars and Benefit Both the Maker and the User.

That automobile manufacturers should date their cars is the conviction of President Morris Froehlich, of the Times Square Auto Company, New York City, the world's largest dealers in new and used automobiles. Relative to this innovation Mr. Froehlich declared: "The used car problem would be greatly simplified and benefited if car manufacturers, in addition to placing a serial number on cars, would also place the date when sold to the first buyer. If this could be placed in the same position on every make of car, it would be an infallible method of judging the time that the car had been in use, and materially aid in fixing a standard of value for cars of different ages.

"Naturally there are other features which affect the value of a car besides the length of time in service, but the time is the essential item which chiefly enters into the value of a used car and is always open to much misrepresentation under existing conditions.

"More used cars can be sold by methods, which increase public confidence in them. If every possible means is adopted to prevent misrepresentation increased confidence will inevitably result.

"The serial number on the car at present enables the manufacturer to tell when that car was made, but few purchasers of used cars ever go to the trouble of writing the manufacturer relative to the age of any car offered."

Our National Sport Popular in France

Paris Has Two Baseball Teams That Are Capable of Putting Up Good Game.

PARIS, May 3.—Every Sunday, all summer long, at Colombes, will be heard those cries so familiar to the American fan, "Comprising l'umpire!" and "Glissez, Kelle-e-e, Glissez!" shrilly shrieked by the boulevardiers and the street gamins of Paris as they watch the teams of the All-Paris League in affrays more bloody than the average French duel.

The preparations for the Paris baseball season have been thoroughly made and already play has begun. The chief teams are those of the Paris Baseball Club and the Racing Club of France, and the rivalry is intense. All games are played on Sundays, as the players are amateurs.

The French spectators are quick to seize upon the fine points of the game and the players themselves display a wonderful aptitude for it.

NOVEL FARMING IMPLEMENT

When a roller was needed to complete the practice diamond for the Studebaker team in the Detroit Manufacturers' League, the factory's Experimental Department devised an agricultural implement, the like of which was never before seen. An axle, slipped through a row of twenty, flywheels, each weighing seventy pounds, was the solution. The results was amazingly effective.

CENTRAL A. A. U. MEET JUNE 21.

CHICAGO, May 3.—Northwestern University Field and not Marshall Field will be the scene of the Central A. A. U. field and track events on June 21. The change was announced yesterday.

Guy Vaughn Returns To Be With Stearns

Winner of 42-Hour Race in 1910 Will Inspect Cars at Well-Known Factory.

A recent move in the automobile field that will be of much interest to motorists is the return of Guy Vaughn, the well-known racing driver, to the Stearns organization.

Mr. Vaughn is known from coast to coast as one of the fastest racing men of his day. One of his achievements was the winning of the twenty-four hour race in New York City in the fall of 1910, where he hung up a record that still stands. This record was made with a Stearns 30-60 standard stock touring car, in which he averaged approximately 53 miles an hour for twenty-four hours.

Mr. Vaughn will occupy the position of chief of the Experimental Department at the Stearns factory. His duties will also include chief inspection of every new car leaving the Stearns factory.

ROAD WORK IN DOMINICA

The building of a wagon road from Santiago to Monte Cristi, and another from Moca to Santiago, it is said, will shortly open up a market for automobiles in the Dominican republic.

Kissel Does Not Believe in Shows

NEW YORK, April 26.—W. L. Kissell, secretary of the Kissel Motor Car Company's one of the outspoken manufacturers who believes that the annual national automobile shows, held in New York and Chicago, ought to be abandoned. Mr. Kissel believes that such exhibitions, if held at all, should be under the auspices and management of local dealers, thus relieving the makers of the trouble of carrying on this work at a period when all their time and attention is demanded in taking care of factory affairs.

"It is all wrong," declares Mr. Kissel. "If the shows were held in the summer, when the new models are first announced, there might be some excuse for them, but as a matter of fact, they come so late that very little is shown that the public has not already become perfectly familiar with. Of course, there is a great deal of business transacted at these annual 'round ups,' but when you come to analyze it, it appears very doubtful whether much of it is business that was not headed your way, regardless of the shows."

NO BERLIN AUTO SHOW

A. M. Thackara, of Berlin, writes that there will be no automobile show held in that city this year, but it is probable that one will take place in 1914.

WHITE GASOLINE MOTOR CARS

"30" Touring Car
"40" Touring Car—two sizes
"60" Touring Car—six cylinder

The White Company
120-22 Marietta, St.

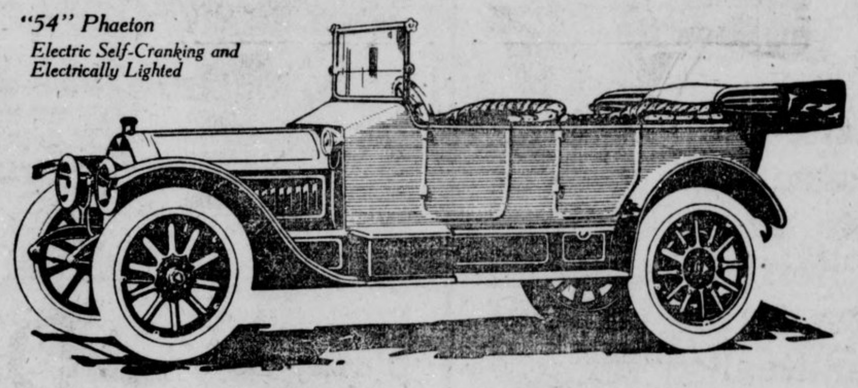
WHITE GASOLINE MOTOR TRUCKS & DELIVERIES

3/4 - 1 1/2 - 3 - and 5 ton capacities.
Simple Engine - Accessible - Economical
Ask for Demonstration
The White Company
120-22 Marietta, St.

CADILLAC
STEINHAUER & WIGHT
228-230 Peachtree St. Ivy 2233

The World's Largest Builders of Six-Cylinder Automobiles

"54" Phaeton
Electric Self-Cranking and Electrically Lighted



Being Converted to a Six

Ride in a good Six and it instantly becomes your choice of a motor car.

It gives the sensation to the driver and passenger of ease, safety, comfort, luxury and stability impossible in any other type of car.

Sixes have been in use for many years. Thousands are in service. Ask anyone who ever owned or drove a Six, what he thinks of it as compared to any Four. Everyone will say, no other type of car gives the satisfaction and pleasure in driving and riding that is experienced with a good Six.

Why a HUDSON

Motorists who know see in it the qualities which only Howard E. Coffin and his associates—48 all told—were able to build into it.

They have not produced a Six by merely adding two cylinders to a good Four. A good Six can't be built that way.

These 48 specialists, experienced in all the details of motor car building, trained in 97 European and American factories, started out to build a Six without being hampered by old manufacturing equipment and old ideals.

They had a new conception, the result of a combined wider knowledge than was perhaps ever before centered upon the designing of a motor car.

You naturally have more confidence in the diagnosis of a skilled physician than you would in the conjectures of a hundred laymen. Put equal reliance in these 48 motor experts.

Their reputation is staked on the "54" HUDSON. That is a sufficient guarantee for most buyers. HUDSONS don't disappoint.

The "54" HUDSON has electric lights. It is electrically self-cranked. The famous Delco system, patented, is used. Every motor car luxury is included, speedometer, clock, top, curtains, rain-vision windshield, demountable rims, twelve-inch upholstery, etc. Equipped with a five-passenger Phaeton body at $2450.

At $1875 you can obtain the HUDSON "37"—designed by the same engineers that built the "54"—and pointed to as the "Four-cylinder masterpiece."

FULTON AUTO SUPPLY COMPANY
DISTRIBUTORS
46 E. North Avenue : : J. W. Goldsmith, Jr., Pres.

SPECIAL SALE!!
STANDARD MAKES

Of TIRES. THESE TIRES, ALTHOUGH SLIGHTLY IMPERFECT, WILL, IN MOST CASES, WEAR AS WELL AS FIRSTS. In our estimation, the only difference between one of these tires and a first is the guarantee. AND YOU KNOW WHAT THAT IS WORTH.

WHILE THIS SHIPMENT LASTS

30x3	$ 7.43	34x4	$17.22
32x3 1-2	11.66	36x4	18.34
34x3 1-2	12.68	34x4 1-2	21.81
32x4	16.09	35x4 1-2	22.50
33x4	16.67	36x4 1-2	23.13

Other sizes in proportion.

GOODS SHIPPED C. O. D., WITH PRIVILEGE OF EXAMINATION. Money refunded on all goods returned intact within a week.

AUTOMOBILE TIRE CO.
THE WORLD'S GREATEST TIRE JOBBERS
234 Peachtree. Ivy 4580. Atlanta, Ga.

Best in the long run—
Goodrich Tires

There is nothing in Goodrich Advertising that isn't in Goodrich Tires

The tread of a Goodrich Tire, instead of being a separate piece or part, is actually the outside of the tire.

It is *of* the tire—not merely put *on* it.

This is one reason why the thick, tough Goodrich tread does not peel or strip.

Unit molding is the great principle of construction in Goodrich Tires. It was the way we made the first American clincher tire, sixteen years ago. We have never changed the method, because it is a principle proven over and over in our forty-three years of successful rubber manufacturing.

The whole Goodrich Tire—layers of rubber-impregnated fabric, strips of pure rubber, extra strips thickening and reinforcing the sides and eliminating chances for rim injury, beads and thick, tough tread—is converted into a single, strong, lively, integral structure—a *unit*.

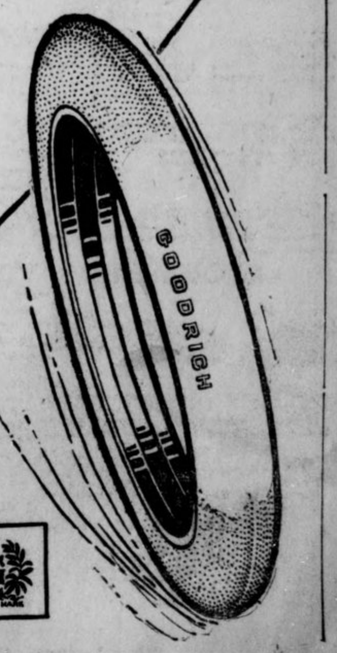
No weak places—no dead spots because of over vulcanizing.

The result is long, satisfactory, uniform service and wear.

We'll send you free our folders telling you how to get the most service from your tires.

Your tire dealer will supply you with whatever style of Goodrich Tire is best for your needs. They are all the same *kind and quality*.

The B. F. Goodrich Co
ATLANTA BRANCH.
25 Houston Street.
Factories: Akron, Ohio. Branches and Service Stations in All Principal Cities. Dealers Everywhere.



Write for Goodrich Route Book covering the auto tour you select. These books are sent free on request.

FORTIFIED HILLS



Where your best interests are protected in buying a Home!

FROM now until a limited number of residence lots have been sold we will offer to the investing public and home-seeking citizen a location that has been carefully nursed, improved and perfected.

When We Claim It To Be Perfected, We Mean It

Every feature of this Great Park has been built up at enormous cost, for the pleasure and convenience of its patrons. A direct route over Bellwood Avenue viaduct just completed. Cherted roads all the way out. Within twelve minutes to the heart of the City. Car service every few minutes.

Fortified Hills Is a City in Its Own Right--- Churches, School, Parks, City Water and Electric Lights

Beautiful stone houses now adorn some of the best locations. Artistic bungalows are scattered throughout.

The present idea of the owner is to place on the market a limited number of these home sites. We do not expect to sell all of them. There are almost a thousand, but by selling a few hundred of them, and building for you if necessary, we expect to greatly increase the value of the remaining.

In other words, your opportunity to buy is NOW. Not long from now you will be paying double the price and on payments not near so easy.

We Offer You the Opportunity to Buy On Terms of One-Tenth Cash and the Balance Scattered Over a Period of 6 or 7 Years

The deferred payments to be divided into quarterly installments. For example, you pay $100 cash and 24 quarterly payments at 7% interest, every third month, which means 6 years to pay. That's time and plenty of it.

Anyone can buy on these terms. It represents the ideal savings bank plan, possibly better, as your property is always increasing in value.

Call at our office for plat and beautifully illustrated booklet. It shows the class of houses already built, and shows every lot sold in the Park. Also the number, size, price and exact location of those unsold.

Go out and look this property over---select your lot and come to our office and let us talk business. Captain Mills at the local office, on the premises, will be glad to assist you.

Take the RIVER CAR line at MARIETTA and FORSYTH Streets and get off at EVELYN PLACE--- it's only ten minutes ride.

TURMAN, BLACK & CALHOUN

SECOND FLOOR, EMPIRE BUILDING

HEARST'S SUNDAY AMERICAN

Society and Foreign News

ATLANTA, GA., SUNDAY, MAY 4, 1913.

SOCIETY



By POLLY PEACHTREE

WHO is Polly Peachtree? Now isn't that a nice question for me to ask myself, for I know perfectly well who I am, although I have been told during the past ten days that certain other people, who were in no way connected with The Sunday American, were claiming the authorship of this column—poor as it is! I may not tell you to-day who Polly Peachtree really is—but I may tell you next week. And if I do, it may be necessary to publish the names of some persons who have been taking credit that does not belong to them, by claiming to be—me!

* * *

IT was a sleepy week. There was not much doing in social affairs. Everybody was tired out with the opera. Everybody was glad that the great musical festival was over, and yet everybody is looking forward to next year's season of opera with a keen appreciation of good things to come.

Many letters have been received by society people from the singers since they departed from Atlanta thanking them for the many courtesies extended. I have one from Caruso that fairly bubbles over with English, French and Italian humor, and inimitable pen sketches made by Caruso himself.

* * *

WITH a week in which to recuperate from the physical weariness that bore upon us heavily for a few days after the excitement and inspiration of the music and the brilliance of opera week had passed, we are beginning to notice that spring has come, and to begin plans for another phase of social activity. With the May opening at the Driving Club, we begin to wear our "really, truly," summer togs (lacy blouses, rose-trimmed hats and slippers). The summer season is then officially opened and Atlanta society entered upon that long, delightful, do-as-you-please time, which comes to an end with the first of the debut parties in late November or December.

I have noted many of the smart young women of the city on the streets, these past few sunny mornings and most of them slipped into a millinery shop and purchased a hat with flowers on it. We have not had much spring-time weather, this year, and the Driving Club opening next week comes rather early, but I predict that many summer gowns and hats will grace the occasion.

* * *

SPRING will be welcomed with out-of-door sports, and though we hate no big race meets, or coaching parties, or Hunt Clubs, we will enjoy horseback riding, tennis and golf. I seem to recall that a Hunt Club was formed here some time ago, and ambitious plans formulated, but as nothing has been heard of the club since that first announcement, I suppose it has died for lack of suitable exercise.

Some one told me that a cross-country ride was to be enjoyed yesterday afternoon, by a number of the younger riders. As it was dated to commence about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, out on Peachtree Road I did not investigate it personally but I am sure the affair was a success. Some splendid riders are numbered in Atlanta's smart set.

Miss Mary Allgood Jones, the girl-wonder in riding, will be missed this season as she is abroad. Miss Charles Owens is a blue-ribbon rider who will be lost to us soon, as she is to wed a New York man in June. Mrs. John Hill is a fine rider, and other good riders are Margaret McKee, Helen Jones, Aurelia Speer, Margaret Northern, May Atkinson, and Josephine Windle the last named, an English girl who rides like an English girl.

* * *

THE summer regime of the Atlanta society girl is a healthy one. With golf and tennis at the country clubs, in the early morning, swimming in the late afternoon and just enough dancing in the evening to finish up the day pleasantly, the summer brings roses and a store of health for the more formal in-door season. I am afraid that Atlanta will not have as many representatives at the golf tournament in Memphis next week as was hoped for. Mrs. George Harrington, who was a "star player" and the organizer of the Woman's Southern Golf Association, has not practiced much this year and tells me she will not take part in the tournament. Alexa Stirling, who is regarded as the best girl player in the South, has neglected her practice this winter for the violin, of which she is very fond. The tournament was played here last year, and was much enjoyed by the on-lookers, as well as by those taking part. I hope Atlanta will send a good delegation, as the golf players of Atlanta are equalled by those of few Southern cities, none perhaps, except New Orleans, Nashville and Memphis.

* * *

SPEAKING of golf, I am reminded of a paragraph in a New York paper which told of the installation of an electric system over a country club golf links, so that the game can be played in the evening. I do not think much of this innovation. Golf is all right for the daytime and in its place; but I do not think the evening should be devoted to a strenuous game, played on an extensive dark plot; the gloom of which can only be brightened in spots to render other places, darker. It's a dangerous precedent, for the game of golf may, under such circumstances slip most readily into a game of love—to say nothing of the possibility of more material slips which would result in broken shins and noses instead of broken hearts. Besides, what time would be left for turkey-trotting, if the evening as well as the morning of one's day was taken up with golf?

* * *

BEFORE we leave the subject of golf, I simply must publish a little poem I received last week. The poem was accompanied by a letter from a well-known northside girl, who gave the information that it was inspired by her respected parent's efforts on the green out at the Country Club. I will not tell you her name, but undoubtedly there are many of you who will recognize the work of this talented young lady.

"When father plays at golf he dons
A very fancy suit,
His shoes are strictly up-to-date,
His stock-bag is a beaut;
When father goes out on the links
The ladies almost faint,
You think he is an expert, but
You soon find out he ain't.

"He starts out with a pleasant smile,
And "I'm the candy" grin,
It's carelessly he grabs a stick
When ready to begin.
He swings his driver at the ball,
Earth spurts up in the air;
He digs around a few times more,
And then he starts to swear.

"At ev'ry hole he stops a while
And registers some kicks;
One trip around the links and he
Has broken sev'ral sticks.
He thinks he's getting better an
His caddy, wise though small,
Declares he is—oh, not at golf—
At swearing at the ball."

* * *

"DID you notice that woman who has just passed?" asked one fair drinker of tea, on the terrace of the Piedmont Club the other day, as a couple sauntered by." "The one, with the gray hat, the white feather, the red velvet rose, the mauve jacket, the black skirt, and the lavender spats?" queried her vis-avis.

"Yes."

"Not particularly."

* * *

THERE is no perfect woman; isn't that lucky! Even the suffragettes are not proof against a womanlike retaliation to the gibes offered them by the boorish Washington public at their parade during the Inaugural. An Atlanta man told me, soon after his return from Washington that among the insults hurled at these women, the "most unkindest cut of all" was that of a howling dervish standing near him, who taunted the riders as they passed with a remark about coming out to see 'chickens' and being compelled to gaze at 'old hens.' I agreed with him, and so, presumably, did the suffragettes,—strong minded women though they are. The beauty parade in New York yesterday was a fine answer to that "horrid man." I hope however, that he received a more immediate reply from lovely Inez Milholland's whip as she passed him in the Washington parade!

* * *

I MUST tell you what I heard while lunching at a Ponce de Leon Avenue home last week.

The little daughter of the hostess—we will call her Elizabeth—had been instructed before luncheon began not to speak at the table except when asked a question. Mrs. —— made this instruction very explicit, and little Elizabeth promised to obey.

During the luncheon no attention was paid to the little girl. She grew very restless and found it very hard to sit still so long without speaking. Finally, she looked at her mother and asked:

"Mother, when are you going to begin asking me questions?"

After that Elizabeth prattled to her heart's content.

* * *

GOVERNOR-ELECT AND MRS. SLATON have moved out to their country place, a beautiful residence on the Peachtree Road. They will be there until the opening of the General Assembly when they come into the city, and throughout the session the Governor and Mrs. Slaton will be at home at the Executive Mansion. I am sure everybody is proud of Georgia's new first lady, who shares the attention and interest in the public mind with her distinguished husband. The Slatons have taken an active part in social life this year, which will by no means be discontinued with their change of residence. The handsome home on Peachtree Road is only about two years old, last season being the first in which Mrs. Slaton entertained there, in the happy, informal summer-time way, with garden parties, midday luncheons and afternoon teas. The official position of Governor Slaton will change their plans this year somewhat, though no definite arrangements have been made. The Governor was averse to moving out on Friday (who would have thought it!), so they have just gotten in for the week-end.

* * *

THEY say that "necessity is the mother of invention," but the necessities of a certain handsome male turkey trotter made him the father of a new one that I saw at the Piedmont Driving Club the other night.

This popular dancer appeared with dancing pumps which had been fitted with thin rubber patches on the soles. As a result of this certain grip on the dancing floor, he executed some steps that would have been impossible otherwise and which excited the envy of his less thoughtful friends.

* * *

MRS. MARSHALL JOHNSTON, of Macon, was a grand opera visitor here and remained over a few days afterward as the guest of Mrs. Richard Johnston. I have heard that Mrs. Johnston plans to visit her daughter, Mrs. DeLancey Kountze, in New York in the spring. Later she may probably go abroad as she did last year. Mrs. Kountze, I note, has figured more prominently in the social chronicles of the East this season than in some time. As Martha Johnston, she was one of Georgia's prettiest girls. After two seasons in New York and at Newport, under the chaperonage of her cousin, Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., Martha Johnston married DeLancey Kountze, and has since been a very popular young matron.

For several years she was not in good health, and was in mourning, once or twice, which interfered with her social life. Now the two little girls of Mrs. Kountze are getting older and the devoted mother feels more free to indulge in social pleasures.

The Kountze children took part the past winter in some recent brilliant tableaux sponsored by Mrs. George Gould, and in which Gloria and Edith Gould also posed. A recent photograph of Mrs. DeLancey Kountze shows that she is even prettier than when she was a bridesmaid at the wedding of her cousin, May Goelet, to the Duke of Roxburghe. In this new picture, the two little girls stand by their mother and reveal the same piquant, dark style of beauty which made the former Martha Johnston famous as the "Southern beauty" in New York and Newport before her marriage.

* * *

WHETHER it was the approach of summer or whether it was the idea that the dictates of fashion called for it, I do not know; but a decollette gown that I saw at the dance given at the Piedmont Driving Club last evening recalled to me the following lines, which may be labeled, "An Irreducible Minimum:"

I've little sympathy, I must confess,
With the opinion many men express,
That woman is extravagant in dress—
I do not see how she could do with less!

* * *

PLANS for the summer form the chief topic of conversation at the informal parties of the times. I hear that Miss Leone Ladson and her sister, Mrs. Frank Adair, have planned a most delightful summer abroad. They expect to sail from New York on the Berlin, which leaves May 10 for Naples. Upon landing they will be joined by Mrs. Leonora Pace Owsley, of Atlanta, who has spent the past year in Paris. Mrs. Owsley lived several years in Vienna and has a delightful acquaintance abroad. The trio will tour Italy, Switzerland and Germany, and in June they go to England, where they will be joined by Mr. Frank Adair and his uncle, Mr. George Adair. A motor tour through England and a summer visit to French watering places, with a stay in Paris will conclude the summer, the party returning the last of July.

* * *

ABOUT the time Mrs. Adair and Miss Ladson return Miss Nell Waldo and Miss Sarah Lee Evans will be on the waters bound for Liverpool. They will be chaperoned by Mrs. Frank Logan, sailing some time in June—about the 26th. I think Mrs. Logan will take a party of ten young women, and in this party will be Misses Rena and Nancy Clark, of North Carolina, who are at present guests of Miss Waldo, in Atlanta. They will make a tour of the principal countries of Europe.

* * *

MRS. GEORGE M. PULLMAN, of Chicago, who visited Mrs. Henry Bankhead here a few years ago, and was extensively entertained by Atlanta people, is to spend the summer abroad. Usually Mrs. Bankhead and her children join Mrs. Pullman at the summer home of the latter and remain through the season. Mrs. Pullman suffered an injury some time ago from falling down an elevator shaft in her magnificent home, one of the show residences of Chicago. Since then she has not taken as prominent a part in society as formerly, though she is recovering from her injuries. She is now at Hot Springs and news of her plans for the summer were sent to Mrs. Bankhead here. She sails soon for Europe and will spend most of May and all of June at Aix-les-Bains, that most delightful garden spot in the mountains of Southwest France.

* * *

AS for going abroad this summer, it really seems that everybody is doing it; so, just another paragraph on the subject, and I turn to other things.

Much disappointment was felt last week when it was learned that Mrs. John Miller Horton, of New York, had cancelled her visit here at the last moment on account of pressing duties. Mrs. Horton was to have been the guest of Mrs. William Lawson Peel, but found it impossible to come. She will sail from New York on the Hamburg-American liner, Imperator, June 7, for Berlin to be the guest of Mrs. Alexander Thackara, wife of the American consul-general in Berlin. Mrs. Horton will attend the peace conference at The Hague and will be an honor-guest at the unveiling of the new peace palace, built with funds contributed by Mr. Carnegie. Mrs. Horton is a very clever capable and charming woman and has many warm friends in Atlanta.

* * *

I WILL not say who was the most popular debutante of this past season, but you know as well as I do that Helen Dargan was simply surfeited with parties when she "came out." Miss Dargan has been away for some time, and when she came home this week, brought a visitor with her. Consequently, nearly all the social activity of the week centered around these two young girls.

Among the many affairs at which Miss Dargan was a guest during her New York visit one of the most brilliant was a costume ball, given by Miss Frances Rowland, a New York girl who often visits her kinspeople, the Forrest Adairs, on Druid Hills. When I tell you what Miss Dargan wore, you will agree with the several hundred guests, who conceded her to be the most charming of the many veiled beauties present.

Miss Dargan was a veiled beauty sure enough, for she wore with her Turkish costume a veritable Harem veil of filmy white stuff which partially obscured her glittering costume. The costume was Turkish from top to toe. The skirt of burnt-orange, veiled in black net which was richly encrusted with gold embroidery, a blouse of black chiffon, opening to show vest of gold; small Turkish slippers, the toes glittering with rhinestones, and a bright-hued Persian scarf wound around her smooth, blonde head, made a costume of alluring beauty which set off the extreme chic of this charming Atlanta girl. Miss Rowland represented Folly at the ball, wearing a white tarleton costume with spangled skirt, red slippers and red pompons on her cap. After a stay with Miss Rowland Miss Dargan later visited Miss Ruth Dilson, on Riverside Drive.

* * *

THE college girls will be coming home soon, and then, we will have some fun! All sorts of jolly morning parties, afternoon and early evening dances, and so-forth, will enliven the social calendar. Meanwhile, I know everyone will be interested in what some of these girls are doing in the way of winning honors fo Atlanta.

At Brenau, last week, pretty Mary Disbro, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Disbro, was voted the prettiest girl in the college. Atlanta's reputation for beauty will be ably sustained, you see, by the future debutantes. Miss Disbro has a winsome manner and a charming personality which enhances her beauty, and has made her one of the most popular girls at Brenau.

MRS. ROBERT MADDOX, A leading Atlanta hostess, whose beautiful home, "Woodhaven," on the Pace's Ferry Road, has been the scene of some of the most delightful entertaining of the season. Mrs. Maddox is a beautiful woman, noted equally for her social charm and for her gracious interest and activity in all matters of civic and charitable work. She has several handsome sons, and is a most devoted mother.

SOCIETY





McWhorter-Davison

MR. AND MRS. JAMES VASON M'WHORTER, of Woodville, announce the engagement of their daughter, Coraleta, to Charles Julian Davison, the marriage to take place on Thursday evening, June 19, at the Baptist Church in Woodville.

Barnes-Foster

MR. AND MRS. W. R. BARNES announce the engagement of their daughter, Layona Glenn, to Walter Price Foster. The wedding to take place early in June.

Beach-Clark

MR. AND MRS. SEPTIMUS M. BEACH, of Beachton, have announced the engagement of their daughter, Grace Elizabeth, to Dr. George Townsend Clark, of Bainbridge. The marriage will take place on Wednesday evening, June 11, at the residence of the bride's parents.

Mobley-Redwine

MR. THOMAS J. MOBLEY announces the engagement of his daughter, Pearl, to Isaac Franklin Redwine, the wedding to take place Wednesday, June 25, at the home of the bride's father on Capitol Avenue.

Sandiford-Cagle

MR. AND MRS. WILLIAM JAMES HARRIS announce the engagement of their daughter, Harriet Estelle Sandiford, to William Joseph Cagle, of Newnan, Ga., the wedding to take place in May.

Friedman-Wasser

MR. AND MRS. SAM A. FRIEDMAN, of Pensacola, Fla., announce the engagement of their daughter, Lillian, to Arthur Wasser, of Atlanta, the wedding to take place in the early fall.

Riley-Crump

MR. AND MRS. J. B. RILEY, of Macon, announce the engagement of their daughter, Jennie, to John Davis Crump, the wedding to take place in June.

Bostwick-Kerr.

MR. AND MRS. JOHN BOSTWICK, of Bostwick, Ga., announce the engagement of their daughter, Magnolia, to James Edwin Kerr, of Atlanta, the wedding to take place June 19.

Myers-Schley

MR. AND MRS. J. F. COOPER MYERS announce the engagement of their daughter, Carolyne Cooper, to Richard Larcombe Schley, the wedding to take place in the fall. The bride is one of the most popular young women in Savannah.

Dane-Cubbedge

MR. GEORGE H. DANE announces the engagement of his daughter, Ruth Simons, to Edwin W. Cubbedge, Jr., the wedding to take place June 10 at St. John's Episcopal Church, Savannah. Miss Dane is one of the most popular young women in the younger social set of Savannah.

Peacock-Bailey

DR. AND MRS. W. F. PEACOCK, of Vidalia, announce the engagement of their daughter, Elene Louise, to Ernest Herbert Bailey. The wedding will take place early in June.

Stacy-Gould

MRS. MARY STACY, of Savannah, announces the engagement of her daughter, Carrie Palmer, to Richard Abbott Gould. The marriage will take place in June.

Parker-Josey

MR. AND MRS. JOHN E. PARKER, of Millen, announce the engagement of their daughter, Clara Clifford, to Charles Josey, of Bartow. The wedding will take place in the Millen Baptist Church in the early summer.

Darly-Murchison

MR. AND MRS. W. L. DARLY, of Vidalia, announce the engagement of their daughter, Ola, to Howard K. Murchison, of Dublin. The wedding will take place at home early in June.

Coffee-Poller

MRS. J. A. COFEE announces the approaching marriage of her daughter, Eugenia Brown, to Dr. Alpnons Raimond Poller, of Vienna, Austria. The marriage to take place in Vienna, Austria, this month. No cards. Miss Coffee sails Saturday for Europe, where she is to be married upon her arrival in Vienna.

Roberts-Mabry

MRS. M. J. ROBERTS announces the engagement of her daughter, Lenora, to Dr. Robert Hugh Mabry. The wedding will take place on Thursday evening, May 15. No cards.

The WORLD of SOCIETY

LOOKING forward to what the spring and summer months have for society's interest, there seems little to bring the fashionables together except the weddings, all other events being incident to the country club affairs, most of which are impromptu and generally informal at this time of the year. With these affairs and the small parties for the visitors, the calendar is filled. The post-Lenten season really closed formally when the Metropolitan Opera Company made its last bow before a large and fashionable assembly. There were some interesting events last week, however, chief among these being the Payne-Hopkins wedding.

Society is now much interested in the announcements and plans of coming nuptials, most of these being scheduled for the month of June. Several notable engagements have been announced recently, and the girls who are to be brides in the month of roses are busy with plans and trousseaus for that time.

• • •

Of particular interest here will be the marriage of Miss Laura Boyd, of Savannah, to Dr. William F. Shallenberger, of Atlanta. Miss Boyd is a belle and beauty of the States and has often visited here. Dr. Shallenberger has been one of the most popular young bachelors of Atlanta, and his many friends are very much interested in his wedding. Miss Boyd has chosen June 7 for her wedding day, the ceremony to be performed at the First Presbyterian Church in Savannah, at 8 o'clock, in the evening. Two young girls to act as flower-girls will be Misses Beverly Trosdale, of Savannah, and Elise Marie Lackey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Benton Lackey, of Yonkers, N. Y. Mrs. E. E. Trosdale, who is the bride's sister, will be matron of honor and I. B. Shallenberger, of Latrobe, Pa., will act as best man for his brother.

The group of bridesmaids will include: Misses Frances Shallenberger, sister of the groom; Ella May Thornton, of Atlanta; Deborah Adams, of Savannah, and Mrs. John Cabell, a bride of April, who was Miss Anna Bell.

The groomsmen will be: Dr. H. Q. Fletcher, Chattanooga, Hal Hentz, Atlanta; Walter Read Boyd, Savannah. The bride will be given in marriage by her brother, Dr. Montague Boyd, of Atlanta. The bridal party will be entertained at a buffet supper at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Montague Boyd. The bride will be a charming acquisition to Atlanta.

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A WEDDING at St. Marks Church on June 11 will be that of Miss Fanny Cook, daughter of Joseph S. Cook, to Frank Graham Williams. Dr. Hewlett will officiate, at 8 o'clock, and there will be a group of attendants to add to the bridal picture.

Miss Marguerite Bratton will be maid of honor, and Mark Williams, best man. Misses Amelia Whitaker and Fanny Turner will be bridesmaids. The bridal couple have a pretty new home which has just been completed on West Tenth Street.

Miss Charles Owens, Miss Muriel Hall and Miss Courtney Harrison are June brides-elect who have not completed their plans yet. Each of these weddings will be of much social interest.

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The announcement of the engagement of Miss Ruth Tribble, of Athens, to Samuel Dick, of Atlanta, adds an interesting wedding to the June series. Miss Tribble is a daughter of Congressman Tribble and spent the past winter in Washington, D. C., where she made her debut. The wedding will take place on June 19, and a large delegation from Atlanta will go to Athens for the event.

Miss Marie McIntyre, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. I. McIntyre, of West End, will be married to John Irvin Scott, of Decatur, on June 4. Her wedding plans are in abeyance, on account of her recent illness, from which she is now recovering.

• • •

The engagement, announced in The Georgian this week of Miss Bessie Sherard, of Crozet, Va., and Dr. Theron Rice, of Richmond, but a former Atlantan, was received with much interest. During the several years' residence of Dr. Rice in Atlanta, when he served as pastor of the Central Presbyterian Church, he was a very popular bachelor, and his home, presided over by his sister, was a hospitable menage. Miss Sherard and Dr. Rice will be married on May 28 at the home of the bride's father, who is a minister at Crozet, Va. They will live in Richmond.

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The marriage of Miss Helen Hare, of Uvalde, Texas, to Mr. Dan Carey, of Atlanta, will take place on May 15, at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hare. The affair will be a day ceremony, Miss Hare having selected half after two o'clock in the afternoon as the time. The only attendants will be the bride's sister, Miss Madie Hare, as maid of honor, and Mr. Paul Carey, of Atlanta, as his brother's best man.

The bridal trip will last for several weeks, Mr. Carey and his bride to be at home in Atlanta after June 5. Their many friends are much interested in the forthcoming ceremony. Miss Hare is well known here through her visits to Miss Penelope Clarke.

• • •

A MOST interesting event of the month will be the presentation of "The Importance of Being in Earnest," by the Players Club. It will be the first play given this year by the club, which is composed of a number of well-known society people. The new play is an Oscar Wilde comedy, and somewhat similar to the first play given by the club after organization, which was one of the most successful ever given. Modern comedy is of especial interest and most suited for a production by society amateurs, because their strongest appeal comes through individuality and personal charm. The Wilde comedy was chosen well, and is sure to please the public, because the young women can wear their own French gowns and appear as themselves.

The cast will include some of the talented members who have appeared before and also many new ones.

Miss Hildreth Burton-Smith will make her dramatic debut, in the ingenue role of a lovely English girl. The part will suit her to perfection, as her type of beauty is characteristic of the English girl of aristocratic lineage. She will wear some exquisite gowns, and will add another notable success to the ingenue roles which have been created by Atlanta girls in previous plays.

Mrs. John Marshall Slaton, a graceful and charming woman, with an exceptional histrionic ability which has been displayed in previous plays, is cast for an important role in the new play. Mrs. William B. Owens, who is handsome and clever, and has a beautiful singing and speaking voice, has a good role. Mrs. Henry Bernard Scott is a new member who appears for the first time in the Wilde comedy. All of these women wear distinctive gowns and will be beautifully costumed for the evening.

Lamar Hill, who covered himself with glory in a previous performance of the Players Club, will appear in the forthcoming production, as will Hamilton Douglas, whose work in comedy roles has made him a recognized star of the Players Club. Several other men will appear, the men's roles not being all assigned as yet.

The rehearsals are going on at the Georgian Terrace, and the play will be given the latter part of May at one of the leading theaters.

Mrs. Thomas B. Felder is the charming and capable president of the club and is sparing no trouble to make the first production under her regime a great success.

At all of these Players Club performances a brilliant society audience gathers. All over the house the handsomest evening toilettes are displayed, and the boxes are filled with parties. After the performance the members of the cast and the Players Club, with their friends, gather at one of the social clubs, either the Capital City, or the Driving Club, for a brilliant supper party, when toasts are drunk, and an occasion similar to the grand opera affairs are enjoyed.

• • •

One of the largest afternoon teas of the week for the young contingent was given yesterday afternoon at the Driving Club by Miss Helen Jones. The guest of honor was Miss Helen Barnes, of Macon, who is with Miss Margaret Northen. The young women sat at small tables on the terrace, each table having an arrangement of flowers as a decoration.

Miss Jones entertained at the tea following guests:

Misses Helen Barnes, Margaret Northen, Kathryn Gordon, Sarah and Laura Cowles, Clifford West, Harriet Calhoun, Carolyn King, Nellie Kiser Stewart, Irene Austin, Margaret Wright, Caroline Muse, Elizabeth and Edith Dunson, Helen and Mary Hawkins, Penelope Clarke, Louise Collins of New York, Adrienne Battey, Emily Winship, Aurelia Speer, Nancy Hill Hopkins, Annie Laurie Robinson, Helen Thorn, Agnes and Courtney Harrison, Laura Lee Cooney, Jennie D. Harris, Martha Francis, Cobbie Vaughan, Mrs. John J. Woodside, Jr., Mrs. Marshall McKenzie, Mrs. John DuPree, Mrs. Robert Woodruff and Mrs. Ben Simms.

Miss Martha Ryder

who was a bridesmaid at the Garrett-DeWees wedding in Columbus, which was a recent event, and the most brilliantly celebrated wedding of the season there. The picture shows her in the bridesmaid costume. She is an unusually pretty young woman of the blonde type, and is a former Columbus girl. Miss Ryder was recently elected to an official position in the local Phi Mu Alumnae Association.



SOCIAL DOINGS OF THE WEEK

THE Druid Hills residence of Mr. and Mrs John Bedney Hightower was the scene of a pretty wedding yesterday afternoon when Miss Sarah Frances Hightower and Gustave Beauregard Sisson were married. On account of illness in the bride's family, the marriage was quietly observed, the ceremony being witnessed only by the immediate relatives of the bride and groom.

The young couple were attended by the bride's sister, Miss Elizabeth Hightower, as maid of honor, Miss Allie Candler, as bridesmaid, and Charles A. Sisson as best man. Dean C. T. A. Pise, of St. Phillips Cathedral, officiated.

The house was decorated with quantities of pink and sweet peas, pink peonies and pink roses. Smilax formed a mural decoration, and palms were grouped throughout the apartments. The bridal party stood for the ceremony before a bank of palms, in the drawing room, where vases of pink and white sweet peas adorned the mantle.

The bride wore a smart traveling costume of tan cloth, with embroidered collar and cuffs, and a blouse of white chiffon and lace. Her becoming hat of tan straw was adorned with shaded plumes and her corsage bouquet was of orchids and valley lilies.

The bridesmaids wore white cloth suits and white Panama hats and carried pink roses. Mrs. Sisson, the groom's mother, wore black brocade silk, with trimmings of point lace, and a black toque bordered in jet. Miss Caroline Sisson wore gray silk with collar and cuffs of lace and hat of blue straw.

Mr. Sisson and his bride left during the afternoon for Detroit and will then visit Niagara Falls, Buffalo and New York, sailing from there to Savannah. On their return, they will be at home in an apartment on Piedmont Avenue, where they will keep house.

• • •

TWENTY-FIVE girls were guests of Mrs. Hugh Lokey on Tuesday afternoon when she entertained informally at tea in honor of her guest, Miss Elizabeth Winn, of Richmond, Va.

Spring-like decoration of wild flowers prevailed throughout the house, great branches of dogwood blossoms and wild azaleas being used in the drawing room, where the guests were received. Vases of lilies adorned the mantle in the hall, and in the dining room a color scheme of pink and white was carried out in elaborate detail. A plateau of pink peonies and yellow daisies formed the centerpiece and grouped around this were silver compotes of yellow mints and bonbons. The silver candlesticks held pink unshaded tapers and pink tapers stood on the buffet, serving table and cabinets.

Mrs. Lokey was a charming hostess, wearing wistaria colored charmeuse satin, combined with shadow lace. Miss Winn wore white crepe de chine, embroidered and trimmed in lace.

Assisting the hostess were Mrs. Samuel D. Hewlett, Mrs. Frank Boland, Mrs. Philip Alston and Mrs. Kemp Slaughter.

Among the smartest costumes worn were that of Miss Kathryn Gordon, who had on a chic little coat of white cloth with a skirt of black charmeuse, her black hat trimmed with two white aigrettes placed at right angle to each other.

Miss Helen Barnes, of Macon, was handsome in black and white silk with a rose-colored hat.

Miss Emily Winship wore a black charmeuse with the soft plaiting of white silk crepe around the neck, and her hat was all black.

Miss Lula Dean Jones' afternoon frock was of acid-blue silk serge, with embroidery in the Oriental colors.

Miss Frances Connally wore a heliotrope crepe meteor with a hat of the same tone with flowers shading from lavender to the dark purple and faced with rose-colored crepe.

Miss Esther Smith's soft chiffon gown was the hyacinth blue and simply made, her hat was trimmed in lavender plumes.

Mrs. William Schroeder looked lovely in a new-blue chiffon over self-tone satin, her hat was wreathed in pastel roses.

Mrs. Philip Alston was most becomingly gowned in a black chiffon and charmeuse gown on which was introduced a touch of turquoise blue, and her leghorn hat was trimmed with blue velvet ribbon and one pink rose.

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MRS. SAMUEL STUART WALLACE gave a bridge party Tuesday afternoon for Misses Nancy and Rena Clarke, of Tarboro, N. C., who are the guests of Miss Nell Waldo and Mrs. Charles Andrews in Druid Hills. friends were entertained.

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Mr. and Mrs. Howard McCall gave an informal bridge party Tuesday evening for Mrs. Oscar Johnson, of Charleston, S. C., who was the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Delos Hill for two weeks. Mrs. Johnson had many parties given in her honor during her visit here. She returned home on Wednesday.

• • •

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Bloeser gave a beautiful dinner Tuesday evening at their new home on Myrtle Street in compliment to Mr. and Mrs. Paul Block, of New York. Their guests were Mr. and Mrs. Block and Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Candler Dobbs.

• • •

Miss Margaret Northen entertained at a box party at the Forsyth Tuesday afternoon for her guest, Miss Helen Barnes, of Macon.

The guests included Miss Barnes, Miss Northen, Miss Carolyn King, Miss Virginia Abercrombie, Miss Caroline Muse and Miss Emily Winship.

• • •

MISS FRANKIE M'CRORY entertained at a box party at the Forsyth Monday afternoon in honor of Miss Lucile Landis, of Nashville, Tenn. Her guests were: Miss Landis, Miss Laura Graves, of New York; Miss Theodosia Willingham, Miss Emmie Willingham and Miss Katie Sturdivant.

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Miss Louise Watts was hostess at an informal tea Monday afternoon in compliment to Misses Nancy and Rena Clarke, of Tarboro, N. C., who are the guests of Miss Nell Waldo.

On the tea table was an attractive arrangement of pink roses, and vases of spring flowers adorned the mantles and cabinets in the living and reception rooms.

Miss Watts' guests included a number of visitors and their hostesses: Miss Emily Groover, of Columbus, and her hostess, Mrs. Kenneth Goode; Misses Nancy and Rena Clarke, of Tarboro, N. C., the guests of Miss Nell Waldo; Miss Roberta Slade, Misses Helen and Emma Taylor, Miss Williford, of Americus, who is visiting Miss Lois Williford; Miss Lucile Landis, of Nashville, who was with Miss Fannie Hinton while here; Mrs. Be Dell, of Opelika, Ala., the guest of Mrs. John Gilmore; Mrs. Edward Miller, of Louisiana, who was the guest of Mrs. J. R. Watts; Mrs. William Meehan, of Nashville, who is with her mother, Mrs. William Nutting.

• • •

Mrs. James Lawson Riley entertained at luncheon Monday in compliment to Miss Nelle Rockwood, Miss Geraldine Jones and Miss Estelle Lake, of Nashville, and to Miss Lillian Hodgson, of Athens, the guests of Mrs. Iverson Graves.

• • •

Mrs. Guilford Dudley, of Nashville, who was greatly admired during her visit to Mrs. Kenneth Ward Smith, has returned home. Among the parties given her was a box party at the Forsyth Monday given by Mr. and Mrs. Smith, the honors being shared by Mrs. Marie Graham, of Chicago, Mrs. Thomas B. Felder's guest.

• • •

MISS WILLIE CALHOUN entertained at auction-bridge on Monday afternoon in compliment to Miss Helen Rowland, of Savannah, who is visiting Mrs. O. C. Drew, Jr., on Fourteenth Street.

Attractive prizes were given for top scores at each table. Miss Calhoun's guests were Mrs. Nash Broyles, Mrs. Clarence May, Mrs. John W. Sommerville, Mrs. E. E. Norris, Mrs. William Claiborne, of Knoxville; Mrs. O. C. Drew, Jr., Mrs. Frank Bethune, Mrs. Allan Schoen, Mrs. Macon Martin, Mrs. Frank D. Holland.

• • •

Little Miss Jennie Johnson celebrated her twelfth birthday on Monday afternoon by inviting a number of her boy and girl friends to play "Up-Jinks" with her. The house was decorated in honeysuckles and Dorothy Perkins roses. William Goldsmith won the boys' prize, a silver knife, John Grant, the consolation, a set of cards, and Miss Leura Bell won a fan, the girls' prize.

• • •

THREE visitors who are being tendered a series of parties were the honor guests at the bridge party given Thursday afternoon by Miss Sara Rawson, when she entertained in honor of Miss Helen Dargan's guest, Miss Grace Jones, of Danville, Va., and Mrs. W. C. Humphrey's guest, Miss Robyn Young, of Washington, D. C.

The party was given at Miss Rawson's home, on Peachtree. In the drawing room, where the card tables were placed, the decorations were of wild azaleas and roses, placed on cabinets and tables. A chiffon automobile cap was given to the maker of top score, and for the consolation prize was a French sachet bag. The three honor guests were presented with dainty pieces of handsome lingerie.

Following the game, tea was served in the dining room, where the tea table had for a centerpiece a tall silver vase filled with American Beauty roses, and silver platters held sandwishes and salads. The minor appointments of the table were in pink and white. Twelve girls played bridge and a few others came in for tea.

Miss Rawson is a cordial hostess, and her parties are always greatly enjoyed. For this occasion she wore pale green chiffon, the skirt having draperies of green silk poplin, and the corsage veiled in shadow lace.

Assisting in entertaining was Miss Rawson's sister, Mrs. Clarence Haverty.

• • •

THE handsome Ansley Park residence of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Ellis was the scene of a prety luncheon Thursday when Miss Katherine Ellis entertained for Miss Helen Dargan and her house guest, Miss Ruth Wilson, of New York. The other guests present were: Miss Mary Helen Moody, Annie Lee McKenzie, Jennie D. Harris, Marion Achison and Sara Rawson.

The guests were seated for luncheon at a large round table covered with a Venetian lace cloth, and having as a centerpiece a large silver loving cup filled with pink roses and ferns.

The apartments were decorated with spring flowers, and the affair was characterized by a happy informality.

Miss Ellis was very handsome in a morning gown of blue crepe de chine with Persian sash and hemstitched ruffles.

• • •

Mrs. Luther Rosser, Jr., entertained eight friends at an informal bridge party Thursday morning at her home on the Prado in Ansley Park. The honor guest of the occasion was Miss Helen Barnes, of Macon, who spent the first week with Miss Margaret Northen. The living room where the game was played was attractively decorated with baskets of Killarney roses. Appropriate souvenirs were given for top score at each table.

Mrs. Rosser's guests included Miss Helen Barnes, Miss Margaret Northen, Miss Helen Hawkins, Miss Lula Dean Jones, Miss Emily Winship, Miss Olive Shropshire, and Mrs. Alex Bentley.

• • •

Mrs. H. Y. McCord entertained at luncheon yesterday at her home on Juniper Street in compliment to Miss Marion Roberts, of Utica N. Y., and to Miss Anne Selden, of Washington, who are the guests of Mrs. G. K. Selden.

• • •

Mrs. Arthur Kellogg entertained eight friends at tea at the Driving Club Friday afternoon in honor of Miss Helen Rowland, of Savannah, who is visiting Mrs. C. Clifton Drew, Jr., on West Fourteenth Street.

• • •

Mr. and Mrs. J. Edgar Hunnicutt entertained a party at dinner at the Driving Club last night. Their guests were: Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Speer, Judge and Mrs. Arthur G. Powell, Miss Aimee Hunnicutt, Miss Elizabeth Morgan, Miss Laura Cowles, Madison Bell, Murrey Donnell, and Royston Cabaniss.

• • •

MRS. Henry Troutman entertained at her home on West Peachtree Street Friday afternoon inviting twenty-five girls to meet her guest Miss Lillian Beattey, of Columbus, Ohio, to a "5 o'clock tea."

Wild flowers were used in great quantities for decorating the reception room. A plateau of yellow honeysuckles graced the tea table, where yellow mints and silver candlesticks holding the same colored silk shades completed the decoration.

Miss Anne Patterson presided at the punch table and pouring tea was Mrs. William Akers.

Others assisting in the entertainment of the guests were her mother, Mrs. W. O. Foote. Among the guests were: Miss Marion Fielder, and her guest Miss Cornie Fore, of Charlotte, Miss Hildreth Burton-Smith, and Miss Josephine McClellan, who is with Miss Smith, Miss Helen Thorn, Mrs. George Kersley Selden, and her two visitors, Miss Marion Roberts, of Utica, N. Y., and Miss Anne Selden, of Washington City.

• • •

Monday afternoon Miss Lillian Beattey will share honors with Miss Cornie Fore, the guest of Miss Marion Fielder, at a box party at the Forsyth, Mrs. Hal Miller being the hostess.

Mrs. Alfredo Barill, Jr., entertained her bridge club yesterday afternoon for Miss Beattey.

• • •

Tuesday Mrs. Henry Troutman will be hostess, at a luncheon, in honor of a number of visiting girls who are: Miss Hildreth Burton-Smith's guest, Miss Josephine McClellan, Miss Marion Fielder's visitor, Miss Cornie Fore, and Mrs. G. K. Selden's guests, Miss Marion Roberts, of Utica, N. Y., and Miss Anne Selden, of Washington.

• • •

Mrs. Richard Johnston accompanied Mrs. Marshall Johnston to Macon, after the latter's stay here for grand opera. Mrs. E. J. Cook gave a luncheon Friday, for the visitor in Macon.

• • •

Mrs. Chester Johnson, of Macon, has returned home, after a visit to her brother, Chief Justice William H. Fish, in Atlanta.

• • •

Mrs. Edward T. Brown and her mother, Mrs. H. S. Mitchell, of Norwalk, Ohio, went Thursday to Rose Hill to be the guests of Mrs. James Swift. Miss Marjorie Brown joined them on Saturday, after going to Athens Friday for the Chi Phi dance.

The World of Society

By POLLY PEACHTREE.

THE marriage of Helen Payne to Charles Hopkins, Jr., adds one of the prettiest and most popular girls of the city to the rapidly growing ranks of young matrons. It is a source of pleasure to all the admirers of this young woman that she chose an Atlanta man and will not be lost to the social circles in which she and her older sister have been bright, particular stars since their debut. No prettier girls have ever adorned Atlanta society than Laura and Helen Payne.

Both are petite, blonde, and extremely chic, wearing their exquisite gowns with an individual grace which imparts some of their bewitching personality to the charming French creations in which they are always garbed. The elder sister also married an Atlanta man, Alexander Smith, Jr., a few years ago, and I have heard that a trio of handsome residences will be erected side by side in the beautiful Druid Hills section, for the occupancy of the two young couples and for their parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Carroll Payne.

The newly married couple are spending their honeymoon in the mountains of Virginia, and upon their return to Atlanta will be with Mr. and Mrs. Payne, temporarily. Mr. and Mrs. Alex Smith, Jr., have recently moved into an attractive place on Peachtree, where they will be for some time.

* * *

THE Payne-Hopkins wedding was the most interesting social event of last week, and one of the most important of the early spring series. The guest list was limited, on account of a recent illness of the bride, and all pre-nuptial parties were omitted. The details of the wedding, however, were as elaborate and as beautiful as if a large party had been invited.

The interior of the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Payne, on Peachtree, was transformed into a floral bower. The artistic hangings and decorations of each apartment accorded with the scheme of decoration. The stairway was covered with smilax and the landing banked in palms, great baskets of Easter lilies breaking the monotony of the greenery, with long white ribbons falling to the floor from the newel posts. The reception apartment, a rose and gray room, was adorned with American Beauty roses, and the library, which was the scene of the wedding was in Easter lilies and palms with an arch of pink hydrangeas above the altar. The dining-room where the buffet supper was served, was decorated in pink roses and valley lilies.

* * *

I am sure no prettier bride was ever seen than Miss Payne, in her simply fashioned toilette of white charmeuse and chiffon, with the long, crystal and lace trimmed court train trailing behind her, and a rich veil of lace falling back from her face, which was framed in a Juliette cap of the lace and orange blossoms. The veil was an heirloom and her pearls were also, each having been in the bridal toilette of the bride's grandmother, mother and sister. Her bouquet was of gardenias and lilies. The matron of honor, Mrs. Alex Smith, Jr., wore a fetching French toilette of creamy net and lace over flesh colored charmeuse, her arms full of sweet-peas which reflected the flowered chiffon sash in her pretty gown.

* * *

THE guest list was limited, as I have said, but every woman present, was beautifully costumed, adding to the general beauty of the scene. Mrs. Payne, the hostess of the evening, wore a Paris toilette of brocaded charmeuse in palest pink, with diamonds, and a corsage bouquet of Killarney roses. Mrs. Hopkins, the groom's mother, wore white and black chiffon, with shadow lace corsage and a floral adornment of lavender sweet peas. Miss Nancy Hill Hopkins was in pink charmeuse and pink brocaded velvet, with a corsage of chiffon, and she wore valley lilies as a corsage bouquet.

Among the special friends of the bride, at her table for the buffet supper after the ceremony, was Miss Leone Ladson, gowned in French blue chiffon, over flesh color, with Persian chiffon sash. Miss Mary Atkinson wore white chiffon and lace. Mrs. Frank Adair was a charmingly costumed guest, wearing pale pink chiffon and shadow lace over satin. Mrs. J. L. Dickey, Jr., was in pink satin. Mrs. R. J. Lowry wore gray brocaded charmeuse and point lace, with a diamond necklace and corsage pin. Mrs. Victor Smith was in blue charmeuse. Mrs. Roy Collier wore flesh colored satin and shadow lace. Mrs. Albert Thornton was in white charmeuse with corsage of lace and chiffon spangled in green sequins. Mrs. Clarence Haverty was in white brocaded charmeuse and lace.

* * *

ALTHOUGH June is yet far off, over three weeks, that is to say, we have several brides with us, the girls who were married in May having had their bridal tours and returned home to take their places as "charming members of the young married set." I am alarmed as to the extent that "young married set," will assume if it keeps on growing as in the past two or three years. I feel safe in say that there are more pretty "married girls" in Atlanta than any city of corresponding size in the United States.

A stranger at some of the club dances finds it utterly bewildering to tell the married women from the girls he meets in the breathing spaces between turkey trots. Last week I have noted the return of Mr. and Mrs. John J. Woodside, Jr., from a stay at French Lick and Tate Springs where they spent their honeymoon. They are now with Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Gentry, Mrs. Woodside having been Miss Allene Gentry.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Shelton (Nora Belle Rosser) return on the 6th to New York, thence to Jacksonville by boat, with a short stopover at several towns to visit relatives, en route home.

A cordial welcome to Atlanta awaits Joseph Billups and his bride. Miss Courtney Walthall Ross, one of the most prominent women of Memphis. They are in New York where they went after their marriage about two weeks ago.

Frederick Paxon and his bride will be at home at a residence on Capitol Avenue, upon their return from a month's stay in New York.

One of the early spring brides was lost to Atlanta, when Miss M. A. Phelan married Barry Wright, of Rome. However, she is not far away, and will make frequent visits home.

* * *

IT is the pride of Atlanta hostesses that every visitor who comes here, is sure to come again. The hospitality to the visitor keeps the social life active at all seasons of the year. En passant, I may say that many of our young matrons were gained through visits here and the welcome accorded the visitor. Miss Ruth Wilson, of New York, is a very charming young woman in the city for whom many of the week's parties have been given. She is the guest of Miss Helen Dargan.

Miss Grace Jones, of Danville, Va., has been extensively entertained as the guest of Mrs. Ervin Dickey, who is a former Danville girl.

Miss Robyn Young is a Washington belle who is spending some time here, at the home of her aunt, Mrs. W. C. Humphries. Miss Helen Barnes, of Macon, is a lovely visitor, the guest of Miss Margaret Northern.

Miss Lillian Hodgson, of Athens, Miss Emily Groover, of Columbus, Miss Lucile Landis, of Nashville, Misses Rena and Nancy Clark, of Tarboro, N. C., and Miss Elizabeth Winne, of Richmond, are belles from other cities who are guests in Atlanta, and have been honored with social attentions the past week.

* * *

MR. AND MRS. HARRY HARMAN, JR., are to join the East Lake colony this summer, I have heard. They will occupy the summer home of Mr. and Mrs. Harmon, Sr., who plan to go abroad in June. Their young daughter, Mildred, has been at school in Berlin this year, and they will go there, afterward making a stay at several foreign resorts before returning home.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Witham are going to close up "Bide-a-Wee" for the summer and the cordial "Welcome, Drive In," which is inscribed over the arched gateway of the spacious park surrounding the Witham country home will not be a prelude to the gracious welcome of the cordial hostess, who plans to be in England, France and Germany through the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. John J. Woodside are getting ready to move out to their new summer place on the Peachtree Road. They expect to occupy the bungalow this week. I have seen and admired the charming place, set back from the street, with a lawn which is destined to be most attractive as soon as Mrs. Woodside has had it fixed according to her artistic taste.

* * *

MISS CORA M'CORD BROWN, the Governor's daughter, has been keeping up Atlanta's reputation for athletics at Lucy Cobb. She has won the cup offered by Miss Gerdine in three tennis tournaments, the last of which was played last week. Miss Brown not only takes a leading part in athletics, but is president of her class, and one of its cleverest members. She is to graduate this summer and I hear that soon after her graduation she is to be bridesmaid at a brilliant Augusta wedding. I suppose Miss Brown will be a debutante next winter. She has been very popular with the younger set during her life at the Executive Mansion.

Governor and Mrs. Brown will spend the summer at their place in Marietta.

Miss Emma Jordan, another "Lucy Cobb" girl, has left school temporarily for a trip abroad. (That subject will turn up again, in spite of my best efforts.) Miss Jordan sailed last Saturday with her father, Harvie Jordan, who leads a party sent out by the Government to investigate agricultural conditions in Europe. On account of her father's official position, Miss Jordan will have unusual opportunity for interesting experiences while in the Old World.

Miss Eloise Walker

who makes her home with Mrs. Joseph McCord, her aunt, in Atlanta since her graduation from Wesleyan last year. Miss Walker is a talented musician, and a very pretty young woman. She will be a valuable acquisition to the younger set.



The World of Society

A TABLE decorated to represent a part of old Rome was the unique adornment of the dinner party given last week as a good-bye affair to Mrs. Schmidlatt, of Rome, Italy, by Mr. and Mrs. William H. Conklin. Mrs. Schmidlatt is the mother of Mrs. Conklin and returned to Rome this week after spending the winter here.

The table at which the guests were seated for dinner stood under a bower of roses, twined over a white trellis, through which electric lights sparkled. A miniature lake, bordered in ferns, from which a tiny fountain arose, formed the centerpiece, surrounded by banks of trailing roses, on which stood miniature representations of Roman temples formed of Roman marble. These were given to the guests as souvenirs after dinner.

The guests included Colonel and Mrs. Robert J. Lowry, Mr. and Mrs. Edward H. Ehney, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Adger Smythe, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Smith and Mr. and Mrs. Clark Howell.

* * *

ONE of the pretty informal parties of the week was the tea at which Miss Helen Dargan entertained in honor of her guest, Miss Ruth Wilson, of New York. The tea was given at the Piedmont Driving Club, and the guests were seated at a flower-laden table placed on the balcony at the rear of the ball room, which overlooks Piedmont Park, with its vista of trees and flowers.

Miss Dargan, whose gowns are exceedingly modish, wore a smart toilet, the skirt of old blue Canton crepe, with a broad sash of black. A coat of blue brocade completed the costume, with a hat of black straw adorned with French flowers.

Miss Wilson was charming in black crepe meteor, with sash of black satin, and her hat was adorned with bows of blue ribbon and one large pink rose.

Invited to meet Miss Wilson were Misses Constance Knowles, Annie Lee McKenzie, Mary Helen Moody, Jennie D. Harris, Sara Rawson, Ruth Stallings, Marjorie Brown, Harriet Calhoun, Marion Achison, Katherine Ellis, Margaret Hawkins and Mrs. Ecnols of Virginia.

* * *

MISS AGNES JONES, of Albany, who spent the past few days with Miss Nancy Prince, will be with Miss Mary Butler this week. Miss Jones is a frequent visitor to Atlanta, and is always cordially welcomed.

* * *

A congenial party which will leave early in June for a stay of several weeks at Atlantic Beach, Fla., making the trip in automobiles, will include Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Simmons, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Haverty, Miss Sara Rawson, Miss Annie Lee McKenzie, Mr. Marion Smith and Mr. Milton Dargan, Jr.

* * *

Liberty roses, arranged in a large central basket and surrounded by four smaller baskets of the same flowers, with red-shaded tapers, formed the decorations at an elaborate luncheon given Wednesday by Mrs. Robert J. Lowry at the Piedmont Driving Club. Mrs. Kenneth Morton, of Springfield, Mass., who is spending some time in Atlanta with her brother, E. P. McBurney, was the complimented guest, and ten guests were invited to meet her at this party.

* * *

Miss Margaret McPheeters, of Raleigh, N. C., who has been the guest of her sister, Mrs. Samuel Inman, for some time, is being tendered a series of parties. She will remain several days with her sister.

* * *

A pleasant event of Wednesday evening was the dinner at which Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Candler Dobbs entertained at their home in Inman Park, in compliment to Mr. and Mrs. Paul Block, of New York. The table had an arrangement of pink roses as its centerpiece, and the candle sticks held pink shaded tapers.

Mr. and Mrs. Dobbs' guests were Mr. and Mrs. Paul Block, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Hirsch, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Blosser, Mr. and Mrs. St. Elmo Massengale.

* * *

ON Wednesday afternoon Miss Virginia Crane and Horace Prince Reeves were married at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. S. Crane, on Merritts Avenue.

The house was attractively decorated with palms and ferns and white snowballs. Smilax was festooned about the chandeliers and over the doorways.

The bride wore a becoming traveling suit of midnight blue Bedford cord and a blouse of soft white crepe with a hat of blue hemp to complete her costume. She carried a bouquet of bride's roses and lilies of the valley.

After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Reeves left for a wedding trip East. For several months they will make their home in Chattanooga, returning to Atlanta in the fall.

* * *

Mrs. Marie Graham, of Chicago, who was the guest of Mrs. Thomas B. Felder for a few days last week, returned home Wednesday evening.

FRECKLE-FACE

Sun and Wind Bring Out Ugly Spots. How to Remove Easily.

Here's a chance, Miss Freckle-face, to try a new remedy for freckles with the guarantee of a reliable dealer that it will not cost you a penny unless it removes the freckles; while if it does give you a clear complexion the expense is trifling.

Simply get an ounce of othine—double strength—from Jacobs' Pharmacy and a few applications should show you how easy it is to rid yourself of the homely freckles and get a beautiful complexion. Rarely is more than one ounce needed for the worst case.

Be sure to ask the druggist for the double strength othine, as this is the prescription sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

Housewives Everywhere Buying CREX

The increasing demand from every section shows the great popularity and adaptability of CREX—that wonderful product of nature—a floor covering for all-year service.

Go to your dealer and look at the beautiful rugs, carpets and runners.

Have a rug sent home—you'll be so pleased you'll want to cover all your floors with the same sanitary, refreshing, easy-to-clean, wear-resisting material. It certainly will pay you.

Insist, however, on the original and genuine with the name CREX woven (almost invisibly) in the side binding on rounded edge, as shown in illustration.

CREX is made to satisfy and prices are as low as consistent with highest quality of material and workmanship.

Sold and recommended by best dealers.

Write for "The Story of CREX" and catalogue of numerous patterns in life-like colors.

CREX CARPET COMPANY
Dept. 18 377 Broadway, N. Y.
Originators of Wire-Grass Floor Coverings



Any of these goods direct to you via Parcel Post.

M. RICH & BROS. CO.

Suit Prices Take a *Sharp* Drop

$15 for Any Suit in Stock up to $35 — **$10** for Any Suit in Stock up to $20

To-morrow starts a great outclearing of every wool suit in stock. The two biggest lots are those at $15, formerly $23.50 and $25; and those at $10, formerly $16.75 to $20. Something like 120 suits in the two lots—a quantity in variety great enough to suit almost any woman. Here is the detail:



Suits at $10

include smartly tailored models. Judge of the tailoring and materials by the fact that every coat is messaline silk lined and finished with silk shields. There are all-wool French and storm serges, Bedford cords and novelties. Chiefly in the staple black and blues. One big rack full in sizes for all. Formerly $16.75 to $20.

Suits at $15

Choose here from the fashionable $23.50 and $25 suits in Bulgarian and Russian blouses, straight front and cutaway styles. Serges, Bedford cords, shepherd checks, ratines and novelties. Black, blue, gray, tan, brown, black and white checks, etc. Distinguished styles of individuality and charm. Choice, $15.

Every Other Wool Suit in Stock Reduced

Former prices up to $40, $65, $80, $95
Present prices at $25, $35, $50, $60

Every Silk Dress in Stock Reduced

Former prices up to $59.50, $39.50, $47.50, $60.00
Present prices at $18.75, $24.50, $28.75, $39.50

P. S.--These drastic reductions because we must have room to show the many new arrivals in lingerie dresses and ratine suits for summer.

Ready at 8:30 a. m. (Ready-to-Wear—Second Floor)

Full Burst of the May Silk Clearance
Wanted Silks Close to Half Price

Told you how we got 'em. This is how we sell 'em.

Messalines

79c for $1 black messalines. Yard wide. Our famous "Yellow Edge," the best $1 black messaline in the city.

69c for $1 and $1.25 messaline in warp prints; neat floral patterns, stripes, changeable effects, etc.: 24 and 27 inches.

39c for 50c messalines. Chiefly light colors; 19 inches wide.

Taffetas

59c for $1 chiffon taffetas; soft and pliant; solid colors or changeables; 26 inches.

77c for $1 yard-wide black taffeta. Our famous "Yellow Edge," not to be duplicated under $1.

88c for $1.50 to $2.25 yard-wide chiffon taffetas. In street and evening shades. No black or white.

59c for $1 dress taffetas. Full range of the color card; in solid colors and changeables; 27 inches.

Foulards

All new patterns. First time shown.

33c for 59c foulards, a splendid quality that all the better stores are glad to feature at 59c. 65 pieces.

59c for 85c foulards from the most famous silk manufacturer in America. Spot proof against rain and showers.

69c for $1 foulards. Beautiful patterns in standard qualities. Spot proof.

98c for $1.50 imported French foulard; 42 inches. Black only.

Chiffon Cloths

Included here are all the soft, sheer fabrics now so fashionable. Chiffons and French silk voiles with striped borders; a chiffon overshot with dainty French flowers and solid crepe meteor border; silk voiles in Futurist and impressionistic patterns—the loveliest fabrics that ever artists dreamed or weavers made possible. 44 inches.

$3.50 qualities **$1.39.**
$3.00 qualities **$1.29.**
$2.50 qualities **98c.**

Dress Patterns

With very few exceptions, all our fine imported dress patterns are reduced for this sale. About every style and silk fabric that has been fashionable this season is included.

$6.95; values to $25.
$9.95; values to $35.
$13.95; values to $45.

Miscellaneous

89c for $1.50 striped wash silks. White and colors. 32 inches.

69c for $1 kimono silks with satin surface. Lovely patterns.

$1.19 for $1.50 Tussah crepe de chines, 36 inches wide. Colors.

79c for $1.50 silk and wool crepe. 44 inches wide. Colors.

89c for $1.50 new silk suitings, in neat patterns. 24 inches.

Trimmings: Half Price

Big lots of trimmings in bands, fringes and edges. Bugle, beaded, crystal, chenilles and ribbons, embroidered nets, etc. All at half price. (Silks—Main Floor, Left)

$1 Piques 49c

The Aristocrats of the Cottons.

These popular fabrics in the wide wale Bedford cord styles. Best French quality. In great demand for summer suits, one-piece dresses and skirts. All colors. Choose to-morrow at half price—49c instead of $1.

$1 Linens 69c

Webb's dew bleach linens—a firm white suiting linen for skirts, children's wear, etc. (Main Floor, Left)

39c for 50c to $1 Laces

Shadow, macrame and filet laces. Bands, edges and demi-flouncings. Widths 4 to 18 inches.

59c for $1.50 to $2 Embd.

45-inch Swiss flouncings in eyelet and Baby Irish effects.

69c for $1 to $1.50 Laces

Ratine and Venise bands in white, cream and ecru. 3 to 7 in. (Laces—Main Floor)

Great News for Needleworkers Now Shown for the First Time

Royal Society Package Goods 4,800 Pieces at Half Price

It's a rare privilege to be selected from all the stores in the land to distribute the discontinued patterns of the Royal Society Package Goods.

Each year, you know, the Royal Society Company issues new patterns—a rose takes the place of a carnation; a lover's knot supplants a bowknot; one conventional pattern succeeds another. Not that these new patterns are any prettier; simply that they supply the demand for novelty.

We have been favored with all the accumulated discontinued patterns; to-morrow we begin their distribution at

Just Half the Usual Prices

There are some 4,800 packages in all, including centerpieces, scarfs, pillow tops, work and laundry bags, shirt bags, pin cushions, nightgowns, baby dresses, ladies' shirt waists, drawers and other novelties. Each package contains threads sufficient for working out any piece. Packages

Were 25c, 35c, 40c, 50c, 75c, $1.
Now 12c, 17c, 20c, 25c, 37c, 50c.

(Sale at 8:30—Art Needlework, Main Floor)

Sale of Filmy White Muslinwear

The finer qualities that appeal to women of refined taste.

Gowns, Princess slips, corset covers and combinations. Made of fine nainsooks, prettily trimmed in dainty laces, embroideries and ribbons. Divided in just two lots:

$1.95 values from $2.50 to $3.50. | **$2.98** values from $4.50 to $5.50.

(Muslinwear, Second Floor)

"Ugh!" Said the Moth "I Won't Live There---

"I simply can't live in that atmosphere." Mrs. Moth was referring to the new cedar bags which will protect your garments from dust and insects of all kinds. Sizes from 24x37 inches to 30x70 inches, at 65c to $1.25.

Packing Camphor Sale

Rock camphor, woolen merchants put a chunk or two around in cases—they know it's a sure protection against moths.

10c size **5c.** 20c size **10c.**

M. RICH & BROS. CO. M. RICH & BROS. CO.

SOCIETY



GENERAL AND MRS. ROBERT EVANS, who have a handsome home on I Street in Washington, have been spending the past week in that city. They contributed to the week's social calendar with a dinner party on Monday evening last at their Washington residence.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Owens Howard are at home to their friends in the Rosslyn apartments on Ponce DeLeon Avenue. Mrs. Howard was Miss Josephine Montgomery, of Columbus, before her recent marriage.

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Among the out-of-town guests at the Kyle-Spencer wedding in Columbus this week were Mrs. C. S. Connerat, of Savannah; Mrs. Clifton Drew, Atlanta; Mr. and Mrs. Roff Sims, Atlanta; Mrs. George Candler, of Savannah; Dr. and Mrs. Shorter, of Macon.

* * *

Atlanta girls attending the freshman dance given in Athens recently were Misses Jessie Thompson, Myra Clarke Scott, Evelyn Green, Louise Broyles, Mamie Ansley, Bertha Moore, Miss Stanton, Wycliffe Wurm, Helen Dykes, and Lydia McBride. Mrs. Thompson of Atlanta, and Mrs. Arnold Broyles, of Atlanta; Mrs. C. B. Griffith and Mrs. Tom Vincent chaperoned the dance.

* * *

News has been received that the party with which Mrs. W. P. Pattillo and Miss Mignon McCarty have been traveling for the past three months in Europe, will sail from Liverpool on May 16. Mrs. Pattillo and Miss McCarty will spend a few days in New York before returning home.

* * *

Mrs. John Calvin Peck entertained the Butterfly Club Tuesday afternoon at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Frank Peck. Mrs. Peck's guests were Mrs. H. T. Phillips, Mrs. William Tuller, Mrs. Anthony Murphy, Mrs. John Ryan, Mrs. W. A. Moore, Mrs. J. F. Evins, Mrs. O. M. Healy, Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Venable. Mrs. Anthony Murphy won the prize.

* * *

PRINCE WEBSTER entertained at a bowling party at the Piedmont Driving Club Monday evening in compliment to Miss Josephine McClellan, the guest of Miss Hildreth Burton-Smith. Miss Lula Dean Jones won the prize for top score and Miss McClellan was presented with a rose jar inlaid with mock jewels.

After the game a delicious supper was served in the green room, where pink carnations were artistically arranged in the center of the table.

Mr. Webster's guests included Miss Hildreth Burton-Smith, Miss Josephine McClellan, Miss Lula Dean Jones, Miss Carolyn King, Miss Nancy Prince, Miss Mattie Lamb, Moultrie Hitt, Saunders Jones, Alison Thornwell, Hugh Scott and Clarence Trippe.

* * *

Mrs. W. D. Christie gave a box party at the Forsyth Wednesday afternoon in honor of Miss Helen Rowland, of Savannah, the guest of Mrs. Clifton Drew, on Fourteenth Street. Her guests were Miss Willie Calhoun, Miss Rowland, Mrs. Arthur Kellogg, Mrs. Frank Bethune and Mrs. Clifton Drew.

* * *

Mrs. Virginius Hitt entertained at a "Five o'Clock Tea" Tuesday afternoon at her home on Fifth Street. The drawing room where the hostess received was adorned with vases of roses. The tea table was a symphony in red. Richmond roses in a basket, the handle of which was tied with tulle, formed the central decoration. The mints and the silk shades on the candelabra were red.

Mrs. Hitt was assisted in entertaining her guests by Mrs. M. C. Phillips and Mrs. Victor Cluis.

The party included Miss Jessie Rose, Mrs. Samuel D. Jones, Mrs. Alice Muse Thomas, Mrs. A. H. Alfriend, Mrs. C. B. Wilmer and her mother, Mrs. Phillips; Mrs. Ballenger, Mrs. Louis Ghoistin, Mrs. John Butt, Mrs. Porter King, Mrs. E. L. Connally, Mrs. Woods White, Mrs. William White, Mrs. Mary Howard Meador, Mrs. Grant Wilkins, Mrs. Fred Brine, Mrs. George Westmoreland, Mrs. J. O. Matthewson, Mrs. C. H. Shaw, Mrs. J. W. Thomas, Mrs. Irvine Hart and Mrs. George Howard.

Mrs. Hitt wore a draped gown of grey charmeuse, the corsage veiled with lace and brocaded chiffon.

* * *

MRS. FRANK BOLAND was among those entertaining for Miss Elizabeth Winn, of Richmond, the guest of Mrs. Hugh Lokey, last week, when she gave a small bridge party Friday evening.

* * *

Frank Callaway gave a box party at the Forsyth Wednesday evening in honor of Miss Elizabeth Winn, of Richmond, Va., who is visiting Mrs. Hugh Lokey on East Fourteenth Street, and for Miss Pamela Moore, of Columbia, S. C., the guest of Mrs. Samuel Evins.

The party included Miss Winn, Miss Moore, Miss Hildreth Burton-Smith, and her guest, Miss Josephine McClellan; Jerome Moore, Walter Marshburn, James Callaway and John Bachman.

A supper at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Callaway followed the performance.

* * *

MISS Martha Neel Stribling and Joseph Hudson Foster were married Tuesday at 5:30 o'clock at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. Y. Stribling. The decorations were pink roses and ferns and in the drawing room, where the ceremony was performed, quantities of Easter lilies were used.

The wedding march from Lohengrin was played by Mrs. C. C. Foster, and the bridal party, entering from the library stood before an improvised altar. The ring bearer, Aubrey Metz, Jr., the little nephew of the bride, bore a cushion of white satin painted in pink sweet peas. The little flower girl, Margaret Foster, wore a white frock and carried a graceful basket of pink sweet peas. The bride wore a traveling suit of blue matelasse, over a blouse of shadow lace draped with blue chiffon. Her flowers were a corsage bouquet of valley lilies.

Mr. Greene, of the Methodist Church, officiated. During the ceremony Mrs. Foster played Hearts and Flowers.

After a wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Foster will make their home in Roswell.

* * *

Corsage bouquets of pink and lavender sweet peas mark the places of the twelve guests whom Mrs. Robert Witherspoon entertained at an elaborate luncheon on Wednesday. A tall handled basket, filled with the same flowers, also adorned the table, and the little cakes in silver baskets were embossed with pink and white sweet peas.

Mrs. Guilford Dudley, of Nashville, whose visit to a former Nashville woman, Mrs. Kenneth Ward Smith is the occasion for a round of parties was the honor guest of the occasion. Invited to meet her were: Mrs. Samuel Inman and her guest, Miss Margaret McPheeters, of Raleigh, N. C., Mrs. Alfred E. Buck, Mrs. John King Ottley, and Mrs. Bulow Campbell.

* * *

MRS. Oscar Johnston, of Augusta, who spent the past two weeks as the guest of Mrs. DeLos Hill, was entertained at a number of informal parties during her visit. Mrs. Holbrook gave a matinee party for Mrs. Johnston, which was followed by a bridge party of three tables, given by Mrs. W. M. Zirkle. John M. Cooper entertained her bridge club and a few other guests at a bridge luncheon for Mrs. Johnston, and Miss Irene Smillie entertained the members of the Reviewers at a delightful tea, complimenting Mrs. Johnston. Mr. and Mrs. Howard McCall gave an evening bridge party for the visitor who returned home Thursday.

* * *

A high noon wedding of the week was that of Miss Annie Mae Ison and Mr. James Doyle Butler, solemnized Wednesday at the Jackson Hill Baptist Church. The bridal party which stood for the ceremony before a bank of tall palms, included Miss Nell Wynaham, maid of honor, Miss Winnie Ison, bridesmaid, R. S. Robinson, best man, and R. P. Dickson, Roswell D. Ison, Frank Ison and E. L. Ison ushers.

The bride wore a costume of blue satin brocade, trimmed in old gold satin and gold lace, with hat of gold trimmed in French flowers. She carried white sweet peas and valley lilies, arranged in a shower.

The bridesmaids wore white voile gowns, combined with white satin, their large black picture hats, adorned with white plumes. They carried pink sweet peas.

Mr. and Mrs. Butler went East on their wedding journey and on their return will be at home at 64 Kennesaw Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. William L. Ison entertained a buffet supper Tuesday evening at their home in College Park after the rehearsal for the wedding. Ferns and pink flowers were artistically used in decorating the house. Mrs. Ison wore a gown of black charmeuse.

Miss Annie May Ison wore pink charmeuse draped in flowered chiffon.

The guests included the bridal party and relatives.

* * *

A CHILDREN'S May Festival will be given at the Peachtree Street residence of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Speer, on May 8, from 4 to 6 o'clock, under the auspices of the Young Matrons Committee of the First Presbyterian Church. In addition to the pretty spectacle of the children in the May pole dance and other out-door games, a musical program will be rendered. Mrs. John Lamar Meek will sing "Echoes From Childhood Hours," by Mortimer Wilson. Miss Sarah Smith and Miss Stillwell will give piano selections. The affair will be picturesque and a delightful event for the pleasure of children and grown-ups.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Peter F. Clarke will go to Baltimore on May 19 to attend the Commencement exercises of Goucher College in which Miss Frances Clarke, their daughter, will take part.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Howell have moved out to their country home, for the summer.

* * *

Miss Helen Barnes returned to Macon Friday, after a visit to Miss Margaret Northern.

* * *

The Young People's Society of St. Marks Methodist Church will hold a District Meeting, on Friday, May 9, at St. Marks. Mrs. Emmett Brogden, District Secretary, has announced an interesting program for the evening, which will include music, readings, and talks by women prominent in the church. Guy Morgan, of St. Marks, makes the welcoming address, and a talk addressed particularly to the young people will be given by Mrs. J. N. McEachern. The music will be by Miss Edith Lupton, Miss Therese Thrower, and Mrs. McPhail. A quartet of men's voices will add to the musical feature. Miss Marion Cooper will give a reading, and Miss Grace Holsenbeck, in Japanese costume will give a reading.

A stereopticon lecture at the First Methodist Church will be given by a Japanese student from Nashville, tomorrow evening under the auspices of Circle No. 10, of the Woman's Missionary Society, Mrs. W. T. Trenary, chairman.

* * *

THE Young Peoples and Junior Missionary Societies of Inman Park Methodist Church, will give a Japanese Lawn Fete on the church lawn on Thursday afternoon and evening, May 8, from 4 to 10 o'clock.

The members will wear Japanese costumes and the lawn and Sunday School rooms will be decorated accordingly.

Proceeds will go to the Foreign and Home Missionary Pledges.

* * *

Mrs. Norris Ewing entertained at her home on Inman Circle Monday afternoon in compliment to Miss Cornie Fore, of Charlotte, N. C., who is visiting Miss Marion Fielder. Auction-bridge was played for which the prizes were a water-color picture, a bridge set, and to the honor guest was given a piece of hand-embroidered lingerie. The living room, reception parlors and dining room were open to the guests and the decorations of wild flowers in the pink tints were carried out in these apartments. Twenty-five young women were present.

Mrs. W. A. Speer

who entertains at numerous affairs, especially for the younger set with whom she is a great favorite. Mrs. Speer has a handsome home on Peachtree at which she gives many dinners and luncheons, and is always a hostess at the Driving Club dinner-dances.



The World of Society

MISS ELIZABETH SMITH spent the week end in Macon, a guest at Wesleyan College. She returns this afternoon.

* * *

Mrs. J. J. Gonzales was hostess at a meeting of the Every Saturday club yesterday. In addition to the members, Mrs. Gonzales had a number of extra guests, a special social feature being emphasized.

Among the guests present, including members and those specially invited were:

Mrs. Howard Bell, Mrs. Nellie Peters Black, Mrs. Frank Block, Mrs. E. R. Dubose, Mrs. Z. D. Harrison, Mrs. J. L. Hamilton, Mrs. Alice Muse Thomas, Mrs. John Marshall Slaton, Mrs. T. C. Whitner, Mrs. C. B. Wilmer, Mrs. Samuel Lumpkin, Mrs. P. H. Mell, Mrs. H. C. Peeples, Mrs. William Green Raoul, Mrs. W. T. Newman, Mrs. Isabel O'Hear, Mrs. Hugh Lokey, Mrs. R. J. Lowry, Miss Green, Mrs. John Lamar Meek, Mrs. Alvin Barton, Mrs. B. M. Blount, Mrs. Arnold Broyles, Mrs. J. W. White, Mrs. J. S. Akers, Mrs. Samuel D. Jones, Mrs. E. T. Brown, Mrs. George McKenzie, Mrs. T. J. Barnard, and Mrs. J. A. Bowie.

* * *

The bright weather of the past several days has brought out the horseback riders in numbers. The paper chase scheduled for late yesterday afternoon was the first equestrian event of the spring. Among the young women invited to ride in this event were: Misses May Atkinson, Helen Jones, Margaret McKee, Josephine Stoney, Mrs. John Hill, Mrs. C. K. Ayer. Some of the men riders were: Royston Cabaniss, Westervelt Terhune, Lieutenants Tucker and Evans.

* * *

The marriage of Mrs. Katherine Houston Fisher and Mr. J. A. Gumm, took place at the home of the bride, 107 Ponce DeLeon Place, Thursday afternoon at 3 o'clock, Rev. Richard Orme Flinn officiating. Only a limited number of guests were present, these being relatives and close friends of the family.

The bride wore a costume of cream charmeuse, with shadow lace drapery, and a hat of cream Milan straw trimmed in a white plume and French roses of pink. She carried pink roses.

The apartments of the home were decorated in pink roses and palms. The bride's table was covered with Cluny lace, and decorated in roses and pink tapers in silver candelabra.

The bride changed her satin gown for a blue tailored costume, with a blue straw hat, to wear on the wedding journey.

* * *

Miss Estelle Lake, Miss Nelse Rockwood, Miss Geraldine Jones, all of Memphis, and Miss Lillian Hodgson, of Athens, who were the guests of Mrs. Iverson Graves have gone to Athens where Miss Hodgson will entertain them for a week.

* * *

A RECEPTION was given by the Atlanta Alumnae of the Phi Mu sorority, at the University club Friday afternoon. The occasion was a very pleasant one, in honor of the new officers of the association who are: Mrs. Thomas Peters, president; Mrs. Jane F. Garr, vice-president; Miss Elizabeth Hines, secretary; and Miss Martha Ryder, treasurer. The Phi Mu Alumnae is one of the largest and most influential in the South and Atlanta has a very flourishing chapter. The Phi Mus make a point of co-operating and enlisting the interest of the alumnae over the United States, in their active chapters.

* * *

A reception will be given to the Senior class of Washington Seminary by the Alumnae association on May 18, at the seminary. The reception is to be an annual affair in the future. Officers of the Alumnae association who will act as hostesses at the reception are: Mrs. John Spalding, president; Mrs. William T. Comer, vice-president; Mrs. Marshall Clarke Johnson, treasurer and Miss Mary Helen Moody, recording secretary.

* * *

Palmer Johnson was host at a chafing-dish supper at his home in Inman Park, Friday evening, entertaining a group of the younger set, in honor of Miss Frances Seabrook, of Maryland, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Seabrook.

* * *

Mrs. H. E. W. Palmer entertained the Inman Park Students club yesterday morning. A feature of the affair was a lecture by Miss Rohr, of Brenau College.

* * *

Mrs. Edward Peters returned from Washington yesterday. Mrs. Peters has also visited in New York and Philadelphia, and was pleasantly entertained in these cities.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. George King, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lyon, Miss Mary King and Mrs. Joseph LeConte will be among the Atlantans to spend a part of the summer abroad. They sail on May 28, and their plans include a motoring tour of England.

* * *

MRS. JOHN W. GRANT has been appointed chairman of the social committee of the Presbyterian Church ladies, to arrange for a reception which will be given for the visitors to the Presbyterian Assembly meeting in Atlanta, the latter part of May. About fifteen hundred guests will be in the city at the time, and the reception will be the chief social event of the occasion. Mrs. Grant is now making out her committees, and will announce them next Sunday.

A meeting of the ladies of all denominations who are interested and will assist in the entertainment of the visitors, was held a few days ago, at the Driving club. A large number of prominent women were in attendance.

* * *

Dancing is still the chief diversion of the social set, and many opportunities are given for the favorite pastime. The week end dance at the Piedmont Driving club is always the brightest spot on the social calendar of the spring and summer. Last night, a number of dinner-parties for visitors preceded the dance. One of the larger dinners was given by Miss Louise Hawkins, in honor of Miss Margaret McPheeters, of Raleigh, N. C., the guest of Mrs. Samuel Inman.

In this party were: Misses McPheeters, Esther Smith, Margaret Hawkins, Louise Hawkins, Mr. and Mrs. Alex Smith, Jr., James Alexander, Joseph Colquitt, Eugene Haynes and George Pendleton. The table adornment was of pink roses in a tall, handled basket, and place cards decorated in pink rose water color sketches.

Miss Hawkins was gowned in Dresden silk, of pink rose design, with drapery of blue chiffon, caught with knots of small French roses, also pink. Her white hat was laden with pink roses.

A party of 14 covers was given by Miss Aimee Hunnicutt, and small parties for dinner, were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. James T. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. George Dexter, Edward King, Strother Fleming and others.

A number of the younger set attended a week end dance at East Lake Saturday evening. At Segadlo's, the still younger set, had a dance from 9 to 12, which was most enjoyable.

A dancing party of unusual pleasure for the college set, was the annual dance of the Sigma Phi Epsilon fraternity of Tech, on Friday evening, at Segadlo's. The Tech dances are a feature of the spring season, most of the fraternities giving a before-commencement ball, for their friends among the younger set of Atlanta.



BUST DEVELOPED ONE OUNCE A DAY

A New Simple Easy Home Method That Gives Quick And Permanent Success



Judge from my picture as to the truth of what I say to you—that the crowning feminine attribute is a bust of beautiful proportions, firmness and exquisite development. Then ask yourself how much you would like to have such a photograph of yourself, showing the glory of womanhood with its lines of infinite charm and grace. It would be worth far more than a two-cent stamp, would it not? Then let me give you my message—let me tell you of what I have learned and let me give you recent pictures of myself to prove what I say—for if you will write me to-day

I Will Tell You How---FREE

I will tell you gladly and willingly. Why should any woman neglect an opportunity to escape the pain and heartache of being skinny, scrawny, angular and unattractive in body? Misery is not our heritage. Nature planned that you—a woman—should have the rich, pulsing lines of warm, living flesh molded after the mother of us all, the description of whom perfumes our sacred literature with love and admiration for the divinity of woman's form. For why should there be that pitiful aspect—the face of a woman and the form of a man.

Write to Me To-day

I don't care how fallen, or flaccid, or undeveloped your bust now is—I want to tell you of a simple home method—I want to tell you how you can gain perfect development one ounce a day. No physical culture—no massage, boolish baths or paste—no plasters, masks or injurious injections—I want to tell you of an absolutely new method, never before offered or told about—insuring immediate success and permanent beauty.

Send No Money

Just write me a letter—address it to me personally—that's all. I will answer it by return mail—and you can develop your bust one ounce a day—you can be what you want to be. Believe me when I say that you will bless me through years of happiness for pointing the way to you and telling you what I know. Please send your letter to-day to the following address:

MRS. LOUISE INGRAM
Suite 287-408 Adams St., Toledo, O



Extra Heavy Nickel Silver Sandwich Tray; Special Value $5.00

Mail Orders Prepaid

This sandwich tray is 9 3-4 inches in diameter. It is made exactly like a Sterling Silver tray, out of the best quality of Sheffield — Nickel silver, heavily silver plated.

It is unusually well made, hand pierced, and the popular bright finish. Being border, it is more durable than Sterling, and will last, with ordinary care, for a generation.

These trays, and other useful wedding gifts at popular prices, are on display in our South window.

One Old English initial will be engraved without charge. Mail orders shipped prepaid. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Write for 160-page illustrated catalogue. This catalogue brings your shopping to you, saves time, money and trouble.

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Davison-Paxon-Stokes Co.

Luxury at Little Cost for the Summer Home

AEROLUX NO-WHIP PORCH SHADES



"In lang, lang days o' Simmer
When the clear and cloudless sky
Refuses ae wee drap o' rain
To Nature, parched and dry."

—a cool summer living room will be a pleasant antidote. And—

An Additional "Outdoor" Room

—will make indoor life a joy rather than a trial.

Provide for yourself a shady retreat for hot sultry days.

AEROLUX NO-WHIP PORCH SHADES

Convert a porch into a most delightful room—which can be used for living room, play room for children and for sleeping room.

Aerolux shades offer you absolute seclusion on your own porch, and thoroughly protect you from the summer's heat. They are equipped with the no-whip attachment and can not flap on windy days. Made in a variety of colors, such as olive and light green, brown and gray, or bronze and olive combined.



An interesting showing of Crex Rugs this week.

They Cost But Little and Will Last for Years and Years

Just the thing for Summer Cottages.

Call and see our display or a telephone call will bring the "Aerolux" man who will show you color samples, and then, if you wish, take the measurements of your porch.

This is the way they are priced:

Size 4x7½ feet $2.50
Size 6x7½ feet $3.50
Size 8x7½ feet $4.50
Size 10x7½ feet $6.00

Rug and Drapery Section, Fifth Floor

Davison-Paxon-Stokes Co.



CLUB NEWS.

CLUB MEETINGS FOR MAY.

May will be an interesting month for the club women in Atlanta and through the State.

On the first of the month there was a distribution of the U. D. C. Scholarships. These scholarships included eleven of the best colleges and schools in the country.

May 3, the Peace Congress will convene, the following delegates having been appointed, with the privilege of selecting the alternates, if they cannot attend: Mrs. Clark Howell, Mrs. John E. Donaldson, of Bainbridge, Mrs. Eugenia M. Johnston, of Savannah, Mrs. Clarence J. Grover, of Columbus, and Mrs. J. Lindsey Johnson, of Rome.

The Seventh District Meeting will be held at Dalton May 10, and the district clubs in attendance will be entertained by the Lesche Club of which Miss Belle McCartey is President. Mrs. Virginia B. Irby, is President of the District Federation.

On the eleventh of the month there will be held an election of officers at the Woman's Club of the City Federation, of which Mrs. Charles J. Haden is at present President.

On the twenty-fifth of the month there will be held at the Woman's Club a final report of the year's work with a concert to follow.

May 12, will be John B. Gordon Day, and a program bearing upon the life and record of General Gordon will be rendered. Honor guests for that occasion will be Mrs. John B. Gordon, Mrs. Burton Smith, and Professor Joseph T. Derry, who was a close friend of General Gordon. The program will be under the direction of Mrs. Williams McCarthy, President of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, who will announce the winners in the essay contest. Over two thousand essays have been written dealing with the life and career of General Gordon.

Norcross will be the place where the Ninth istrict Woman's Clubs will meet, and May 22 is the date set for the gathering. The Woman's Club of Norcross, will entertain the District clubs, of which Mrs. Frank E. Shippen is President.

* * *

FIRST CHRISTIAN AID SOCIETY

THE Ladies Aid Society of the First Christian Church will hold its second annual May Feast Day on May 16.

The General Chairmen are Mrs. Zoe Cawhern and Mrs. A. S. Wilson. The following committees have been appointed:

MEATS, VEGETABLES, MILK AND TEA.
Mesdames
C. G. Hannah, Chairman;
W. F. Mathews, Vice Chairman;

Louie Anthony	Mary Mitchell
M. Toney	H. A. Martin
C. E. Bennett	E. R. Stanley
A. M. Balding	Nabelle
O. M. Born	S. C. Owens
Thomas Ashew	J. A. Pardue
Samuel Aiken	J. S. Pickett
L. C. Branch	P. Frederick
M. Bourche	R. H. Fitzgibbon
D. M. Boyles	T. B. George
J. E. Boney	W. A. Gilbert
B. L. Berry	Mary Hall
Bostwick	R. I. Hunter
F. J. Bomar	Mrs. Hubbard
Ollie Black	C. P. Harper
T. A. Springfid	M. F. Jones
L. B. Collins	C. W. Hardy
George A. Olson	H. A. Jones
S. W. Chaney	M. F. Jones
Cheney	Joyner
M. F. Clark	C. V. LeCraw
Robert Carmichel	W. C. Lemming
J. E. Cook	James Peavy
L. N. Clay	Porterfield
Chadwick	LeRoy Rogers
W. R. Daley	W. C. Shearer
W. T. Dowing	M. M. Stanaland
J. H. Davis	E. S. Schenck
S. J. Erwin	Thomas Summers
R. C. Erwin	A. C. Smith
E. B. Marthlale	T. I. Simpson
I. Moser	J. G. Turner
G. B. McCry	C. E. Turner
Morgan	W. S. Watson
E. M. Mogy	W. T. Wheeler
Lane Mitchell	W. B. Williams

Misses
Annie Cale Irene Capehart Sarah Kennedy

KITCHEN COMMITTEE.
Mesdames
C. G. Hannah, Chairman;

Zoe Cawrn	A. E. Tye
A. M. eatty	M. Toney
W. F. atthews	Charles Witherspoon
Louie Anony	A. E. Chowning

Dinin room in charge of Mrs. J. H. McKenzie and he assistants.

SALAD, PICKLES AND BUTTER.
Mesdames
A. M. Beatty, Chairman;
W. H. Burgess, Vice Chairman;

W. S Bell, Sr.	Bob Wright
J. C Bricker	Herrin
Burd Hudgins	Will Jones
C. C Stockard	Henry Lewis
E. Coggins	J. J. Logue
E. Erd	J. W. Longwell
F. Eyles	J. N. Maffette
J. Estes	Mollie Marshall
R. F. Franklin	W. J. Poole
R. A. Burnett	G. C. Edmondson
P. J. Palmer	A. C. Chowning
W. P. Price-Smith	Whatley
T. P. Stephens	Banks
H. A. Smith	A. A. Brooke
C. R. Thomas	J. H. Wood
B. Terrell	Halstead
T. O. Varnodoe	Erb

Misses
Liddie Hollingsworth Ruth Hollingsworth
M. I. Ligon

DESSERT.
Mesdames
W. P. Thornton, Chairman;
Charles Witherspoon, Vice Chairman;

J. J. Barnes	Henry Nash
J. W. Ferguson	Nelson
H. C. Bailey	Joseph Rhodes
A. E. Tye	Eidson
G. B. Birdsong	Eugene Pearce
Brodnax	D. H. Floyd
Hawk	Northen
A. J. Haygood	H. M. Patterson
Hanley	A. G. Rhodes
Hudson	Pearce
Harlen	E. B. Rosser
T. B. Jackson	Sewell
Cahill	J. B. Thomas
Cahens	P. Wood
R. S. McCoy	Weatherly
Marcellus	Harrell

Misses
Jennie Bruce Alice Jackson
Annie Ellis Ruby Maddox
Theresa Vardeman Mary McNabb
Annie Jacks Zenobia Penny
Myrtle Jacks Ruby Rogers
Pearl Johnson Lou T. Hook

SOFT DRINKS.
Mesdames
F. M. Stewart, Chairman;
Geldie Loyd, Vice Chairman;

J. N. Bell	Fred Hannah
Charles Goodman	Lizzie Robinson

Misses

Herdin	Schley
Emma Lewis	Margie Taylor
Rogers	Hattie Wells
Bessie Scott	Carrie Thomas
Lodie Spinks	Ethel Millican

CANDY.
Mesdames
Lucy Stockard, Chairman;

Bisle Erd	Suella Deyerle
Ethel Collins	Julia Rottenfield
Mary Taylor	Edna Northeross
Mary Bostwick	Virginia Jackson
Marie Poole	May Joiner
Virian Wood	Grace Joiner
Helen Harlan	Cornelia Pickett
Elizabeth Clayton	Jean Pickett
Mary Kate Davidson	Royal Deyerle
Ruth Taylor	Mrs. W. B. Jackson

* * *

GEORGIA CLUB WOMAN'S SUCCESS AT BOSTON.

Miss Mary Waring, formerly of Cement, Ga., and Atlanta, Ga., is now in Italy finishing her course with Dr. Montessori and will return to America the end of June to open a summer school at Gloucester, Mass. Miss Waring, after spending a year in Rome in 1910-11, was so impressed with the advantages of the Montessori Method over the Kindergarten, which she had taught for seven years that she returned to Rome in 1912 to take up the newer system. Her school at Gloucester will be the first real Montessori school opened in New England by an authorized pupil of Dr. Montessori; it is therefore creating a great deal of interest among the residents of that part of New England, especially among those who go to the North Shore for the summer months. Miss Waring will have a corps of assistants who will study with her at the same time. The school is under the auspices of a committee of mothers who have children of an age to profit by this method and it will be conducted in one of the most interesting and historic of Gloucester's many old mansions. The large double drawing-rooms are being turned into school-rooms, there is a garden in which to play on sunny days and a big empty barn for the rainy ones. Among the patronesses of the school are Mrs. Patch, and Mrs. Woodbury, and other Smith College graduates well known for their advanced ideas and training, in movements of progress. The school will undoubtedly be of wide interest and curiosity to all visitors to Gloucester, Magnolia, and neighboring resorts this summer. The enrollment of pupils is already very large. Miss Waring is the sister of Mrs. Roger Noble Burnham, of Boston and Magnolia.

* * *

MRS. PHILLIP DODD DIES.

The death of Mrs. Phillip Dodd, member of the Atlanta Womans Pioneer Society, occurred during the week. Mrs. Dodd had been a regular attendant at the Pioneer Club meetings and was one of the most enthusiastic and popular members. Her death will be deeply regretted by her friends and the members of the Womans Pioneer Society.

* * *

PEN AND BRUSH CLUB.

The Pen and Brush club is a new art society which has recently been organized. The meeting Saturday evening was in the studio of Miss Virginia Wooley, at which time plans were made for the summer work. Men and women are both eligible to membership.

The membership will include those interested in art, in all its phases. Sketching from nature will form an attractive feature of the work and this will be done in and around Atlanta on outing days.

* * *

Mrs. Harvey Jordan has returned from New York where she went to be with her husband and daughter before sailing for Europe, where Mr. Jordan has gone on important official business.

Mrs. Clarence Ruse an attractive young matron, who has a fine soprano voice, which has often been heard at church and charitable affairs. Mrs. Ruse was formerly Miss Ella Baker, and is one of several sisters, each of whom is noted for her vocal gifts and social graces.



CLUB NEWS

MEMORIAL TO A BEAUTIFUL CLUB WOMAN.

AMONG some of the well known club women in the third ward, activities have taken the form of establishing a memorial to Mrs. Annie Smith, late principal of the Fair Street School. For many years Mrs. Smith gave her services to the Fair Street School and was perhaps the most popular teacher in the system.

The proposed memorial will be two splendid bronze urns to stand at the gate of the school house, bearing an inscription to commemorate the beauty and usefulness of the life of Mrs. Smith. The bronzes will be bought by money raised by popular subscription, and will come solely from the children and young men and women who have been instructed in the Fair Street School by Mrs. Smith.

The committee to whom money may be sent, is Mrs. Minnie Fowler Gerald, who originated the memorial movement, and Miss Mattie Mangum, Miss May Reese Holland, Miss Brenner, Mrs. Shelpert, and Mrs. Sidney Holland.

Subscriptions have been sent in generously, the largest, so far, having been made by Arnold Broyles, Nash Broyles and Bernard Broyles, who were life long friends of Mrs. Smith. The first subscriptions made to the memorial by infants of Mrs. Smith's pupils, were made by Laura Isabel Smith, of Athens, and Charlotte King, of Atlanta, daughters of two of Mrs. Smith's pupils.

In connection with this memorial, Mrs. Sid Holland is receiving donations of flower roots and bulbs, and is making a yard-beautiful on the grounds of the school, in memory of Mrs. Smith. Already many rose trees and vines have been sent in and many fine bulbs and roots of hardy plants. Mrs. Holland will give the planting and tending of the yard-beautiful her especial attention.

AWARD OF MEDALS IN THE GORDON CONTEST.

THERE were two thousand, five hundred and fifty essays written in the contest conducted by the U. D. C.

The subject was John B. Gordon. The medals will be awarded at the Woman's club May 8, by the Daughters of the Confederacy. The medals were offered by Mrs. A. McD. Wilson, Mrs. Williams McCarthy, Mrs. E. L. Connolly, Mrs. William Williams, Mrs. James Bedell, Mrs. Robert Stephens, Miss Sarah Lee Evans, Mrs. E. G. McCabe, and the Julia Jackson Chapter of the Children of the Confederacy.

Mrs. J. Loyd Telford, announces the winners as follows: Miss Bessie LaHatte, the medal given by Mrs. A. McD. Wilson; Ruth Wilson was awarded Mrs. Connolly's $5 gold coin; Howard H. McCall received the medal given by Mrs. Williams McCarthy; Miss Martha McRee, medal by Atlanta Chapter U. D. C.; Helen Hanlon, medal given by Mrs. James Bedell; Miss Nell Morris, medal by the Julia Jackson Chapter, C. of C.; Miss Harriet Broyles, medal given by Mrs. William Williams; A. C. McPhail, Clement A. Evans medal; Vena Shuttles, Amy Lee Harris second medal by Camp 159; Helen McCarthy, medal given by Mrs. E. G. McCabe.

These medals will be presented by Mrs. Williams McCarthy at the meeting next Thursday, and will be a public occassion.

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THOMASVILLE STUDY CLASS.

THE THOMASVILLE STUDY CLASS is one of the most enthusiastic and progressive of the Women's clubs belonging to the State

The officers of the class are: president, Mrs. Z. I. Fitzpatrick; first vice president, Mrs. T. J. Bail; second vice president, Mrs. F. L. MacIntyre; recording secretary, Mrs. Hensel Watt; corresponding secretary and treasurer, Miss Bessie Steyerman; critic, Miss Louise Hayes. Of the officers, Mrs. Fitzpatrick is also president of the State Federation of Clubs and Miss Lucy Lester, a prominent member, is corresponding secretary of the State Federation.

This class was organized in 1896, many now belonging to it being among the charter members. Much good work has been done by this organization, not only along literary lines but in civics, health, education, etc. It was through the work of the class that a rest room was established here for shoppers and visitors from the country and out of town, an example which has been followed in many of the towns in this section of the State.

The class has also taken over charge of the public library, the directors turning over the complete control of it to the members.

The course of study for the past year has been "The United States" and in connection with it for the coming class year will be taken up the study of South America.

The class adjourns the last week in May for the summer season, the new session beginning in October.

JUNE WEDDINGS

Do not delay longer in placing orders for engraved invitations. Our samples represent the very latest shapes and forms that have been accepted by refined and fashionable society. We do not follow—we LEAD in originating artistic effects with fine material. Our prices are the lowest. Send for samples, which will be supplied free of charge. J. P. STEVENS ENGRAVING CO., Wedding Stationery Engravers, 47 Whitehall St., Atlanta, Ga.



Uptown

"High Toe" Oxford for Out-of-door Wear

This has been called an "Illusion Shoe" for the reason that your foot does actually look sizes smaller in it. This effect is obtained by shortening the distance between toe-cap and upper seam and arching the instep to carry a graceful Cuban heel. The toe is comparatively wide, rounded, and built up on the end, giving ample toe room. A somewhat mannish style, but, withal, dainty and perfectly correct, especially for outdoor affairs.



Uptown
Black King Calf
or Tan Russia
Calf 4-eyelet
Blucher Oxford
$4.00

REGALS
REGAL SHOE STORE
L. J. Wing, Prop. 6 Whitehall St.

"Eat at High's Restaurant"

Order a breakfast, lunch, dinner or afternoon tea a la carte in our Restaurant—for we serve everything the market affords, deliciously cooked, at the most reasonable prices in Atlanta. Restaurant in the Annex.

J. M. HIGH COMPANY.

Get the Habit: Meet Your Friends at High's for Lunch. Writing Desk and Free Telephone in Restaurant at Your Service.

Attend High's May Linen Sale

The greatest event of the year is now going on—giving choice of the entire stock of Table Linens, Bed Linens and White Goods at the lowest prices ever quoted upon equal grades of goods.
Linen Department—Main Floor.

MAGNETIC Ready-to-Wear BARGAINS

Elegant Suits, Dresses, Waists and Skirts---Almost Half Price



To-morrow, $30 to $50 Suits $23.75

By Far the Greatest of All Suit Offerings

Promptly at 8:30 to-morrow morning we place on sale every high class suit in our great Ready-to-Wear stock and make a regular midsummer cut price sale right at a time when suits are in great demand.
Buy now and save fully half of the regular price and choose from an assortment of the season's best and most approved styles in every right shade of navy, Copen, Alice, tan, gray and combination colors. Suits sold by us from $30 to $50 in a general good-bye clearance sale at **$23.75**



To-morrow, $25 and $30 Suits $15

In This Lot Are Some Smart Bulgarian Blouse Suits

A general farewell to about 87 suits in the season's choicest styles and in all the best colors, including black and white checks, all the right shades of blue and navy, tans and black. A general riddance sale of many suits formerly sold up to $25 and $30 will be shown at this price; also a limited number of shepherd check suits and Bulgarian blouses. In fact, about the choicest showing of the smartest and niftiest suits ever offered at the price, and you know, besides this, alterations here are perfect and charges less than elsewhere. Don't miss these suits at **$15.00**



Many $10 to $17.50 Dresses at $7.49

We Urge All Interested to Come Very Early

Dresses of distinction, dresses of finest all-wool poplins, French serges and a few in high class silks, both in fancy and plain styles. 'Tis a general clean-up sale where every buyer gets a bargain and saves almost half the regular asking of such garments. Do you want a new dress? Would price be of interest? If so, see these handsome $10 to $17.50 dresses to-morrow at **$7.49**

Some $7.95 to $10 Wash Dresses $5.95

A Good Time to Buy the Needs of the Season

We want you to see these dresses. We insist that you be among the crowd that will attend this sale, for every garment is of the high class order, and in the big assortment you'll find the best styles in natural white and colored linens, ratines and other fast colored wash fabrics, making this a genuine bargain sale most worthy the visit of every woman hereabouts, where values up to $10 will be offered at **$5.95**

Buy $50 to $150 Evening Dresses at $25

Just a Few, But Every One a Perfect Beauty

Only 14 in this offering. Each dress a "beauty bright" and from a half to a sixth regular price. A general good-bye for to-morrow's sale, and in the showing you'll see dresses suitable for receptions, dinners and opera wear. Most all colors, but a most limited number, and we know you'll hurry when values up to $150 are offered at **$25.00**

Many $1 to $1.50 Fine Waists at 77c

To Give All a Chance, We Limit Two to a Purchaser

About 900 white, fancy figured and Bulgarian trimmed voile and flaxon waists for to-morrow's waist buyers. Sale starts promptly at 8:30 and closes sharp at 12 o'clock. Not one sold before and not one after these hours, so come early, while the choosing is good and the sizes unbroken. Here you'll find the biggest and best $1.00 to $1.50 waist values, with limit of two to a customer, at **77c**

To-morrow $6.50 to $9 Skirts $4.95

About 200 in This Great Trade-Making Sale

Do you want a skirt? How about a high class garment in the very best style at almost half price? To-morrow we have a sale that appeals most eloquently to every skirt buyer who reads these lines, and we want you to attend the sale. About 200 black, navy, tan and fancy black and white check skirts, in one big clearance sale and values from $6.50 to $9.00, on sale at 8:30 to-morrow at **$4.95**

Soiled $1 to $1.50 White Waists 44c

The Price Is Sufficient to Bring You Here To-morrow

Promptly at 8:30 to-morrow morning, and so long as they last, we will place on sale 467 more or less mussed and soiled white lawn, flaxon and linen waists. A general good-bye to every waist in stock that is not ready-to-wear. These garments are perfect in every particular and a real live bargain. With limit of two to a customer after 8:30 at **44c**

J. M. HIGH COMPANY | J. M. HIGH COMPANY | J. M. HIGH COMPANY

CLUB NEWS

AN AFTERNOON WITH THE DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

THURSDAY afternoon at 3:30 o'clock, the Daughters of the Confederacy met at the Woman's Club with an unusually interesting program. After the executive board held its session, the program opened with a brief talk from the U. D. C. president, Mrs. Williams McCarthy. Mrs. Helen Plane, founder of the Atlanta Chapter, spoke to the audience on the subject of the big bazaar which is being planned for the first week in December, and which will be the largest entertainment of its kind ever held in Atlanta. Mrs. Plane suggested as a means of money raising, a plant that has been started in Boston and which is known as "The Social Ten." One of the social ten invites ten guests to her home, requiring that each guest bring ten cents to go into the chaper house fund, and that she bring her sewing and contribute the article on which she is engaged to the bazaar when completed. A number of the members pledged themselves to take up the policy of the Social Ten.

Miss Mary King contributed a piano solo, and litle Miss Frances Frankell recited "Aunt Minerva."

Mrs. McCarthy cited an incident of a Confederate veteran whose illness was brought to the attention of the Daughters, and who could not be placed in the Veterans' Home on account of his not having lived in Atlanta ever since 1895, at which time the home was opened. He was put in Grady Hospital and died. The Daughters of the Confederacy passed a resolution Thursday to memorialize the next Legislature to repeal the present law and make two years the limit of State residence. Mrs. Telford said that the law of North Carolina, the State from which the veteran came, had a one-year limit of State residence. Mrs. Telford seconded the motion, which was carried.

During the open talk it was stated that the U. D. C. was the originator of the free scholarships that have become so much a part of the benefit work of the Daughters, and that the Atlanta Chapter gave more scholarships than any other chapter in the State.

J. H. Sharp, Confederate veteran, who was with General Lee at the surrender, spoke of that period of the war of the sixties. He told among many interesting things how the apple tree under which Lee had surrendered was literally torn up by the roots, and taken away by the Federals and Confederates in pieces as mementoes of the occasion, leaving only a hole in the ground.

Captain Sharp held the attention of his audience for about twenty minutes with a story of the Appomattox incident that was valuable in its truth and accuracy.

Mr. Cleveland, chaplain of Camp 159, gave a short talk of interest.

Another incident of the meeting Thursday was the acceptance of Mrs. John Marshall Slaton as a member of the Daughters of the Confederacy. Several new members were also taken into the society, among them being Mrs. Close.

Among the well-known members of the chapter present were: Mrs. Sid Holland, Mrs. Weddell, Mrs. Frank Fort, Mrs. Thomas Peters, Miss Alice Baxter, Mrs. A. O. Woodward, Mrs. Dalton Mitchell, Mrs. Helen Plane, Mrs. William McCarthy, Miss Sharp, Miss Rosa Woodberry and Mrs. E. L. Connolly.

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NURSES PLAN FOR A HOME OF THEIR OWN.

THE Atlanta Registered Nurses Club met and organized at Mrs. Charles J. Haden's residence on Thursday, February 27, and on that date was federated with the city federation. A special meeting was held at the Cleveland-Manning Piano Company rooms on Friday, March 14. The first regular meeting was held at the Davis-Fisher Sanatorium on April 9 and another called meeting on April 15 at the Grady Hospital. All these meetings have been well attended and much enthusiasm has been shown.

There are at present in Atlanta from five to six hundred graduate nurses, two hundred having passed the State board examinations, making them registered nurses. Two or three hundred more would join the State association could they but see and realize the value of organization, and appreciate the dignity of their noble profession.

This large body of women are scattered over the city without a regular meeting place or assembly rooms—no place they can call their own—the only directories are in drug stores on whom they must depend for patronage.

The purpose of this club is, to quote directly from its constitution: "To establish a central directory, eventually to secure and maintain a nurses' home, to elevate the standard of nursing, to protect the public and to promote good fellowship among all nurses."

The first actual work done by the club was the hygiene nursery booth at the Pure Food Show in the Auditorium-Armory, March 24-27. At this booth, which represented a modern hygienic nursery, demonstrations of care and preparations of milk formulas and care and feeding of babies were given. Pamphlets with valuable information to mothers were distributed and articles sold, the proceeds going to the Home for Incurables. Fifty dollars were turned into the home. The hospitals and institutions of the city were represented in this work. They were: Grady Hospital, Elkin-Goldsmith Sanatorium, Davis-Fisher Sanatorium, Piedmont Sanatorium, Wesley Memorial Hospital, Tabernacle Infirmary, St. Josephs Infirmary and Noble's Sanatorium.

The officers of the Atlanta Registered Nurses Club are: President, Fee Kamensky; first vice president, Berdie Thomson; second vice president, Miss Norton; recording-secretary, Florence Atwell; corresponding secretary, Emily M. Green; treasurer, Mamie Mobley. Chairmen of standing committees are: Membership, M. E. Daughtry; registry, Alberta Dozier; nominating, E. B. Whatley, Auditing, E. S. Tripman; house, Mollie Rosenberg; press and publication, W. C. Johnson.

The members of the advisory board are: Mrs. Charles J. Haden, Mrs. W. B. Price Smith, Mrs. Fred G. Hodgson, Mrs. Wm. L. Peel, Mrs. H. E. W. Palmer and Dr. Wm. Perrin Nicolson, Dr. Chas. E. Boynton, Dr. C. W. Strickler, Dr. Jas. Edgar Paullin, Dr. W. B. Summerall.

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AMERICAN BRANCH THE NEEDLEWORK GUILD.

A LARGE company of women assembled in Philadelphia, Friday last, to celebrate the 25th annual meeting of the American Branch of the Needlework Guild. The guests included many of the presidents and officers, and was a brilliant social event of the week, the various branches of the organization reaching out as it does into the highest circles of society.

The President of the Atlanta branch of the society is Mrs. Edward Brown, who is identified with many of the social, civic, charitable, and literary organizations in the city.

The American branch of the Needlework Guild was organized in 1885; and is one of the most influential and helpful working organizations in the Federation. The Philadelphia branch is 25 years old. The Atlanta branch was organized in 1904, and federated in the same year. There are several thousand members in the organization, which covers every State in the United States, and in the Atlanta branch there are forty members.

On the occasion of the big luncheon given on Friday, the following well-known society women who are officers of the Guild, will preside at the luncheon, Mrs. Alexander J. Cassatt, President; Mrs. Charles R. Pancoast, Mrs. F. Clyde, Mrs. Edgar W. Baird, and Mrs. Charlemagne Tower, Vice Presidents, and Miss Adele Bayard, Secretary.

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COUNCIL OF JEWISH WOMEN.

THE April meeting of the Council of Jewish women was held last Wednesday, at which time an unusually interesting program was presented. Chief speaker of the occasion was Dr. A. J. McKelway, one of the prominent Sociological Congress delegates, who was in the city at that time. Dr. McKelway is considered an authority on Child-Welfare, and since the Council of Jewish Women are especially interested in that line of work, the address was of great value to them. Dr. McKelway has an international reputation and is Southern Secretary of the National Child Labor Organization. He had many instructive and helpful things to say along the line of his work.

Besides the address, there was a pleasing musical program and literary features, added to the program.

The meeting was held at The Temple, and was largely attended. Officers of the Atlanta Section of Council of Jewish Women are: Mrs. Leo Grossman, President; Mrs. Max Samuels, Vice President; Mrs. J. B. Greenfield, Recording Secretary; Mrs. Samuel Cronheim, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. Leo Frank, Treasurer and Mrs. Bert Lilienthal, Auditor.

The most important work under advisement of the organization at present, is the establishment of a home for wayward girls, and the work of developing the Social Circle House, where young girls are given vocational training.

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CLUB WOMEN ENTERTAIN.

THE week was characterized by several social affairs, in which well-known club women entertained at their homes or at the Driving Club.

Tuesday evening, Mrs. Howard McCall, Secretary of the State Federation, Secretary of the D. A. R. Registrar of the U. D. C. and officer in many of the foremost woman's clubs in the State, was hostess at a bridge party, given in honor of Mrs. Asher Johnson, of Charleston, who is the guest of Mrs. DeLos Hill, another well-known club woman. The entertainment was given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. McCall in Ponce De Leon Avenue, and was one of the pretty events of the social life during the week.

Mrs. Hugh Lokey, a member of the Atlanta Womans Club entertained Wednesday, in honor of Miss Elizabeth Wynne, of Richmond, the party being an afternoon tea.

Mrs. Robert Lowry, was hostess at a luncheon at the Drvring Club, Tuesday, her guest of honor being Mrs. Kenneth Morton, of Springfield, who is visiting in Atlanta for several days. Mrs. Lowry is identified with almost every social, civic, and charitable organization in the city, and is noted for her elaborate dinners and parties.

The Driving Club was the scene of another pretty reception on the afternoon of Tuesday last, at which time Mrs. E. W. Cole was honor guest. The reception was given by the Atlanta Branch of the National Civic Federation, and was elaborate in detail.

Mrs. Cole was one of the distinguished women present at the Sociological Congress. Among the well known club women present on this occasion were: Mrs. John W. Grant, Mrs. John K. Ottley, Mrs. Robert Maddox, Mrs. Gilbert Frazier, Mrs. Thomas B. Felder, Mrs. Hugh Willet, Mrs. William Nixon, Mrs. J. M. High, Mrs. Robert Lowry, Mrs. W. R. Hammond, Mrs. Gordon Kiser, Mrs. Frank Neely, Mrs. James Dickey, Miss Isma Dooly, Mrs. T. S. Lewis, Mrs. J. Lindsey Johnson, Mrs. Henry S. Jackson, Mrs. Preston Arkwright, Mrs. Charles A. Davis, Mrs. Smith Pickett, Mrs. Rolling Jones, Mrs. J. K. Orr, and Mrs. John E. Murphy.

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LADIES ART CIRCLE No. 8, DRUID HILLS.

A DELIGHTFUL old-fashioned spend-the-day party and quilting, was the order of entertainment enjoyed by the Ladies Art Circle No. 8, Druid Hills, Tuesday of the past week. The party was given a the home of Mrs. J. C. Todd, and fourteen guests were present to partake of the beautiful luncheon served at 1 o'clock.

There were lovely spring flowers used in the decorations, and after the lunch hour, the ladies returned to the parlors where social intercourse was resumed.

The chairman of the entertainment committee is Miss Elizabeth Chershire.

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LESCHE CLU BAT DALTON.

THE Lesche Club, of Dalton, hostess of the fifth annual convention of the Seventh District Federation of Women's Clubs, is making extensive preparations for the meeting in Dalton next Saturday, May 10. The morning session will be given over to the address of welcome and response, and reports of various officers. Among the interesting features for the afternoon will be the educational address by Dr. A. W. Van Hoose, President of Shorter College, and the address of Philip Weltner, of the State Prison Board, on the need of an industrial home for young girls.

The president of the federation, Mrs. Virginia E. Irby, of Kingston, announces the following interesting program:

Meeting called to order at 9:30.

Prayer; music; address of welcome; response; Mrs. Hugh Morton; minutes; report of president; music; report of federated clubs; report of district chairman; report of non-federated clubs; meeting open for discussions, questions and answers. Lunch.

Afternoon session called to order at 1:30.

Message from state federation, Mrs. A. O. Granger, of Cartersville; address on education, Dr. A. W. Van Hooze, of Rome; Civic Work in Georgia, Mrs. Logan Pitts, of Calhoun, State chairman of civics; "The Need in Georgia of an Industrial Home for Wayward Girls," Philip Weltner, State Prison Board; election of officers; "Blest Be the Tie That Binds;" adjournment.

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Mrs. Z. C. Patten Prominent in Chattanooga society, and a frequent and popular vistor here. Mrs. Patten has just returned home from a week's stay in Atlanta, going to assist in the preparations Chattanooga women are making for the entertainment of the United Confederate Veterans on May 26. An elaborate social program has been arranged and many sponsors appointed. Mrs. Patten is honorary matron of honor for Tennessee.

SILVER TEA AT THE WRENS NEST.

THE Uncle Remus Memorial Association has inaugurated a series of Silver Teas that are proving an attraction at the Wrens Nest. Yesterday afternoon the program was made up of music and an interpretation of La Traviata, by Miss Dora Hood, who is well equipped for that sort of work. The entertainment was given under the auspices of the association with Mrs. Heifner as chairman for the occasion. Mrs. Joel Chandler Harris was in the receiving line, with Mrs. A. McD. Wilson and her assistants, and added to the charm of the afternoon's program by her presence. Tea was served during the afternoon. A large number of guests were entertained.

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MRS. RACHAEL RECOVERS.

MRS. RACHAEL KEITH, one of the oldest and most popular members of the Pioneer Society, and of the U. D. C. has sufficiently recovered from a recent illness to go visiting at Canton, where she has many friends and relatives. Mrs. Keith is 83 years old, and has one of the most interesting experiences of the Pioneer women, having rendered the Confederacy valuable aid during the Civil War.

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SYMPATHY FOR MRS. STEVENS.

Resolutions of sympathy for Mrs. T. T. Stevens have been drafted by the U. D. C. on the death of her mother which occurred in New Mexico several days ago. Mrs. Stevens has gone to Alabama to attend the funeral. Mrs. Stevens is prominent in the federation, in the Atlanta Woman's club, in the U. D. C. in the Uncle Remus Memorial association and in many other woman's clubs in Atlanta, holding high office as a club woman.

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DELAY IN THE CREDENTIALS.

At the Thursday afternoon meeting of the U. D. C. a post card picture of the home of Mrs. Roy W. McKinney, who keeps the credentials of the society, was exhibited showing why the credentials were late in reaching the Chapter. The house was completely inaccessible on account of the floods, and was submerged up to the front door.

Mrs. McKinney is secretary general of the U. D. C. and wrote that she would send the credential blanks as soon as possible.

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MRS. JAY KLING ENTERTAINS THURSDAY.

MRS. JAY KLING entertained the Relief Corps of the G. A. R. at a beautiful tea, Thursday afternoon at her home in Inman Park.

The national colors were used, the flowers decorating the house being red and white carnations, the ices and mints having the colors of the flag, red, white, and blue.

A handsome lace cover over red satin gave a glimpse of bright color to the dining room and from the table set with red, white, and blue confection, dainty refreshments were served.

The entire house was thrown open, and brightened with flowers and ferns, and this was the scene of the entertainment of thirty guests. The roll call was made and the guests responded by reading appropriate verses from miniature flags.

Mrs. Kling was assisted in entertaining her guests by her mother, Mrs. Foster, and Mrs. Essie Beall.

The Relief Corps has a splendid membership and is doing a work of uplift and is especially caring for the graves of the dead heroes of the Union Army, who are buried at Marietta.

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THE PIONEER WOMEN MEET WEDNESDAY.

Wednesday afternoon the Pioneer Women will hold an interesting meeting in the parlors of the Aragon Hotel. The program committee for the day will be Mrs. Joseph Wusthoff, Mrs. C. J. Simmons, Mrs. George Clarke, and Mrs. Harry Smith. Plans will be made at the meeting for the annual picnic, which is one of the Pioneer Women's regular entertainments during the year. Resolutions of regret will be read on the death of Mrs. Phillip Dodd, whose death occurred during the week. The meeting will be presided over by Mrs. Joseph H. Morgan, president and founder of the Pioneer Woman's Society.

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MRS. JOHN B. GORDON GIVEN HONOR.

In his address before the United Daughters of the Confederacy, J. H. Sharp, of Otey's Battery, gave an interesting description of Mrs. John B. Gordon, as she rallied the Confederate troops in the streets of Winchester, Virginia, during the war of the sixties.

"Mrs. Gordon was standing in the street, wrapped in the Confederate flag, urging the troops to battle, when her husband, the late General John B. Gordon came into view. 'What are you doing?' he asked. 'Rallying the men' replied Mrs. Gordon, and so she was. I want it to go on record that I have said that Mrs. Gordon should be placed along with her gallant husband as a hero of the war with the states."

On May 12 Gordon Day will be recognized, and a brilliant program rendered at the Womans Club to commemorate the deeds of valor done by General Gordon, and determine who has won the prizes in the Gordon essay contest.

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TAG DAY AND THE SHELTERING ARMS.

TAG Day has been decided upon. Monday, May 12, is the day appointed.

Tag Day is to Atlanta, what grand opera week is, a festival, in which all exclusive society takes part. To be asked to "Tag," pedestrians as they pass along the streets and thoroughfares, on that day, is as great a compliment as to be asked to drink tea on the veranda at the Driving Club with some distinguished visitor, or to meet the President at the Capitol City Club.

On Tag Day all society turns out, and he who passes the bewildering array of lovely women who "tag," and does not contribute to the Sheltering Arms, is dubbed a "Snug-Fist."

For several years the little band of earnest workers of the maintainance of the Sheltering Arms home, have arranged their committees from the most prominent sets of Atlanta society women, and placed them at every available corner and in the big buildings in Atlanta. Beautiful young girl-workers have been known to board the street cars and "tag" so successfully that much revenue has been added to the purse of the association by this method.

On Tag Day, every one is expected to give something, to the association if only a dime. Last year over five thousand dollars was collected, and this money has kept up the home during the year. As the years pass the institution is growing, and more money is needed, so that Tag Day has become a permanent custom for Atlanta.

Thursday the Sheltering Arms held an important meeting at the Home, at which time plans were decided upon for the day. There are sixty-five committees to be arranged and the officers of the association are busy making them up, and deciding upon the places for the various committees to stand.

Last year little pink bonnets were used in which to receive the money, and this year something new and novel will be selected as receptacles for the change.

Officers of the Sheltering Arms Association are Mrs. Gilbert Frazier, President; Mrs. W. S. Elkin, Vice President; Mrs. William Kiser, Secretary; Mrs. Dunbar Roy, Corresponding Secretary, and Mrs. Eugene Black, Treasurer.

The Sheltering Arms was organized in 1895, and federated the following year. During its existence, the management has never made a call upon the public for money or assistance. Tag Day is the only means they have ever used for asking for help, and on that day every one considers it a privilege to contribute to the work the women so beautifully conduct during the rest of the year.

Tag Day will be Monday, May 12.

Tag Day will be a festival occasion, and Tag Day will open the purse strings, and rejuvenate Atlanta in her generous outflowing of sympathy, and encouragement, for Tag Day is the day in which little children are thought of, and cared for, and given a chance in the battle of life for which they are preparing.

NEWS of SOCIETY

Of interest to lovers of drama is the approaching meeting of the newly-organized drama league, of Atlanta, which was given a start by Mrs. Best, of Chicago, president of the National Drama League of America. The Atlanta branch, including more than one hundred members, will meet Wednesday afternoon at 4 o'clock in the parish house of All Saints Church when a slate, prepared for the election of officers with the constitution and by-laws, will be presented by the organization committee, of which Rev W. W. Memminger is president.

At a meeting of the organization committee held this week, the members appointed by Miss Carolyn Cobb, State representative, met and discussed the plans and method of work to be done in this city. The Atlanta branch will give readings and lectures of educational value, and will produce plays of dramatic and literary merit. Through their work they expect to familiarize Atlantans with the best in drama, and they invite all persons interested in the uplifting of the drama to join the league.

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Miss Helen Dykes is the guest of Miss Eugenia Ivey, at Lucy Cobb in Athens.

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Mrs. James R. Gray, Jr., was the honoree of a tea Thursday in Athens given by Mrs. John R. Northcutt

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Miss Sarah Rawson was the week-end guest of Miss Martha Phinizy, in Athens, going over for the Chi Phi dance.

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Miss Ruth Tribble, of Athens, is spending the week-end with Mrs. S. K. Dick here. Miss Tribble's engagement to Samuel Dick was recently announced.

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MISS HILDRETH BURTON-SMITH was hostess at a box party at the Forsyth yesterday afternoon in compliment to Miss Elizabeth Winn, of Richmond, Va., who is visiting Mrs. Hugh Lokey. Her other guests were Miss Josephine McClellan, Miss Nancy Price, and her guest, Miss Martina Burke, of Macon. After the matinee they had tea at the Driving Club.

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Mrs. R. E. Dismukes, of Columbus, has been the recipient of many informal parties during the past week as the guest of Mrs. Roff Sims on Fourteenth Street.

* * *

Miss Elizabeth Winn, of Richmond, who has been the guest of Mrs. Hugh Lokey for a week, will spend several days with Mrs. John Ruttle, on West Twelfth Street, after which she will return to Mrs. Lokey's for another week.

* * *

Miss Sallie Milton Hall and Ruth Hall, of Maysville, Ky., were tendered a series of parties last week as the guests of Mrs. John Miller, at East Lake.

Mrs. Scott Hudson gave a tea for them on Wednesday.

Mrs. Geddings Tupper complimented them with an informal dinner Wednesday evening. Mrs. Joseph Raine gave a tea for the Misses Hall one afternoon at the Piedmont Driving Club. Mrs. Raine complimented them with a dinner Friday evening.

* * *

In honor of Mrs. Leonard Phinizy, of Augusta, who was the guest of Mrs. Albert Howell, Jr., last week, Mrs. Roby Robinson gave a delightful breakfast Tuesday morning at her home on Peachtree Street.

The house was elaborately decorated in spring flowers, and the table held a vase of Killarney roses, covers being laid for ten guests. Monday afternoon Mrs. Phinizy was the honor guest at a bridge party given by Mrs. Edward T. Brown, eight friends being invited for bridge and a number of others joining them at tea.

* * *

MISS CAROLYN KING was hostess at a bridge party of two tables on Friday afternoon at her home on Peachtree Street. The honor guests of the occasion were Miss Elizabeth Winn, of Richmond, Va., and Miss Robyn Young, of Washington, D. C.

Miss King was assisted by her mother, Mrs. Porter King, who served tea at a table exquisitely decorated with Killarney roses. The other details were carried out in pink.

The prizes at each table for top score were white silk hose.

Miss King received her guests wearing crepe, draped, and a sash of black tulle, with a pink rose catching the drapery on the corsage.

Mrs. King was handsome in black chiffon heavily embroidered and made over black charmeuse.

There Is But One Opinion On the Subject of Diamonds

When the better grade of diamonds is purchased you have an investment that the shrewdest of business men can not but approve. There are many reasons why this is so. Their worth is increasing from ten to twenty per cent a year, affording an unusually handsome profit. You can realize on them wherever you may be, either if you wish to sell outright or use them as collateral.

We sell diamonds that are the investment kind.

Our facilities for handling them are such as to enable us to put them in stock at rock-bottom prices. We can sell them as low as they can be bought anywhere.

Call or write us about our partial payment plan. Selection packages sent anywhere on approval.

Eugene U. Haynes Co.
JEWELERS — 37 WHITEHALL ST.

J. M. HIGH COMPANY.

Special Shoe Bargains Monday

$3.50 and $4.00 Values—$2.95.

Pumps, Oxfords and Evening Slippers, in satin, patent, vici, velvet, gun metal, black, buckskin and white sea island canvas, all new 1913 models and our regular $4 and $3.50 values, Monday at **$2.95** pair.

$3.00 Satin Slippers—$1.95.

Beautiful satin Evening Slippers, Cuban heels and rose-bud pompon, in all sizes and widths; colors, pink, white, blue, red and black. Manufactured to retail at $3; Monday, **$1.95** pair.

Boys' $2.50 Oxfords—$1.69.

Boys' box calf and tan calf Oxfords, all sizes, 2½ to 6; our regular $2.50 values, Monday, **$1.69** pair.

Little Boys' $2.00 Oxfords—$1.49.

Little Boys' box calf Oxfords, all sizes, 9 to 13½, and our regular $2 values; Monday, **$1.49** pair.

$1.00 Tennis Oxfords—69c.

Boys' black and white Tennis Oxfords, the $1 quality; Monday, **69c** pair.

75c Tennis Oxfords—59c.

Youths' black and white Tennis Oxfords, the 75c quality; Monday, **59c** pair

Nemo WEEK
Tenth Anniversary

From May 5 to May 10

Introducing Latest Models in the

Nemo Hygienic Corset Specialties

Approved by the Nemo Hygienic-Fashion Institute, N. Y.



Nemo Week Will Help You to Win Style and Health!

Practically every important store in the United States, in Canada, and in other countries, joins this year in the celebration of Nemo Week.

This annual fashion event brings together all the Nemo inventions and improvements of the past year.

It emphasizes more clearly than ever the important fact that—

Nemo Corsets are in a Class Alone, and Must be Considered Separately and Apart from All Other Makes

Millions of women now refuse to wear any corset but the Nemo. Millions more will do so when they learn that all Nemo Corsets have—

Exclusive Style and Health Features of Inestimable Value to Every Woman, Which Cannot be Obtained in Any Other Corsets, at Any Price nor Under Any Other Trademark, in Any Store in the World

These are some of the Nemo inventions that have made "Nemo" a household word in every country where corsets are worn:

1. The ingenious Nemo construction that "bridges the diaphragm," gives plenty of *breathing* space and freedom from constriction over the stomach section, no matter how tightly the corset may be laced. *No woman wearing a Nemo ever feels that crushing, smothering pain that makes her rush home to get her corset off.*

2. Gores and bands of semi-elastic Nemo Lastikops Webbing and Lastikops Cloth that *shape the corset closely to your form*, and give you, with perfect comfort, the *slender-hip* effect of the so-called "corsetless figure."

3. The new Nemo "Lasticurve-Back," which makes even the *longest* corset comfortable in any position, produces fashionable slender lines, prevents that ugly "corset-line" and holds the corset down where it belongs.

4. The famous "Lastikops Bandlet," made of Lastikops Webbing, which insures perfect and comfortable hygienic abdominal support and has done more than medicine to preserve and restore the health of millions of women.

5. The Nemo Auto-Massage device and the Nemo "Limshaping Extensions," which *permanently* reduce the surplus flesh of abdomen and upper limbs.

Every Woman Can Enjoy Up-to-Date Style, Improve Her Figure and Guard Her Health Through These Patented Nemo Inventions and Special Features —*Used Only in Nemo Corsets*

Here's just a hint of the splendid Nemo models you'll find at your favorite store Nemo Week:

With INCURVE-BACK and ELASTIC SKIRT GORES
No. 506—Self-Reducing, low bust } $5.00
No. 508—Self-Reducing, medium }

With LASTICURVE-BACK
No. 322—Self-Reducing, low bust } $3.00
No. 324—Self-Reducing, medium }

No. 326—"Nemo Week Special;" a new Self-Reducing model, for this event only; extremely long skirt, low bust; of our durable "Steel-tex" batiste—a wonderful value $3.00

No. 510—Self-Reducing, low bust; of very fine white coutil $5.00

With LASTIKOPS BANDLET
No. 523—Self-Reducing, low bust } $5.00
No. 522—Self-Reducing, medium }

This is only a suggestion—there's a Nemo model for *every* figure, and those for the slender have hygienic and style features just as indispensable as those in the famous Self-Reducing Corsets.

Study Nemo Corsets This Week and Learn True Corset Economy

WE GUARANTEE THAT every Nemo represents at least twice as much value in material and making as any other corsets sold at same prices.

WE GUARANTEE THAT if you are once correctly fitted in a Nemo you will never willingly wear any other corset, and that you will have more comfort, better health and better style than ever before.

DON'T MISS NEMO WEEK!
EVERYWHERE! Kops Bros., Mfrs., N.Y.

The *ONLY* ELASTIC FABRICS in existence that DON'T GIVE OUT

Original Patented Inventions Used *ONLY* in OUR CORSETS



Society In the Suburbs

Kirkwood

THE marriage of Miss Sarah Frances Hightower to Mr. Gustave Beauregard Sisson, which took place Saturday afternoon was an event of more than usual interest to his many friends in Kirkwood, where he has lived since early childhood. The wedding took place at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Bedney Hightower, in Druid Hills. The ceremony was performed by Rev. C. T. A. Pise and witnessed only by relatives of the two families. The young couple left immediately after the ceremony for a trip to Detroit, Niagara Falls and New York. They will return via Savannah, and after June 1 will be at home on Piedmont Avenue.

Miss Edwina Wood, of Columbus, Ga., and Mrs. Gilliland, of Roswell, have been the guests of Mrs. G. M. Willingham in Sutherland Terrace. Miss Wood left for a visit to Washington, D. C., before returning to her home.

The friends of Mr. and Mrs. Carl will be sorry to learn that their residence on East Lake Drive was completely destroyed by fire on Tuesday night.

Mrs. Hal Reviere and children will return home on Monday after a delightful visit to Macon.

Robert Swan is erecting a new home on Howard Street.

Mrs. Cox, of Clarksville, who has been visiting Mrs. W. B. Emery, has returned home.

Mrs. Bellows, of Oakhurst, has returned from Macon, where she was called on account of the death of her mother, Mrs. McArthur.

Mrs. Winburn, of Atlanta, was the guest on Tuesday of her daughter, Mrs. Edmondson, on Howard Street.

Charles Printup has returned from a visit to White Path, Ga.

Mr. and Mrs. Owen Slate have taken possession of their new home on Park Place, in Oakhurst, which they have recently purchased.

Miss Zeleta Clay and Mrs. Collins, of Dawson, Ga., visited friends in Kirkwood on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. David Sullivan spent several days at Morgan Falls, where they enjoyed a fishing trip.

Mrs. Wilson, of Thomson, Ga., has been the guest of Mrs. C. T. Printup.

Kirkwood citizens are taking quite an interest in the fraternal lodge of the Woodmen of the World, which has been recently organized in Kirkwood. A meeting was held last Friday at the school house auditorium. M. R. Duffy was master of ceremonies, George W. Gardner was installed as consul commander, and Ernest Howard as clerk.

Eugene Daniel is at home on a short visit. He will return to Cincinnati shortly, where he will graduate in the School of Medicine.

Oakland City

MRS. I. N. RAGSDALE entertained with a delightful spend-the-day party Tuesday at her home on Lee Street. The guests were Mrs. V. R. Thornton, Mrs. James Latimer, of Lowndesville, S. C.; Mrs. Morris and Mrs. R. A. McMurry.

The Oakland City Baptist Church celebrated its third anniversary with a church social Friday night. An interesting program was rendered by the young people of the church, after which a delightful salad course was served.

Miss Jewel Tillman, who has been in Petersburg, Va., for the past two weeks, will visit Washington and Portsmouth before returning home.

Mrs. Miller and daughter, Miss Nell Smith, of Jacksonville, Fla., are the guests of Mrs. J. M. Camp on Lillian Avenue.

Miss May Belle Cherry is the guest of her mother, Mrs. J. W. Cherry, for the week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Gibbs announce the birth of a daughter. Mrs. Gibbs was before her marriage Miss Adalu Williams.

Mr. Bryant Marchman, of Jacksonville, Fla., is the guest of his mother, Mrs. E. J. Marchman.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy F. Bomar have moved into their new bungalow on Whiteoak Street.

Miss Lottie MacDonald, who has been the guest of Miss Anna Skinner during grand opera, has returned to her home in Savannah.

Mrs. Nelson T. Spratt entertained her bridge club Saturday afternoon. The house was beautifully decorated with quantities of Killarney roses and other spring flowers. Quite a number of interesting rubbers were played at three tables, after which a two-course luncheon was served. Mrs. Spratt's guests included Miss Alice Dixon, Miss Annie Barnwell, Miss Daffie Lee Prioleau, Miss Marie Parks, Miss Allie Mann, Miss Mary Owens, Misses Kate and Hattie Milledge, Mrs. John DeFauture, Mrs. Henry Watkins, Mrs. Gadsden Russell and Mrs. N. T. Spratt.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Terrell, of Covington, spent Sunday with Mrs. M. W. Almand, making the trip through the country in their automobile.

West End

THE annual reception of the Twentieth Century Coterie was a large event of the past week, in West End, and of special interest. The affair was held this year, at the home of Mrs. N. T. Pool, 109 Peeples Street, Friday afternoon. The guests called between the hours of 4 and 6. Officers of the Coterie assisted the hostess in receiving and entertaining. The apartments open to guests were decorated in spring flowers. The officers of the Coterie are: Mrs. F. W. McCarley, President; Mrs. T. H. Emminger, Vice President; Mrs. W. W. Croker, Mrs. Calder B. Lawton, and Mrs. T. L. Lewis.

Mrs. James Madison Wright entertained the Matrons' Club of West End at her home on Gordon Street Thursday afternoon. This is one of the oldest clubs of its kind in Atlanta and its membership is limited to eighteen.

A game of dominoes was enjoyed in the living and reception rooms where vases of garden roses and palms and ferns made an artistic decoration.

On Monday evening Mr. and Mrs. James H. Zachry will give a bridge party at their home on Lucile Avenue, in compliment to their guest, Mrs. Perry Newcomb, of Milwaukee. Assisting in the entertainment of the guests will be Mrs. R. M. Silliman, and Mrs. Harry B. Thompson. Miss Estelle Weaver will serve punch.

Mrs. Zachry will also entertain for her guest on Wednesday afternoon at a reception from 4 to 6 o'clock. Mrs. Harry B. Thompson, Mrs. Neal Spence, Mrs. Henry Sharpe, Mrs. V. R. Carson, Mrs. R. F. Siti, and Mrs. John Russell Gresham, will assist her in entertaining her guests, and Miss Mary Lucy Turner and Miss Lennie Lewis will preside at the punch bowl.

Tuesday evening Mr. and Mrs. O. S. Lair will entertain the Domino Club.

Hapeville

MISS ADA ADAMSON, of Rex, Ga., is the guest of her sister, Mrs. J. T. Cowan.

Misses Louise and Mary Baker, of Zebulon, Ga., were recent guests of Mrs. C. P. Jones on Stewart Avenue.

Miss Ann Fields, of Hampton, Ga., visited friends here recently.

Miss Mattie Sue Suttles has returned to Jonesboro after spending several days with Miss Mabel Jones.

Mrs. A. M. Jamerson has as her guest Mrs. L. A. Crawford, of Thomaston, Ga.

Mr. Elam Addy, of Baldwin, Ga., has been visiting friends and relatives here recently.

Mrs. Joe Bialock is visiting friends at Madison, Ga.

Mrs. W. T. Watley and Miss Sallie Lou Grubbs, of Orchard Hill, were the guests of Mrs. Marvin King Thursday.

Dr. and Mrs. John T. Green, of Opelika, Ala., are spending some time with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Elisha Smith.

Mrs. Tom Lewis is ill at her home on Stewart Avenue.

Misses Roena and Ethleen Smith, of McDonough, visited Mrs. Claudie Jones recently.

College Park

AMONG the prettiest of the informal affairs of the past week in College Park was the bridge luncheon given by Mrs. Clarence Wickersham, in compliment to her house guest, Mrs. James Spotswood Dillard, of Lynchburg, Va. Each room where the tables were placed was elaborately decorated in petunias, lavender and purple.

In the dining room, a plateau was formed of petunias the deep purple ones being used in a circle around the paler shades. The other details of the table were carried out in lavender, daylight instead of artificial lights being used.

Mrs. Wickersham received her guests wearing a morning frock of acid-blue silk serge, with touches of Persian silk on the corsage.

Her guests were Misses Ella and Bessie Hutchinson, Miss Annie May Hardin, Miss Mary Goodrum, Mrs. Alonzo Richardson, Mrs. Chancellor Thornton, Mrs. Hardin, Mrs. Charles Wilkinson, Mrs. J. A. Trammell, Mrs. Emma Connally, Mrs. Alfred Murrell, Mrs. George Longino, Mrs. Edward Richardson, Mrs. Stacy Thornton, and Mrs. Miller, of Ohio.

Mrs. Wickersham will be hostess again next Tuesday when she gives an afternoon tea in honor of Mrs. Dillard. Mrs. Edward Richardson, Mrs. A. H. Murrell, Mrs. Alonzo Richarson, Mrs. I. C. McCrory, and Mrs J. A. Trammell will assist her in entertaining. Mrs. Alonzo Richardson will also entertain for Mrs. Dillard some time next week.

Another pleasant event of last week was the luncheon which Mrs. Garnett McMillan gave for Miss Laura Graves, of New York, Tuesday. The party took place at the home of Mrs. McMillan and was a small one.

The centerpiece of the beautifully appointed table was a tall vase of pink crab-apple blossoms, and four smaller vases of sweet peas shaded from pink to lavender were placed at the corners of the table. Mints in pink, lavender, and white, and silver candle sticks, holding pink shades completed the decorations.

Miss Graves is now the guest of Miss Frankie McCrory.

Inman Park

MISS Lina Andrews is a pretty Inman Park girl whose marriage to Mr. C. A. Rauschenberg will take place at the Inman Park Methodist Church on Tuesday evening, June 10. The attendants will include Mrs. E. S. Glasgow, of Tyrone, Pa., as matron of honor, Misses Lillian Lupo, Mildred Harris, Annie Rauschenberg and Macie Rauschenberg as bridesmaids, and William Candler, as best man. After their wedding journey, the young couple will go to housekeeping on Elizabeth Street, Inman Park.

* * *

A series of parties will be tendered Miss Andrews, preceding her marriage. Among those who will entertain for her are Mrs. S. C. Dobbs, Mrs. Fred White, Mrs. C. A. Rauschenberg, Mrs. Warren D. White, Miss Mildred Harris, and Miss Leila Branch.

Decatur

A DELIGHTFUL event of last week was the dance at the Haleyon Club given as a compliment to Mr. Boyd Sutton and his guests, Mr. Allen and Mr. Hudson, of Auburn.

Mrs. J. B. Reeves, of Charleston, is the guest of her mother, Mrs. H. L. Graves.

Mrs. L. R. Waddy, of Cedartown, was the recent guest of Mrs. J. M. Worsham.

Mrs. Kelley, of Gadsden, Ala., is the guest of Miss Marian McClellan.

Miss Adelle Harrison, of Augusta, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Wilson on Tuesday.

Mrs. J. S. Kennedy, of Lithonia Springs, was the guest of Mrs. Eugene Wilson on Thursday.

Miss Geraldine Hood, of Commerce, Ga., spent last week as the guest of Miss Eva Towers.

Mrs. Denham Cason, of Jewell, Ga., has returned home after spending a week as the guest of her mother, Mrs. L. D. Brinkley.

Mr. and Mrs. Bayne Gibson announce the birth of a son.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Dismuke, of Terrell County, were the guests of Miss Cora Graves on Sunday.

Miss T. N. Fulton has been quite ill for the past ten days.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. West are spending ten days in Galveston, Tex.

Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Holtzclaw announce the birth of a daughter.

Out of Town Society

Savannah

SAVANNAH, May 3.—The big Kirmess which is to be given at the Savannah theater under the auspices of the Savannah chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy for the chapter house fund has been postponed from May 8, 9 and 10 to May 16 and 17.

The members of the Oglethorpe Light Infantry delightfully entertained their friends with a dance at the regimental gymnasium Wednesday evening.

A very charming tea was given Wednesday afternoon at the Huntington club by Mrs. Edward S. Stoddard in honor of Mrs. William A. Strachan.

The wedding of Miss Emma W. Lyon and Mr. Charles N. Lee took place Wednesday at 9 o'clock in the evening at the residence of the bride's mother, Mrs. Emma H. Lyon. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. W. T. Dakin, rector of St. John's Episcopal Church.

The marriage of Miss Georgia Schwarz and Mr. Edward S. Selby took place Wednesday evening at six o'clock at Sacred Heart Church. Only relatives and friends were invited.

Miss Isobel Shotter is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. David T. Dana, at Lenox, Mass. She attended the wedding last week, at Valley Head, of Miss Mary Schenck and Mr. Heyden Channing.

Mrs. Charles Seller will leave on May 8 for New York, where she will be joined a few days later by Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Graham, and they will sail on the George Washington for Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. George F. Tennille are in New York. Mrs. Tennille will be away for a week. Mr. Tennille will sail for Europe.

Mrs. R. W. Reiser, Miss Margaret Bliss, Miss Ida Altick and Mr. Henry Petit are making a trip to Florida and Cuba.

Mrs. F. H. Miller, of Los Angeles, Calif., after a short visit to Savannah relatives, has gone to New York, where he will sail on the Kaiserin Augusta Victoria for a two months visit to Germany.

Mrs. Burton C. Mason, of Asheville, N. C., is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Pleasant A. Stovall.

Macon

MACON, May 3.—Dances at the Log Cabin club have been the feature of the week's social gayeties in Macon. A vaudeville band of 15 pieces "laying off" in Macon for a week, the young people arranged four subscription dances, twice staying at the club until after 2 o'clock in the morning.

John B. Munson, vice-president of the G. S. and F. railroad, was the host to a large party at a private dance Friday night. To-night there will be the regular weekly dance.

The announcement of maids and sponsors to the Chattanooga reunion has been made. Miss Anna Bryant will represent the R. A. Smith camp of veterans as sponsor. She has not named her maids. The Thomas Hardeman camp of Sons of Veterans, which will send a delegation of 250, and also the drum and bugle corps, has named the following sponsors Misses Annie Townsend Bowdre, Julia Riley, Iola Wise, Blanche Nisbet, Mary Willingham, Louise Callaway, and Mrs. Maybeth Haylor Hemphill. Mrs. John A. Selden will be matron-of-honor.

The friends of Mrs. W. D. Lamar, one of the best-known and most generally admired of Macon women, are delighted at the reports from John Hopkins hospital at Baltimore. Mrs. Lamar was thrown from her horse about six weeks ago and sustained serious injuries. Failing to improve satisfactorily at home, she went to the hospital two weeks ago.

Charles H. Hall, Jr., former city attorney, also underwent an operation of grave danger at Baltimore this week. The day before his operation Mr. Hall made a trip in an aeroplane. He said he had longed for several years for this experience, but did not gratify his ambition until he feared he might die. His friends are much pleased over the reports to his condition.

Mrs. Lee Fearing, of Chicago, the guest of Mrs. William Lee Ellis, and Mrs. William E. Barnes, of Memphis, the guest of Mrs. J. H. Napier, are visitors who are being much entertained. Mrs. H. E. Buell complimented Mrs. Fearing with a tea Friday afternoon, and Mrs. P. W. Martin was the hostess at a party given at her country home near Dry Branch in honor of Mrs. Barnes.

Elberton

ELBERTON, May 3.—One of the social events of the season was the marriage of Miss Florence Brown to Dr. D. N. Thompson, Rev. R. H. Rich, of the Baptist Church, performing the ceremony. The bride's wedding dress was made of white crepe meteor, shadow lace draped gracefully about the shoulders, reaching to the waist line.

Out of town visitors were: Misses Mamie, Alline and Myrtis Thompson, from Ila, Ga.; Miss Jessie Hines, of Rome, Ga.; Miss Kate Howell, Atlanta; Misses Hattie and Alberta Glover, of Alabama; Miss Mary Little Deadwyler, of Athens; Mrs. John Hardman, of Commerce.

Milledgeville

MILLEDGEVILLE, May 3.—Mrs. J. Anderson Price entertained Wednesday evening in honor of her sister, Miss Mariah Price, of Farmington, Ga. Games of dominoes were played, after which a salad course was served. The home was beautiful with decorations of white roses and ferns. Those present were: Mrs. T. M. Hall, Mrs. Terry Treanor, Mrs. Frank Bone, Mrs. Cleveland Cooper, Mrs. E. A. Tigner, Mrs. Lodrick Jones, Mrs. John T. Day, Mrs. G. G. Reid, Miss Mary Cline, Miss Hattie Pottle, Miss Frances Smith, Miss Nan Barksdale and Miss Floride Allen.

James Sibley entertained a few couples with a fish fry at White Lake this week. After spending a pleasant evening rowing on the lake a fine fish supper was served. Those present were: Charles I. Brown, George W. Hollingshead, Bardy Tant, J. L. Sibley, Jr., Misses Katherine Turner, Floride Allen, Hoyle Skinner and Mrs. I. C. Case.

Miss Mary Amos attended a house party at Waynesboro this week.

Mrs. R. H. Hutchings, of Ogdenburg, N. Y., is visiting relatives in the city.

Greensboro

GREENSBORO, May 3.—Mrs. E. Harvey Armor entertained the Entre Nous Club Tuesday afternoon in her usual charming way. Quantities of pink and white roses greeted the guests with a breath of spring as they entered the reception hall, also adding their beauty to the parlor and dining room. During the game of dominoes punch and sandwiches were served. At the conclusion of the game a beautiful sweet course was served, the cream in designs of perfect fruit peaches and pineapples. The hostess, in a most becoming gown of blue, the corsage combined with lace, was assisted in receiving by Misses Lula and Kate Hall and Mrs. Henly Hall, of Ingleside. The guests numbered twenty, including the club members, several friends and Mrs. Ralph Griffin, of Augusta.

West Point

WEST POINT, May 3.—Miss Kate Smith is spending several weeks in Atlanta, the guest of Miss Fay Shulze, on West Peachtree.

Mrs. Scott Baker was the hostess of the Bridge club Wednesday afternoon, and a very pleasant game was enjoyed. The guests were refreshed with iced tea and sandwiches.

Miss Carrie Lou Griggs had as her guest last week Mr. Robert McCants, her uncle. Mr. McCants has a host of friends here who extended a welcome to him.

Mrs. T. W. Carter spent last week with her mother, Mrs. J. D. Johnson.

Under the direction of Mrs. Arthur Baker, president of the U. D. C's, memorial exercises were held in the Methodist Church Monday afternoon.

Misses Annie May Johnson and Sarah Frances Jinkins very pleasantly entertained the members of the younger set Friday evening in honor of their guests, Misses Jones and Carter.

Dalton

DALTON, Ga., May 3.—The Governor John Milledge Chapter, D. A. R., was entertained at a luncheon by Mrs. Paul B. Trammell Tuesday afternoon, following the monthly meeting of the chapter. At the meeting the library committee reported a number of volumes received as a nucleus for the library.

Mrs. Clayton Moore was hostess at two beautiful affairs of the week-end. Friday afternoon she entertained at bridge, and her guests on Saturday afternoon played "42."

Mrs. W. N. Morse entertained her card club at bridge Thursday afternoon.

The Reviewers were entertained Friday afternoon at an enjoyable picnic by Mrs. B. A. Tyler at her suburban bungalow south of the city.

Thomasville

THOMASVILLE, May 3.—A pretty June wedding will be that of Miss Honorine Hopkins, of this city, to Mr. James Christian Royall, of Savanah, which will take place at the First Presbyterian Church here on Wednesday evening, June 25.

Miss Laucy Lester, who has been the guest of Mrs. Hugh Willet, in Atlanta, has returned home.

Miss Fraser Mitchell is the guest for a few days of Miss Marie MacIntyre, in Atlanta.

Mr. and Mrs. James Duncan, Miss Margaret McKay, Miss Acker and several others from here have been attending the educational meeting in Atlanta.

Eastman

EASTMAN, May 3.—The reception by Mrs. W. C. Drummond and daughters, Mrs. L. M. Woodard, Jr., and Miss Cammie Drummond, at their home on Church Street, last Thursday afternoon was one of the prettiest affairs of the season.

Mr. C. H. Peacock, Jr., of Macon, visited his sister, Mrs. S. C. Smiley, last week.

Miss Ruby Harrell, of Cochran, was the attractive guest of Miss Gussie Goolsby during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Cowan, of Atlanta, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. G. T. McDaniel the past week.

Miss Annie Whiddon, who has been the guest of Mr. J. J. Nelson's family for the past several days has returned to her home in McRae.

Miss Mary Powell, of Cochran, is visiting friends and relatives in the city.

Miss Elizabeth Underwood is the guest of Miss Mayme Nelson for a few days.

Mrs. R. S. Stinson, who has been spending the past several days with relatives in Glenwood, has returned home.

Cordele

CORDELE, May 3.—Mrs. Walter E. Hubbard was hostess to the Young Matrons Club Wednesday afternoon with a pretty party, heart-dice being the game played.

Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Jennings, Mrs. Black, of Montezuma, and Mrs. W. T. Bragg, of Macon, house guests of Mrs. Jennings, formed a congenial automobile party Sunday, spending the day with Rev. and Mrs. C. W. Durden, at Tifton, being among invited guests at a dinner party.

Mrs. Edward Stallings and aunt, Mrs. Mattie Hamilton, were joint hostesses on Monday afternoon to the members of the Aid Society of the Presbyterian Church.

Miss Marie Scantrett will leave in a few days for Little Rock to join a house party. Going from there to Mobile and Birmingham she will spend a month with friends.

Mrs. Pearson Ellis, Miss Sadie Ellis, Miss Estelle Colwell, Mrs. F. G. Boatright and Miss Frederica Boatright were guests Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Wood, of Cobb, on an automobile trip to Andersonville.

Dublin

DUBLIN, May 3.—A thoroughly delightful affair of the week was the day's outing at Idylwild. This was a lovely compliment to two charming visitors, Miss Ida Camp Berry, of Shelbyville, Tenn., and Miss Harley Pickens, of Charleston, S. C. Mrs. W. W. Robinson and Misses Jennie and Carrie Dawson were joint hostesses at an exquisite reception at Mrs. Robinson's home on Belleview Avenue on Tuesday. This lovely home is beautifully adapted to entertaining. It was adorned with a profusion of exquisite roses and sweet peas. In the receiving line were Mrs. W. W. Robinson, Mrs. S. H. Lichstenstein, of Savannah; Miss Jennie Dawson, Miss Pauline Garbutt, of Sandersville; Miss Carrie Dawson, and Miss Grace Bashinski, of Tennille.

The pupils composing the graduating class of the Dublin High School put on a splendid little college play Friday evening entitled, "At the End of the Rainbow."

Columbus

COLUMBUS, May 3.—Among the pretty social events of the past week was the card party given Thursday afternoon by Mrs. Ira Clark in honor of Mrs. L. B. Shanks, of Standford, Ky., and Mrs. H. T. Bourne, of Castle, Ky., both of whom are guests of Mrs. Thomas Shanks, of Columbus.

Mrs. Charles Canty Crowell was the delightful hostess of the Girls' Sewing club Tuesday morning, at her beautiful home on upper Forsyth Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Owen Deloney Edge have returned from their wedding journey and are at home to their friends at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. James A. Lewis on upper Third Avenue.

One of the most interesting events of the past week was the presentation of the beautiful Turkish play, the "Slim Princess," at the Chase Conservatory of Music by local talent.

Monroe

MONROE, GA., May 3.— Miss Julia Mobley entertained delightfully for Miss Carrie Foster last Tuesday evening.

Miss Dollie McElhanon celebrated her birthday at her home, the "Grant Place", the 26th of April.

Miss Gussie Belle Rawls, of Dublin, Ga., is in the city for the purpose of interesting our people in a play to be given under the auspices of the Civic League, the proceeds to go toward the Library-Auditorium fund.

One of the most enjoyable social affairs of the early spring time was the picnic givtn by Mr. Sanders B. Walker in honor of the Current Topics Club, four miles from the city.

Mrs. W. E. Dendy entertained the Young Matrons Club in a most charming manner Thursday afternoon.

Tifton

TIFTON, May 3.—Misses Pearl and Hazel Ford are spending some time in Atlanta, the guests of relatives. Miss Pearl will return to Tifton in about two months. Miss Hazel going to the mountains for a visit.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Taylor returned early in the week from Sardis and Como, Miss., and Memphis, Tenn., where they have been the guests of relatives and friends for several weeks.

Mrs. Frank Scarboro returned Wednesday from a visit to Atlanta and Gainesville.

Mrs. F. G. Boatright of Cordele, arrived in Tifton Wednesday to be the guest of Mrs. H. S. Murray for ten days.

Allen's May Sale of Women's Ready-to-Wear

Will Continue Through the Entire Month

The month of May will be the selling time full of advantages for the provident patron of this store. A 30-day sale covers a long stretch of time, and will carry away many "well-behaved bargains," but we have the goods to sell—very large stocks of them in every department—in fact, we have too much, and such is the reason for this great reduction sale. And these are regular stocks, bought at regular prices. No "jobs" or "seconds," consequently it must be a first-class garment in both fabric and style that you are offered—though at small cost—this month of May.

Silk Dresses $25, $30 and $35 Values $12.50

These dresses present a combination of style, quality and desirability that will appeal to every taste and will satisfy every want.

There are dresses for afternoon, for evening, for bridge parties, for dinners and for street wear.

The materials include charmeuse, crepe meteor, Canton crepe, radium, bengaline, faille, messaline, taffeta, foulard and crepe voile. There are also beautiful lingerie dresses, of voile, marquisette and embroidered robes.

The variety of colors comprises almost every shade, hue and tint that is fashionable and popular. For instance:

The range, from the most delicate pink to a deep American beauty, includes all the intermediate shades.

The reds embrace every possible shade from the popular cerise to the deepest cardinal and wine.

In green there are vivid shades known in this season's color list as Kelly green, reseda, apple green and olives in the soft, becoming tones.

All the blues that have originated this season are here in complete range.

Taupe, grey, pearl, mauve, maize, purple, helio and plenty of white and black.

No matter for what purpose you need a dress, you'll surely find one to suit you among this collection, and at an unmatchable price.

The Suits Having Reduction Prices

Remembering that your Spring Suit will serve you on some very notable occasions, on your summer travels, beginning very soon, and at which time first impressions are made, you will value a good one—a smart looking one. You will also appreciate the great saving in buying it when the price is low.

Suits formerly $25.00, now $15.00
Suits formerly $30, $35 and $40, now $23.75
Suits formerly $50 and $55, now $34.75
Suits formerly $60, $65 and $67.50, now $39.75

Fine Novelty Silk Suits at Half Price

$75 Silk Suits $37.50
$85 Silk Suits $42.50
$95 Silk Suits $47.50
$125 Silk Suits $62.50

Reductions in Millinery, Corsets, Coats, Blouses and Petticoats

The Vogue of Low Heels

As a young lady expressed it the other day, "it really looks odd to see anything but low heels nowadays." We have a black satin pump in five different heights of heel and practically the same shape toe.

We also have a greater number of different styles of heels in gun metal, patent and tan, white canvas and white buckskin.

When it comes to the new English last in either pump, oxford or boot, Allen has more different styles and a better range of sizes and widths than any other shoe store in the South. This does not by any means indicate that we do not carry high heels, but it goes to show that what the younger set adapts is usually found at Allen's in greater variety than anywhere else.



English Last Pump in dull or tan calf, black satin and white, $5.00.

It would be the part of wisdom to select your white and tan low heel pumps or oxfords, especially the rubber sole ones, in the next week or so, for you can rest assured in another month they will be at a premium. We have ordered and re-ordered on them until it seemed that we were going to get a great many more than we should, but almost the next week the clerks report that they can't find this size or width or that. This means nothing more than good advice to good customers.



Rubber or Leather Sole English last oxford, black or tan calf, white, $5.50, $5.00, $4.50.

J. P. Allen & Co. 51 and 53 Whitehall

For Milady's Wardrobe

SATIN, which was the material of most of the Eastern bridesmaids' gowns, will be used also at the June weddings; but there will be a tendency to veil it with chiffon, mousseline, net, or lace. The white lingerie frock (and it must be remembered that the lingerie frocks of this year are composed almost entirely of net and lace) will inevitably appear at many weddings. But even with the addition of color in girdles, hats, and other accessories, the general effect will again be impaired by not having the bride the only white figure.

* * *

If white is decided on for the bridesmaids, they should wear also the colored silk jackets which are the height of chic this season. With a dress of white net or mousseline, a belted jacket of flowered silk, with a gedet back, would be charming. Nothing could be more picturesque than a group of girls in these costumes, with broad flat leghorn hats, and carrying the tall staffs, which by the way, are a not to be despised aid to steady one's steps during the ordeal of the wedding march.

Not less lovely are the simple draped gowns of chiffon. At any rate, they produce an illusion of simplicity, although something approaching genius goes into the arrangement of the draperies and the addition of a contrasting color note. This touch of color must have an arresting quality of unexpectedness as well as of exotic harmony.

* * *

To the dismay of a large number of women white muslin will not be fashionable this year. It is a fabric they know all about and they are loath to go into a field they do not know so well, yet they will find cotton marquisette and silk voile admirable substitutes for muslin. The old familiar wash net has returned to fashion and this should bring gladness to any woman's heart who remembers how well it stands the tub and iron and how deliciously cool it is for excessively hot afternoons and evenings.

* * *

There is little enough in present day styles to bring happiness to the stout woman. Her hips are a constant source of worry, in spite of the face that her waist is just in style. And when she surveys the filmy chiffon and lace under bodices and the corsets that end at the waist she is filled with dismay. But the brassieres of heavy allover embroidery, reenforced with removable bones under the arms and in front and back, with stout tapes to hold them down at the waist, are a real boon to the plump woman. They are really dainty and attractive; at the same time they are substantial and serviceable.

* * *

One of the novelties in underwear is the pale pink batiste and lawn used to make chemises, corset covers and slips. It is not a strong pink that is used; indeed it is so delicate it can hardly be distinguished from the skin. This style doubtless owes its vogue to the fashion of transparent gown tops and blouses, which are of an inconceivable fliminess and which show the lingerie at best vaguely through the diaphanous folds. The pale pink tones in delightful fashion under the filmy white blouse, taking away from the too white look it often has, make it unbecoming to many persons. These dainty pieces of underwear are made in the same fashion as those of the usual materials, with Valenciennes, point de Paris or Cluny lace, and have more often a broad ribbon interrun through wide entredeux, or hems, than the baby ribbon that is ordinarily used in feminine underwear.

* * *

Fashions in jewelry are as variable —and as definite—as fashions in gowns, hats and wraps, and each gem has its day as truly as the proverbial canine. For the past three seasons weird, Oriental effects in jewelry have been popular; color has been exalted above intrinsic worth and the humble semi-precious stones have ranked in popularity above even diamonds; coral, lapis, jade and matrix turquoises, set in odd, original effects, having been the craze in ornaments, while priceless emeralds and rubies waited their turn in the fastnesses of safe deposit vaults. Now, oddly enough, when color is rampant, in costume, colorless jewels come to the front and diamonds and milk-white pearls are the favorites of Madam Mode.

Imitation pearls, or even ordinary pearl beads gradually acquire the warm, translucent tint of the real pearls by contact with the flesh, and the woman who is presented with a moderately priced string of pearl beads should wear it night and day for a month until the beads lose the chalk-white shade of newness and take on the warm, creamy tint that is considered so beautiful. The ornaments illustrated here include a string of what are called "opera pearls," large and creamy pink in tone; a flexible pearl bead bracelet; a ring set with a large imitation pearl surrounded by small, genuine diamonds, and a coiffure ornament of rhinestones and pearls, from which rises a delicate marabout ornament.

* * *

Crepe de chine negligees and underwear are flimier and and more decorated and decorative than ever. Each week brings forth some new concoction of somebody's art in putting together crepe de chine, lace, net, ribbon, chiffon and flowers a little more bewitchingly and attractively than anything seen before.

* * *

In line with the new taste for seed pearls are the ornaments for maline neck bows. They can be had made of real pearls at prices that are fabulous to most persons, or in imitation pearls—which, by the way, are in good taste and can be worn without a tremor. These ornaments can also be used with ribbon.

* * *

If milady wishes to copy the French they she can go in wholeheartedly for the plain tailored suits during the day, because the Parisienne has been quick to take a leaf out of the American dress book and garb herself with quiet elegance for her walk in the Bois and her little breakfast at a public restaurant. It is a devout wish of all the people who think rightly about dress that this sartorial cleavage between street and house gowns may come to pass. The American women ran after false gods, but it is time they should return to their own admirable creed.

* * *

The collarless gown is a great comfort and convenience because it allows one to have fewer summer gowns, as they serve very much the same purpose when one is leading a comparatively simple life out of a great city. One can get along well with two such muslin frocks, a white silk voile or net for afternoon or evening, a low gown of chiffon and a coat suit of the thinnest kind of silk or crash.

* * *

Attractive handbags, or change purses, as they are called, are made of corded blue, brown or black silk. They are mounted with brass clasps and have straps of silk about an inch and a half wide for handles. The purses are lined with soft white silk and equipped with a small mirror held firmly to the lining by a short white silk strap.

* * *

Coat protectors of fine net, to be worn under the coat collar for the protection of the waist beneath it, are made of net and lace. One attractive style is made of fine white net, a strip about half a yard wide laid in soft plaits and finished at the ends with white silk tassels. Another style is made of two strips of shadow lace edge fastened together along the straight edges with a piece of narrow lace beading. This protector is finished with gilt tassels. Some of the protectors are allowed to crumple and fold naturally under the coat, some are held straight and flat with wire collar stiffeners four or five inches high.

* * *

Ribbon is apparently to be used lavishly this summer; certainly the late spring shows even more of it than the early spring showed. Every day some new fancy of the ribbon makers is put on the counters, and is eagerly seized upon by dressmakers and milliners. An interesting use for Oriental figured ribbon shows it to band the edges of the Robespierre collar and turnback cuffs of a white silk shirtwaist. It is also used along the edge of the front closing. The most daring colors can be safely used in combination with white; and some of the futurist ribbons with gaudy green and red and purple and blue combined, can be applied as edgings for white silk waists; at collar, cuffs and front closings.

* * *

Figured cotton crepe and accordion plaited white silk are used together. One frock has a skirt of the plaited silk and an overblouse of blue and pink and white figured crepe. Another shows panniers or, more properly, hip drapery, of the crepe, and collar and cuffs of the same material decorate the white net bodice that shows above a wide silk sash.

* * *

The tiny pocket atomizer is appreciated by the woman who likes perfume. They are so small that they can be carried in a handbag. They cost according to finish, not according to size, unless it be that the smaller ones are more expensive. They should of course contain only Oriental perfumes and these should be of the sort that are so elusive and so faint that they are rather suggestions of perfume than heavy, penetrating odor. The sort of perfume that held its odor all day is out of date and out of fashion, and the elusive odor which must be frequently applied is now preferred.

* * *

Lace waists are to be much worn this summer, and they must always be worn over the daintiest of under bodices. They are sometimes made over under bodices of satin, strapped over the shoulders with narrow bands of ribbon and banded across the top with tiny chiffon and satin flowers. A lovely waist of finely plaited shadow lace, with round neck and three-quarter sleeves, is made over a blue satin under bodice decorated with pink and blue flowers—roses and forget-me-nots.

* * *

Elbow silk gloves of white show decorations of embroidered pink roses and green leaves on the back of the hand and wrist. Other embroideries on gloves take a more formal shape —litle rings and disks of color—pale blue, pink, yellow or green.

* * *

Among the newest accessories to the spring and summer street costume are the Empire waistcoats. They are short fitted waistcoats which are belted at the high Empire waist line and end in a fitted peplum. The waistcoat is buttoned tight in front with gilt buttons, and a gold buckle fastens the belt. Figured cretonne, silk or other figured material is used for the making of these charming little garments. Many of them are made without sleeves, but some of French design and make have sleeves, so that when the coat is removed the costume will be complete. They are to be worn with any of the spring and summer street suits.

ARE WE COMING TO THIS?

Here is the latest creation from Paris which is causing a sensation and reflects the olden styles. It is composed of an ample gown of white silk muslin, embroidered with gold, and of a small short tunic, embroidered with gilt "pastilles" finished by a high gilt fringe. The edge is held up by a feather-whale circle. A high embroidered galon and three emerald stones makes the girdle. The bodice deeply decollete in V is made of silk muslin embroidered with strass. This is an original model worn by Madame Cora Laparcerie, in "La Minaret" the Parsian play now being produced in Paris.



Color Charts to Teach Men to Dress

LONDON, May 3.—Men's Wear, the celebrated authority on masculine fashions, which every year criticises from the point of view of the expert the clothes portrayed in portraits at the Royal Academy, has evolved a new idea. It prints what it calls a Color Chart, which, when studied, tells the man who wants to dress correctly just what he ought to wear.

"It will be observed," says the editor, "that every type of man has a choice of suiting colors, and with each suiting color he has several color combinations in accessories." The form of the chart makes it so simple that the man who follows it intelligently cannot go wrong, either in choosing what colors are best adapted to him when he is making his purchase or in combining the colors in accessories. The chart is divided up into "types" thus:

Pale blond, with light hair, blue eyes, fair skin.

Ruddy blond, with red hair, blue, brown, or gray eyes, florid complexion.

Dark brunette, with black hair, black or brown eyes, dark skin.

Medium brunette, with brown hair, brown, gray, or blue eyes, fair skin.

For the pale blond, the suit should be of medium blue or navy, or any gray, or black and white; the shirt should show a line of violet blue or green on white; the cravat violet blue, green, or gray; the hose blue, gray or black; gloves gray mocha or suede, gray or natural reindeer or chamois, and the hat "black gray or black and white; also green or gray with the black and white suit."

Ruddy blond Beau Brummels must dress in "warm deep brown, plain or mixture," a cream or tan shirt lined with olive or brown, cravat dark green or reddish purple, hose dark, gloves tan cape, reindeer, or chamois, and hat black, brown, fawn or olive.

Brunette types should wear brown and gray, a shirt showing a line of deep red, blue, or green, or reddish purple on white, socks dark, and hats as mentioned above.

When a straw hat is worn the band may show the color of the cravat, while "a white cravat and waistcoat may be worn by any type."

We are assured that before the worthy of the name will be exhibiting the chart in his shop window.

In the department of men's apparel known as "furnishings" the latest cry is sentimentality. In the West End shops one may now see the "Herald of Spring" tie; soft green undervests which are also labeled "Spring"; ties covered with pensive little pansies, and pocket handkerchiefs on which love scenes are painted. All kinds of "sentimental" ties and shirts are being shown at the Drapery Exhibition, which is held not for the public but to initiate the trade into the secrets of the lates dream developments for men and women.

The "Herald of Spring" tie is ocvered with springs of blossom. The "Topaz" is another spring tie, but is of yellow.

There is a suggestion of Colin and Phyllis and rustic swains in the dress for this spring and the coming summer.

Colin can wear his sweet pale green vest and tearose tie, and Phyllis her floral gown. The frocks being shown are nearly all floral, the old-fashioned kinds of floral designs, some of which are reminiscent of cottage chintz and wall-paper.

Sometimes a gown of plain material is draped with these very large-patterned floral chiffons, linens and mousselines. A collar and cuffs of a costume are made of floral linen in the crudest of vivid colars, and a lingerie gown is trimmed with embroideries of quaint flowers that remind one of old illustrations.

With these gowns, which are principally for summer wear, are hats trimmed with fluffy field "what's o'clocks," dandelions, buttercups, catkins, or nasturtiums. In some cases large shepherdess hats are edged with blades of grass round the brim.

In contrast with the sentimental clothes for both men and women there are ties for men patterned with small bulldog's heads, and wild post-impressionist kinds of ties. But there are also sober ties labeled "Restrained effect."

For women there is a copy of a man's fob, which is worn with the cutaway coat of the tailored costume.

Bridal Customs Are Changing

There has been a curious change of sentiment since the time when one particular day of the week led all the rest as a favorite for weddings. In the recent post-Lenten marriages this was somewhat of a preference for Tuesday and Saturday. But the other days were by no means neglected. Not even Friday was slighted, although that supposedly unlucky and ostracized member of the calendar days was once tabooed by all brides.

Most bridal bouquets include lilies of the valley. Some are composed entirely of these flowers; or they may be contained with white orchids and a few orange blossoms. One bouquet recently seen was of white lilacs and white roses. But, of the whole, lilies are the most satisfactory.

At another wedding the small page carried a large, very perfect calla lily, within which was the wedding ring. A bride in copying this pretty notion should be careful to have all the pollen taken from the lily, otherwise it will be apt to stain.

At a third wedding the bride came down the aisle on her father's arm, but at the proper moment her mother stepped from the pew and "gave the bride away," so that she had a share in the actual wedding. It was a sweet thought that gave her more than the insignificant part the mother usually has in a marriage ceremony.

A bride who wished to have some part of her wedding bouquet for herself as well as toss it to the bridesmaids to catch decided on a plan which met the case both ways. This was to have the bouquet made in two pieces. Just before she paused and turned on the stairs to let it fall into the upstretched hands she loosened the ribbons, and then threw but one-half of the bouquet. The other half she kept for a pot-pourri.

SAVOY CAFE
Under New Management
Reasonable Prices Prevail
Quick and Polite Service
34 Peachtree St.---Five Points
HOT ROLLS BAKED THREE TIMES A DAY

A Stroll Through Shopland

RICH has a silk sale. That is important news for Atlanta women who appreciate the utility of silk frocks during the summer season. These silks are doubly attractive—attractive in appearance and dangerously attractive in price unless you intend to totally ignore silk for your practical dresses, afternoon and reception frocks and dainty evening gowns.

The immense lot of beautiful silks, of the soft, clinging quality which drapes artistically for the latest picturesque styles is worth $31,000. It is to be sold for $16,500. But to the average woman the most interesting figures are "$3.50 reduced to $1.29."

Nemo Week means nothing to a man. It means the best of everything to a woman—the realization of hygienic, fashionable corseting. Davison-Paxon-Stokes Company will observe the coming week as Nemo Week. Style and comfort are combined in Nemo corsets and that is all a woman need consider in buying a corset. Expert corsetieres aid in the selection of the proper corset and are enthusiastic about the good points of Nemo corsets.

The daintiest of muslin underwear is shown at Davison-Paxon-Stokes Company's store for this week. Above the comfortable, stylish corset should be donned the pretty garments which every woman enjoys. The summer vacation demands a large supply of muslin underwear and this is the most opportune time to obtain it. Every degree of daintiness is seen, from the more substantial, everyday lingerie to the fragile trousseau pieces to delight the June bride.

The girl graduate is always a keen rival of the bride. Keely's are showing every requisite for graduation day. To meet the first requirement a large stock cotton crepes, cotton volles and dainty, girlish white materials are displayed. The handsome embroideries, beautiful valenciennes, shadow, chantilly and other exquisite laces make the embellishment of class day and graduation dresses a delight.

J. M. High Company has solved the eating question for the business man and woman and for the busy shoppers. The pretty downstairs restaurant has grown from a cozy tea room into a substantial restaurant under the able charge of Mrs. John Dunwody.

A delicious breakfast is served from 8:00 to 11:00 o'clock in the morning. Steaming Maxwell House blend of coffee, small steaks, ham and eggs, bacon and eggs or hot cakes with syrup (dear to the Southern heart), may be obtained.

Just as the tardy breakfasters depart luncheon is served and until 3:00 p. m. the immaculate little restaurant, beautified by luxuriant palms, and yellow roses clambering over white lattices is the scene of festive little parties of some of Atlanta's busiest people. The service is prompt and the maids quiet and well-disciplined. Hence the mid-day meal is a pleasure. Later, afternoon tea is served and High's restaurant is patronized from 8:30 a. m. to 6:00 p. m. by those who appreciate good eating at a reasonable price.

The extensive linen sale at High's this week will attract the housekeepers of Atlanta. This sale involves the entire linen stock and is a splendid opportunity for housekeepers and those who intend to begin housekeeping in June to replenish their linen supply.

Beautiful dresses at $12.50 is what J. P. Allen & Company is offering this week. These dresses are regular $25, $30 and $35 values and include both street and evening gowns. The materials are this summer's favorites—messalines, crepe de chine, crepe meteors, lingerie and novelty effects. Those who know Allen's standard can accept this news at its proper value. A gown purchased at Allen's is always a satisfaction.

Tidbits for the Hostess

A new sandwich to serve with afternoon tea is two slices of hot, crisp toast, dipped on one side in melted butter and filled with iced raw oysters, sprinkled with lemon.

A variation of this filling is to stew the oysters until they curl slightly remove the eye, chop rather coarsely with a silver knife, and mix with mayonnaise.

Another good toast mixture has the toast prepared in the same way and filled with finely chopped, crisp bacon. Both of these sandwiches must be eaten immediately or they are not good.

Instead of serving lemon with tea, have on the tray a jar of grapefruit marmalade—in a silver holder or crystal jam jar if you have an eye and pocketbook for effect. Put a teaspoonful of the marmalade into the tea instead of the usual slice of lemon. Queer, but good.

Orange marmalade is used in the same way; so is preserved ginger and brandied fruit. The latter must be chopped into quite small pieces if the fruit is whole.

The Russians use preserves of all kinds in their tea, but the marmalades and conserves that have a slightly acid or pungent tang are less cloying.

A sweet toast is made by cutting small squares of oblongs of toast. This is dipped into a mixture made from a pint of hot milk, into which has been stirred the grated rind of a lemon and four tablespoonfuls of sugar. Flavor with a dash of brandy. Dip the soaked toast in beaten egg and fry quickly in hot butter, or bake on a well-greased griddle. Sprinkle with powdered sugar and serve immediately.

Cost of Woman's Dress

LONDON is debating the question of how much it should cost a woman in fashionable society to dress. The discussion was started by cable despatches from New York which were printed in London papers and in which Mrs. Taft was quoted as saying that she had found that the wife of the President of the United States could not dress properly on less than $7,000 a year, while Mrs. Wilson has declared that she had never spent anything like $1,000 a year on clothes.

The controversy has been going on since then. It is now possible to arrive at some more definite figures than the somewhat vague generalities at first put forward. At about that time the prominent women in society were ordering their gowns for the coming season and the courts. Discreet inquiries have produced some interesting information.

On the whole the great London modistes and the London representatives of the most famous Parisian houses are complaining this season of the unwonted smallness of the orders of their best clients. Many of the best known women in society this year have, for example, ordered only one court gown, as compared with the usual order for at least two, and very often three.

These economies in dress have undoubtedly been brought about very largely by royal example.

Queen Mary's dress bills are about half of what Queen Alexandra's were in the late reign. That is to say, Queen Mary spends about $90 pounds a year on dresses, and she regards even this sum as extremely large and if possible will reduce it.

Certain great ladies who were never disposed to attire themselves extravagantly but who in the late reign were compelled by the force of the example set by Queen Alexandra and the ladies of the court to spend fairly large sums on dress are now very glad to avail themselves of the opportunity to reduce their dress bills which the royal economies in dress afford them.

Futurist Fans

A new place has been found for the distinctive bunch of futurist flowers. They have been used at the corsage, on the hat, at the belt and on the neck ruff. Behold them now fastened pertly to net, lace or ivory fan. They are effective, too, the gaudy, stiff flowers, against the dainty white fan. They are generally caught about the stems to the outside stick of the fan, and one of the flowers is fastened securely in place farther along the stick. Arranged in this manner they do not interfere with the opening and shutting of the fan.

The woman who can use a paint brush can make a futurist fan of a different sort by decorating a net or lace fan with spots and blotches of brilliant color, cerise, orange, purple and bright green, in oil paints. Such a fan, further trimmed with a bunch of flowers emphasizing the colors already used, is worth possessing.

The Lingerie Shower For Spring Brides

For the spring bride the spring lingerie shower! The moving spirit of this shower will have to be some one quite closely connected with the bride, so that she may steal away her best fitting patterns of lingerie garments for the use of those who are to take part in the function, and who have to promise to make the articles "by hand," and run in all the ribbons in the bride's favorite color. The articles may range throught the gamut of garments in one, two, or three-piece models best liked by the bride, and by a little consultation the pieces may be made of the same weight materials and laces, so that they can be used in "sets."

Of course, this "shower" happens at an afternoon tea, and a pretty way to arrange it all is a matter for due consideration. The following suggestions may be of a great aid to the committee in charge, as it has all been thought out by one head, instead of being a nerve-racking combination of a number of heads confused by many lengthy telephone arguments pro and con.

Assemble the finished articles at a given point and have a large wedding bell made of crepe paper Easter lilies. After compactly folding the gifts, each bearing the giver's card, pack all into the bell, which is then sealed up. On the chosen afternoon let some one carry the bride off for a ride or walk while the conspirators have the bell removed to her home and hang it in the drawing room with the bell hope at hand. The guests assemble, and when the bride returns from her outing, she may be "showered" as she greets her guests.

Then, after an inspection of her treasures, the tea trays may be brought in, the committee having provided the dainties, after the way of an old-fashioned surprise party. The sandwiches, with divers toothsome fillings, should be cut in diamond and heart shapes, except those of tomato mayonnaise, which should be cut in rounds the shape of the slices. Finally chopped pineapple, with a little preserved ginger and a drop or two of oil of cloves with enough of the ginger syrup to make a paste, makes a delicious filling. Quince marmalade and cream cheese, sliced banana with grated English cheese, lemon juice and cayenne pepper; finely minced chicken liver, celery, cream cheese, highly seasoned and made into a spreading paste; minced shrimp with mustard dressing, to which the juice of an onion has been added; cold tongue with currant jelly, and oyster mayonnaise are all well worth trying.

As for the cakes, the little ones should be cut heart-shape and frosted wit white and green frosting only, and the layer cakes, if used, should be frosted in the same way. Among the many boned offered there are none prettier for this function than the frosted mint leaves and candied orange blossoms.

Summer Footwear
"Our Aim--Quality"

A well dressed woman will simply be delighted with our new and stylish Continental stay-on pumps. They are patent kid $6.00

A complete line of other pumps, $3.50 up.

The Edwin Clapp shoe for men. We need say nothing more.

The Kind of Shoes Your Children Want

R. C. Black

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SUNDAY AMERICAN'S SPECIAL CABLE LETTERS RECEIVED FROM ALL THE GREAT CAPITALS OF EUROPE

ALL PARIS LAUDS KING FERDINAND'S GALLANTRY TO FOE

Bulgarian Smashes Custom of Hitching Conquered Rival to Chariot in Adrianople Case.

RETURNS SWORDS TO TURKS

Episode of a Glove, Supposedly Belonging to Rodin, Amuses French Salons.

By MARQUIS DE CASTELLANE.
Special Cable to The American.

PARIS, May 3.—The generous treatment accorded by the conquering King Ferdinand, of Bulgaria, to the Turkish Governor of Adrianople, Chukri Pasha, has become the talk of the salons of Paris.

The Governor expected that Czar Ferdinand would hitch the chief officers to a chariot and make them thus ignominiously carry the King in triumph through the streets of Adrianople. For this is what a Roman conquerer would have done in the olden time. And Czar Ferdinand is credited with ambitions to restore at least the Eastern Empire.

So far from hitching Chukri Pasha to his carriage, King Ferdinand complimented him on his courage and the bravery he had shown in the conduct of the siege. It was not easy to compliment the Governor of Adrianople in view of the fact that the last assault cost 12,000 Bulgarians and 1,500 Servians in killed and wounded.

And, when Chukri Pasha gravely and silently surrendered his sword, King Ferdinand handed it back. The King's example buries the old cruel system of yoking the conquered to a chariot or of using him as a chair to mount a horse.

Our salons praise King Ferdinand. We consider him as one of our own, for he is descended from King Louis XIV.

Manner of Serving Wine.

Again, the question has come up concerning the manner of serving one's guests with wine.

Our modern water drinkers are less observant of the etiquette of the wine-glass. How many glasses should be set on the table for each guest? Ordinarily three or four accompany each cover or napkin. One is for the wine generally, one for the Bordeaux wine, one for the champagne, and frequently a glass is placed for Madeira.

Among the more distinguished persons of fashion of the foreign colonies of Paris, the principle prevails of having a glass for each kind of wine. But the French people frequently serve two kindred wines one after another in the same glass.

For instance, they will not have a change of glass for white Burgundy succeeding white Bordeaux, nor for red Burgundy succeeding red Bordeaux.

Rhine wine is served in a cup-formed glass standing on a high pedestal of green or rose crystal. The cup glass has entirely driven out the former flutelike regulation champagne glass. The long thin champagne glass is dethroned because it deceived. It did not hold enough.

Rodin's Glove a Trophy?

The most famous of living sculptors was a dinner guest the other night of a well known Socialist Deputy. Rodin left soon after dinner in company with M. Dujardin-Beaumetz, the former Under-Secretary for Fine Arts.

After he had gone the ladies noticed a glove lying on the floor and made a concerted effort to secure it. "One of the master's gloves," triumphantly murmured the young gymnast who secured it, and resumed her seat with a smile of satisfaction.

A characteristic little dispute was started at once by the other ladies as to her right to the trophy, and soon became interesting.

Suddenly a man made his appearance and announced: 'M. Dujardin-Beaumetz will be glad to know if any one found his glove."

The bickering ceased as if by magic.

DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH EMBARRASSED BY MOTHER

Special Cable to The American.

LONDON, May 3.—The Duchess of Marlborough attended the Little Commonwealth dinner at the Lyceum Club given in furtherance of a scheme to found a self-governing community in England on the lines of the George Junior Republic in America.

The Duchess, by the way, is extremely embarrassed over remarks made by her mother, Mrs. Belmont, on landing in England, as the Duchess has a well-known hatred of this sort of publicity.

PROMINENT AMERICANS VISITING IN ROME NOW

Special Cable to The American.

ROME, May 3.—Mr. and Mrs. Huntington Wilson, Former First Assistant Secretary of State, have arrived to remain a month.

Beekman Winthrop, Former First Assistant Secretary of the Navy, is also here with his wife, mother and brother. They are stopping at the Bristol.

Mrs. Thomas O'Brien, wife of the American Ambassador, had the honor of presenting to the queen mother, Margherita, the following Americans:

Mrs. Edwin Penson, mother of Secretary Benson of the American Embassy; her sister, Miss Anna Wray, Mrs. Robbins, Mr. and Mrs. Henry G. Chilton and Mr. and Mrs. Huntington Wilson.

DUBLIN CROWN JEWELS MYSTERY COMES TO COURT

Sir Arthur Vicars Brings Libel Action Against London Mail for Articles Published.

SENSATIONS ARE EXPECTED

Life of Prosecutor Threatened by Persons Involved in Disappearance of Valuables.

Special Cable to The American.

LONDON, May 3.—The International News Service to-day learned the details behind the libel action that Sir Arthur Vicars, formerly Ulster King-at-Arms, is bringing against a weekly publication called "The London Mail," which impugns Sir Arthur's personal honor in connection with the disappearance of the Dublin crown jewels.

Papers have just been filed in the high court, in which Vicars promises to reveal the true story and to name those responsible for the disappearance of the jewels. A big scandal lies behind the action, inasmuch as details far worse than those revealed in the Oscar Wilde trial are likely to be aired, and a tremendous effort is being made at the eleventh hour to hush the whole thing up. But Sir Arthur is adamant, though he says that as a result of his action he goes about in fear of his life. He has applied to Scotland Yard for protection.

Sir Arthur says he has received letters signed by former well-known officials at Dublin Castle, who are now under a cloud, threatening his life.

"You shall never go into a witness box and tell your story," says one writer, and then proceeds to hurl invectives at Sir Arthur's head. Scotland Yard has in its possession these letters, and the authorities have decided that the case calls for urgent attention.

The Dublin crown jewels, valued at $250,000, which are worn by the King, were missed in the summer of 1907. The police began a drastic investigation, but dropped it within a week, and it was explained that the jewels had been located. It was reported that the gems had been discovered in a London pawn shop and that the pawnbroker had been paid $80,000 after threatening to tell who pledged them.

A secret official inquiry was conducted, which resulted in the dismissal of Vicars, who had been custodian of the jewels. The conduct of others came under suspicion, but one of the noblemen proved his innocence, and the result of the investigation was suppressed.

King of Spain Is Thorough Fatalist

Alfonso Believes That He Is Sure To Die a Sudden Death.

Special Cable to The American.

LONDON, May 3.—Many curious stories are being told regarding the attempted assassination of the King of Spain. When the news of the murder of the King of Greece was conveyed to King Alfonso, the latter quietly remarked that he was not in the least surprised, and that in all probability he would be the next monarch to meet his death in similar fashion. He was then counselled to ride abroad only when attended by a strong escort. His reply was thoroughly characteristic. "If I am not to be allowed to go about as I choose," he said, "then I don't mind how soon my end comes." Those who stayed at Eaton Hall when the King of Spain was there some little time back recall that he then declared that he had no intention of dying in his bed, and that whenever the end came, it would come very suddenly. King Alfonso is a fatalist and makes no secret of the fact.

King's Daughter Is a Typist

George Dictates to Princess

She Becomes Britain's Idol

A royal stenographer. Only daughter of England's ruler, who at sixteen is learning shorthand and typewriting.



Royal Stenographer Is a Good Housekeeper Also as Well as an Athletic Girl.

Special Cable to The American.

LONDON, May 3.—Princess Mary, the King's only daughter, who has just turned sixteen, is exciting more than the usual amount of court gossip because of her decided announcement that she wishes to learn typewriting and shorthand. She has long nursed the ambition and has been rumored in it by her father, the King, who on occasions dictates his private letters to her.

Princess Mary is rapidly becoming a popular idol. She is one of the most unaffected girls in the land. She is pretty and charming, not quite so old as her years. The whole tendency of her education, which is controlled by the Queen, has been to preserve her youth. The Queen believes firmly in home training for her daughter, so the Princess has never been at school.

She can mend her brothers' socks, bake dainties for their tea, and, with equal enthusiasm, she swims, rides, drives, dances, cycles, golfs and plays hockey.

Princess Mary is a born horsewoman, and has been familiar with the saddle from her very early years. She frequently rides with the King in Rotten Row in the early morning.

Her great ambition during King Edward's lifetime was to drive a motor car. She begged her grandfather to allow her to drive one of his in Windsor Forest.

"Certainly," was his smiling reply; "only you must wait a bit, until we have time to clear the trees away."

Princess Mary is said to be the most determined lady in the royal household. Her Royal Highness is forming her own circle of friends and her own manner of life.

The one point of dispute between her and the Queen is her hair. Princess Mary dislikes to have to falling about. The Queen will not allow it up. Now a compromise has been made. Princess Mary usually ties it back in a small thick plait doubled up at the neck with a ribbon.

The King is amused at his daughter's strong will, which seems likely to overrule even that of the Queen's.

Royalty Honoring Granard Countess

Former Miss Mills, of New York, First Host of Their Majesties for Season.

Special Cable to The American.

LONDON, May 3.—Now that the court is out of mourning for the late King George of Greece, their majesties once more are dining out, and it was a notable compliment they paid to Lady Granard, formerly Miss Beatrice Mills, of New York, who is acclaimed the most popular American peeress to-day, when they singled her out to be the first hostess of the season to entertain them.

It was by request of the King that the Couness of Granard included the Austrian and German Ambassadors in a very successful royal dinner party she gave at Forbes House this week. For political reasons, the two ambassadors now are asked to every private dinner attended by the King and Queen.

Shaw an Advocate Of Equal Incomes

English Author Foreshadows Superhuman of Future in Lecture Before Club.

Special Cable to The American.

LONDON, May 3.—George Bernard Shaw, lecturing before the National Liberal Club to-night, foreshadowed the superman of the future as "a self-controlled epileptic, fed exclusively on proof spirit." Shaw said in part:

"The world must breed a new sort of human being if the problems of social organization are ever going to be solved. One way to breed the best men and women is to make possible intermarriage among an entire community. This can be done by securing everybody an equal income."

In conclusion, Shaw stated that the equality of income is extremely practical and a subject for immediate political discussion. He neglected, however, to explain how it is to be brought about.

KAISER TO CREATE A STATE TO GIVE SON-IN-LAW JOB

Prince Ernest Augustus Will Be Duke of Brunswick and Grand Duke of Lounebourg.

GETS TITLES WEDDING DAY

Assignment to Go on Trial Trip of the Imperator Displeases Crown Prince.

By FRITZ JACOBSOHN.
Special Cable to The American.

BERLIN, May 3.—The Kaiser is extremely anxious that his future son-in-law, Prince Ernest Augustus of Cumberland, should not remain idle. The Kaiser's favorite motto is "Idleness is the mother of all mischief," and he wants his daughter's husband to keep out of all mischief.

He, therefore, has decided to give Prince Ernest occupation, and on the day of the marriage will hand him titles as the Duke of Brunswick and Grand Duke of Lounebourg.

The prince then will have a very responsible job among the princes of the German Empire, and will be considered the equal in rank of the kings of Saxony and of the Prince Regent of Bavaria.

Reign Over State.

He will have to reign over a new State which the Kaiser is now shaping out by the simple process of turning a considerable portion of the Province of Hanover, which belongs to Prussia, into the new German Grand Duchy of Lounebourg.

Great dissatisfaction is expressed everywhere in Germany at the Kaiser's remodeling of the map of Germany, but the Emperor is absolute master in these matters and will receive no advice.

His daughter has asked him to create this new grand duchy for the sake of her husband, and that is enough for William II.

Chagrin is said to be felt not alone by the Hamburg-American line, but in Government circles, over the accidents and minor defects which have occurred in the steamship Imperator. When the big liner stuck in the mud of the Elbe on leaving the Vulcan Shipbuilding Yards at Hamburg for Cuxhaven, the Kaiser telegraphed his regrets that he could not go on the official trial trip to Gibraltar the following Monday.

According to one Berlin paper, the Empress, after this incident, did not stop until she had persuaded the Kaiser not to make the trip until the vessel had been tried out at sea.

Politics Prevented Trip.

Officially it was given out that the political situation prevented the Kaiser from going. The latter delegated the Crown Prince to go in his place. The Crown Prince, it is rumored, was not overjoyed with the assignment, not because he is superstitious, but because of the company. The Kaiser had selected the members of the party to go on the trip. The tastes of father and son in regard to the friends do not run in the same lines.

The Crown Prince, it is said, would rather select his own following. Now that the trip is put off two weeks, the Crown Prince probably will be allowed to do so.

Mother and Daughter Plan Double Wedding

Rare Ceremony to Take Place Soon in Fashionable London Society Circles.

By W. ORTON TEWSON.
Special Cable to The American.

LONDON, May 3.—The report that Mrs. Ashurst Morris, the famous London hostess, whose home is at 44 Cadogan Square, will have a double marriage when her beautiful daughter becomes the bride of Sir Alexander Napier, has stirred widespread interest in London social circles.

Mrs. Morris, widow of Edward Ashurst Morris, is to be married to Henry Sharman Crawford, of Crawfordsburn, Ireland, a wealthy and influential landowner. Such ceremonies as the one proposed, however, are rare. Mrs. Morris herself is very rich. She gave the gorgeous ball at the Ritz Hotel last winter that was considered one of the most brilliant of London's social events.

Sir Alexander, the husband-to-be of Miss Morris, is famous for broken engagements and semi-engagements with heiresses in London. Friends now are endeavoring to persuade Mrs. Morris to alter her double marriage plans, as London has a keen sense of the ridiculous and widows have always been subjects for jests.

Miss Helen Goudy, who for several years has been one of the most popular American girls in London, is again in the thick of gayety here, and is looking more delicate and exquisite than ever.

Lady Mary Dawson probably will be honored by the presence of Queen Mary when her marriage to the Hon. George Crychton takes place. Lady Mary was one of the queen's attendants at the coronation, and Her Majesty has always shown a keen sense of gratitude.

One of the absolute necessities of a modern bride's trousseau is a series of rest gowns or negligees. These are made to look as dainty as possible, and can be worn on a continental honeymoon at an early dejeuner, or just before dressing for dinner. One is fashioned of crepe de chine in palest eggshell blue, lined with soft silk of the same color, while it is bordered with insertion of creamy guipure. A similar panel of lace occurs at the back of the gown, and this is drawn under a swathing of pale blue ribbon at the waist, which terminates in a chou on either side of the panel.

MISS LEISHMAN OVERCOMES ALL KAISER'S OBJECTIONS

BERLIN, May 3.—Preparations are being hurried for the marriage of Miss Nancy Leishman, daughter of John G. A. Leishman, the American Ambassador, to Duke Karl of Croy, who belongs to the high aristocracy of Germany.

It is assumed that all imperial difficulties in the way of the marriage have been overcome.

Prince Rudolph's Tragic Death Is a Mystery In Countess Larisch's Book

Reasons Behind Suicide of Royal Austrian and Slaying of Woman Not Given In Court Friend's Autobiography.

LONDON, May 3.—Countess Marie von Larisch's much heralded book, "My Past," offers but a very doubtful solution of the mystery of Meyerling. Her explanation is unconvincing.

It is that Crown Prince Rudolph was concerned in a plot to seize the throne of Hungary, that his plans miscarried and he not only killed himself but his mistress, Marie Vetsera.

The Countess, a niece of Empress Elizabeth, relates how some time before the tragedy Rudolph handed her a steel casket, directing her to hide it and in case of his death to give it to the person who demanded it with the mystic formula "R. I. V. O." Within a few hours of the Archduke's death the Countess received a summons to meet "R. I. V. O." on the public promenade between Schwarzenburg and the Hengrasse. The unknown was courteous and mysterious. The book gives this account of the meeting.

"'I suppose you have no idea who I am, Countess.'

"'None,' I replied.

"He took off his hat and stared me full in the face. I started back in astonishment.

"'Imperial Highness!' I ejaculated.

Archduke John of Tuscany.

"The stranger was Archduke John of Tuscany. I had only met the Archduke occasionally in society, but instantly recognized his extraordinary eyes and interesting face and remembered the close friendship which existed between him and the Crown Prince. I had also heard that the Archduke was on bad terms with the Emperer and there was likelihood of his leaving Austria at no distant date.

"I began to cry, it was all so uncanny. The mysterious Archduke took my hand.

"'I do not regret Rudolph,' he said. 'If the Emperor had found these papers matters would have been infinitely worse. The Crown Prince has killed himself, but if the Emperor had known all it would have been his duty to have had him tried by military law and shot as a traitor.'

"'Oh, my God!' I cried. 'What did he do? Was he thinking of the crown of Hungary?'

"'Do you think Rudolph's plan miscarried?' I asked, 'and that he received information to this effect while he was at Meyerling?'

What Fear of Discovery Meant.

"The Archduke was silent. Then he said:

"'It may be,' he answered evasively. 'But do you understand what fear of discovery must have meant to Rudolph, with his nervous constitution undermined by drugs and brandy? Fear alone might have made him commit suicide. It is a pity he was so weak. He broke his word to me and I trusted him. But a bottle of brandy seems to have turned him into a contemptible coward. However, we must not stand here any longer. There are police spies all over Vienna. Goodby, Countess Marie. You may never see me again, but I shall always remember what you have done for me.'

"What Actually Happened."

"What actually happened during the time Marie and Rudolph were alone, at Meyerling is entirely a matter for conjecture. There is not the slightest doubt that the Prince anticipated a crisis of some sort, and it is unquestionable that he and Archduke John had planned a coup d'etat together. Something transpired to make Rudolph afraid of the consequences should his plans be discovered, and, rightly or wrongly, he miscalculated the extent of his father's displeasure. He may have felt that flight or return to Vienna was equally impossible, and, rendered desperate through fear inflamed by brandy, made up his mind to kill himself."

But the fatal defect of this explanation, which there is no means of corroborating, is that no reason appears for killing Marie Vetsera.

Aside from its unsatisfactory handling of the Meyerling mystery, the book contains some strikingly interesting passages about the Crown Prince, with whom the Countess, of course, was intimately acquainted, he being her morganatic cousin, and she the ward of his mother, Empress Elizabeth.

The Countess's description of Crown Princess Rudolph, now Countess Lonyay, at her wedding is cruel, but it must be remembered that Countess Larisch long ago quarrelled with all her royal relatives and acquaintances. She writes:

"The Belgian Princess looked her worst in bridal attire. Her arms were red and her dull, yellow hair was most unbecomingly dressed. Stephanie was very tall, and her figure in those days was most deplorable. But since then constant care and clever corsetiere, have remedied the defect. She had no eyebrows or eyelashes. Her one beauty was her exquisite biscuit enina complexion."

According to the Countess the Crown Prince was an excessively unpleasant young man.

"He was handsome, and for some time I racked my brains to remember what wild animal he recalled to me, for he had a curious look, not altogether human. Then I knew Rudolph reminded me of a wolf; his eyes blazed green at times; he seemed almost ready to spring.

"'Why, Marie, I am always amused when I see lovesick girls. Elizabeth T—— languishes over me just as you do with Elmer. The silly goose thinks I adore her, and so I can do anything I like with her.'

"'You are a bragging liar,' I told him.

"'Oh! Am I? Well, look here, and the Crown Prince opened his letter case and showed me a photograph of Elizabeth T——, on the back of which she had written a passionate declaration.

"'Give me that photograph,' I said. 'It is not right that a cad like you should possess it!'

"The Empress quite realized her son's uncertain temperament. We both knew it would require a woman with exceptional tact to retain his affection or even his tolerance."

The Countess declares that the stories of his mother's devotion to him are untrue; that they really cordially disliked each other.

"Sad to relate," the book avers, "mother and son disliked each other. The Empress used to say she was Rudolph's mother by accident and all that has been written about her great affection for him is quite untrue. My aunt had no maternal love except for Valerie. She thought her children added to her age.

Marie Vetsera.

"Marie Vetsera was a young, good-looking woman who deliberately flung herself at Rudolph's head and distinguished herself by gross rudeness to Princess Stephanie. Neither she nor her lover excites sympathy or overmuch interest and one does not gather there was any excessive genuine passion anyhow on his side."

Yet the Countess admits that she helped the lovers, and on the afternoon of January 28, two days before the tragedy, she took the girl to the Hofburg in Vienna and made it possible for her to meet her lover. Together they went to Meyerling and on the morning of the 30th Rudolph was found with a revolver in hand and the top of his head almost completely shattered with Marie Vetsera dead by his side.

The Countess tells a terrible story of the indignity with which the body of the unfortunate woman was treated.

At first she refused to help Rudolph, and the scene in which she was persuaded was highly melodramatic. She describes it thus:

"'Never mind where I intend to keep Marie. All you have to do is to go home at once.'

"'Oh, you coward, Rudolph! I won't. I'll go direct to the Empress.'

"'You canont pass through locked doors.'

"I rushed to the window, tried to throw it open and shouted for help. The Prince violently put his hand over my mouth and dragged me back.

"'Do you want me to hurt you?' he asked with dreadful meaning in his voice.

"Nothing But a Devil."

"'I can be brave when I have to face devils like you!' I cried, 'for you are nothing but a devil! You brought me here under a solemn promise to deal with me in an honorable way. You do not know the meaning of the word. Yes, I repeat it, you do not know the meaning of honor.'

"The Crown Prince glanced at me with mingled cruelty and cynicism.

"'Since when, may I ask, Marie, have you been considered fit to play the saint? You are a fine one to talk of honor or loyalty! You have been a go-between for my mother since you were a girl, and yet you dare to mention morality to me when you have not a scruple to stand by and see my father deceived!'

"'It is a monstrous lie. I'll not listen. You shall not traduce your mother. I love her.'

"Then I burst into tears, whereupon Rudolph said very quietly:

"'Marie, do you really love mamma? Well, if you do, save her from the shame, which scandal will cause her. I stand on the edge of a precipice. Why should you grudge me a little happiness?'"

CZAR PICKS WITTE AS NEW PREMIER; TO FRAME TREATY

Deposed Prime Minister To Be Called to Helm—New Agreement With U. S. Expected.

AMERICA IN JAPAN'S PLACE

Plan Means a Halt to the Persecution of the Jews and Liberal Internal Laws.

Special Cable to The American.

ST. PETERSBURG, May 3.—An outstanding feature of Easter honors in Russia is the restoration of Count Witte to the Czar's favor. It is just seven years ago since Witte was cast into deep disgrace because of the results of the elections for the first Russian Duma, which took place while he was Prime Minister and produced a revolutionary Assembly.

There is again a complete deadlock between the Duma and the governing bureaucracy. It has been six months since the Duma session began and the Government has not ventured so far as to put any legislative program before it.

A stronger man than the present Prime Minister, Kokovtzff, is needed, and it is recognized that the Czar is turning again to Count Witte.

Desires New Treaty.

Should Witte be put in control it must have an immediate effect on the Russo-American policy. He desires a new treaty and also an understanding for substituting cooperation with the United States to the present partnership with Japan in the Far East.

Of course, his return would mean putting a halt to the Jewish persecution which has been pressed on as remorselessly as ever during the Passover. The entire Jewish congregations in the province of Volhynia were driven from their settlements while they were actually at prayer, because the Governor of the province decided they had wandered outside the pale of the settlements.

At the wish of the Holy Synod the Russian Government will pay, beginning next year, an appropriation of 8,000 rubles per annum toward the maintenance of an emigration house for orthodox Russians in New York.

Gorky's Wife Would Return.

Maxim Gorky's wife, Mme. Andreyeva, has written from Capri, where she is now living with her husband, to the Moscow Artistic Theater, asking to be taken back into the company where she formerly had many successes. She has not appeared in public since her experience in New York, where she went with Gorky. It is unlikely any leading roles will be found for her in the Moscow company, where Gorky is not in favor and personal jealousies count for much.

In any case, Mme. Andreyeva intends to return to Moscow, and, if she does not enter the Artistic Theater, she will tour the Russian provinces with her own company.

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AMERICANS REACH PARIS FOR ART, RACES AND OPERA

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BESNARD ON "MASTERPIECE"

Painting a Decorative Panel Entitled "Peace" for the Palace at The Hague.

By CHARLES HENRY MELTZER.
Special Cable to The American.

PARIS, May 3.—A week of summer sunshine, following a long rain, has, for the time being, transformed Paris from an abode of gloom into its happy self.

Strangers are flocking in from every side. The advance guard of Americans is arriving from England, Germany and Italy. Day after day the suburban race courses are thronged. At night the leading theaters are packed and in our Elysian fields the chestnuts bloom.

Three rival salons are attracting art lovers. The smaller art shows also have their patrons. Girls in white muslin frocks stream along through the streets on their first communions, and Paris has forgotten the unpleasant frontier incidents which threatened war.

Peace, however, may at any moment be compromised by a rash act of this or that great power, by an indiscretion of the Montenegrin King, or by more frontier incidents.

Paris, meanwhile, may thank the bloodthirsty Apaches for various thrills. Unchecked by the execution of three of the auto bandits, one man, several nights ago, amused himself by carving up three harmless Arabs who were drinking and chatting together in a cafe. Then he escaped.

The night before a band of Apaches robbed the suburban railway station at Sevres and Chaville, after shooting and beating the station masters.

Many Arrests Made.

Various arrests have been made, but the real criminals are said to be still at large.

An organization of mysterious thieves, known as the "Collectionneurs," or "art collectors," have also caused the police a lot of worry.

One of these "collectors" might be kin to Arsene Lupin. His special line is to rob churches and pillage art galleries.

Three months ago this band got away with some priceless tapestry belonging to Albert Duval, which has not since been heard of. It is supposed the thieves hope to sell their swag abroad, probably in America.

The appointment of that great painter, Albert Besnard, as director of the Villa Medicis, at Rome, in the place of Carcius Duran, is widely approved. Besnard now is working on a large decorative panel which soon will adorn the ceiling of the palace at The Hague. His theme is "Peace."

One of the most interesting guests at the recent reception given by the Duchess De Rohan was Mrs. Wilson Howe, sister of President Woodrow Wilson. Among those present also were Princess Delatour De Auvergne, the Marquis De Chambrun, the latter formerly Miss Rives Nichols, of New York, and Duc De Montmorency.

Represents Uncle.

Junius B. Morgan will represent his late uncle, J. Pierpont Morgan, at the opening of the Aix les Baines hospital on May 15, when the local authorities will present him with a gold medal struck in honor of the dead financier.

The American polo team formed to take part in the contest for the Frank J. Mackay cup includes Herman H. Harjes and P. D. Mills, of New York, and F. H. Prince, Jr., of Boston.

Ex-Senator Nelson A. Aldrich, of Rhode Island, is now resting at Aix les Baines.

Among the recent American arrivals in Paris are Captain A. Sacky, Mrs. Roger Watts, Mr. and Mrs. H. Sprinter, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh A. Murray, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Dana, Julius Adler and family, Mrs. C. Ledyard Blair, Mrs. L. S. Chanler, Miss A. Chanler, Mrs. M. J. Pearson and family, Miss Choate, Henry Hadley, Winthrop Ames, Miss Marie Doro, all of New York; Mrs. Kate Vibey, Mrs. V. E. Sackville, Mr. and Mrs. H. Ames, of Boston; Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Douglass, Mr. and Mrs. A. Larsen, of Los Angeles; A. A. Walton, C. P. Perkins, Maurice Metzger and Mrs. W. Carey Lewis, of Chicago.

Good Comedy Is Offering This Week at the Atlanta Forsyth to Present Feature Bill of Vaudeville

Lyric May Open With Stock—The Bijou Program Makes Bid for Popular Favor.

FOLKS who at this season of the year begin to worry over hot weather amusements need not lie awake at night to indulge in their favorite pastime, because it is a sure thing that if Atlantans show by their patronage that they want the theaters kept open throughout the summer they'll be kept open. The managers are more than willing to meet their patrons half way. It's strictly up to local theatergoers.

As things now stand it is highly probable that there will be another stock company bidding for popularity in Atlanta before many weeks have passed. The management of the Lyric is negotiating for a company to present popular stock plays at that house. When the curtain was rung down on the last act of "Billy the Kid" last night plans were immediately set on foot to have the house thoroughly renovated. If it is decided to put stock on at the Lyric the theater will be in readiness for it.

Miss Billy Long and her capable company begin the third week of the stock season at the Atlanta to-morrow evening, and the new offering is a comedy, "The Girl From Out Yonder." The company is composed of first-class players and all should appear to advantage in this clever comedy. There will be the usual matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

The Forsyth, which was long the home of Keith vaudeville, seems to have come into its own since that brand of entertainment has been transferred back to it from the Grand. The bill last week was a good one and all the performances were well attended, indicating that the management had made no mistake when it reopened that cozy house for an indefinite run of high-class vaudeville.

At the Bijou this week a well-arranged bill of family vaudeville and motion pictures will be offered to the patrons of that all-the-year-round playhouse.

TWO PRINCIPALS IN THEATERS THIS WEEK



BELLE STORY at the FORSYTH



BILLY LONG with STOCK CO at the ATLANTA

Play Full of Comedy Offering at Atlanta.

"The Girl From Out Yonder" will be presented by the Miss Billy Long company at the Atlanta Theater this week and it should prove a most excellent offering, for there is plenty of comedy, the dramatic situtions are strong and the love interest is a feature. The play was written by Pauline Phelps and Marion Short.

The role of Flotsam, the girl who has been brought up on Lighthouse Island, is finely adapted to Miss Billy Long and she is sure to add to her great popularity during the week.

The story of the play is an interesting one. Mrs. Elmer, a New York society woman, has been rescued from drowning but does not know who saved her. To her friends she describes her rescuer as a mere lad. When Flotsam appears on the scene dressed in oil-skins and wearing a sou'wester she is recognized by Mrs. Elmer, but is still taken for a boy. When she discovers that she has been rescued by a girl her surprise is great. She feels her indebtedness to Flotsam, and taking a fancy to the girl, asks Cap'n Amos Barton, Flotsam's father, for permission to educate her.

Mrs. Elmer's adopted son, Edward Elmer, is drawn to Flotsam from the first and his interest in her soon grows to love. This causes jealousy on the part of Joey Clarke, a fisher lad, who is in love with Flotsam. Joey, while nursing Cap'n Amos through a severe illness learns an important secret which the captain has been keeping to himself for many years. Some 20 years before the story opens, the captain, in a quarrel on shipboard, strikes a man and, as he believes, kills him. This man was none other than Elmer's father. In order to prevent Elmer from marrying Flotsam, Joey tells the secret and the captain determines to take his punishment like a man. Flotsam flatly refuses to go away to school but says she will stay at the lighthouse during the captain's imprisonment. The fact that the captain was wrongly accused is brought out finally and all ends happily.

Miss Long has played the role of Flotsam before and she says it is one of the most fascinating ever assigned to her. Edwin Vail, Joseph E. Kirkham, Allan Robinson, Al Warren, Kathryn Sheldon and Ralph Marthy are all cast for congenial roles.

Family Vaudeville At the Bijou.

The bill of excellent vaudeville and motion pictures which tht Bijou Theater offers this week is one that is expected to prove a rare treat for the patrons of that theater. The four acts have been selected with a view to variety and the different numbers are certain to be most acceptable. Especial attention has been given to the matter of selecting the moving pictures and those who care for this class of entertainment will have every reason to be glad they attended the show at the Bijou this week.

The bill is headed by the Four Musical Cates, styled as "the Saxophone Kings." Their act is a real musical treat. Wesley and White, the clever entertainers, have an act that is bound to please. The Three Empires will furnish mirth, melody and music, while Marie Walsh, who makes her first appearance in Atlanta, will appear to splendid advantage. The motion pictures presented at the Bijou are changed daily.

Amusement Bills For All This Week

Atlanta—Miss Billy Long Stock Company in "The Girl From Out Yonder" all week. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

Forsyth—Keith vaudeville all week, Gus Edwards' Kid Kabaret headliner. Matinees daily, beginning to-morrow.

Bijou—Family vaudeville and motion pictures all week. Matinees daily, beginning to-morrow.

Lyric—Dark.

Kid Kabaret Heads Bill at Forsyth.

What promises to prove one of the most likable bills of Keith vaudeville ever offered in Atlanta will be presented to patrons of the Forsyth Theater this week, the first performance taking place to-morrow afternoon. There is plenty of variety in the arrangement of the program and an abundance of material to please all lovers of amusement.

The Forsyth is peculiarly adapted to warm weather entertainment. It is cosy, yet comfortably cool. The theater is equipped with a specially constructed cooling plant and the temperature of the house is easily regulated.

The headliner of this week's bill is Gus Edwards' Kid Kabaret and the act is said to be one of the real hits of vaudeville. Broadway and the big cities in the North have given the stamp of approval to this act, which is reported to be even better than Gus Edwards' Song Revue, and that was a huge hit in Atlanta.

The act is composed of fifteen girls and boys who were personally drilled in songs and dances by he famous song writer himself. It is full of specialties. It is a travesty on the New York cabarets.

Another prime feature will be Belle Storey, dainty singer of sweet songs. She is regarded as one of the prettiest girls on the vaudeville stage. Williams, Thompson and Copeland will present a comedy skit entitled "The Burglars' Union," while Hart's Six Steppers will offer a splendid dancing act number.

Other featured acts are those of Edwards and Company, Risner and Gores and the Musical Alvinos.

Matinees daily, beginning to-morrow.

French Actresses Insuring Persons

Feet, Eyes, Bust and Voice Covered by Large Policies Against Loss.

Special Cable to The American.

PARIS, May 3.—Several well-known French actresses have insured themselves for large sums, and some of the policies contain peculiar clauses.

The famous dancer, Mlle. Napierskowska, insured her feet for $50,000. The eyes of Mlle. Friel are valued at $10,000, and the long and beautiful hair of Mlle. Vallandri is insured for $20,000.

Mlle. Maude Harry insured her shoulders for $50,000, while Mlle. Regina Badet has taken out a policy for $100,000 against any injury to her bust, and another of $200,000 on her voice.

83, MARRIES FOURTH HUSBAND.

Special Cable to The American.

LONDON, May 3.—At the age of 83, Mrs. Jane Evans, of Llandarog, Carmanthenshire, has married as her fourth husband a bachelor of 33, David Jones.

WEDDING PLANS OF GERMAN PRINCESS ALMOST FINISHED

Last Cooking Lessons Being Given Kaiser's Daughter by French Chef.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE TAUGHT

Trousseau Very Elaborate and All Evening Gowns Coming From Paris.

BY STEVEN BURNETT.
Special Cable to The American.

BERLIN, May 3.—With the wedding of the Kaiser's daughter only three weeks off everything is bustling within the imperial castle. The young princess herself is getting her last lessons in the culinary art from a famous French chef, and when her time is not taken up with cooking, she gets lessons in domestic economy, bookkeeping and the management of servants from the Kaiserin personally. The princess' first establishment in a comparatively small garrison town will be on a rather small scale and her associates will principally consist of the wives of her husband's brother officers, and her social success will largely depend on her own ability to manage her home, as she will have very few servants.

But she is determined that the small dinner parties and suppers to which she will have to invite her husband's friends and their wives shall be able to pass the criticism to which they will be exposed. There is absolutely no snobbery among German officers and no mercy will be shown the wife of a junior officer because she happens to be the Kaiser's daughter. So she will have every reason to congratulate herself on the sensible education she has received from her mother.

A certain part of each day is set aside for the shopping, for the Princess herself selects and buys every article of her trousseau that is to be bought in Berlin. She is very often accompanied on her shopping expeditions by Crown Princess Cecile and the latter's factotum and bosom friend, Miss Geraldine Farrar.

It speaks well for the tact of the Berliners that although there is not one among the shopping crowd who does not know their favorite Princess Victoria Louise, nobody for a moment thinks of running after her to see what she buys, as the women of most countries would do. And she is permitted to do her shopping at Wertheim's or any of the other large stores as undisturbed as if she were a mere nobody.

The Kaiserin was very much impressed by an article in a Berlin paper by the author Karin Michaelis Stangeland on the subject of the trousseaus of princesses in which she stated that it was certainly the duty of royalty to support the industry of real hand-made lace, and not a single inch of the machine article will be used in Princess Victoria Louise's trousseau.

All the evening gowns of the princess as well as her wedding gown will come from Paris.

The guests at the wedding will be a very imposing crowd. The King and Queen of England have already announced their coming. The Czar and Czarina have almost promised to come, and beside we shall see the King and Queen of Italy, the heir apparent of Austria, the King and consort of Denmark, and possibly the Kaiser's sister, the new Queen, and her consort, King Constantine of Greece.

Jacobs' Liver Salt On Arising



No appetite in the morning? Bilious? Headache? Best thing in the world for you is Jacobs' Liver Salt.

Bad breath, biliousness, constipation, flatulence, daytime drowsiness, wakefulness at night, mean FOOD-POISONING. Undigested food, fermented, is doling out poison to the system.

Jacobs' Liver Salt instantly flushes the alimentary tract with water, sending a cleansing stream through it from all parts of the system. Packed, clogging matter is loosened and with the fermentation washed away, pressure is removed, liver and kidneys resume their natural cleansing processes of elimination. No forced action as with calomel and severe purgatives; never a griping pain or nausea.

Take Jacobs' Liver Salt on arising. It is effervescent and stimulating. You feel better at once, good appetite for breakfast and good digestion; that dull heaviness vanishes and your brain is clear and quick. Keeps one up to the top notch.

Jacobs' Liver Salt is the business man's best stimulant. 25c, delivered anywhere.

All Jacobs' Stores And Druggists Generally.

Old Fashioned Dances Versus Turkey Trot

By ANN TEEK

THE Turkey Trot is not confined exclusively to the younger set. In fact, Turkey Trotting is emphatically a dance for the older members of society, and there are club women in Atlanta who dance it with as much grace and agility as do the young matrons and debutantes. Of course these women do not "rag" it, but give it the dignity it deserves as a health-inducing exercise.

"The Turkey Trot is all right," said a well-known club woman of middle age. "I like it. There is a fascination about its measure, and the little effort it takes to do it, that makes it delightful."

"Have you danced the Sarafan?" asked another and more youthful member of one of the patriotic societies. "Abroad it is all the rage. My mother and grandmother danced it in Charleston in their girlhood, and it is one of the most beautiful and inspiring dances I know of. It is rollicksome and frolicksome, and gives a glow to your cheeks and a grace to your body. All Spanish dances do that.

"I have a friend in London who writes me that the Sarafan is very popular at the week-end house parties in England now, and it is sure to become popular in Atlanta. To dance the Sarafan you must have a leader. The leader is usually a man, who starts the dance by gliding lightly over the ball room floor, snapping his fingers, or playing upon some small stringed instrument. One by one the couples get up and follow him, as he leads them in and out of the rooms of the house, up and down the stairways and halls, and even out into the street and through the garden. Always the dancers follow in twos, in fours, in couples, never alone. There is an added charm lent the Sarafan if the dancers will carry light scarfs, or castenets. My mother has been in Sanafan dances when there were fifty couples in the dance. All sorts of fancy steps are introduced and the music changes by turns from light-winged waltzes to lively polkas and frisky gallops, then a march will be introduced, so the dancers can catch their breath. Oh, but it is glorious! And when it reaches Atlanta, and is danced at the Driving Club, or in some of the beautiful homes out the Peachtree Road, where there is room to move long distances, it will be lovely. Before many moons I expect to see the Sarafan danced here. And as long as men and women can dance, I hope and believe the Turkey Trot will be in vogue, for it not only rests the nerves but is peculiarly fitted to the rheumatic and sciatic back and limbs. It is good for young and old alike."

"Have you ever danced, Put Your Little Foot Down There?" asked a member of the party. "It is really called la Vasuveanne or the Vasuveanna, and has a motion and grace that belongs to no other of the old-fashion dances. Many times have I seen my mother's little foot, velvet-slippered with its high French heel and beaded toe, point out every time the band played the music that belongs exclusively to the Vasuveana with its lilt that seemed to say, 'Put your little foot down there.'

"And do you remember the hop waltz, and the dip and the polka and the gallop? Just where the Century Building stands was the first dancing school in Atlanta. I remember about that time the higher you could spring off the floor every time your feet made a turn, the better dancer you were considered. Then came the day when the lady laid her head upon her partner's shoulder, and the Bunny Hug was not in it compared to the languishment and proximity of the dancers.

"And the fancy steps taken by the women and men who danced the old-fashion quadrille and lancers," laughed another club woman who remembers things. "I have sashayed nearly the full length of the ball room when the fiddler called 'balance all,' and the times my feet have locked in the rocking step is like the sands of the sea. But those were good old days, and the dances were all right, albeit they were springy and hoppy.

"Going back to the Turkey Trot," said the first speaker, "how many of you club women have ever seen the Chicken Dance? I mean a real chicken dance? At the break of day when the barnyard awakens, there is a fluttering of wings, a marshaling together of his harem ladies, and the rooster hops from his perch and crows. That is a signal for the hens to get down and dance, and they do, their feet making tracks in the earth, and their wings opening and shutting like big fans. Every once in a while the chicken hops high in the air and this continues for several minutes. Then Old Mr. Rooster struts off, followed by his ladies, and by the time the sun is well up, the dance is ended.

"Negroes are very superstitious about the chicken dance, and at the suggestion of my cook, I got up one morning last spring and witnessed the weird dance, in the ghostly gray of morning. I believe the superstition is that every one should see at least one chicken dance during his life to insure a protection from the Evil Eye.

"The Chicken Dance is sometimes called the Devil's Dance, and believe me, it is worth seeing.

"The subject of these old-fashion dances remind me of some of the old-time games played when the Sarafan and Vasuveanne were danced," concluded the oldest club woman in the party. "Grace Hoops was the prettiest game I ever saw. It was played with two sticks about as long as your arm and as big around as your thumb, and a hoop covered with gold guimpe and velvet ribbon wound around it. The hoop was about the size of a large service plate. On a lawn I have seen as many as twenty hoops going at one time and the players catching them learn to be very dexterous and skillful throwing and catching them. If you can get every hoop on your sticks, which you keep crossed as you throw and catch, you are lucky and called a good player. Grace Hoops was a favorite pastime for the women of the forties and fifties. The game even continued popular during the sixties, but other than my mother's grace hoops I have never seen any in Atlanta, and she brought hers from Charleston, S. C.

"Shuttlecock and Battledore was another delightful game of the past. Bats, something like tennis raquets, and feather-winged balls that were batted about and never allowed to rest, were used. These two games brought into play every muscle of a woman, made her graceful and light on her feet and gave her that physical grace that made the women of the Old South so greatly admired.

"Well, those were good old days and fine old dances, to hark back to, but for real sport give me Turkey Trotting when it is danced without ragging the shoulders, or snapping the fingers, or bending the body. Your heels should never touch the floor if you would Turkey Trot correctly."

LISTEN!

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The WORLD of MUSIC



BY this time Atlanta has recovered from "operaitis" or whatever the disease was that affected us week before last, and all that is now left for us to do is to think about next year, for certain it is that Atlanta will have a week of opera next year.

The tremendous success achieved by Colonel Peel and the Music Festival Association makes it certain that the Metropolitan Company will visit us again. Also let it be said in passing that Colonel Peel and his associates deserve much at the hands of Atlanta for the prestige the city has been given wherever things musical flourish.

* * *

Giulio Gatti-Casazza, general manager of the Metropolitan Opera Company, before sailing for Europe, informed us that all the old favorites had been re-engaged and that several newcomers in the operatic field would be heard in New York, and therefore Atlanta. In addition, it was announced that to the repertoire next year will be added at least two new operas. They are "Magdeleine," a one-act opera in English by Victor Herbert, and Umberto Giordano's "Madame Sans Gene." Others that may be presented are "L'Amore dei tre Re," by Italo Montemezzi, based on a tragedy by Benelli, already given with success at the Scala; Charpentier's "Julien," if its London premiere this spring proves effective; Tschaikowsky's "Eugene Onegin," and one of the Strauss operas, probably "Der Rosenkavalier."

* * *

The stars of this year who have been re-engaged for next season are as follows:

Soprani—Frances Alda, Bella Alten, Lucrezia Bori, Anna Case, Louise Cox, Vera Curtis, Emmy Destinn, Geraldine Farrar, Rita Fornia, Olive Fremstad, Johanna Gadski, Frieda Hempel, Alice Nielsen, Bernice de Pasquali, Marie Rappold, Leonaro Sparkes and Rosina VanDyck.

Mezzo-Soprani and Contralti—Emma Borniggia, Marie Duchene, Louise Homer, Helen Mapleson, Joanne Maubourg, Marie Mattfeld, Margarete Matzenauer and Lila Robeson.

Tenori—Paul Althouse, Pietro Audisio, Angelo Dada, Julius Bayer, Carl Burrian, Enrico Caruso, Austin Hughes, Carl Jorn, Riccardo Martin, Lambert Murphy, Albert Reiss and Jacques Urlus.

Baritoni—Pasquale Amato, Bernard Begue, Dinh Gilly, Otto Goritz, Antonio Scotti, Vincenzo Reschigliam and Harmann Weil.

Bassi—Paolo Ananian, Carl Braun, Adamo Didur, Putnam Griswold, Antonio Pini-Corsi, Marcel Reiner, Giulio Rossi, Leon Rothier, Basyl Ruysdael, Andrea de Segurola and Herbert Witherspoon.

These new artists have been engaged as follows:

Mezzo-Soprani and Contralti—Margarete Ober, of the Royal Opera of Berlin; Sophie Braslau and Lillian Euban, two young Americans.

Tenori—Rudolf Berger, of the Royal Opera of Berlin and Beyreuth; Giotanni Martinelli, of Covent Garden, the Scala of Milan and the Monte Carlo Opera; Alfred Piccaver, an American, of the Royal Opera of Prague and the Imperial Opera of Vienna.

Baritoni—Carl Schlegel, a German-American.

* * *

An old Atlanta favorite, whose absence was very disappointing this season—Miss Geraldine Farrar—may be among the singers to appear here next season, but if she is she will probably have in her train a devoted husband. Miss Farrar, before sailing for Europe last week, made two statements of extreme interest to the public. The first was that she intended to be married in Europe in October, but made it plain that it is no count, duke or prince, but a plain American, who has won her heart. She refused, however, to tell his name. The other statement made by Miss Farrar was to the effect that she intended to jump from the top of the Eiffel Tower. Of course, no one takes her seriously in this, but it is just her little joke.

"I don't mind telling you that I am peevish over the publicity all these other singers are getting," said Miss Farrar, "and I am going to Paris to jump off the Eiffel Tower; then I know I will get my name in the papers."

Asked if she thought she would be singing as she went down, Miss Farrar said: "I hope so." But, married or single, satisfied or dissatisfied with the publicity she receives, Atlanta will be waiting with open arms to receive her next year if it can be so arranged that the fair Geraldine comes here.

* * *

It is definitely settled that Miss Farrar next year will create the title role in Giordano's new opera, "Madame Sans Gene," and it is hoped that next season Atlanta will see this favorite artist in this role. This would have a double effect in bringing Miss Farrar here and replacing "Cyrano—which was a grave disappointment—with something new.

The new opera is based on the play of the same name dealing with the adventures of the fisherwoman-duchess at the Court of Napoleon I, which Madame Rejane and Miss Ellen Terry played in this country years ago. Failing in getting Miss Farrar here in this new opera, it is just possible that she may be heard here as Carmen. It is well known that Mr. Gatti-Casazza and Mr. Toscanini are anxious to have her try, and she has long cherished an ambition to play the part. It would be a great treat indeed, for her Carmen doubtless would be the sensation of the season, especially if Caruso could be cast as Don Jose.

* * *

Returning to the subject of "Cyrano," now that it is all over and done, it is the almost unanimous opinion of Atlanta that this opera, even though written by an American and in English, will not do, and will not be heard in the repertoire to be given here next year. There are too many of the old established operas which have made good and which bear repetition year after year for Atlanta to be forced to put up with so unmusical a production as this one from the pen of Walter Damrosch.

It was not the fault of those who appeared in "Cyrano" that the opera was not all that could be wished. Pasquale Amato got everything out of the role of Cyrano that was possible. His mastery of English was only one of many of the capable features of his performance. He made a splendid impersonation, and in the death scene he arose to a finely sustained tragic climax. Madame Alda also gave the part of Roxane a masterful interpretation, but these two could not make up for the lack of music in the opera.

* * *

Atlantans who paid large sums for the privilege of hearing the songbirds may be interested in knowing the salaries successful singers, managers and conductors receive. Almost all are recipients of salaries for 23 weeks' work that far exceed the sums paid for 52 weeks in a year to responsible executives in commercial fields and other professions, such as law and medicine. Here are the earnings of some of the stars of the Metropolitan and Chicago Grand Opera Companies for operatic and concert work for the past year and for royalties for phonographic records they have made during the last season:

Artist.	Fee for Single Appearance.	Total Earnings.
Enrico Caruso	$2,400	$210,000
Geraldine Farrar	1,250	85,000
Emmy Destinn	1,200	75,000
Arturo Toscanini	....	42,000
Giulio Gatti-Casazza	....	30,000
Antonio Scotti	400	17,500
Putnam Griswold	400	17,000
Dinh Gilly	200	15,000
Frieda Hempel	....	12,000
*Mary Garden	1,200	70,000
*Charles Dalmores	800	32,000
*Hector Dufranne	400	15,000
*Gustav Huberdeau	250	10,000
Total		$630,500

*Members of Chicago Opera Company.

* * *

After leaving Atlanta, several of the singers traveled down to Savannah for the music festival given there. The most admired of the artists in Savannah was Miss Anna Case. Miss Case had little opportunity in Atlanta to show her talent, but wherever she has appeared she has won instant favor with her audience. The fine quality of her voice is particularly suited to the arias, her trills and staccati being excellently executed. Miss Case has a repertoire which well displays her great versatility, and the best judges of such things predict a great future for this charming young woman.

* * *

One of the singers who appeared in Atlanta, Putnam Griswold, has been accorded the great honor of being commanded to sing at the wedding of Princess Victoria Louise, daughter of Kaiser Wilhelm. Before leaving Atlanta Mr. Griswold displayed a cablegram from the Emperor commanding him to appear at this function on May 25, and also commanding him to sing on June 25, when the Kaiser will celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of his ascension to the throne.

* * *

Miss Marguerita Sylva, the American prima donna, who two seasons ago appeared with the Chicago Grand Opera Company and who later engaged in a short season of comic opera with "Gypsy Love" as a vehicle, is now in Germany and is winning rare laurels. Indeed, her performances of "Carmen" at the Grand Ducal Opera made such an impression that the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin decorated her with the Gold Medal of Merit. This distinction is rarely conferred on women artists. It is a large medal, embellished with a bas-relief of the Grand Duke, and bears on the reverse inscription "fr merit," encircled with a wreath of laurels.

Since her triumphal debut at the Berlin Royal Opera last Winter Miss Sylva has sung "Carmen" in nearly all of the leading opera houses in Europe. Mlle. Sylva's "Carmen" was acclaimed by Chicago critics season before last as second only to Calve's dramatic quality.

* * *

An opera based upon aviation as a theme and called "Icare" had its first production at Nice last week. Henri Caln, the librettist, treats Icarus as symbolical of early aviators unable to penetrate successfully the secret of the forces of nature and tells the story of Icarus falling to his death from a cliff. In his final scene the genius of science appears and the final conquest of the air is shown.

* * *

Though dead, Verdi remains under the ban, it appears, in certain parts of Austria. At Pirano, in Istria, a performance of "Ernani" was recently interdicted by the authorities because of its being "of a nature to provoke disorders;" while circulars issued at Busseto regarding preparations for the Verdi centenary celebration having been mailed to several Italian subjects in Austria, were all returned to the committee with the explanation, "Prohibited."

* * *

Musical autographs commanded some exceptionally high prices at a recent auction sale in Berlin. The list was headed by a manuscript by Handel—a vocal trio with figured bass, composed at Naples in 1708—which brought over $7,000, according to The Musical Times.

For a fragment of a quartet by Beethoven a little over $1,000 was paid. A mazurka by Chopin changed hands for $160; Liszt's "Rigoletto" Paraphrase was sold for $105, and sketches for Haydn's Symphony in D Major went for $125. Two letters of Mozart's addressed to his father were acquired by the Musikhistorisches Museum of Cologne for $425.

* * *

The American Indian tenor, Kawbawgam, by name, whose "discovery" in Berlin was duly chronicled earlier in the season, has just made a London debut at the Alhambra. That he is "chief of the Chippewa tribe" has not been ignored by the press agent, of course. Announced as "the Red Caruso," he appeared at the Alhambra shortly after the Hippodrome had given warning of the imminent appearance of "the Chinese Caruso," who obviously must have been a "Yellow Caruso." There would still seem to be an opening for greens and violets in Carusos.

* * *

Silas G. Pratt, the veteran American composer, has just completed the composition of a symphonic poem entitled "A Tragedy of the Deep." The story, told in music, has to do with the sinking of the Titanic one year ago. There are four episodes in the work—"The Departure," "The Dawn of Day on the Peaceful Sea," "The Life on the Lower Deck, Dance in the Grand Salon, the Disaster" and "The Apotheosis."

* * *

Once when George Hamlin was tenor soloist in a large Chicago church it was announced from the desk that all who had subscribed to the church fund were urged to complete their payments as soon as possible, so that the books could be balanced at the beginning of the new year—only a few weeks distant.

At the conclusion of the announcement came the solo. Mr. Hamlin had chosen a sacred song by Wade, and when he began singing "Then, Lord, shall I fully know, Not till then, how much I owe," the entire appropriateness of the selection struck everyone, and a wave of amusement, almost resembling a titter, marred the solemnity of the occasion.

* * *

Homer Norris, the organist at St. George's, tells a story to illustrate the kindly side of the late J. Pierpont Morgan's nature. Mr. Norris had written a new Te Deum, and after the church service in which he used it for the first time he met Mr. Morgan in the vestibule. In the course of a little talk he asked the financier how he had liked the Te Deum that morning.

"Not so well as last Sunday's," replied Mr. Morgan.

"I am sorry," the organist said, "for I wrote it."

It was two or three months before he played that Te Deum again, but on the morning he did so Mr. Morgan waited for him after the service especially to tell him how much he liked the Te Deum he used that day.

* * *

Attilio di Creszeno, tenor of the Palma, Italy, Opera Company and of the Montreal Opera Company, has been engaged by Max Rabinoff to sing the role of Benetto in "Il Maestro di Capella," that will be presented on the brief tour next fall of Sig. Pini-Corsi, principal basso buffo of the Metropolitan Opera Company in New York. Sig. Creszeno has never been heard in the United States. He is said to be a tenor of extraordinary quality. The Pini-Corsi tour will start on September 28 and last only until the opening of the regular season of the Metropolitan Opera Company, with which he continues as the principal basso buffo.

* * *

Paderewski has just completed a series of concerts in the cities of his native Poland, where the usual success has been his fortune. He has played in Cracow, Lemburg, Posen and Warsaw to enormous houses. The receipts of these concerts, amounting in each case from $3,500 to $5,000, he gave to local charities or monumental funds, deducting only the local expenses of the concerts. Before going to Poland he played with the Gewandhaus Orchestra in Leipsic, with Nikisch as the leader. It was his first appearance in Leipsic and his success has been the chief sensation of the season there. Although there is a strict rule in the Gewandhaus against encores, he was forced to play five of them before the audience would let him depart. The musical public in Germany is now asking whether he will renounce the resolution made over 20 years ago never to play again in Berlin.

THE TRIUMPH OF DAVID.

The choir of the First Baptist Church will render "The Triumph of David," a church cantata, by Dudley Buck this evening at 8 o'clock under the direction of J. P. O'Donnelly, organist. There will be no sermon, and the public is cordially invited.

The soloists will be Mrs. Peyton H. Todd, Mrs. James H. Whitten, Mr. Solon Drukenmiller, Mr. H. R. Bates. They will be assisted by Miss Florence Baldwin, Mrs. S. R. Lemon, Miss Ruth McMillan, Miss Plunkett, Mrs. J. H. Salmon, Mrs. J. A. Woolley, Mrs. Alfred H. Bailey, Mrs. Emmie Ballew, Mrs. Charles A. Davis, Miss Leonard, Mr. C. T. Brown, Mr. C. S. Upton, Mr. E. R. Wood, Mr. P. E. Davidson, Mr. W. W. Henry, Mr. W. P. Hunter, Mr. Morris.

The contents of the cantata is as follows:

"The Camp by Mount Gilboa"—Soprano solo and chorus of women.

"War Song of Israelites"—Male chorus.

"In the Night Shall My Song be of Him"—Soprano solo.

"At the Dawn"—Chorus.

"How Long, O Lord, Wilt Thou Forget Me"—Tenor solo.

"Saul's Presentiment"—Baritone solo and female chorus.

"The Witch of Endor"—Alto solo.

"Saul at Endor"—Baritone and alto.

"The Death of Saul"—Chorus.

"After the Battle"—Tenor solo and female chorus.

"The Coronation at Hebron."—Chorus.

Atlanta Girl Wins Musical Fame

Second to Capture Critics' Praise

Miss Mamie Hays' Huge Success

Miss Mamie Hays, Atlanta girl who has been praised by New York musical critics.



Daughter of Local Stock Dealer Well Received in Recital Given in New York.

Another Atlanta girl has braved the musical critics of New York and has made good. The girl is Mamie Hays, daughter of C. F. Hays, a stock dealer, of 684 Highland Avenue. Until three years ago she lived in Atlanta, and was known for her ability to sing. She appeared several times in concerts at the Auditorium.

Then, encouraged by her local success she went to New York to study. She will return home probably in June, although it is likely that she later will go back to New York to complete her musical education.

Miss Hays cherishes dreams of a professional career, which includes operatic or concert work. Her work so far, however, during all her six years as a student in Atlanta and New York, has been that of a striving, promising amateur. But a few nights ago she was given her chance and the critics immediately pronounced her a genius.

Of her recognition in New York, a musical journal published in that city has this to say:

"Mamie Hays, from Atlanta, Ga., who has been studying voice for the past few years under one of New York's noted vocal teachers, sang recently at a private musicale and made a marked success, being repeatedly encored. Miss Hays sang David's "Charmant Oiseau" and songs by Hallett Gilberte and Mary Helen Brown, in all of which she displayed a well-trained voice of beautiful quality, well developed technical skill and excellent style and taste."

Human Interest Stories of Atlanta Club Women

By ANN TEEK

"THERE are tragedies in life that far exceed the greater ones where Death is King, or Loss is oppressor," said a club woman whose sympathy is ever responsive to woe. "I once knew a dear old gentleman at Macon, who needed a pair of spectacles very badly. Soon after he broke his lenses, a well known jeweler offered a prize of a pair of fifteen dollar gold mounted glasses to the one who could write the name of their firm the greatest number of times on a postal card. The old gentleman who was up in his eighty second year, decided to try for the prize He was an expert penman and in the two weeks allowed the contestants, he succeeded in writing the firm-name fifteen thousand times on the card, each stroke of the pen standing out as distinctly as a copy plate, and easily read with the naked eye.

"The day arrived for the contest to close. Every card was turned in, but —

"That night the sheriff closed the shop and the business was at an end. The next day the old gentleman saw his card exhibited in the window of the jewelers show, but he never got his glasses. Now to my mind his disappointment was a tragedy."

* * *

"Well," said another club woman, "I know a tragedy equally as sad. When the Confederate Veterans met out in Texas last year, there was a movie film man taking pictures of the entertainment at teh Governor's Mansion. The Confederate Veterans of Augusta had sent a fine representation from their camps headed by Belton Orchard, a former resident of Atlanta. When the picture man arrived on the scene, Mr. Orchard was given the leading role in the picture, sitting on the Governor's front veranda, and receiving the guests as they passed in line before him. He distributed carnations to the young sponsers for the various camps, and finally escorted the wife of the Governor through the beautiful grounds and on to the carriages awaiting the party at the gate. Mr. Orchard never saw that picture. It was shown in many towns in Texas and Georgia, and everybody that knew Mr. Orchard saw it and recognized him, but the picture was never shown in the Texas town in which it was made. I think that was a tragedy. To be in a movie of all things and not see oneself would almost kill me."

* * *

"If you remember the dearest, cutest little theater ever opened to the fashionables of Atlanta, then you have a picture of the Rhode Hill opera house in the upper story of their home in Peachtree Street a number of years ago. To take part in the plays given by Mrs. Hill for some pet charity was to feel a genuine pride, for only the creme de la creme was assigned parts in the little playlets rendered," said a club woman. "Once the play was that of a fish-monger's wife, made newly rich. A woman usually asigned the comedy parts was to take the leading part. Among the jewelry contributed to her adornment by the other players was a rhinestone necklace belonging to Miss Mollie Courtney.

"The necklace made a brilliant show, and next day, as Miss Courtney was to leave the city before the necklace could be returned the fishmonger's wife packed it carefully away in her trunk and there it remained for several months. In the lady's employ was a mulatto named Rena. Rena contracted consumption and had to leave service. In time she died, and about that time the necklace was found to be missing. It could not be found, but the mistress never suspected Rena. Two years afterwards, Sarah, a sister to Rena was taken into the same home, and one day while recalling the sad demise of Rena, she told of how beautifully Rena was buried, in a white robe and with a diamond necklace, and no one in the family ever knew where she got it.

"The fistmonger's wife knew, but she did not overshadow Sarah's pride in her sisters burial, by hinting at theft. And, I know," concluded the club woman, "if there had been a Sherlock Holmes in Atlanta at that time, or a Grace Burton and a Stephen Pryde, that rhinestone necklace would never have been buried out at Southview cemetery."

* * *

Mrs. Ethel Hillyer Harris, D. A. R. of Rome tells the following humorous story of an old negro man servant in her fathers family:

"One morning Ben came to me and said, 'Miss Ethus, I is gwin' rebate at de club Sadday night. I wan'yo' t' write me a paper on de question, which is de bes'to have, Money or Moils.' Moils? Moils? I kept asking myself what Moils were. I asked Ben what they were after awhile.

"'Moils is Moils, Miss Ethus,' answered Ben. 'Hit am dis way, yo go to Atlanta an' yo got all de Moils in de worl' an yo' walk up an' down Whitehall Street, an' yo do somethin' de police doan lak, an' whar yo? De police tak yo' to do money, yo' kin git right out. I am on de side of money, and ef yo' will just write dat for me, an' read it, I will rebate it all right.'

"Next time I saw Ben I asked him how he came out with the debate. 'Fine, Miss Ethus.' Dat paper was jest as good as ef I had wrote it myself.'"

THE MONTGOMERY

Shows exclusive First Run Vitagraph, Biograph Kelem and Pathe, Edison, Lubin, Selig and Essanay. Program changes daily.

Finest Picture House in the South

You see at this theater the very BEST PICTURES, presented in the very BEST STYLE, and you enjoy them in COMFORT.

Warm weather has no terror for the patrons of

THE MONTGOMERY

And the Price of Admission, 5 Cents

From 10 A. M. to 6 P. M.

Southern Suit & Skirt Co. | 43-45 Whitehall Street | Southern Suit & Skirt Co. | 43-45 Whitehall Street

Beginning To-morrow Morning at 9 o'Clock---Three Days of the

Greatest Suit and Dress Selling

Ever Known at This Store!

OUR SUCCESS has come from honest advertising and scrupulously honest merchandising. Every transaction must please our customers and make them (pardon the expression) a walking, talking advertisement for the Southern Suit and Skirt Company. This exclusive women's apparel store is noted for doing BIG things! Prepared as you may be for surprises, the values offered in this sale will awaken unbounded astonishment. It begins to-morrow at 9 a. m., and is worth your immediate and active attention!



$14.50

$19.50 to $25.00 Newest Spring SUITS AT $14.50

"We have just made the greatest pick-up of the season—suits shipped to-day." This wire from our New York connection will make many Atlanta women happy here to-morrow. The suits have arrived and as they emerge from their wrappings are greeted with exclamations of wonder and delight—delight at their modish charm and grace—wonder at their price—elegant $19.50 to $25.00 Suits, Choice $14.50

$29.50 to $35.00 Bulgarian Blouse SUITS AT $19.50

In this collection we offer a wonderful special purchase of Bulgarian blouse and smart tailored suits, made to sell at $29.50 to $35, also a number of lovely new models left from busy April selling, originally priced still higher. Charming suits of Eponge, Bedford cords, Shepherd checks, etc., all beautifully tailored and peau de cygne lined, sparkling with modish charm and spring beauty. They'll go quickly to-morrow, at $19.50



Lovely New Spring Waists $1

Monday will be "Waist Day" at this store. For your unrestricted choosing we offer 200 dainty new lingerie waists in a wide variety of lovely models, stylishly trimmed with medallions, velvet ribbons, etc., worth up to $1.75, choice Monday .....

$7.50 New Spring DRESSES AT $3.95

The season's latest materials are attractively represented in these dainty new dresses. Linens, crashes, ratines, etc., featuring the new coat effect and numerous other charming styles. Excellent $7.50 values in this sale, choice $3.95

$10.50 to $12.50 Spring DRESSES AT $6.95

Charmingly graceful and appealingly pretty. **Absolutely the latest and best styles.** Beautiful ratines, striped voiles, imported piques, in all the lovely new shades. Sweet little dresses that you'll want to slip on the minute you clap your eyes on them. Regular $10.50 to $12.50 dresses, choice while they last $6.95

Numerous Other Items throughout the Store that Will Make Glad the Heart of Every Woman!

OUR complete mail order department is at the service of those residing away from Atlanta.

Southern Suit & Skirt Co.

"Atlanta's Exclusive Women's Apparel Store," 43-45 Whitehall St.

WE extend usual courtesies to those who desire to have their purchases charged.

FASHION'S LATEST DECREE IN SPRING MILLINERY

BY EVELYN WREN

ENTER this store, buy a hat and go away satisfied.

With the approach of warm weather, millinery is holding first place in the hearts of Atlanta women, and a becoming stylish hat is of paramount interest.

Large hats trimmed charmingly and made too fascinating for the average woman to resist—tailored hats for the busy woman—hats for every Atlanta woman—they are all at Smith & Higgins'.

A sale of white heron aigrettes will prove a decided advantage to the women who appreciate the artistic fashionable value of these dainty feathers. They are popular, becoming and beautiful, a trio of qualities which is irresistible.

Now Is the Time to Get Ready for the Summer

The early spring styles have given way to the more picturesque summer style and large hats have replaced the early small models.

A large stock of leghorns, hemps, milans, Italian straws, peanut braids and panamas in the latest shapes and sizes gives opportunity for satisfactory selection. The beautiful flowers, perfect representations of those picked in the woods or garden, the soft velvets in a great variety of colors, the unusually pretty ribbons in modish tones and the more than ever fashionable ostrich feathers make a becoming hat an undoubted consummation.

It is no longer that women desire a mere head covering—they demand hats that will bring out their best characteristics and suit their tastes as well as their requirements. Hence they must be given an opportunity for selection.

White, blue, pink, any of the fashionable colors—hemp, leghorn or milan—flowers, ribbon or feathers—they are all here ready for your interested inspection and ultimate selection.

If you come, you will purchase. If you wish a pretty hat to wear with this summer's dainty gowns or the stylish tailored suits, come.

It's easy to buy a hat, if you just know how. Now that you know, the pretty hat is almost yours. All that remains for you to do is to select the one that pleases you superlatively best.

Just get on the Walker Street car and step off right in front of the door, 254 Peters Street. Your hat is there.

SMITH & HIGGINS
254 Peters Street

BUY your becoming hat, but do not forget that a hat alone can not make a well-dressed woman.

Your hat will not prove a pleasure unless you have a suit to accord with it. The hat may be the latest French model, but it will not show to the best advantage unless the suit with which it is worn conforms to style and good taste.

There is an individuality about a tailored suit which can not be obtained in ready-to-wear garments. The mode of the moment is realized with all extreme and transitory touches replaced by the personal touches as prompted by the good taste of the wearer.

A suit tailored by Hays fairly breathes the individuality of the wearer.

The materials this summer show some of the old favorites and some new colorings. Bengalines, horizontal weaves, brocades, eponge, serges, basket cloth and ratines are used in the many tones of the popular blues, purples and yellows.

Style—that is what W. C. Hays guarantees—and, with the style, entire satisfaction.

Ask a Hays customer. Take her opinion and then go to Mr. Hays prepared to take advantage of the special price he is offering. During the summer season, from the first of May, a special rate will be made. Those who know the quality of a Hays suit can appreciate what a splendid opportunity this is to get an indispensable garment.

A Hays suit always looks well and gives to the wearer that pleasant, sanguine feeling of always appearing at her best. It is the pride of the owner, and wins for her so much sincere admiration that she firmly resolves never to let any one but W. C. Hays make her suits in the future.

And she usually keeps her resolve—for once you have worn a Hays suit you are a Hays adherent for all tailoring.

Tailored suits are indispensable at all seasons of the year, but never more so than during the summer season. A vacation trip demands a stylish suit, many afternoon affairs can not be attended so appropriately in any other costume and a woman is at her sartorial best in a well-fitted, becoming suit.

A Hays suit meets every demand. A Hays suit is a lasting satisfaction to the wearer.

W. C. HAYS, 712 Grand Building

THE little French Shop, in French gray and old rose, contains hats for the artistic woman. The new colors are just a bit more attractively used, the latest flowers are given the prettiest position and the feathers are placed just so that they seem most feathery. At least that is the opinion of a woman who buys all her hats from Ann de Leisz.

Paris hats made by a Paris milliner is what Atlanta has ready to offer at 167 Peachtree Street.

Ann de Leisz
167 PEACHTREE STREET

A Tour of the Fashionable Shops

IT is interesting to see how Atlanta has become a veritable fashion center, a little Paris as to style. There's a reason for everything, and I was determined to find the reason for this.

Womanlike, I began my investigation with hats and nearly confined myself to the pleasure of seeing the alluring beauties which are shown in some of the Atlanta millinery shops.

Many times have I passed the little gray shop on Peachtree Street and wished that my day's work had not made the hour too late for anything but a glimpse at the hats through the glass. Finally I made up my mind I would look within and satisfy my longing for an artistic hat.

The little gray shop is presided over by Miss Ann De Leisz. French by birth and French in her artistic feeling. Her hats show her personality better than words could describe it. The hats are charming—need I say more?

Gentlewomen patronize Miss De Leisz and appreciate the quiet, artistic atmosphere as well as the pretty hats.

I visited a rather unobtrusive shop, just above the Southern Suit and Skirt Company. If you are not very careful you may pass by and that would not be fair to yourself. But there is the little doorway at 43 1-2 Whitehall Street, and up a few stairs you climb, little dreaming of what a feast your eyes are to behold.

It is the personal interest Mrs. Dobbins takes in her work which makes her hats desirable. They have the added attraction of being extremely reasonable in price. The ostrich plumes are in profusion and the eyes wander from one beautiful feather to another, ready to decide that there is nothing prettier than the graceful, fluffy plumes so favored this season. Mrs. Dobbins uses only the best flowers, probably because she so enjoys nature that she feels that she must have the finest representation.

The Kutz shop is near by, and here the air of refinement is evident. The hats bear the stamp of refinement, and the gentlewomen who assist you in your purchases do so in the most helpful manner possible.

The midsummer hats have the usual Kutz style—the style which has made this store so popular with the well-dressed women of Atlanta. This pretty shop at 38 Whitehall Street is the best friend of many women who appreciate modish headwear.

To enter her bower of loveliness is the most pleasant rest from the trials of a busy, hurried day. The purchasing of a hat becomes the most delightful, thrilling act of your life.

It is a good thing for Atlanta that I am not in charge of the Buchanan shop. I would never, never sell one of those beautiful creations. I would selfishly keep each and every one to wear myself, to look at as a work of art or to hand down to future generations to show what was accomplished in the year 1913.

All the best dressed women of Atlanta have probably either patronized W. C. Hays, 712 Grand Building, or planned to patronize him in the near future. He has many friends, for each time he finishes a suit he turns an acquaintance into an enthusiastic friend.

His suits this season are made with the same care and the usual good style. Needless to say, they give the satisfaction which only a Hays suit can give.

You see I feel that I can speak with more or less authority in regard to a Hays suit. I wear one. When I have donned that suit I feel equal to the Princess Louise of Germany. That's a mighty nice feeling to have and I surely appreciate that Hays suit.

Mrs. C. H. Smith is at 115 Peachtree Street, but that is by no means all I have to say about her. The new saffron yellow is displayed in several of the newest hats. This color is cleverly combined with black to make stunning models. There seems to be a huge task in front of me when I try to describe the pretty hats I saw here. There are so many of them that my vision did not remain very clear and specific. I remember well that all the new unusual colorings, shapes and trimmings are in evidence.

Smith & Higgins is a little farther away, but you are compensated for the short trip on the Walker Street car. I find the hats which await me so fascinating that I rejoice in having taken just a few minutes' more time. It was at Smith & Higgins' that I saw the prettiest white heron aigrettes. I set their value at about $15, but the price is much lower. I shall not even so much as whisper it here, for I fear you might be inclined to doubt my word. Perhaps the reasonable price of all the hats is what would appeal first. It is astonishing to see the splendid values which are given. There is no need of wearing an unfashionable hat when Smith & Higgins have so large a stock from which to select.

Atlanta has her Hetty Green in the person of Mrs. Sarah S. Frye, who has for 25 years been quietly amassing a small fortune on what is known as the Frye corner, in the S. S. Frye Millinery Company, Marietta and Spring Streets.

She came to Atlanta equipped with only a desire for a chance to learn things. How well and truly she has applied herself to the lessons she found day by day is most clearly shown by the name she is often called—Hetty Green. This name stands for her success and efforts to help young women to help themselves. She has radiated help and upbuilt all around her. Mrs. Frye is now turning her attention to a farm for boys who lack suitable homes. With 300 acres in Rabun County, in the midst of the United States forest preserves, she is working out a plan for mutual interest with boys who need a good chance. Asked for her plans, she states that they are immature, but she hopes to establish shops for the manufacture of woodenware and under competent teachers undertake stock farming and gardening. Mrs. Frye intends to make of her boys men that will make the State of Georgia proud.



SARAH S. FRYE,
Founder and President of the
S. S. Frye Millinery Co.

The S. S. Frye Millinery Co.
116 MARIETTA STREET

With good will
Is now for sale

Mrs. S. S. FRYE
CORNER
Marietta and Spring Sts.

MRS. E. M. BUCHANAN'S millinery shop is a cool, summery bower of immaculate aspect.

The hats! Beautiful, fascinating and becoming---the kind that thrill a woman's heart with delight and envy. Hats which arouse artistic feeling and a craving for the beautiful.

A Beautiful Woman Needs a Beautiful Hat.

A Buchanan hat would make any woman beautiful. It would be suited to her type, gracefully becoming and a delight to the beholder.

The imported models are chic and novel. The Buchanan models rival them in dainty, unusual touches and in the artistic adaptation to the piquant beauty of Atlanta's women.

Picturesqueness is the noticeable feature of the lovely midsummer hats. The graceful drapings of ribbon, lace, chiffon and velvet, the charming little nosegays of dainty flowers or the artistic placing of a single large rose revive memories of cherished old family portraits or Watteau groups.

Even the price is suited to the strong appeal Buchanan hats make to the delighted observer. For the midsummer season the prices are lowered so that every woman may enjoy the Buchanan hat which she most admires.

MRS. E. M. BUCHANAN 342 EDGEWOOD AVENUE

CHIC millinery---Kutz. The synonym has become popular in the minds of Atlanta women.

There is a woman in Atlanta who is often called "The Beautiful Lady," with justice, by those who do not know her name. This lady when asked by an intimate friend for a secret of beauty said, "Hats." Her hats, may it be said, are always fashionable, always becoming and always admired. "When I desire a hat which looks Parisian, feels Parisian, yet lacks the Parisian price, I go to the Kutz shop. Therefore, I patronize the Kutz shop exclusively."

This is the advice of one of Atlanta's finest women to her most intimate friend. This she says is her only secret of beauty—a becoming hat. Yet she is universally admired, and many envious eyes follow her when she enters the Whitehall shops or attends a Peachtree social function.

The Kutz millinery shop is keeping up its reputation, even adding to it, if that is possible, this summer. The midsummer hats have the Kutz touch, the Parisian touch, the quality touch, which all Kutz hats bear.

Quality hats---Kutz Hats---Enough said?

KUTZ 38 WHITEHALL STREET

THIS is the cosy shop filled with beauty. As one of the enthusiastic little saleswomen says, "They are the prettiest hats that ever were."

Don't take this for granted. Go and see the pretty hats that fill the shop to overflowing, for preparation is made for women of every type and taste.

The hats are chic, charming and delightful—just the kind we can not resist buying and which we enjoy wearing.

All the new shapes, shades and trimmings are shown. There is a wide choice, and choice is made more difficult by the rivalry of the hats in beauty and becomingness.

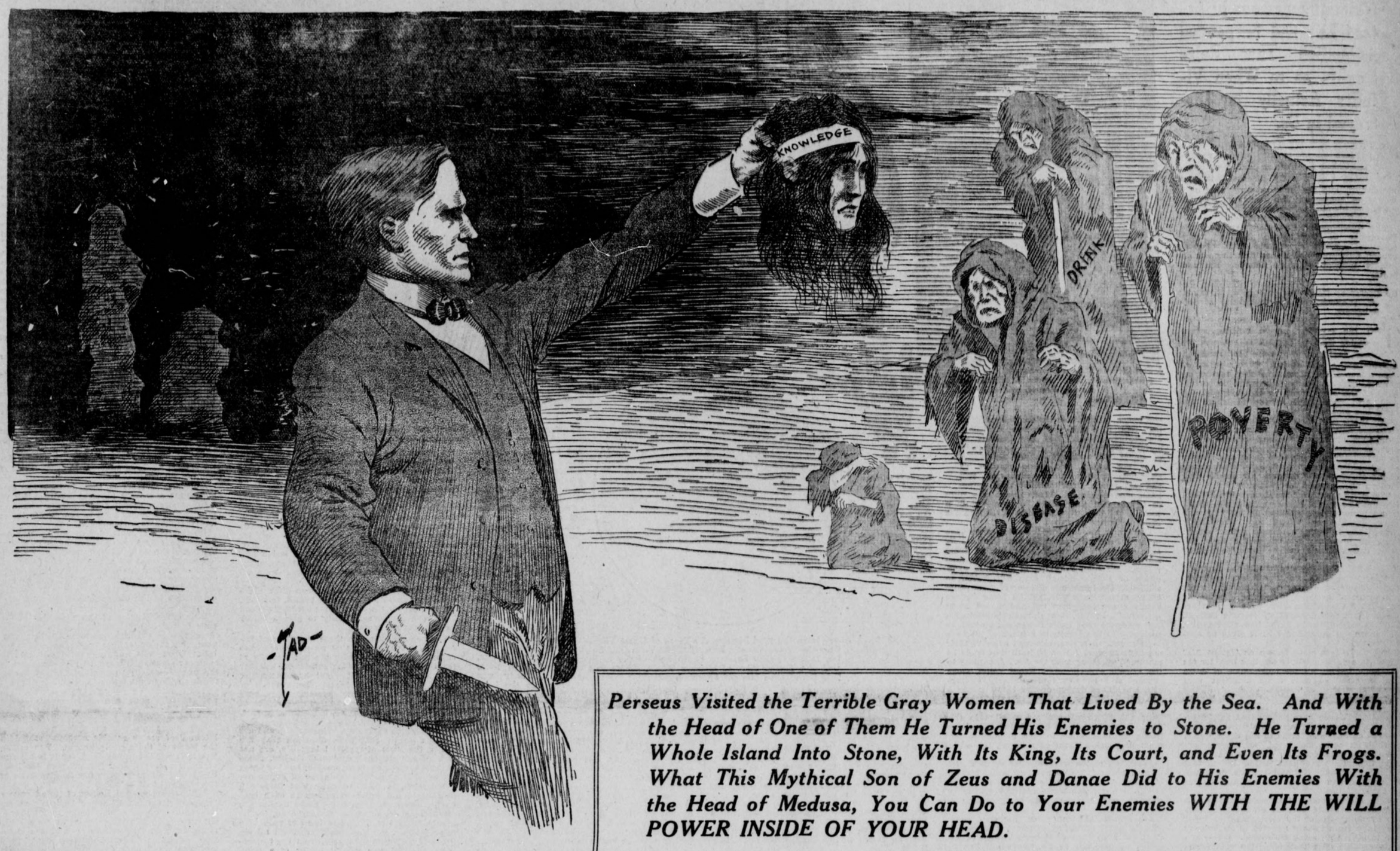
When in doubt, go to Mrs. C. H. Smith and procure a hat which is unequaled.

MRS. C. H. SMITH 115 Peachtree Street



Fine Showing of
Advance Midsummer Styles
Ostrich Plumes a Specialty
MRS. W. S. DOBBINS
43½ Whitehall St., Upstairs, Over Southern Suit & Skirt Co.

In YOUR Head Is the Gorgon's Head



Perseus Visited the Terrible Gray Women That Lived By the Sea. And With the Head of One of Them He Turned His Enemies to Stone. He Turned a Whole Island Into Stone, With Its King, Its Court, and Even Its Frogs. What This Mythical Son of Zeus and Danae Did to His Enemies With the Head of Medusa, You Can Do to Your Enemies WITH THE WILL POWER INSIDE OF YOUR HEAD.

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THE Gorgon sisters—the dreadful gray women—lived by the great ocean far away in the West.

That was the story that the old Greeks believed, the story that was written in the days when no man had sailed on the Atlantic Ocean, unless driven by accident from the shore to death.

Fearful old women were those three monster sisters. And a hard task it was when Perseus was told by the wicked King of Seriphus that he must go and bring back the head of Medusa.

The other two sisters could not be separated from their heads, for they were immortal. Only Medusa was mortal and could be killed. And her head Perseus must bring back.

♠ ♠ ♠

This is the kind of a story that in these days we tell to children about fairies. It is a story that the simple Greeks believed, just as simple minded people in our day, believe in similar stories of a little different kind.

Perseus DID find the gray women, miraculously guided by Hermes and Athene.

He did not like the look of them when he saw them, sitting together on the ocean's edge.

Dreadful hags they were, and among them the whole three had only one eye and one tooth.

The eye and the tooth they handed from one to the other. If one hag wanted to bite she got the tooth and used it to bite.

Or if a hag wanted to see she got the eye and looked with it.

Perseus—just exactly how we do not know—stole the eye and the tooth, and then the three Gorgon ladies were in a very bad condition. It is no exaggeration to say that with their only eye and their only tooth gone they were as helpless as the woman of to-day who hasn't any vote.

♠ ♠

With the eye in one hand and the tooth in the other, Perseus defied the gray women. And he said, "You can get back the eye and the tooth if you will guide me to the Nymphs."

So the gray women guided him to the Nymphs—how they managed to do that without their eye to see the way the story does not tell.

The stories of religion are sometimes lacking in detail.

Perseus found the Nymphs. And he got from them the winged sandals, the wallet, and the cap of invisibility.

He put these on, and with Hermes still guiding him, and with a sharp sword in his hand, crept upon the gray women as they slept—rather an ungrateful thing to do—and cut off Medusa's head.

You must remember that he had to cut off the head very carefully. For if you looked straight at these Gorgon ladies you were immediately turned into stone.

Perseus had a plan of his own. He kept looking at the image on the shield while he was chopping off the Gorgon's woman's head.

Having cut off the head, he put it in the wallet he had got from the Nymphs, made himself invisible once more, and with the winged sandals he hurried home at high speed, to be very much praised.

♠ ♠ ♠

That is the interesting story of the old Greeks—the story that men and women of old days told to their children, and that they themselves believed.

Poets have told the story, artists have painted it, and shown it in marble, and in bronze.

Here, on this page, you see the story brought up to date—AND YOU, THE READER, ARE MR. PERSEUS IN THIS MODERN CARTOON, HOLDING OUT YOUR GORGON HEAD, WHICH YOU ACTUALLY POSSESS, AND TURNING YOUR SPIRITUAL ENEMIES TO STONE.

You must know that after Perseus got home with the Gorgon head in his wallet—history does not say whether he let the other two remaining sisters have the use of their tooth and the eye, or brought the tooth and the eye with him—when Perseus got home with that Gorgon head, everything was easy for him.

The King was unfriendly. And the court of Seriphus was very unfriendly, also.

Perseus rescued his mother, and then holding up the Gorgon's head, turned the King to stone, his whole court, and the island upon which the court lived "remained still and lonely ever afterward," and the frogs remained forever dumb.

Perseus, as a reward to Athene for being his guide, gave her the head, which she put on her shield—then he hastened off to continue his interest in life, which included the rescuing of Andromeda from the monster.

♠ ♠ ♠

The idea of this editorial, and in this picture, where YOU ARE SHOWN AS PERSEUS UP TO DATE, holding up the Gorgon head, is to remind you that what Perseus was supposed to do, but didn't do, THE RIGHT KIND OF A MAN ACTUALLY CAN DO.

In order to possess the Gorgon head now and use it, you don't have to steal an eye or a tooth from any old, gray woman at the ocean's edge. And you don't have to do miraculous things.

YOU SIMPLY HAVE TO USE YOUR WILL. The will is the Gorgon head for the man who knows how to use it.

♠ ♠ ♠

Tad, our artist, shows young Perseus of the brand of 1913, holding up a head labelled knowledge.

Knowledge is part of the Gorgon head that the wise man uses in his own defense. BUT WILL POWER IS MORE IMPORTANT EVEN THAN KNOWLEDGE.

You have got in you only one real force, which is your intelligence. And in that intelligence the first and most important power is THE POWER OF THE WILL.

If you WILL, you can control yourself and defy the enemies that oppose you.

We do not say that you can turn into stone the man you don't like.

Human beings of to-day no longer WANT to turn their enemies into stone. What they want is to forget them and think of something else.

With the Gorgon head of WILL POWER you can turn into stone the spiritual enemy, the enemies of your success, and of your usefulness, the enemies that really OUGHT TO TURN TO STONE.

In planning your own life, whether to make yourself successful or to prevent defeat which threatens, or to overcome some particular difficulty, WILL POWER is the force and IMAGINATION is the guide.

Your imagination makes you see that which is not actually in your presence.

With it, you see the success that may be yours if the will does its work.

And you see miserable failure, the monotony, dullness, humiliation, disappointed old age that stretch ahead of you, if your will sleeps and fails to do its work.

♠ ♠ ♠

There is no Perseus, miraculously born of Jupiter and a goddess in our day.

There are no three gray women living by the ocean with one eye and one tooth among them.

There is no head that you can hold aloft, to turn islands and kings and frogs into solid stone.

But the story of Perseus still lives, and the imaginary things that he was supposed to do are, in another form, the realities, the necessary things that the average mortal, the Perseus of to-day, actually can do.

Poverty, drink and disease are not actual old, gray women, hags living on the Western ocean's edge. But they are actual monsters, Gorgons of to-day. And with your imagination you can see them, as the imagination of the old Greek story teller saw the three gray women on the edge of the ocean.

You can imagine these things Gorgons of to-day—DRINK, DISEASE AND POVERTY, with one eye and one tooth, which they hand to each other and use.

They are not sisters, but mother and daughters. Sometimes drink is the mother of poverty and disease.

And sometimes poverty is the mother of drink and disease.

And sometimes disease gives birth to poverty and to drink.

But in every case the man of will power can destroy them.

♠ ♠ ♠

Don't look at this picture as simply a feature—more or less curious—in a big Sunday newspaper.

And don't read this editorial merely as a sort of sermon to be looked through.

Skip it entirely, or say to yourself that you will make it USEFUL TO YOURSELF.

Ask yourself whether or not it is true that with the power inside of yourself, WILL POWER, you can turn your most dangerous enemy to stone.

AND THEN USE THE POWER.

You can do it. If with real WILL you can say NO to drink, you can turn that particular Gorgon to stone, to trouble you no more.

If you can meet with strength of character and will that will not bend to the temptations and follies in your path, you can turn them into stone and render them harmless, just as the mythical Perseus held up the ghastly head, toothless, with no eyes in the sockets, and making the King look upon it turned him into a block of marble.

The old mythology and the old miracles in the fairy stories disappear.

But every story that the human race has told has been a story of truth. Every religion, with its miraculous birth from Jupiter or the other gods, every childish tale to hold and control childish human beings, has had its solid foundation of truth.

Lucky for you if you can find in the Gorgon story which Tad selects for his cartoon the foundation of truth, and make up your mind to be the Perseus in an up-to-date story of Gorgon and of conquest.

When Are We Really Dead? A New Problem of Science

New Discoveries in the Mysterious Phenomena of Latent Life and Suspended Animation That Raise Doubts as to When Vitality Actually Is Destroyed in Us.

WHEN ARE WE TRULY DEAD?

THE fact that life in many animals may be suspended by freezing and other processes was recently discussed in this newspaper, and the extraordinary plan of a doctor to resuscitate the bodies of Captain Scott and his companions, frozen on their way from the South Pole, was mentioned.

The distinguished Professor Harris, of the University of Birmingham, England, here enumerates many remarkable cases of suspended animation and shows that there is an infinite number of steps between life and death.

By Professor David Fraser Harris, M. D., B. Sc. (London), of the University of Birmingham.

TO the ordinary person nothing seems easier than to distinguish between life and death, or, to be more exact, between a living and a dead animal. Such a person at once thinks of the warm, breathing, moving organism, with its beating heart and its perceptions of the outer world, in contrast with the cold, still unconscious corpse in which the heart has stopped forever.

But there may exist theoretically, and there do exist actually, certain degrees of partial livingness or apparent death—phases of depressed vitality so closely resembling death as to be indistinguishable from it, at any rate by one's unaided senses, or without the assistance of the elaborate and delicate instruments of a modern physiological laboratory.

The corpse putrefies because, being lifeless, it cannot resist the inroads of bacteria, which it did more or less successfully while it was alive. It has no longer any affectability toward the bacteria, no longer reacts toward them by preparing anti-bodies for their poisons, bacteriolysms, and so forth, to destroy them.

Affectability is the sign of life, the first and the last, the alpha and the omega of livingness: even the electric manifestation is but one result of bioplasm possessing affectability at all; if the affectability were gone there could be no development of electric current. But the egg albumen never had affectability, and therefore never had life: it gives no electric current.

But there is a state known as "latent life" which is a particularly interesting one, for the organism having all the appearance of death can nevertheless once again manifest vital characteristics.

Ever since the discovery of the dried rotifers by the diligent Dutch histologist Leeuwenhoek, in 1719, we have known that animal organisms can exist for years in a dried up state in dust or mud and "come to life again," as it is said, on being moistened. Of course, they have never been dead, for death is the permanent impossibility of manifesting life in that which once lived. Not only rotifers, or wheel-animalcula, can survive this extreme degree of desiccation.

Both these classes of animals actually possess digestive and nervous systems, for they are by no means of the most primitive type; they take from twenty minutes to an hour or two to revive on being moistened. Other animals capable of withstanding the abstraction of water are the Anguillulidae, or paste-eels, and certain Infusoria. Seeds in a dry state for as long a time as two hundred years have produced seedlings—in other words, have been alive all the time.

Bacteria, the lowest plant organisms, have enormous powers or resisting conditions that tend to death. The late Professor MacFayden showed that the bacteria of certain diseases frozen at a temperature of liquid aid (about minus 360)Fahr. were not killed, but could survive so extremely drastic a procedure as this and yet retain their specific vital pathogenic characteristics. When frozen they were so brittle that they could be powdered in a mortar, yet they were nevertheless still in the state of "latent life."



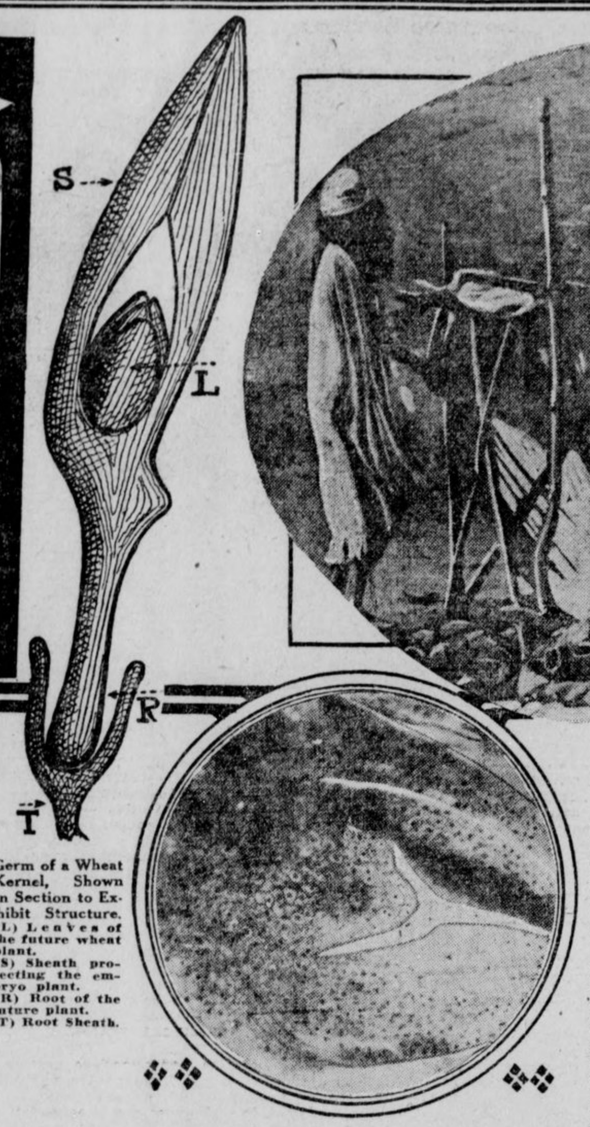
A Frog Frozen Stiff and Apparently Dead in a Refrigerating Jar. After a Month the Frog Was Removed, Resuscitated and Was Lively as Ever.

Coming to the cold-blooded animals, we have many instances of suspended animation among such creatures as snails, water-beetles, frogs and fish. The best instances are of fish when frozen. Sir John Franklin, in his Polar expedition of 1826, reported carp fish frozen so solid that the intestines of some of them could be taken out en masse, yet on being thawed before a fire they "revived and moved about actively." Preyer, the German physiologist, had evidence that frogs frozen solid could be revived. Fishes frozen in a block of ice have been known to revive, although some of their companions were frozen so hard they could be powdered up along with the ice. According to the French experimenter, Raoul Pictet, frogs endured a temperature of minus 22 Fahrenheit, and fish a degree or two below minus 5 Fahrenheit. These are all cases of "latent life" at low temperatures.

Sir Ernest Shackleton reports that in the South Polar seas there are marine organisms frozen up in the ice for ten months in the year: they move about only during the other two.

Ascending to the warm-blooded animals and to man himself, we do not find such extreme instances of suppression of vitality as in the case of lower organisms—creatures with more sluggish, and therefore less easily deranged, metabolism.

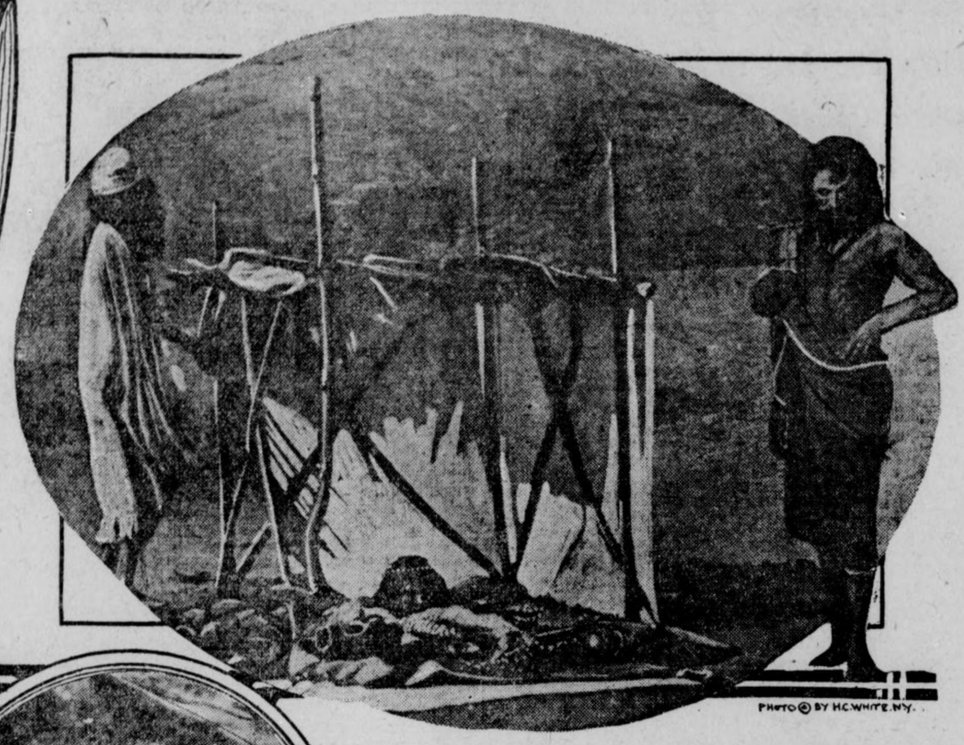
All states of trance or narcolepsy—extremely deep, prolonged apparent sleep—such as the famous case of Colonel Townsend, reported on carefully by Dr. Cheyne, of Dublin, belong to this category. This case is very well known to medical men, but is, perhaps, not so familiar to others that the following quotations of Dr. Cheyne's words will be superfluous: "He could die or expire when he pleased and yet . . . by an effort he could come to life again. . . . He composed himself on his back and lay in a still posture for some time. I found his pulse sink gradually, till at last I could not feel any by the most exact and nice touch. Dr. Baynard could not feel the least motion in the heart, nor Mr. Skrine perceive the least soil on the bright mirror he held to his mouth . . . could not discover the least symptom of life in him. We began to conclude he had carried the experiment too far; and at last we were satisfied that he was actually dead and were just ready to leave him. . . . By nine in the morning, as we were going away, we observed some motion about the body and upon examination found his pulse and the motion of his heart gradually returning; he began to breathe heavily and speak softly."



Germ of a Wheat Kernel, Shown in Section to Exhibit Structure. (L) Leaves of the future wheat plant. (S) Sheath protecting the embryo plant. (R) Root of the future plant. (T) Root Sheath.

Above Is an Enlarged Diagram of a Piece of Wheat Taken from the Wrappings of a Mummy 2,000 Years Old. Below It Is a Greatly Enlarged Photograph of the Germ Cell of a Similar Piece of Mummy Wheat, Which Still Held Germinative Life and Sprouted.

Still more extraordinary are the narratives of the fakirs in India, who are said to allow themselves to be built up in sealed tombs for weeks without food, and to be alive at the end of that time. Reports of these cases of human suspended animation are now too numerous and too well authenticated by European eye-witnesses of unimpeachable integrity, to be set aside as either in themselves untrue or due to collective delusion.



Photograph of a Hindoo Fakir Being Unearthed from a Grave in Which He Had Lain for Two Weeks in a State of Suspended Animation.

James Braid, the first investigator of hypnotism, has narrated a case, typical of many others, in which a fakir was tied up in a sealed sack, which was placed inside a locked box, which was left for six weeks in a sealed-up dark room in the palace of Runjeet Singh. The man's ears and nostrils had been blocked up with wax, which was still there when the body was brought into the light at the end of six weeks. On the sack being opened the muscles were found quite stiff, the jaws tightly clenched, and no trace of a pulse beat was to be anywhere detected. By degrees the man revived, the muscles softened, the pulse began to be perceptible, and in a feeble voice he asked, "Do you believe me now?"

The interesting inference from all these cases of "latent life" or suspended animation is that, though vitality cannot be said to have vanished, yet the organism during the time of the latency is giving none of the signs of the possession of vitality. It is not taking food, oxygen or water; it is not giving out carbon dioxide or water, or other chemical result in livingness; it is not moving; in the higher animals both the cardiac and respiratory activities are in abeyance.

No state could be more like death; infinitely more like it than sleep. Latent life, not sleep, is the true image of death. Revivability, however, was there; life was depressed, inhibited, masked, but not abolished.

Recently some very interesting and successful efforts have been made to revive the apparently dead heart in an actually dead body. The following quotation is not from a book of fairy tales, but from a highly technical work on physiology, published about a year ago:

"Hearts can be revived many days after death—even the hearts of children dead of disease. In ten such cases only three gave negative results. The heart of a boy dead of pneumonia revived in all parts twenty hours after death. In the case of the heart of an ape, Hering recovered the heart after four and a half hours and then froze it. After twenty-eight hours thirty minutes the heart was again resuscitated."

Of course, this does not mean that these hearts began to beat again in health, but that, by prolonged massage, an apparently dead heart can revive sufficiently to give a series of spontaneous beats.

Now on reflecting on these examples of latent life, it will be seen that we must here have cases of interference with the full mobility of the molecules of the living substance, whether that has been brought about by abstracting water or abstracting heat. The absence of food, as in hibernating animals, tends very much in the same direction—enfeeblement of the vital processes, so that the bears, dormice, hedgehogs, tortoises, frogs and many other animals which enter on a Winter sleep and eat nothing during that time, although they are not in the state of typical latent life, are not in a state of extremely depressed vitality. Some of them actually cease to breathe, but the heart beats. It is a question of degree of livingness.

We must, in fact, recognize that there are degrees of life or of livingness in each cell, tissue, organ and organism. Some tissues are intensely alive, some are already dead, for instance enamel of tooth and horn of nail. We can construct a scale passing through all degrees of corporate livingness, from the tremendous physical and mental power of a Gladstone, a Kelvin or a Helmholtz, down to the stupidity of a country yokel, or the hopeless sufferer from acute melancholia. In melancholia all the tissues are demonstrably less alive than in the normal person; less oxygen is taken in, less urea and carbon dioxide are excreted, and less heat is evolved. Melancholia is not merely a question of the dull brain; glands, muscles, heart, skin, intestine, all are dull, and relatively lifeless.

There is, in other words, for any given tissue no hard and fast line between the fullest vitality at one end of the scale and eternal death at the other. As one nears the death-point we pass through the stage or state of "latent life." While the extremes are quite distinct, the intermediate stages are indistinguishable from one another. Just as in the case of the visible spectrum; no one can fail to distinguish the red from the violet, yet there is an infinite number of gradations of color between red and green, and between green and violet.

Assuming, in the meantime, that we can get no better conception of the modus operandi of living matter than by conceiving of it as due to molecules—no doubt of great complexity—endowed with chemical affinity, and therefore obeying certain chemical laws, we seem to have to admit that, within limits, life is more intense as the temperature rises and less intense as the temperature falls. This behavior is exactly that of substances capable of chemical interaction, so that, viewed from the purely physico-chemical standpoint, life is the outcome of chemical activities.

Latent life is the temporary immobilization of molecules of living matter without the destruction of these atomic affinities which are the chemical basis of life, whereas death is such permanent molecular immobilization that certain atomic affinities are abolished. The writer has suggested that living matter in latent life suggested allied states of extreme physiological insusceptibility to stimulation should be described as exhibiting the "functional inertia of protoplasm."

In intensely living matter the molecular whirl is most intense.

In latent life the weights of the protoplasmic clock have been seized by a mysterious hand; in death they have descended to the utmost length of the cord. The vital clock in the one case has only been arrested; in the other it has run down and cannot be wound up again.

There is a good deal of difference in a descent between a stoppage and the end reached; or to take another analogy, in life the "sands of time" are running out rapidly; in latent life the stream has been stopped; in death the sand is all in the lower globe.

Molecular mobility is, then, in technical language, the necessary physical condition for vitality, and any agencies or reagents which diminish that mobility tend to render life latent and therefore to extinguish it.

On this partial molecular immobilization depends the efficacy of a large number of our drugs and the action of many poisons. To abolish consciousness we administer chloroform, a substance which, by uniting with certain of the chemically active radicles constituting the living matter, immobilizes the whole molecular correlative in the disappearance of consciousness-complex.

This immobilization of the molecules of the cells of the cerebral cortex has its psychical correlative in the disappearance of consciousness. But the chloroform really tends to immobilize heart cells and cells of the breathing centres as well, and what the surgeon wants is the former—cerebral immobilization, or anaesthesia—without the latter (death).

The cyanides (Prussic acid) for some reason not yet fully understood, act as such deadly poisons because with great rapidity they immobilize the cells of the respiratory centre.

Thus, the solution of our problem, What is latent life? seems capable of being stated in the terms of the already known. The organism in latent life is not dead, for it is capable of living again; it is, however, very far from being fully alive, for it is manifesting none of the attributes of livingness.

Without a chemical theory of living matter "suspended animation" would be inexplicable; and while one would freely admit that a chemical conception of vitality is only a partial one, a good working hypothesis, yet at the same time we gain a fuller insight into what life is and what death is not, than if we attempted to enunciate either condition in terms outside of physics or chemistry altogether. In a sense very different from what the author of the lines meant it, yet in a sense profoundly true—

"'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die."

How "The Woman Thou Gavest Me" Faced the Inevitable

IN every woman's life there must come some great crisis—some moment when all her future hangs in the balance. In the current instalment of "The Woman Thou Gavest Me," the wonderful analysis of modern marriage relations by Hall Caine, appearing in **Hearst's Magazine**, the distinguished English novelist bares the second step in the development of the great crisis that has come in the life of his heroine, Mary O'Neil.

Mary O'Neil has practically been sold in marriage by an ambitious father to Lord Rae, a profligate nobleman. On their wedding night the two agree to be man and wife in name only. Martin Conrad, an old playmate of Mary, and now a famous Antarctic explorer, comes into her life again, and the two find they love each other. Through the machinations of Alma, an old friend of Mary, with whom Lord Rae is infatuated, the loveless wife and Martin spend a night alone in the castle.

What follows is told in part in the following excerpts reprinted by permission of HEARST'S MAGAZINE from the current instalment of the novel.

[From the current instalment of "The Woman Thou Gavest Me" in the May number of HEARST'S MAGAZINE.]

NEXT morning, at half-past eight, my Martin left me.

We were standing together in the boudoir between the table and the fire, which was burning briskly, for the sultry weather had gone in the night, and the Autumn air was keen, though the early sun was shining.

At the last moment he was unwilling to go, and it was as much as I could do to persuade him. Perhaps it is one of the mysteries which God alone can read that our positions seemed to have been reversed since the day before.

He was confused, agitated, and full of self-reproaches, while I felt no fear and no remorse, but only an indescribable joy, as if a new and gracious life had suddenly dawned on me.

"I don't feel that I can leave England now," he said.

"You can and you must," I answered, and then I spoke of his expedition, as a great work which it was impossible to put off.

"Somebody else must do it, then," he said.

"Nobody else can, or shall," I replied.

"But our lives are forever joined together now and everything else must go by the board."

"Nothing shall go by the board for my sake, Martin. I refuse and forbid it."

"Then if I must go, you must go, too," he said. "I mean you must go with me to London and wait there until I return."

"That is impossible," I answered.

The eyes of the world were on him now. If I did what he desired it would reflect dishonor on his name, and he should not suffer for my sake under any circumstances.

"But think what may happen to you while I am away," he said.

"Nothing will happen while you are away, Martin."

"But how can you be sure of the future when God alone knows what it is to be?"

"Then God will provide for it," I said, and with the last answer he had to be satisfied.

"You must take a letter from me at all events," said Martin, and sitting at my desk he began to write.

* * *

I knew what he was trying to say. A shadow seemed to pass between us. My throat grew thick, and for a moment I could not speak. But then I heard myself say: "Love is stronger than death; many waters cannot quench it."

His hands quivered; his whole body trembled, and I thought he was going to clasp me to his breast as before, but he only drew down my forehead with his hot hand and kissed it.

That was all, but a blinding mist seemed to pass before my eyes, and when it cleared the door of the room was open and my Martin was gone.

I stood where he had left me and listened.

I heard his strong step on the stone flags of the hall—he was going out at the porch.

I heard the metallic clashing of the door of the automobile—he was already in the car.

I heard the throb of the motor and the rucking of the gravel of the path—he was moving away.

I heard the dying down of the engine and the soft roll of the rubber wheels—I was alone.

For some moments after that the world seemed empty and void. But the feeling passed, and when I recovered my strength I found Martin's letter in my moist left hand.

Then I knelt before the fire and putting the letter into the flames I burnt it.

Within two hours of Martin's departure I had regained complete possession of myself and was feeling more happy than I had ever felt before.



"I found Alma smoking a cigarette and reading the report aloud in a mock-heroic tone to a number of men, including my husband, whose fat body was shaking with laughter."
(A Frank Craig Illustration of "The Woman Thou Gavest Me," in the Current Number of HEARST'S MAGAZINE.)

The tormenting compunctions of the past months were gone. It was just as if I had obeyed some higher and stronger law of my being and had become a freer and purer woman.

* * *

Weeks passed; the weather changed; the golden hue of Autumn gave place to a chilly grayness; the sky became sad, with Wintry clouds; the land became soggy with frequent rains; the trees showed their bare black boughs; the withered leaves drifted along the roads before blusterous winds that came up from the sea; the evenings grew long and the mornings dreary—but still Alma, with her mother, remained at Castle Rae.

I began to be afraid of her. Something of the half-hypnotic spell which she had exercised over me when I was a child asserted itself again, but now it seemed to me to be always evil and sometimes almost demoniacal.

I had a feeling that she was watching me day and night. Occasionally, when she thought I was looking down, I caught the vivid gaze of her coal-black eyes looking across at me through her long sable-colored eyelashes.

Her conversation was as sweet and suave as ever, but I found myself creeping away from her and ever shrinking from her touch.

More than once I remembered what Martin in his blunt way had said of her: "I hate that woman; she's like a snake; I want to put my foot on it."

The feeling that I was alone in this great gaunt house with a woman who was waiting and watching to do me a mischief that she might step into my shoes was preying upon my health and spirits.

Sometimes I had sensations of faintness and exhaustion for which I could not account. Looking into my glass in the morning I saw that my nose was becoming pinched, my cheeks thin, and my whole face not merely pale, but gray.

Alma saw these changes in my appearance, and in the over-sweet tones of her succulent voice she constantly offered me her sympathy. I always declined it, protesting that I was perfectly well, but none the less I shrank within myself and became more and more unhappy.

So fierce a strain could not last very long, and the climax came about three weeks after my husband left for London.

I was rising from breakfast with Alma and her mother when I was suddenly seized with giddiness, and, after staggering for a moment, I fainted right away.

On recovering consciousness I found myself stretched out on the floor with Alma and her mother leaning over me.

Never to the last hour of my life shall I forget the look in Alma's eyes as I opened my own. With her upper lip sucked in and her lower one slightly set forward, she was giving her mother a quick side-glance of evil triumph.

I was overwhelmed with confusion. I thought I might have been speaking as I was coming to, mentioning a name, perhaps, out of that dim and sacred chamber of the unconscious soul into which God alone should see. I noticed, too, that my bodice had been unhooked at the back so as to leave it loose over my bosom.

As soon as Alma saw that my eyes were open she put her arm under my head and began to pour out a flood of honeyed words into my ears.

"My dear, sweet darling," she said, "you scared us to death. We must send for a doctor immediately—your own doctor, you know."

I tried to say there was no necessity, but she would not listen.

"Such a seizure may be of no consequence, my love. I trust it isn't. But, on the other hand, it may be a serious matter, and it is my duty, dearest, my duty to your husband, to discover the cause of it."

I knew quite well what Alma was thinking of, yet I could not say more without strengthening her suspicions, so I asked for Price, who helped me up to my room, where I sat on the edge of the bed while she gave me brandy and other restoratives.

That was the beginning of the end. I needed no doctor to say what had befallen me. It was something more stupendous for me than the removal of mountains or the stopping of the everlasting coming and going of the sea.

The greatest of the mysteries of womanhood, the most sacred, the most divine, the mighty mystery of a new life had come to me as it comes to other women. Yet how had it come? Like a lowering thunderstorm.

The golden hour of her sex, which ought to be the sweetest and most joyful in a woman's life—the hour when she goes with a proud and swelling heart to the one she loves, the one who loves her, and with her arms about his neck and her face hidden in his breast whispers her great new secret, and he clasps her more fondly than ever to his heart, because another and closer union has bound them together—that golden hour had come to me, and there was none to share it.

What I Saw and Heard in Noisy America ---

By THE CHEVALIER DE FOUQUIERES

The French Arbiter of the Elegances, Back Home in Paris, Tells How He Had to Live Up to New York's Imported Idea of Him, and Reveals Impressions Politeness Made Him Keep Suppressed While Here.

THE Chevalier Andre de Fouquieres, the Parisian Arbiter of the Elegances, who recently made an interesting voyage of discovery to the United States, is back in Paris, lecturing to large audiences on his American experiences.

Here is his first address to his countrymen, the text of which has been furnished exclusively to this newspaper:

By the Chevalier ANDRE de FOUQUIERES

MY early impressions of New York were startling. From my window I saw the famous Fifth avenue, which was formerly the most aristocratic thoroughfare of the city, but is now entirely invaded by trade. Enormous and splendid stores with dazzling displays in their windows are taking the place of private houses where the most select society once lived. Fifth avenue is, in fact, undergoing the same fate as our Avenue des Champs Elysees.

How shall I describe to you the agonizing sensation of the noise that filled the streets, of that noise which became an obsessing accompaniment of every hour of every day, that noise in which the hammering of metal in many tones, the roaring of mechanical trumpets, the shouts of harsh voices mingled in a sort of deafening, discordant futurist music.

Broadway is a human kaleidoscope whose ever changing figures symbolize mad haste. I see before me now a vision in which human beings appear as the image of struggle incarnated, of that struggle which is here not a means, but an end, the only end of life, for here no one ever rests. New Yorkers do not know the delightful Parisian habit of "flanerie," that habit which consists in just strolling along the boulevards and saying amusing and useless nothings. The New Yorker not only ignores the habit, but he would be ashamed to admit that it had any attractions for him. He pretends to be busiest when he has least to do.

I can hardly describe to you how pitifully homesick for Paris I became at times in this feverish life of New York.

About an hour after my arrival I went to lunch thirty-five miles away with Mrs. Clarence Mackay, in her beautiful French chateau of a style so exquisite. I did not omit to pay a visit to the simple little wooden house hidden in the park of this grande dame, the mistress of hundreds of millions of dollars, where she amuses herself by writing dramatic works which are greatly admired in the United States.

On the evening of the same day I attended a great dinner organized in my honor by a leader of New York's most elegant society. At the dinner table I found that the Americans do not indulge in general conversation, but everybody talks exclusively and continuously with the person next to him. This custom, in my opinion, detracts from the intimacy and gayety of the dinner party.

On the other hand I had no occasion to remark upon any lack of gayety when the dinner was over. As soon as we had passed from the dining room to the salon, a pianist began to strike the latest popular airs, the haunting airs which the workmen whistle in the street cars and the American man of business hums while concluding a contract which may change the business of the whole world. Then comes the turkey trot, that maddening delight, that joy, that passion of the forty-seven States of the American Union. The turkey trot will certainly succeed the "cake-walk," the "grizzly bear" and the tango in the popular preferences of Parisians.

If I dwell so much upon this dance it is because its popularity is so extraordinary that it has taken the place of bridge and five hundred. What will you say when I tell you that the Americans turkey trot at tea time? No spectacle can be more extraordinary than that which presented itself to me when I saw a whole salon full of fashionable Americans suddenly carried away by enthusiasm for the turkey trot. Everybody seemed to be smitten with a sudden madness and began to dance this fascinating measure with fierce energy. Dignified dowagers and millionaire bankers took part in it, with the same reckless enthusiasm. It is no uncommon thing to see an austere magistrate, an illustrious professor from the universities, or a trust magnate noted for his haughty reserve and monopolistic coldness, melt into youthful recklessness under the influence of this wonderful dance.

Never is the American so interesting as when turkey trotting. Never is he so typically American and yet so unlike his everyday self. He does not dance with the gay abandon of the Latin when executing a somewhat corybantic measure. He throws himself into this performance with a desperate solemn energy that has in it something of the terrible.

When I went away from Paris, several Parisian journals dignified me with the singular title of "Ambassador of Fashion." Perhaps they did not say this without a certain malice, but I bear them no hard feeling on account of it. I was astonished to find on my arrival in New York that the Americans took this title with the utmost seriousness. Indeed many of them seemed to believe that I had an official mission from the French Government to promote French fashions in America.

Since I have completed my voyage of discovery, I have found that the duties of an Ambassador of Fashion, though seemingly frivolous, are of the highest importance. It is not, therefore, solely with the object of turning a jest to advantage that I accept this title and glory in it, but really because the duties it involves are of the greatest value to our dear France.

Fashion is the only French industry which is still predominant in the United States. The lead which our great automobile makers once took in America has been entirely wiped out by the enterprising manufacturers of New York, Pittsburgh and Chicago. The same is true of many other French industries. Parisian fashion, however, still preserves all its supremacy in the best society. Nowhere can you see such a mad desire of luxury, such rivalry in the arena of the styles, such subjection to the despotic fantasies of fashion as in America.

No American woman worthy of the name would transform a dress of last season into the style of to-day. She recognizes and wears only the new. She observes with minute attention the smallest transformations invented by our dressmakers. Audacity attracts her and it is upon New York that our artists of the Rue de la Paix always try their most audacious creations. An American woman is never quite in the style of Paris but always a little ahead of it. The style of Paris is always a little quieter, a little less eccentric, a little slower, if I may venture to say so, than that of New York.

The revenues of a queen are spent every year upon the toilette of many an American woman. Too often the real queen does not spend her revenues on dress. Many of our most famous French dressmaking establishments owe more of their prosperity to their American customers than to the royalty and nobility of Europe.



A Drawing from the Witty Paris Magazine, "The Butter Dish," Illustrating the French Idea of the "Deadly Earnestness" with Which We Dance the Turkey Trot, an Earnestness in Which M. de Fouquieres Finds "Something of the Terrible."

But there is a mean, paltry movement to dethrone this supremacy of France from New York to San Francisco, to snatch this enormous source of wealth away from us. It was by combating and ridiculing this movement as Ambassador of Fashion that I was able to act with advantage to my country.

Competition in the field of fashions is, of course, fierce and constant. It comes especially from Germany, which numbers in the United States a thousand representatives to one Frenchman. The new movement aims to make these German fashions supreme. The modes invented in Berlin and Munich have never been accepted by the New York aristocracy, the famous "Four Hundred," to which entrance is so exclusively guarded. The new millionaires, moreover, they who form a brilliant society side by side with the older set, are too careful to follow the example of the others to give their patronage to any couturiers but those of Paris. The great American middle class, however, which disposes of a large part of the wealth of the country, has begun to pay attention to the seductive catalogues which speak of Parisian novelties, but originate with German houses.

It is desirable that our dressmakers should make their creations better known in America. The American woman must be taught not only to love French fashions, as she does already, but to distinguish between real and imitation French fashions.

French dressmakers make too little effort to maintain the tremendous prestige of our elegance among a nation that loves every form of luxury.

The American attitude toward French fashions is really the highest compliment that can be paid to us. It is a recognition of that cult of good taste and good manners which perpetuates the most brilliant side of our history, the most glorious in the world. The American woman unconsciously pays tribute to the greatness of France when she insists that her gown shall be "the latest thing from Paris." Let us take care that she gets what she asks for.

The war is between the art of France and the industry of Germany. We must combat that tireless industry, that appalling application of the Teutons. Let us expose the pretensions of a people who put pink flowers on red hats and propose to create fashions for the world. Let them stick to the work of making strong, serviceable garments for the laboring man. France alone is able to clothe lovely woman in a becoming manner. This was the great truth which I sought to impress upon Americans, and I flatter myself that I have enjoyed not a little success.

There is a similar contest between German and French cookery. The Germans perpetrate the cooking in the hotels and restaurants of America to an incredible extent. They are a people capable of making ice cream with pork fat and stuffing lobsters with strawberry jam. Of course, all the superior establishments are conducted by Frenchmen, but unfortunately they are too few in numbers to make their influence felt throughout the country.

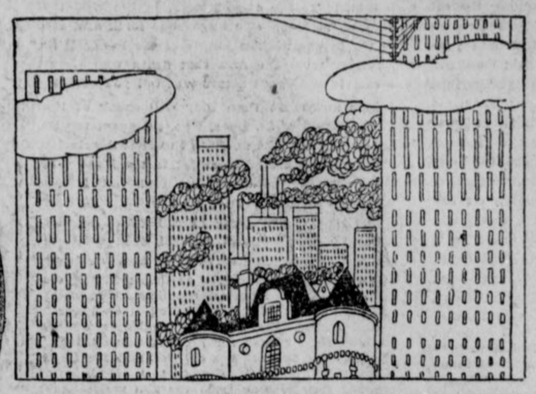
French cooks and restauranteurs should go to the United States in larger numbers and strive to make the delights of our cuisine appreciated in every hamlet in the country. A chef who is comparatively obscure here might become a great and wealthy person there.

Do not let me be understood as casting mean aspersions on the German. He may be inartistic but he is usually honest and frightfully industrious. He gives you a solid article, "your money's worth," as the Americans say, and they are very eager for solid repasts. The German dish may give you indigestion, but the Americans are used to that. My dear countrymen, if I may venture to say so, are too prone to sell a delightful airy nothing for a high price.

I arrived in America at a moment when society was threatened with a great revolution. The installation of President Wilson in the White House marked the triumph of the Democratic over the Republican party, the triumph of the party of simplicity over the party of wealth. Many persons were debating whether the appeal for simplicity made by the new head of the Government would not find an echo among the lovers of luxury and tarnish the splendor of those magnificent American fetes which have been the wonder and the envy of Europe.

If American society should become austere and puritanical, it would no longer be the America we have known and loved for several years past, and French fashions would surely suffer. I am happy to be able to inform you that there is no such danger. The world of fashion and the world of politics are completely divorced in America.

An American millionaire may live more extravagantly than one of our grands seigneurs of the old regime, but if so he is not in politics. Should he decide to go into that useful vocation he sells his furniture and pictures, buys an ill-fitting suit of clothes, turns up his collar and makes himself look like one of "the plain people."



"Most American millionaires are capable of buying an historic French chateau and setting it down in Wall street as a counting house," Says M. de Fouquieres. This Illustration from a French Paper Shows How the French Think Such an "Outrage" Would Appear if Perpetrated.



Chevalier de Fouquieres in Persian Costume.



The "Courtille"—from an Old French Print of 1860. This Dance, Says M. de Fouquieres, Is the Grandparent of Our Trot and Tango—Only It Has Lost All Its "Splendid Gaiety and Innocent Joie de Vivre" During Its Development Here

I have known many cases where a statesman lived like one of "the plain people," while his wife moved in fashionable society. Such arrangements cause much unhappiness, for the husband's political plans are injured when his wife's splendid entertainments are mentioned, while the wife is still more seriously embarrassed when her fashionable guests catch sight of her democratic husband.

Wealth in the United States will, as a rule, continue to flow in the direction of luxury, of splendid entertainments, of objects of art and of beautiful dress for the women. For this reason this country offers a vast field to the artistic Frenchman which he has not yet thoroughly worked.

If the luxury-loving American public gave me an excessively flattering reception, if they surrounded my arrival with unusual pomp and circumstance, it was because they were eager to hear me champion that elegance, that luxury, that chic which are the life and breath of fine society. They wished to hear me tell them that there should be no return to the simple and ugly life, no striving backward toward the conditions of the cave dweller. I told them, and they showed unbounded delight.

The reputation which preceded me from Paris had a singular effect. The Americans expected me to be dressed in an extraordinary and striking manner. They examined every detail of my appearance in a rather embarrassing way. They wished to know the exact form of my shoes and the mysterious reason which had decided me to wear in a visible manner a white rather than a colored handkerchief. Some of them were surprised that I did not wear a silk hat with a flat brim, trousers large at the top and tied with a tape at the bottom and other peculiar garments which American caricaturists have been in the habit of attributing to Frenchmen. Strange to say, although the Americans go to France in large numbers, they always expect the Frenchman to be as tradition has depicted him. Nevertheless, they seemed to be pleased with what they discovered. It was indispensable to them to learn the name of my tailor and the number and shades of all the neckties I wore. They are a good-natured but an inquisitive people.

How to Eat to Keep Body and Brain Healthily Balanced

By FRANK A. REXFORD,

Teacher of Biology at Erasmus High School, and a Leading Expert on Food Stuffs.

A GREAT many people are dying of slow starvation in this world. Not because of lack of food, but because most persons in the world lack knowledge of food values. Their brains work badly, their bodies wear out early, their efficiency is diminished, because they do not know what to eat, or how little—I will not say how much—to eat.

There are only two reasons for eating. One is to repair the waste; the other is to supply energy. There is no trouble about the building material. Practically every one eats enough, or too much, of body building material. The great sin of diet is a sin of omission. People do not eat enough of the energy-producing food stuffs. Lacking energy they do not do their share of the world's work, and what they do, do not as well as they should. The world's advancement in the arts, the sciences and in business and ethics is immeasurably retarded by the lack of knowledge which results in this lack of energy.

Since we have established our experiment station among the 200 pupils of the Erasmus High School, we have emphasized the fact that it is among the people who, as we are in the habit of saying "live best," in which this sin of diet is greatest. Here in Flatbush, where many own their own homes and most dwellers are in comfortable circumstances, we have big, dreamy boys and girls. Why? Because here and in most suburban communities the children have plenty, indeed they have too much, meat and too many eggs, the expensive articles of food. Of vegetables, which contain the energy stuffs and are cheaper, they do not have enough.

Go over on the East Side, and the reverse is true. The lean little folk who play on the swarming sidewalks of that quarter have a superabundance of the energy-making stuffs in their food. The light-footed, wide-eyed, scrawny child of New York's East Side lives largely on fruits and farinaceous stuffs. The little East Sider expends three times as much energy in a day as the Flatbush dweller, but in a very hot Summer, or a very cold Winter, he yields easily to the adverse conditions. Coffins are then carried daily out of the tenements. The little bodies that were so long on energy were too insufficiently repaired. The bricks that had not enough straw crumbled.

A mistake made by the enlightened ignorants is that appetite is a guide to the selection and amount of food. A normal appetite is—but few persons have a normal appetite. The appetite has grown and grown until, as an enormous tumor, it makes undue demands for space and sustenance upon the body. It is far from true that we should eat what we want and eat when we want it. Eating has become for some persons, especially in New York, a means of pastime. If a person is "blue" he fancies he must eat to send up his spirits. If he is lonely he eats to keep himself company. He eats when he has nothing to do, eats to amuse himself. As fast as he can he is eating himself into his grave. The other night I dropped into a restaurant in New York after the theatre, and a veteran waiter, pointing to a woman, high colored and of ample build, said:

"She's going the way of lots of New Yorkers. They think it's the drink that kills them, but it isn't, it's the eating."

Not overeating so much as the wrong food is killing more than half the people of the world long before their time. The intelligent would govern their diet if they knew how. The educated are educated in every respect besides this. That is the reason I set about learning what my pupils' families live upon, and to correct, so far as I could, their errors by suggestion. People will eat the right foods if they know what they are, and I am endeavoring to show them what these right foods are.

The body, I have explained to them, contains five chief materials, water, minerals, fats, carbohydrates and proteids. It is our business to replace these materials as they wear out, as in a building you would patch up broken timber with a new piece of wood, or when the cement between the bricks begins to crumble you furnish fresh cement. No guise in which food is served can change the fact that real food must contain these rebuilding substances. You may lunch in an uptown restaurant on truffles and what accompanies it, while I am sitting peacefully on the curb with my loaf of bread, meat cakes and pint of ale, but the fact stands. We are made of the same stuff and need the same kind of nourishment. Water and minerals need not be discussed at this time since they do not change in the body, and a sufficient amount of minerals enters the body in the forms of parts of various foods. Of water nothing need be said except that we should drink three quarts of it a day.

Proteids, fats and carbohydrates are the essentials, and upon them we should concentrate our interest, for upon our supplying them in sufficient quantities depends the length of our lives and the degree of our efficiency. And now attend, for this is the rudiment of the food question. The alphabet of food contains three letters, proteids, which are found in greatest quantities in lean meat and eggs; fats, which we derive from the fats of meat, and from the oil of fruits, as the banana and all nuts; and carbohydrates, which furnish the body the fats and sugars it requires. Cereals and the vegetables supply us with carbohydrates. Rice is an example, corn, wheat, beans. Amplify the classification yourself.

When you sit down to order a meal at a restaurant be sure to supply your need of the three. Or, if you are a housekeeper, keep them constantly in mind while you are giving your order to the grocer and planning next day's meals.

No man can lay down an eating rule for another. The general truths I have enunciated must guide you. They and this other, that there are seven essential foods, and that it is in the others, the trimmings, so to speak, that you are likely to err. These essential foods are meat, which supplies protein; potatoes, furnishing starch; bread, that supplies starch; eggs, more protein; milk, a fat; butter, a fat; vegetables that are carbohydrates.

There have been arbitrary rules that each person requires two ounces of protein, two ounces of fat, and two ounces of carbohydrates "to keep going." That and all other arbitrary rules are liable to be misleading. The truth is that a nervous, overenergized person, needs more proteids to repair the tissues, his excess of energy is too rapidly wearing out, and he needs to diminish the coal that keeps his engine driving with too great force. The heavy, phlegmatic person should revise his diet to include more fats and carbohydrates, which make energy and diminish the supply of his building material.

This is a suggestion that can be safely followed for it is conservative. For each pound a person weighs he should have a daily allowance of one-eightieth of an ounce of protein. If the person weighs 160 pounds he does well to eat enough meat and eggs to secure for himself two ounces of protein a day. The remainder of his food should be so apportioned as to keep him sufficiently warm, and above all to "keep him going," and in a mood to "go." The fuel foods, that is, fats and carbohydrates, should be consumed in sufficient amount to make up a total of 2,500 to 3,000 calories. While I desire to simplify the subject as far as possible, calory has no synonym. It is a unit of heat and energy, as pint is of liquids, or an inch is of length. It is sufficient to say that we have our allotment of 2,500 to 3,000 calories of heat and energy when we do not suffer from cold extremities, and when we are enjoying our work and doing it the best any one can. In a word, when we are at or above par.

Nourishing food, by which I mean food containing the proper food values, is not necessarily expensive food. I asked my pupils to do their own marketing for the families with the food formulae I have cited as guides, and these two tables, each showing what a family of ten lived on for a week, prove that one family spent twice as much as the other, and was no better nourished. In fact, the children from the family of ten who lived on sixteen dollars a week looked rosier and more energetic than the other. Compare the items in the light of the working rule I have given and judge for yourself why. The family that spent thirty-three dollars a week spent, you see, three times as much for meat. It supplied itself freely with pies, cakes and bread and buns, all from a bakery. The other made its own bread:

ERASMUS HALL HIGH SCHOOL.
ECONOMY IN FOOD.
Weekly Food Account.
Section of City—East New York.

Quantities and Kind of Food.	Cost.
20 lbs. meat at 20 cents	$4.00
¼ bbl. flour	1.25
Potatoes	1.17
Canned goods	2.00
Vegetables	.50
Desserts	1.00
1 lb. coffee	.35
1 lb. tea	.50
7 lbs. sugar	.38
Spices	.25
3 lbs. butter	1.05
1 lb. butterine	.25
Fruit	.25
Cereals	.25
Sauces and relish	.30
12 qts. milk	.96
2½ doz. eggs	1.25
Fish	.30
Miscellaneous foods	1.55
Total cost of food for the week	$16.03

ERASMUS HALL HIGH SCHOOL.
ECONOMY IN FOOD.
Weekly Food Account.
Section of City—Williamsburg.

Quantities and Kind of Food.	Cost.
Meats	$12.00
16 loaves bread (bakery)	1.60
Fish	.72
Cereals	.35
Pies (bakery)	.80
Cake (bakery)	.65
Buns (bakery)	.40
38 bottles milk	3.25
Fruits	1.87
Butter and Eggs	4.00
Vegetables	2.00
2 lbs. coffee	.68
½ lb. tea	.16
7 lbs. Sugar	.69
Spices	.20
Miscellaneous foods	4.27
Total cost of food for the week	$33.75

I suggest a model menu for a day, and let me add that the father of thirty-five years need eat no more than the boy of ten. There is an impression that the child should eat much less than the adult. On the contrary, my son who is ten, eats as much as I do, and sometimes more. In this I encourage him, for I consider that for every waste cell in my body I must resupply one; while in his case, he must supply two, not only the cell that has been destroyed in the day's wear and tear, but he must furnish another for the growing body.

For Breakfast:

Fruit (apple, grapes, orange or berries, cooked or raw).
Cereal (with cream and sugar.
Buttered toast.
One boiled egg.
Cereal coffee or cocoa, with plenty of milk.

This is an American breakfast, you see, instead of a French one. If you have work to do it is better to be well fortified for the task.

Dinner:

Meat (ample portion, but not too much). Your judgment must tell you what is too much. A "stuffy feeling" after eating is usually a warning.
Potatoes (boiled or baked).
Side dish of green vegetables.
Fruit (preferably stewed).
No pies nor puddings.

With a breakfast and dinner of this sort we can make of the luncheon what it should be—a filler and soother. Under these conditions one does not require a heavy luncheon. Something warm will draw the blood supply to the stomach and rest the head. A little nourishment should be taken at midday, but not enough to tax the digestive system, nor make him drowsy in the afternoon.

Hot puree of vegetable or meat broth.
Unsweetened crackers, or
Sandwiches (bread and butter, or nuts or lettuce with mayonnaise).

A final warning against overfeeding, but more particularly with the proteids: If you give the body more building material than it needs it will be like a finished house whose drawing room is filled with left over lumber. This excess of building material in the human body creates waste matter in the form of uric acid or other poisons. These, cast into the blood, are harmful, and by causing overwork of the kidneys are even dangerous.

THE JUDGMENT OF DUNGARA---By Rudyard Kipling

THEY tell the tale even now among the sal groves of the Berbulda Hill, and for corroboration point to the roofless and windowless Mission-house. The great God Dungara, the God of Things as They Are, Most Terrible, One-Eyed, Bearing the Red Elephant Tusk, did it all; and he who refuses to believe in Dungara will assuredly be smitten by the Madness of Yat—the madness that fell upon the sons and the daughters of the Buria Kol when they turned aside from Dungara and put on clothes.

So says Athon Daze, who is High Priest of the Shrine and Warden of the Red Elephant Tusk. But if you ask the Assistant Collector and Agent in Charge of the Buria Kol, he will laugh—not because he bears any malice against missions, but because he himself saw the vengeance of Dungara executed upon the spiritual children of the Reverend Justus Krenk, Pastor of the Tubingen Mission, and upon Lotta, his virtuous wife.

Yet if ever a man merited good treatment of the Gods it was the Reverend Justus, one time of Heidelberg, who, on the faith of a call, went into the wilderness and took the blonde, blue-eyed Lotta with him. "We will these Heathen now by idolatrous practices so darkened better make," said Justus in the early days of his career. "Yes," he added with conviction, "they shall be good and shall with their hands to work learn. For all good Christians must work."

And upon a stipend more modest even than that of an English lay-reader, Justus Krenk kept house beyond Kamala and the gorge of Malair, beyond the Berbulda River, close to the foot of the blue hill of Panth, on whose summit stands the Temple of Dungara—in the heart of the country of the Buria Kol—the naked, good-tempered, timid, shameless, lazy Buria Kol.

Do you know what life at a Mission outpost means? Try to imagine a loneliness exceeding that of the smallest station to which Government has ever sent you—isolation that weighs upon the waking eyelids and drives you perforce headlong into the labors of the day. There is no post, there is no one of your own color to speak to, there are no roads; there is, indeed, food to keep you alive, but it is not pleasant to eat; and whatever of good or beauty or interest there is in your life, must come from yourself and the grace that may be planted in you.

In the morning, with a patter of soft feet, the converts, the doubtful, and the open scoffers, troop up to the veranda. You must be infinitely kind and patient, and, above all, clear-sighted, for you deal with the simplicity of childhood, the experience of man, and the subtlety of the savage. Your congregation have a hundred material wants to be considered; and it is for you, as you believe in your personal responsibility to your Maker, to pick out of the clamoring crowd any grain of spirituality that may lie therein. If to the cure of souls you add that of bodies, your task will be all the more difficult, for the sick and the maimed will profess any and every creed for the sake of healing, and will laugh at you because you are simple enough to believe them.

As the day wears and the impetus of the morning dies away, there will come upon you an overwhelming sense of the uselessness of your toil. This must be striven against, and the only spur in your side will be the belief that you are playing against the Devil for the living soul. It is a great, a joyous belief; but he who can hold it unwavering for four-and-twenty consecutive hours, must be blessed with an abundantly strong physique and equable nerves.

Ask the gray heads of the Bannockburn Medical Crusade what manner of life their preachers lead; speak to the Racine Gospel Agency, those lean Americans whose boast is that they go where no Englishman dare follow; get a Pastor of the Tubingen Mission to talk of his experiences—if you can. You will be referred to the printed reports, but these contain no mention of the men who have lost youth and health, all that a man may lose except faith, in the wilds; of English maidens who have gone forth and died in the fever-stricken jungle of the Panth Hills, knowing from the first that death was almost a certainty. Few Pastors will tell you of these things any more than they will speak of that young David of St. Bees, who, set apart for the Lord's work, broke down in the utter desolation, and returned half distraught to the Head Mission, crying: "There is no God, but I have walked with the Devil!"

The reports are silent here, because heroism, failure, doubt, despair and self-abnegation on the part of a mere cultured white man are things of no weight as compared to the saying of one half-human soul from a fantastic faith in wood-spirits, goblins of the rock, and river-fiends.

And Gallio, the Assistant Collector of the country side, "cared for none of these things." He had been long in the district, and the Buria Kol loved him and brought him offerings of speared fish, orchids from the dim moist heart of the forests, and as much game as he could eat. In return, he gave them quinine, and with Athon Daze, the High Priest, controlled their simple policies.

"When you have been some years in the country," said Gallio at the Krenks' table, "you grow to find one creed as good as another. I'll give you all the assistance in my power, of course, but don't hurt my Buria Kol. They are a good people and they trust me."

"I will them the Word of the Lord teach," said Justus, his round face beaming with enthusiasm, "and I will assuredly to their prejudices no wrong hastily without thinking make. But, O my friend, this in the mind impartiality-of-creed-judgment-belooking is very bad."

"Heigh-ho!" said Gallio, "I have their bodies and the district to see to, but you can try what you can do for their souls. Only don't behave as your predecessor did, or I'm afraid that I can't guarantee your life."

"And that?" said Lotta sturdily, handing him a cup of tea.

"He went up to the Temple of Dungara—to be sure he was new to the country—and began hammering old Dungara over the head with an umbrella; so the Buria Kol turned out and hammered him rather savagely. I was in the district, and he sent a runner to me with a note saying: 'Persecuted for the Lord's Sake. Send wing of regiment.' The nearest troops were about two hundred miles off, but I guessed what he had been doing. I rode to Panth and talked to old Athon Daze like a father, telling him that a man of his wisdom ought to have known that the Sahib had sunstroke and was mad. You never saw a people more sorry in your life. Athon Daze apologized, sent wood and milk and fowls and all sorts of things; and I gave five rupees to the shrine and told Macnamara that he had been injudicious. He said that I had bowed down in the House of Rimmon; but if he had only just gone over the brow of the hill and insulted Palin Deo, the idol of the Suria Kol, he would have been impaled on a charred bamboo long before I could have done anything, and then I should have had to have hanged some of the poor brutes. Be gentle with them, Padri . . . but I don't think you'll do much."

"Not I," said Justus, "but my Master. We will with the little children begin. Many of them will be sick—that is so. After the children, the mothers; and then the men. But I would greatly that you were in internal sympathies with us prefer."

Gallio departed to risk his life in mending the rotten bamboo bridges of his people, in killing a too persistent tiger here or there, in sleeping out in the reeking jungle, or in tracking the Suria Kol raiders who had taken a few heads from their brethren of the Buria clan. A knock-kneed, shambling young man was Gallio, naturally devoid of creed or reverence, with a longing for absolute power which his undesirable district gratified.



"By the hands stretched timidly to the hem of her gown, Lotta understood with whom she had to deal."

"No one wants my post," he used to say grimly, "and my Collector only pokes his nose in when he's quite certain that there is no fever. I'm monarch of all I survey, and Athon Daze is my viceroy."

Because Gallio prided himself on his supreme disregard of human life—though he never extended the theory beyond his own—he naturally rode forty miles to the Mission with a tiny brown baby on his saddle-bow.

"Here is something for you, Padri," said he. "The Kols leave their surplus children to die. Don't see why they shouldn't, but you may rear this one. I picked it up beyond the Berbulda fork. I've a notion that the mother has been following me through the woods ever since."

"It is the first of the fold," said Justus, and Lotta caught up the screaming morsel to her bosom and hushed it craftily; while, as a wolf hangs in the field, Matui, who had borne it and in accordance with the law of her tribe had exposed it to die, panted weary and footsore in the bamboo-brake, watching the house with hungry mother-eyes. What would the omnipotent Assistant Collector do? Would the little man in the black coat eat her daughter alive, as Athon Daze said was the custom of all men in black coats?

Matui waited among the bamboos through the long night; and, in the morning, there came forth a fair white woman, the like of whom Matui had never seen, and in her arms was Matui's daughter clad in spotless raiment. Lotta knew little of the tongue of the Buria Kol, but when mother calls to mother, speech is easy to understand. By the hands stretched timidly to the hem of her gown, by the passionate gutturals and the longing eyes, Lotta understood with whom she had to deal. So Matui took her child again—would be a servant, even a slave, to this wonderful white woman, for her own tribe would recognize her no more. And Lotta wept with her exhaustively, after the German fashion, which includes much blowing of the nose.

"First the child, then the mother, and last the man, and to the Glory of God all," said Justus the Hopeful. And the man came, with a bow and arrows, very angry indeed, for there was no one to cook for him.

But the tale of the Mission is a long one, and I have no space to show how Justus, forgetful of his injudicious predecessor, grievously smote Moto, the husband of Matui, for his brutality; how Moto was startled, but being released from the fear of instant death, took heart and became the faithful ally and first convert of Justus; how the little gathering grew, to the huge disgust of Athon Daze; how the Priest of the God of Things as They Are argued subtly with the Priest of the God of Things as They Should Be, and was worsted; how the dues of the temple of Dungara fell away in fowls and fish and honey-comb; how Lotta lightened the Curse of Eve among the women, and how Justus did his best to introduce the Curse of Adam; how the Buria Kol rebelled at this, saying that their God was an idle God, and how Justus partially overcame their scruples against work, and taught them that the black earth was rich in other produce than pignuts only.

All these things belong to the history of many months, and throughout those months the white-haired Athon Daze meditated revenge for the tribal neglect of Dungara. With savage cunning he feigned friendship toward Justus, even hinting at his own conversion; but to the congregation of Dungara he said darkly: "They of the Padri's flock have put on clothes and worship a busy God. Therefore Dungara will afflict them grievously till they throw themselves, howling, into the waters of the Berbulda." At night the Red Elephant Tusk boomed and groaned among the hills, and the faithful waked and said: "The God of Things as They Are matures revenge against the backsliders. Be merciful, Dungara to us Thy children, and give us all their crops!"

Late in the cold weather, the Collector and his wife came into the Buria Kol country. "Go and look at Krenk's mission," said Gallio. "He is doing good work in his own way, and I think he'd be pleased if you opened the bamboo chapel that he has managed to run up. At any rate, you'll see a civilized Buria Kol."

Great was the stir in the Mission. "Now he and the gracious lady will that we have done good work with their own eyes see, and—yes—we will him our converts in all their new clothes by their own hands constructed exhibit. It will a great day be—for the Lord always," said Justus; and Lotta said "Amen."

Justus had, in his quiet way, felt jealous of the Bazel Weaving Mission, his own converts being unhandy; but Athon Daze had latterly induced some of them to hackle the glossy silky fibers of a plant that grew plenteously on the Panth Hill. It yielded a cloth white and smooth almost as the tappa of the South Seas, and that day the converts were to wear for the first time clothes made therefrom, Justus was proud of his work.

"They shall in white clothes clothed to meet the Collector and his well-born lady come down, singing 'Now thank we all our God.' Then he will the Chapel open, and—yes—even Gallio to believe will begin. Stand so, my children, two by two, and—Lotta, why do they thus themselves bescratch? It is not seemly to wriggle, Nala, my child. The Collector will be here and be pained."

The Collector, his wife, and Gallio climbed the hill to the mission station. The converts were drawn up in two lines, a shining band nearly forty strong. "Hah!" said the Collector, whose acquisitive bent of mind led him to believe that he had fostered the institution from the first.

"Advancing, I see, by leaps and bounds." Never was truer word spoken! The Mission was advancing exactly as he had said—at first by little hops and shuffles of shamefaced uneasiness, but soon by the leaps of fly-stung horses and the bounds of maddened kangaroos. From the hill of Panth the Red Elephant Tusk deliyered a dry and anguished blare. The ranks of the converts wavered, broke and scattered with yells and shrieks of pain, while Justus and Lotta stood horror-stricken.

"It is the Judgment of Dungara!" shouted a voice. "I burn! I burn! To the river or we die!"

The mob wheeled and headed for the rocks that overhung the Berbulda, writhing, stamping, twisting, and shedding its garments as it ran, pursued by the thunder of the trumpet of Dungara. Justus and Lotta fled to the Collector almost in tears.

"I cannot understand! Yesterday," panted Justus, "they had the Ten Commandments. . . . What is this? Praise the Lord all good spirits by land or by sea. Nala! Oh, shame!"

With a bound and a scream there alighted on the rocks above their heads Nala, once the pride of the Mission, a maiden of fourteen Summers, good, docile, and virtuous—now naked as the dawn and spitting like a wild-cat.

"Was it for this!" she raved, hurling her petticoat at Justus; "was it for this I left my people and Dungara—for the fires of your Bad Place? Blind ape, little earthworm, dried fish that you are, you said that I should never burn! O Dungara, I burn now! I burn now! Have mercy, God of Things as They Are!"

She turned and flung herself into the Berbulda, and the trumpet of Dungara bellowed jubilantly. The last of the converts of the Tubingen Mission had put a quarter of a mile of rapid river between herself and her teachers.

"Yesterday," gulped Justus, "she taught in the school A, B, C, D.—Oh! It is the work of Satan!"

But Gallio was curiously regarding the maiden's petticoat where it had fallen at his feet. He felt its texture, drew back his shirt-sleeve beyond the deep tan of his hand and pressed a fold of the cloth against the flesh. A blotch of angry red rose on the white skin.

"Ah!" said Gallio calmly, "I thought so."

"What is it?" said Justus.

I should call it the Shirt of Nessus, but . . . Wher- did you get the fiber of this cloth from?"

"Athon Daze," said Justus. He showed the boys how it should manufactured be."

"The old fox! Do you know that he has given you the Nilgiri Nettle—scorpion—Girardenia heterophylla—to work up. No wonder they squirmed! Why, it stings even when they make bridge-ropes of it, unless it's soaked for six weeks. The cunning brute! It would take about half an hour to burn through their thick hides, and then . . . !"

Gallio burst into laughter, but Lotta was weeping in the arms of the Collector's wife, and Justus had covered his face with his hands.

"Girardenia heterophylla!" repeated Gallio. "Krenk, why didn't you tell me? I could have saved you this. Woven fire! Anybody but a naked Kol would have known it, and, if I'm a judge of their ways, you'll never get them back."

He looked across the river to where the converts were still wallowing and wailing in the shallows, and the laughter died out of his eyes, for he saw that the Tubingen Mission to the Buria Kol was dead.

Never again, though they hung mournfully round the deserted school for three months, could Lotta or Justus coax back even the most promising of their flock. No! The end of conversion was the fire of the Bad Place—fire that ran through the limbs and gnawed into the bones. Who dare a second time tempt the anger of Dungara? Let the little man and his wife go elsewhere. The Buria Kol would have none of them. An unofficial message to Athon Daze that if a hair of their heads were touched, Athon Daze and the priests of Dungara would be hanged by Gallio at the temple shrine, protected Justus and Lotta from the stumpy poisoned arrows of the Buria Kol, but neither fish nor fowl, honeycomb, salt, nor young pig were brought to their doors any more. And, alas! man cannot live by grace alone if meat be wanting.

"Let us go, mine wife," said Justus; "there is no good here, and the Lord has willed that some other man shall the work take—in good time—in His own good time. We will go away, and I will—yes—some botany bestudy."

If any one is anxious to convert the Buria Kol afresh, there lies at least the core of a mission-house under the hill of Panth. But the chapel and school have long since fallen back into jungle.

THE GRAY CHAMPION --- By Nathaniel Hawthorne

THERE was once a time when New England groaned under the actual pressure of heavier wrongs than those threatened ones which brought on the Revolution. James II., the bigoted successor of Charles the Voluptuous, had annulled the charters of all the colonies and sent a harsh and unprincipled soldier to take away our liberties and endanger our religion. The administration of Sir Edmund Andros lacked scarcely a single characteristic of tyranny—a governor and council holding office from the King and wholly independent of the country; laws made and taxes levied without concurrence of the people, immediate or by their representatives; the rights of private citizens violated and the titles of all landed property declared void; the voice of complaint stifled by restrictions on the press, and, finally, disaffection overawed by the first band of mercenary troops that ever marched on our free soil. For two years our ancestors were kept in sullen submission by that filial love which had invariably secured their allegiance to the mother country, whether its head chanced to be a Parliament, Protector or Popish monarch. Till these evil times, however, such allegiance had been merely nominal, and the colonists had ruled themselves, enjoying far more freedom than is even yet the privilege of the native subjects of Great Britain.

At length a rumor reached our shores that the Prince of Orange had ventured on an enterprise the success of which would be the triumph of civil and religious rights and the salvation of New England. It was but a doubtful whisper; it might be false or the attempt might fail, and in either case the man that stirred against King James would lose his head. Still, the intelligence produced a marked effect. The people smiled mysteriously in the streets and threw bold glances at their oppressors, while far and wide there was a subdued and silent agitation, as if the slightest signal would rouse the whole land from its sluggish despondency. Aware of their danger, the rulers resolved to avert it by an imposing display of strength, and perhaps to confirm their despotism by yet harsher measures.

One afternoon in April, 1689, Sir Edmund Andros and his favorite councillors, being warm with wine, assembled the red-coats of the Governor's guard and made their appearance in the streets of Boston. The sun was near setting when the march commenced. The roll of the drum at that unquiet crisis seemed to go through the streets less as the martial music of the soldiers than as a muster-call to the inhabitants themselves. A multitude by various avenues assembled in King street, which was destined to be the scene, nearly a century afterward, of another encounter between the troops of Britain and a people struggling against her tyranny.

Though more than sixty years had elapsed since the Pilgrims came, this crowd of their descendants still showed the strong and sombre features of their character perhaps more strikingly in such a stern emergency than on happier occasions. There was the sober garb, the general severity of mien, the gloomy but undismayed expression, the scriptural forms of speech and the confidence in Heaven's blessing on a righteous cause which would have marked a band of the original Puritans when threatened by some peril of the wilderness. Indeed, it was not yet time for the old spirit to be extinct, since there were men in the street that day who had worshipped there beneath the trees before a house was reared to the God for whom they had become exiles. Old soldiers of the Parliament were here, too, smiling grimly at the thought that their aged arms might strike another blow against the House of Stuart. Here also, were the veterans of King Philip's war, who had burned villages and slaughtered young and old with pious fierceness, while the godly souls throughout the land were helping them with prayer. Several ministers were scattered along the crowd, which, unlike all other mobs, regarded them with such reverence as if there were sanctity in their very garments. These holy men exerted their influence to quiet the people, but not to disperse them.

Meantime, the purpose of the Governor in disturbing the peace of the town at a period when the slightest commotion might throw the country into a ferment was almost the universal subject of inquiry, and variously explained.

"Satan will strike this master stroke presently," cried some, "because he knoweth that his time is short. All our godly pastors are to be dragged to prison. We shall see them at a Smithfield fire in King street."

Hereupon the people of each parish gathered closer round their minister, who looked calmly upward and assumed a more apostolic dignity, as well befitted a candidate for the highest honor of his profession—a crown of martyrdom. It was actually fancied at that period that New England might have a John Rogers of her own to take the place of that worthy in the Primer.

"The Pope of Rome has given orders for a new St. Bartholomew," cried others. "We are to be massacred, man and male child."

Neither was this rumor wholly discredited, although the wiser class believed the Governor's object somewhat less atrocious. His predecessor under the old charter, Bradstreet, a venerable companion of the first settlers, was known to be in town. There were grounds for conjecturing that Sir Edmund Andros intended at once to strike terror by a parade of military force and to confound the opposite faction by possessing himself of their chief.

"Stand firm for the old charter Governor!" shouted the crowd, seizing upon the idea—"the good old Governor Bradstreet!"

While this cry was at the loudest the people were surprised by the well-known figure of Governor Bradstreet himself, a patriarch of nearly ninety, who appeared on the elevated steps of a door and with characteristic mildness besought them to submit to the constituted authorities.

"My children," concluded this venerable person, " do nothing rashly. Cry not aloud, but pray for the welfare of New England and expect patiently what the Lord will do in this matter."

The event was soon to be decided. All this time the roll of the drum had been approaching through Cornhill, louder and deeper, till with reverberation from house to house and the regular tramp of martial footsteps it burst into the street. A double rank of soldiers made their appearance, occupying the whole breadth of the passage, with shouldered matchlocks, and matches burning, so as to present a row of fires in the dusk. Their steady march was like the progress of a machine that would roll irresistibly over everything in its way. Next, moving slowly, with a confused clatter of hoofs on the pavement, rode a party of mounted gentlemen, the central figure being Sir Edmund Andros, elderly, but erect and soldier-like. Those around him were his favorite councillors and the bitterest foes of New England. At his right hand rode Sir Edward Randolph, our arch enemy, that "blasted wretch," as Cotton Mather calls him, who achieved the downfall of our ancient government and was followed with a sensible curse through life and to his grave. On the other side was Bullivant, scattering jests and mockery as he rode along. Dudley came behind with a downcast look, dreading, as well he might, to meet the indignant gaze of the people, who beheld him, their only countryman by birth, among the oppressors of his native land. The captain of a frigate in the harbor and two or three civil officers under the Crown were also there. But the figure which most attracted the public eye and stirred up the deepest feeling was the Episcopal clergyman of King's Chapel riding haughtily among the magistrates in his priestly vestments, the fitting representative of prelacy and persecution, the union of Church and State, and all those abominations which had driven the Puritans to the wilderness. Another guard of soldiers, in double rank, brought up the rear.

The whole scene was a picture of the condition of New England, and its moral, the deformity of any government that does not grow out of the nature of things, and the character of the people—on one side the religious multitude with their sad visages and dark attire, and on the other the group of despotic rulers with the high churchman in the midst, and here and there a crucifix at their bosoms, all magnificently clad, flushed with wine, proud of unjust authority and scoffing at the universal groan. And the mercenary soldiers, waiting but the word to deluge the street with blood, showed the only means by which obedience could be secured.

"O Lord of Hosts," cried a voice among the crowd, "provide a champion for Thy people!"

This ejaculation was loudly uttered, and served as a herald's cry to introduce a remarkable personage. The crowd had rolled back, and were now huddled together nearly at the extremity of the street, while the soldiers had advanced no more than a third of its length. The intervening space was empty—a paved solitude between lofty edifices which threw almost a twilight shadow over it. Suddenly there was seen the figure of a man who seemed to have emerged from among the people and was walking by himself along the centre of the street to confront the armed band. He wore the old Puritan dress—a dark cloak and a steeple-crowned hat in the fashion of at least fifty years before, with a heavy sword upon his thigh, but a staff in his hand to assist the tremulous gait of age.

When at some distance from the multitude, the old man turned slowly round, displayed a face of antique majesty rendered doubly venerable by the hoary beard that descended on his breast. He made a gesture at once of encouragement and warning, then turned again and resumed his way.

"Who is this gray patriarch?" asked the young men of their sires.

"Who is this venerable brother?" asked the old men among themselves.

But none could make reply. The fathers of the people, those of fourscore years and upward, were disturbed, deeming it strange that they should forget one of such evident authority whom they must have known in their early days, the associate of Winthrop and all the old councillors, giving laws and making prayers and leading them against the savage. The elderly men ought to have remembered him, too, with locks as gray in their youth as their own were now. And the young! How could he have passed so utterly from their memories—that hoary sire, the relic of long-departed times, whose awful benediction had surely been bestowed on their uncovered heads in childhood?

"Whence did he come? What is his purpose? Who can this old man be?" whispered the wondering crowd.

Meanwhile the venerable stranger, staff in hand, was pursuing his solitary walk along the centre of the street. As he drew near the advancing soldiers, and as the roll of their drum came full upon his ear, the old man raised himself to a loftier mien, while the decrepitude of age seemed to fall from his shoulders, leaving him in gray but unbroken dignity. Now he marched onward with a warrior's step, keeping time to the military music. Thus the aged form advanced on one side and the whole parade of soldiers and magistrates on the other, till, when scarcely twenty yards remained between, the old man grasped his staff by the middle and held it before him like a leader's truncheon.

"Stand!" cried he.

The eye, the face and attitude of command, the solemn yet warlike peal of that voice—fit either to rule a host in the battle-field or be raised to God in prayer—were irresistible. At the old man's word and outstretched arm the roll of the drum was hushed at once and the advancing line stood still. A tremulous enthusiasm seized upon the multitude. That stately form, combining the leader and the saint, so gray, so dimly seen, in such an ancient garb, could only belong to some old champion of the righteous cause whom the oppressor's drum had summoned from his grave. They raised a shout of awe and exultation, and looked for the deliverance of New England.

The Governor and the gentlemen of his party, perceiving themselves brought to an unexpected stand, rode hastily forward, as if they would have pressed their snorting and affrighted horses right against the hoary apparition. He, however, blenched not a step, but, glancing his severe eye round the group, which half encompassed him, at last bent it sternly on Sir Edmund Andros. One would have thought that the dark old man was chief ruler there, and that the Governor and council with soldiers at their back, representing the whole power and authority of the Crown, had no alternative but obedience.

"What does this old fellow here?" cried Edward Randolph fiercely. "On, Sir Edmund! Bid the soldiers forward and give the dotard the same choice that you give all his countrymen—to stand aside or be trampled on."

"Nay, nay! Let us show respect to the good grandsire," said Bullivant, laughing. See you not he is some old round-headed dignitary who hath lain asleep these thirty years and knows nothing of the change of times? Doubtless he thinks to put us down with a proclamation in Old Noll's name."

"Are you mad, old man?" demanded Sir Edmund Andros in loud and harsh tones. "How dare you stay the march of King James's Governor?"

"I have stayed the march of a King himself ere now," replied the gray figure, with stern composure. "I am here, Sir Governor, because the cry of an oppressed people hath disturbed me in my secret place, and, beseeching this favor earnestly of the Lord, it was vouchsafed me to appear once again on earth in the good old cause of his saints. And what speak ye of James? There is no longer a Popish tyrant on the throne of England, and by to-morrow noon his name shall be a by-word in this very street, where ye would make it a word of terror. Back, thou that wast a Governor, back! With this night thy power is ended. To-morrow, the prison! Back, lest I foretell the scaffold!"

The people had been drawing nearer and nearer and drinking in the words of their champion, who spoke in accents long disused, like one unaccustomed to converse except with the dead of many years ago. But his voice stirred their souls. They confronted the soldiers, not wholly without arms, and ready to convert the very stones of the street into deadly weapons. Sir Edmund Andros looked at the old man; then he cast his hard and cruel eye over the multitude and beheld them burning with that lurid wrath so difficult to kindle or to quench, and again he fixed his gaze on the aged form which stood obscurely in an open space where neither friend nor foe had thrust himself. What were his thoughts he uttered no word which might discover, but, whether the oppressor were overawed by the Gray Champion's look or perceived his peril in the threatening attitude of the people, it is certain that he gave back and ordered his soldiers to commence a slow and guarded retreat. Before another sunset the Governor and all that rode so proudly with him were prisoners, and long ere it was known that James had abdicated King William was proclaimed throughout New England.

But where was the Gray Champion? Some reported that when the troops had gone from King street and the people were thronging tumultuously in their rear, Bradstreet, the aged Governor, was seen to embrace a form more aged than his own. Others soberly affirmed that while they marvelled at the venerable grandeur of his aspect the old man faded from their eyes, melting slowly into the hues of twilight, till where he stood there was an empty space. But all agreed that the hoary shape was gone. The men of that generation watched for his reappearance in sunshine and in twilight, but never saw him more nor knew when his funeral passed nor where his gravestone was.

And who was the Gray Champion? Perhaps his name might be found in the records of that stern court of justice which passed a sentence too mighty for the age, but glorious in all after-times for its humbling lesson to the monarch and its high example to the subject. I have heard that whenever the descendants of the Puritans are to show the spirit of their sires the old man appears again. When eighty years had passed, he walked once more in King street. Five years later, in the twilight of an April morning, he stood on the green beside the meeting-house at Lexington where now the obelisk of granite with a slab of slate inlaid commemorates the first-fallen of the Revolution. And when our fathers were toiling at the breastwork on Bunker's Hill, all through that night the old warrior walked his rounds. Long, long may it be ere he comes again! His hour is one of darkness and adversity and peril. But should domestic tyranny oppress us or the invader's step pollute our soil, still may the Gray Champion come! For he is the type of New England's hereditary spirit, and his shadowy march on the eve of danger must ever be the pledge that New England's sons will vindicate their ancestry.

The Jap and the Negro; Why the South Should Understand the Racial Problem of the West

By JAMES B. NEVIN

IF California has the right to look for respectful sympathy and tolerant patience in any direction nowadays, since the question of fixing definitely the status of a foreign and obnoxious race upon her soil so acutely has presented itself, surely it is in the direction of the South.

The South, of all the sections, should understand and gravely appreciate the problem that California has to solve, and the tremendous necessity of solving it in the light of reason and common sense, and while yet it is relatively young.

In many ways the Japanese are as objectionable to the people of the Pacific Coast, it seems, as were the negroes in reconstruction days to the people of the Gulf Coast.

The white population of California no more will tolerate a Japanese on terms either of social, political or business equality than a Georgian will tolerate a negro.

The customs and manners of the Orientals are very distasteful to the red-blooded Americans of California. The way they live, the things they do, the habits they indulge themselves in, the peculiar and unusual traits of character they exhibit—these things may be all right in far-away Japan, where the neighboring folk are of a kind. In California, however, they are out of place and obnoxious, in the extreme.

"Old Dr. Dixieland."

Whatever the ancient misunderstandings between the sections may have been, however, and despite the mistakes that may have been made, the disposition of the nation to-day is to turn the negro problem over to Old Dr. Dixieland, who has proved himself to be something of a specialist in the home treatment of the colored brother, and who knows Sambo like a book besides.

Grover Cleveland once remarked, "Those standing next the burden are best fitted to lift it!" And that is true, whether the burden be located in Georgia or California.

Perhaps California didn't sympathize with Georgia in that full degree of friendly feeling she well might have felt back in those bitter reconstruction days down South, but it was because California didn't know, and didn't understand. And the South will not hold that against California to-day—for the South does know and does understand the vexing and fretting ramifications of a race problem, and the deep concern a people may feel in the matter of its proper development and solution. Two wrongs never did make a right, and the fact that California may have assumed a wrong point of view 40 or 50 years ago will not justify Georgia and the South in assuming a wrong point of view in 1913.

California knows more about the Japanese residing in the Far West than Georgia knows about them. And that just as Georgia knew more about the negroes in the sixties than Michigan, or Wisconsin, or California knew.

It will be no more possible to ram a repugnant Japanese citizenship down the throat of California to-day than it was possible to ram an obnoxious negro citizenship down the throats of Southerners in reconstruction times!

There is the pith of the problem!

State's Honor Is Involved.

It is begging the question pitifully to hold that the Japanese constitute a "world power," and that, therefore, some extraordinary point of "national honor" is involved in a pro-Japanese settlement of this question, and that neither of these two things entered into the question of the negro in the South.

The real point of national honor involved is the honor of California—a sister State in the American Union—and the plea that this nation should swallow a nasty dose merely because some "world power" prescribes it is cowardly and unworthy.

Why should these Japanese wish to come to this country, where they are not wanted, and whither they never have been invited?

The negro—poor, ignorant, helpless thing—was brought here, against his inclination and desire, an involuntary factor in a mere money-making scheme. He was a subject of no "world power"—he had no choice between remaining at home, where lived his kindred and his kind, and going abroad, where he was neither wanted nor invited. The negro's case involved much of the pathetic—the case of the Japanese in California involves nothing of the sort.

Talk of "dishonoring Japan!" To my humble way of thinking that is as nothing compared with talk of dishonoring California—one of the sovereign States of the Union, whose white star shines altogether as brightly and as beautifully in Old Glory's galaxy as the white star of any other State, and a thousand times more radiantly than the sun, or the moon, or whatever it is, of Japan.

I know very little of my own knowledge about California and the Japanese. And that is why I incline so heartily to let California come into court and testify as to the truth of the matter. California does know. California has the Japanese "in her midst" literally—and has had for a long and weary day.

If California, speaking through its best and bravest citizenship, says she can get along with these people only thus and so, far be it from me to dispute it!

I have heard too much misguided and misinformed preaching from the North in respect of what the South should do with the negro. The South has the negro altogether and very much "in its midst." To Dixieland the negro was, and still is, a condition, not a theory—just as the Japanese is to California to-day.

Groundwork Is the Same.

There may be differences in detail—the groundwork of the situation is identically the same. California raises orangus—Georgia raises cotton. Georgia is capable of advising California as to how cotton must be cultivated if its full fruit is to be obtained. California is capable of advising Georgia as to how oranges must be cultivated if the full fruit of them is to be obtained.

California knows what it will and what it will not stand for in the Japanese. Georgia knows what it will and what it will not stand for in the negro. And each knows because it has learned by experience and actual contact with the thing about which its knowledge centers.

It agitates me not one-half so much to think that Japan may not be pleased with this nation's acts in matters carrying the happiness and welfare of a sister State as it does to think that the sister State may not be pleased.

Far be it from this nation to work injustice upon any one—be he Japanese, negro, Eskimo, or what not. But justice to the Japanese does not necessarily dwell within letting him have his own way about things, while a resident of one of the States of the Union. Justice to no man dwells necessarily within that.

We fix laws and regulations for ourselves in this country, and we insist that we ourselves shall obey our laws. But this country is a white man's country, and the white men therein are going to permit things to themselves that they are not going to permit to black men, nor brown men, nor yellow men.

The things that the white man, his sons and his daughters may enjoy in the United States are for the white man to say—and there is no injustice in that he draws the line of color where he pleases, because he is sure to draw it where it belongs. And when he draws it, it stays put.

Let Japan Do Likewise.

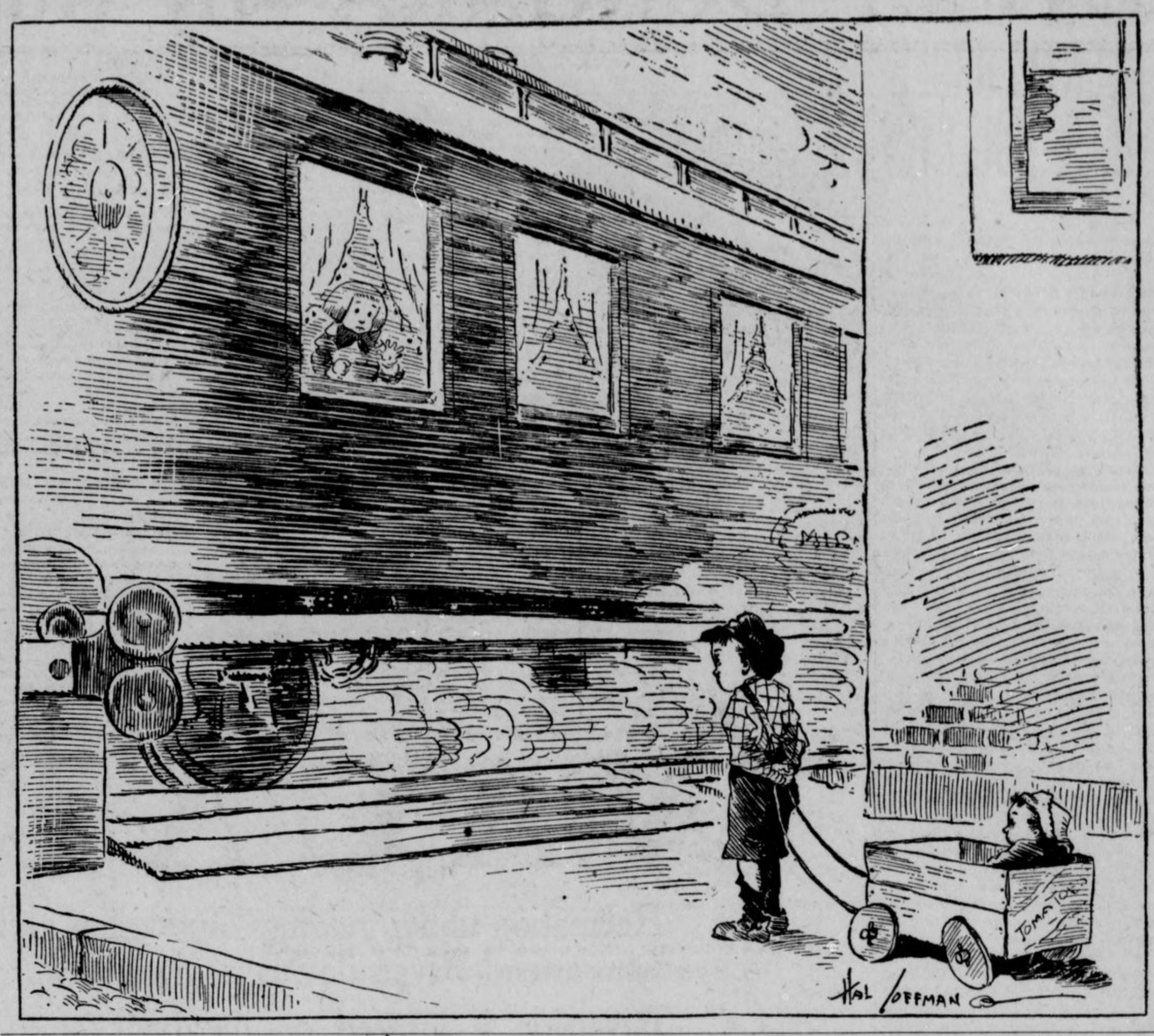
Let Japan proscribe the alien ownership of land in the Flowery Kingdom if it wishes to. The United States will utter no complaint.

If our sort of people are distasteful to the Japanese as neighbors and associates, let Japan say so. It would be the manly thing to say. And even if, when Japan had said it, we still, through force of power, overran Japan and thrust ourselves upon her people, whether or not, it would be an indecent and a dishonorable thing to do!

Japan and the United States each has the right to set its own household in order, and after its own inclinations and desires; but neither has the right to set the other's household in order, if it be against that other's will and ideals of right.

The South in this national crisis should stretch forth its friendly and sympathizing hand not to Japan, nor yet to the Tories of the North and East—who would concern themselves with Japanese "rights" and "honor" rather than the rights and honor of California, but to the red-blooded Americans of the West, who are upholding a racial principle as dear to the heart of a Caucasian as the unblemished integrity of his very household itself.

Private Cars



Deadly Spotted Fever And How to Fight It

Cerebro-spinal meningitis, one of the most deadly diseases known to science, is the subject of an article published this week by the Georgia State Board of Health. In this article, the health authorities analyze the disease, its cause, its effect, its treatment and prevention.

The article follows:

Cerebro-spinal meningitis, spotted fever, or as it is more commonly called, simply meningitis, is one of the most terrible and fatal of all diseases, the mortality running up as high as 100 per cent in some local epidemics.

Although the cause of the disease has been known for a number of years, the exact method by which the germ that produces it spreads from man to man was until quite recently entirely unrecognized and even now it can not be said that the whole matter has been demonstrated with scientific exactness; notwithstanding this—in view of the fact that the disease has recently existed to a considerable extent in Atlanta, and has appeared in a number of the smaller towns of Georgia—the State Board of Health deems it it's duty to furnish to the people such information concerning the malady as may be thought to be of value in connection with it.

Character of the Disease.

Cerebro-spinal meningitis is a disease which is produced by a minute vegetable organism known as the micrococcus intracellularis. It is very fortunately a germ of low vitality, as it develops only at about blood-heat, and when expelled from its normal dwelling-place in the human body it dies very quickly.

These germs get within the skull and spinal canal, and produce violent inflammation of the coverings of the brain and cord; these membranes are called "meninges," hence the name "cerebro-spinal meningitis." Within a short time after their entrance pus is produced, and the condition becomes practically one of abscess around the brain and spinal cord.

Course of the Disease.

It is not within the province of this paper to go into details concerning the symptoms of this disease, space only permitting a brief statement of the principal manifestations that occur in those afflicted with the malady. In almost all cases the disease is preceded by a slight catarrhal condition of the nose and throat, the symptoms being those of an ordinary cold. The symptoms that point to the covering of the brain being attacked come on with great suddenness; there is usually a chill followed by intense headache, vomiting, restlessness, with great dread of noises and bright light; in many cases reddish spots appear beneath the skin, these being usually quite tender on pressure. In some cases the muscles of the neck become very stiff, and contract so that the head is drawn backward. The temperature is somewhat irregular, but is always above normal in the beginning, and sometimes goes very high; the pulse is as a rule normal, or but little accelerated. After the patient remains in the condition just described for from a few hours to several days, he generally becomes unconscious, and in a comparatively short time dies. In some cases the symptoms after starting off very violently quickly subside, and the patient makes a comparatively rapid recovery. In other instances the disease begins more mildly, the patient having more or less of the usual symptoms, but not so severely as is ordinarily the case; in such cases the patient may die, after lingering weeks or months, or may make a protracted recovery, with frequently partial paralytic conditions that permanently remain.

Prevention.

There is reason to believe that this germ first attacks the mucous membranes of the nose, and in many merely causes the symptoms of an ordinary cold, and goes no further. However, in those with weak resisting powers to the disease the germs spread from the nose into the skull by the blood or by other means, and there set up an inflammation with the resulting symptoms described above. So it is seen that it is important during epidemics that persons with colds should be very careful not to allow other people to become infected from them. As cold and wet are undoubtedly predisposing causes to colds, it is well for every one to shun such exposure during periods when meningitis is prevalent. Debilitating influences, such as alcoholic excess and lack of sleep, should also be avoided Those exposed to the disease should be given three injections of the so-called meningo-bacterins; these bacterins are believed to create an artificial immunity against meningitis in very much the same way that vaccination protects a person against smallpox. In addition to this treatment those exposed should use several times a day an antiseptic mouth and nasal spray.

It is needless to say that those suffering from meningitis should be rigidly quarantined and every precaution taken to prevent the spread of this dreadful disease.

Treatment.

Unfortunately we possess no sure cure for meningitis. It is believed, however, that the present method of treatment has very materially lessened the death rate. This treatment consists in the injection into the spinal canal of a serum which finds its way up the canal and into the skull, and attacks directly the cause of the disease. Under this form of treatment it is claimed that the death rate has been lowered from 70 per cent to about 40 per cent. For the serum treatment to be of any value, however, it is highly important that it should be given early. In addition to this treatment it is often also necessary to keep the patient quiet with anodynes and to control other symptoms with remedial measures as they may be indicated.

The State Board of Health, upon request, will gladly furnish the anti-meningitis serum and the meningo-bacterins free of charge.

A DREAM OF MEN AND WOMEN = By Ella Wheeler Wilcox

THE TIDES.

O, vain is the stern protesting
Of winds, when the tide runs high;
And vainly the deep-sea waters
Call out as the waves speed by:
For, deaf to the claim of the ocean,
To the threat of the loud wind dumb,
Past reef and bar, to shores afar,
They rush when the hour is come.

Vainly the tempest thunders,
Of unsexed waves that roam
Where nature made their home,
For the voice of the great Moon-Mother
Has spoken and said, "Be free,"
And the tide must go to the strong full flow,
In the time of the perigee.

So vain is the cry of the masters,
And vain the plea of the hearth,
As the ranks of the strange New Woman
Go sweeping across the earth.
They have come from Hall and hovel,
They have pushed through door and gate;
On the world's highway they are crowded to-day,
For the hour is the hour of fate.

Many are hurt in the crowding,
The light of the home burns dim;
And man is aghast at the changes,
Though all can be traced to him.
They sat too long at the hearthstone,
And sat too oft alone;
And the silence spoke, and their souls awoke,
And now they must claim their own.

Let no man hope to hinder,
Let no man bid them pause;
They are moved by a hidden purpose,
They follow resistless laws.
And out of the wreck and chaos
Of the order that used to be,
A strong new race shall take its place
In a world we are yet to see.

Oh, ever has man been leader,
Yet failed as woman's guide,
It is better that she step forward
And take her place at his side.
For only from greater woman
May come the greater man,
Through life's long quest they should walk abreast—
As was meant by the primal plan.
Ofttimes I dream of the world as it might be.

And always I dream of men, leaders, rulers, masters, creators. And always I dream of women, companions, sympathizers, mates, mothers, friends, keepers of the home and guardians of the race.

In this Dream World I see no women in the shops, in the factories, in the offices, or anywhere outside the home, save where charity might lead, to the bedside of the sufferer or to the school, teaching the children of the world the precious truths of right thinking and right mental development.

I see men (these Dream Men) appreciating the work of woman in the home, in the school room, in the realms of beauty, helpfulness and charity.

I see women (these Dream Women) realizing the immense domains which belong to them by nature, and developing all their magnificent resources.

I see them making ideal homes; homes all beautiful to the eye, and mind, and heart; centers of love and social life and wholesome hospitality. And I see them occupied and happy in this work and rejoicing in their ability to accomplish great results with relatively small expenditures of money. Because they have loved their work, and loved its large scope and its wide influence.

Into these homes I see the men come (the Dream Men), and always with smiling faces, and words of appreciation on their lips, and they look about the home with delight and note every little change that has been made in their absence; and they sit at the tasteful, well-provided board and praise its beauty and abundance and its appetizing viands.

And they press kisses on the hands which have toiled for them; and they voice their gratitude for all the keeper of the home has done for them; and they talk with her of the great world outside; and make her companion of their thoughts and comrade of their lives in every truth.

I see these men (these Dream Men) sharing their worldly gains with these women, and making no query how the woman's share is spent, knowing it will be for the benefit and beauty of the home and the keeper of the home.

I see these men and women (these Dream Men and Women) always sharing each other's pleasures, and, at the same time, planning individual distractions, so that neither shall feel so dependent upon the other that self-development is arrested or self-reliance lost

And I see the world (the Dream World) growing better and the race growing more and more in the image of its Creator. Because motherhood (in this Dream World) defies a woman; and every man (every Dream Man) bows low before an expectant mother; and she is surrounded by all that is beautiful, all that is good, all that is tender and sweet and best in life, before and after the wonderful hour when her immaculate child comes to birth. And always I see little children welcomed, loved and reared in tenderness and affection.

I see the mothers (these Dream Mothers) awed and thrilled with the wonderful privilege of motherhood: and I see them devoting daily hours of thought and study and prayers to the perfection of their vast and glorious domain; the domain of character-building; of creating noble sons and daughters, and greater than sons and daughters, noble men and women, noble citizens of the world.

And I see these children (the Dream Children) growing up with worship in their hearts for their mothers, and for their fathers; and with high and holy ideals of life and love, and marriage, and citizenship, because these ideals have been instilled into their young minds from the cradle by the sweet, patient, insistence of the mother and the big, broad, kindly companionship of the father.

And I see the world (the Dream World) growing better and better, and the race advancing to higher standards, and all its problems solved through the home.

Then I waken from my dream and I see women (the real women) going forth to be wage earners; even into the hour of their unwilling maternity going forth to labor in factories and mills and shops; and with them walk little children, also going forth to labor; little children who come into the world undesired, and who carry prematurely old faces upon their undeveloped bodies. Everywhere I see women seeking and striving for all things save the home, because they have been left alone in the home too long and too often, and because they have received no praise for the making and keeping of the home and because money has been given grudgingly them them.

All over the world (the real world) I see confusion and disorder; because women are rushing into places designed for men, and because men are unable to cope with this invasion; the invasion they have caused by selfishness. For in this world (this real world) men have made a God of money, and women have been dragged behind Mammon's chariot as part of the spoil; and home and children have been offered up on the altar as sacrifices and as I look about in all these things, I know I have but dreamed a dream of what might have been. Yet always it seems to me a dream of what is to be. For such was God's supreme design, and God's design may be delayed, but it cannot be thwarted.

And I know that all this disorder has been caused by the failure of man to understand and appreciate woman, and the failure of woman to understand the fullness of her power and the width of her domain.

And through this confusion and disorder both will come to mutual understanding of their mistakes, and in centuries to be the Dream World will be established.

FUTILITY OF SELF = By Constance May

I SUPPOSE you think a great deal of and about yourself. Why? Do you realize what a big world this is, and how many, many millions of human beings there are on the earth.

Suppose you were lifted up on an eagle's wings higher than the tops of the highest mountains, and, looking down, could see the multitudes of your fellowmen gathered together like the sands of the sea—then, supposing you were suddenly dropped down among them, would an understanding of your exceeding smallness come upon you? Then, when you found yourself one of those innumerable grains of sand on an infinite shore?

So long as you go on remaining detached, grain, self-contained, self-important, self-satisfied, you must go on being small. Thinking about yourself will not help you to grow; and a man must grow to live—grow in sympathy, understanding, and faith. Have faith in something above and beyond yourself—without this you are blind. Find understanding of nature and the secrets she reveals to the seeker; without an increasing knowledge of these you are crippled as a man without hands.

Be in sympathy with the efforts and aspirations of mankind, especially those near to you; without this you have no pulse of life—you are dead at the core. The selfish are small and of no account; you must grow in brain and heart and soul to become great; and in growing gradually discard the clinging letters of self until you stand forth strong in new-found freedom.

The selfish are miserable, for they are always fretting about the slights and hindrances they meet with on their narrow pathway through life. They are always thinking of the effect they create, forgetful that an undue share of the limelight does not make a good actor—only shows up his faults and deficiencies.

The selfish man is a failure, for he cuts himself off from the wireless current of love which circles about the world. Hermetically sealed within the vacuum of his own conceit, he boasts of his immunity from "superstition" and "sentiment." He shows no more sense than, and works at as great a disadvantage as, an old merchant might who refused to believe in telegraphy, and in bigoted ignorance insisted upon carrying on his business without it.

If you are selfish the electrical forces of love stop short against you, failing to pierce the barrier which divides you from your fellows.

You absorb the vitality of those who come in contact with you, giving nothing in return, and thus for a time it seems you are strong.

But when you fail—as fail you must—oh, the noise of it!—the disgrace—the disaster! No one really cares, but you create so much ruin! And there is no one to help you—none, unless you call upon the forces of love you despised.

Have you seen "The Pretenders?" There is a beautiful scene at the end when those women who have been no more than beautiful background to the rough man's world of barbaric strife made so strangely real by the genius of Ibsen—when sister, daughter and wife take the wanderer home to their hearts and point out to him the path he shall tread. He has scorned them and condemned them to bitter loneliness, but they hold out loving arms which are stronger than the wanderer's two-handled sword and breastplate of steel.

The selfish man may seem for a time to sweep all before him, but his triumph is barren. A silent battle is being waged on another field where the powers of unselfishness win.

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The Church and Recreation

By Dr. A. R. HOLDERBY.
Pastor of the Moore Memorial Church.

RELIGIOUS instruction is not the only commodity in which the church should deal, as far as children are concerned. They should provide recreation and attraction for the children as well.

There is too much dullness and deadness in the present system of religious training for children. Our churches, as a rule, are not attractive to the children and young people, hence the devil is getting them. Other places are more attractive than the church.

If the church is not to save the children it had better go out of business. The church of Jesus Christ has much to do with the child labor laws and everything else that makes for the welfare of children. The devil gets many a child because the church fails to provide for the moral and physical nature of the child.

There are many delinquent children in Atlanta. Later many of them will fill our jails and penitentiaries, because the church is not caring for them.

Winning the souls of children is a business in which there is much competition from influences in the other direction. To offset this competition there must be some attraction other than a recital and emphasis of the significant things that, to a child's mind, may seem at times dry and without appeal.

The church is responsible for every child that goes to jail. It is the solemn duty of the church to see to it that the children are not forced to work in the sweat shops and factories or anywhere else at a tender age.

Men and women are lost to-day because in their youth they were allowed to drift. The church held no attraction for them, and it was no part of their lives. The church must awake to its mission.

The church must look to the children for its own perpetuation and development, and it necessarily must falter and fail without the new blood and new life of a new generation.

There are few things in which the church of to-day is more remiss than in its proper care of the child.

The child is much sinned against to-day in many ways. When a baby is born into the world it is questionable whether the event should be a matter of congratulation or not.

The odds are against the child. Parents are guilty of neglecting their children in not training their moral nature and in not fitting them for the best and noblest service in life.

Every church building should be open every day in the year and something should be going on that will attract the children and tie them to the church. As it is the church is only a Sunday affair and not identified with the every-day life of the children.

What will become of the church if we lose the young people? The church will then be doomed.

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Calorie Rules Huge Kitchen That Feeds 840 Persons Well at 15 Cents a Day Each

HOUSEKEEPING at the Atlanta Federal Prison is a great, big job. For, remember, there are 840 men to be fed three times a day. The story of how they are fed, well fed, at a net cost of less than fifteen cents a day per man—and, at that, are given a variety that few homes or restaurants furnish—is in itself an assurance against the high cost of living fear and a lesson in the science of housekeeping.

The presiding genius of the large prison kitchen is not the warden, nor the careful storekeeper, John W. Boyle, nor the immaculate prisoners who do the cooking. It is Science. And the calorie.

What is the calorie?

The calorie, folks, is the unit of heat necessary to raise the temperature of one kilogram of water one degree centigrade. It sounds rather technical and repelling, doesn't it? And yet, here is where you come in. Food has a certain fuel value, and the proper food in theproper proportions to nourish a working man should have the value of 3,135 calories a day.

ALL FOOD IS ANALYZED.

The prisoners are fed according to calories, then. The food prepared for them is analyzed for determination of fats, proteins, carbohydrates and ash, and the fuel value in calories is calculated. This scientific system, which assures proper and sufficient feeding to the 840 men, probably is not in vogue in another American prison.

It was evolved some time ago, when Storekeeper Boyle and Warden Moyer got their heads together and decided to keep the detailed record.

Result—no waste, proper rations, and a cost of fifteen cents a day to the man.

The gross cost of the food furnished each man at the prison last week averaged 15.6543 cents a day—the records are kept to the ten thousandth part of a cent.

The net cost, however, was only 14.731 cents a day, because much expense is eliminated by the production of articles of food on the prison farm.

Last Tuesday the expense was the heaviest of the week, being 17.526 cents, gross, for each convict, or 16.766 cents for each man after the value of the home-raised products was deducted. Here is the most expensive bill of fare:

Breakfast
Country fried potatoes
Bread, butter and coffee
Dinner
Roast beef and gravy
Macaroni and cheese
Bread and butter
Supper
Rice fritters and syrup
Bread, butter and coffee

The day of the smallest expense was Sunday, when the fare cost only 11.697 cents for each man. Here is how Storekeeper Boyle did with it:

Breakfast
Oatmeal, sugar and milk
Bread, butter and coffee
Dinner
Fried eggs
Potato salad
Bread, butter and coffee.
Supper.
Beef sandwiches
Peach butter sandwiches
Coffee

This is the fare that millionaires and moonshiners alike eat—there are some of both at the prison, men from the extremes of poverty and affluence.

The greatest achievement, probably, of the storekeeper is the variety with which he regales the men in his charge. On no two days last week was the fare the same. But it was all palatable, nutritious—and Calorific. Particularly the latter. The men all work at some form of manual labor, and calories must be supplied.

Last week the food had a daily average in fuel value of 3,317,608.4135 calories, or 3,931.4165 to each man.

The fuel value of the food necessary is 2,645,535.4838 calories each day, or 3,135 for each man. The margin of nutritional value was considerable.

Bills of fare, picked at random from the week's report, are:

Monday—Breakfast
Steamed wienerwurst
Boiled grits Gravy
Bread, butter and coffee
Dinner
Baked navy beans
Salt pork Young onions
Bread Water
Supper
Rice pudding
Bread, butter and coffee
Cost, net, 13.6188 cents a man.
Wednesday—Breakfast
Lyonnaise potatoes
Bread, butter and coffee
Dinner
Beef steak and gravy
Young onions Pie
Bread and water
Supper
Molasses cake
Bread, butter and coffee
Cost, net, 16.3778 cents a man.
Saturday—Breakfast
Hash
Bread, butter and coffee
Dinner
Beef steak and gravy
Baked Irish potatoes
Young onions
Bread and water
Supper
Bologne sandwiches
Peach butter sandwiches
Coffee
Net cost, 14.3096 cents a man.

In Mr. Boyle's scientific scheme of housekeeping the quantity of each article of food for a single ration has been worked out—according to calories. Here are some of his figures, showing the amounts of various foods necessary to keep a working man from being hungry and in good condition:

Milk, 16-25 gill; rolled oats, 2 ounces; onions, 6 ounces; beef, 6 2-3 ounces; coffee, 65-75 ounce; grits, 1 3-5 ounces; ham, 4 ounces; macaroni, 2 1-4 ounces; salt pork, 4 ounces; potatoes, 6 2-3 ounces; bologna sausage, 3 1-2 ounces; syrup, 16-25 gill; tomatoes, 6 ounces.

72 Articles Tabulated.

Seventy-two articles of food thus are tabulated on his ration estimate, each according to the quantity necessary for one man in a systematically ordered meal.

The report, including the bill of fare, portions of food given each man, amounts prepared, and the detailed cost, is required of the Atlanta prison officials each week by the Federal Department of Justice, under the jurisdiction of which Federal prisons are operated.

Warden W. T. Moyer yesterday was quick to give credit for the system of provender at the prison to Storekeeper John W. Boyle, who is in charge of the rather formidable job of analyzing foods, preparing the daily menus and keeping the detailed mass of records.

Prisoners do the cooking, bake the bread, serve the meals. Huge pots, easily cleaned, are used, in which the food is cooked by means of steam. Sanitation is the spirit of the huge kitchen, the spotless and odorless kitchen—sanitation, science and no waste.

All that is why more than 800 men are well fed at a cost less than $900 a week.

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EAT MUTTON IN PLENTY, URGES U. S. BULLETIN

This is what Uncle Sam has to say about the nutritive value of beef and mutton:

"Because of the large amount of fat, the fuel or energy value of mutton is greater than that of beef. The percentage of waste differs very slightly in the two. It is only when the fat is considered that any considerable difference is noted. This averages about 20 per cent in the edible portion in medium beef and a little over 30 per cent. in the corresponding kind of mutton."

That's why the girl who eats mutton is likely to be of more generous proportions, physically, than the girl who eats beef. Uncle Sam, to judge by a bulletin on "Mutton and its Value on the Diet," just made public by the U. D. Department of Agriculture, has gone into the housewifery business, and, in addition to discussing the question of nutritive values, gives some good recipes for making stews, soups, broths, sausages, etc.

Uncle Sam wants his children to eat mutton, and plenty of it, and the bulletin is in the line of an effort on the part of the Government to decrease the cost of living. The packers are also interested, from a financial standpoint, in the "eat more mutton" crusade and there are those who say that the Beef Trust—or maybe ex-Beef Trust would be better because, as you remember, that combination was recently dissolved by a court decree—is merely trying to turn public attention toward a rather neglected article of food with the view to driving its price higher.

Some Mutton Advice.

But be that as it may, Uncle Sam has really given much mutton advice to the people. He says that mutton, like beef is almost entirely assimilated by the system. Mutton, too, can be bought by the side or quarter and may be kept by families which have only the ordinary means of refrigerating, where a side of beef woud sopil, being too large. In this way it can be bought cheaper.

There are those to whom the idea of eating mutton does not entirely appeal unless that eating be done at long intervals. Those objectors are philosophers. They assert that America has been par excellence the beef eater of the world and has, as a result, developed a race of red-blooded beings with great vitality and nerve.

Such a people, say objectors, could not be nourished and continued on mutton. It is the nature of man to partake of the nature of the beast on which he feeds. The steer is a wild, vigorous creature, and the man who feeds on him has something of his qualities. But the sheep! He is usually called stupid. Hundreds of him will die in a snowstorm waiting for the shepherd and showing neither initiative nor discernment.

So, say the beefy philosophers, if the American were to eat too much mutton he would follow any leader or stand and perish in the absence of leadership. He would be timid docile and stupid. He would not be discerning and aggressive.

From the U. S. Cookbook.

Here are recipes from Uncle Sam's cook book:

MUTTON BROTH.

3 pounds mutton from the neck.
2 quarts cold water.
3 tablespoons rice or barley.
1 teaspoon salt.

Wipe the meat, remove the skin and fat and cut the meat into small pieces. Put into kettle with bones, and cover with the water. Heat gradually to the boiling point and season with salt and pepper if liked. Cook slowly until the meat is tender. If barley is used soak it overnight in cold water.

MUTTON SOUP.

4 pounds mutton from the neck.
3 carrots.
2 turnips.
1 small cabbage or part of a larger cabbage.
1 stalk celery.
Few sprigs parsley.
1 medium-sized onion.
6 cloves.
1 sprig thyme.
1 sprig marjoram.
2 tablespoons salt.

Wipe the meat carefully, cut into small pieces, and cover with the water. Bring very slowly to the boiling point and skim. Add the vegtables cut into small pieces and other seasoning, and cook slowly for three hours. Strain, cool, and remove the fat. Serve either clear, with rice or with the vegetables finely chopped.

RAGOUT OF MUTTON WITH FARINA BALLS.

1-2 pounds neck of mutton cut into small pieces.
1 tablespoon butter.
1 tablespoon flour.
1 onion cut into small pieces.
1 carrot cut into small pieces.
2 cups hot water.
1 teaspoon salt.
1-4 teaspoon pepper.
1-4 bay leaf.
1 sprig parsley.
6 cloves.
1 cup fresh peas or 1-2 can peas.

Put the butter into a frying pan. When melted add the flour and let it brown. Then add all the other ingredients except the peas, and cook slowly for two hours. A short time before serving add the peas.

Some Spring Salads You'll Find Appetizing

Ellsworth Salad.

Drain through a colander a can of peas. Rinse them in cold water to remove all "canned" flavor. Chop two apples fine with one medium sized cucumber. Mix lightly with the peas, together with one-half cupful of coarsely chopped pecan or English walnut meats. Serve on crisp lettuce with mayonnaise.

French Dressing With Roquefort Cheese.

For a mixed salad of tomatoes, lettuce and cucumbers, the following dressing, is most delicious. The foundation is the regular French dressing into which crumbled Roquefort cheese is stirred, until the dressing is smooth. Use much or little of the cheese, as taste indicates. This is delicious for a Sunday supper, served with romaine or plain lettuce hearts.

Vegetable Harlequin.

Cook half a peck of spinach, as usual, in a very little salted water. When done, drain very dry by pressing in a colander, chop fine, and season. Cut three or four cooked beets into small dice and heat in a saucepan in a tablespoonful of butter. Season with salt and paper. Reheat about two cupfuls of drained cold peas in the same way. Arrange the spinach in a ring around a small platter. It should be dry enough to make a ridge an inch and a half high. Inside the ring at either end put the beets and in the middle the peas, keeping the line of division as straight as possible. Over the whole sprinkle minced parsley and send very hot to the table This dish may be varied according to the vegetables available, and is a good way to utilize small leftovers.

Cucumber Jelly Salad.

Peel two cucumbers and cut in slices, add one slice of onion, one-half teaspoon of salt and a dash of pepper. Simmer until cucumbers are tender in one pint of cold water. Add one tablespoonful of gelatine, dissolved in warm water. Line a mold with slices of fresh cucumber cut very thin and pour in the jelly slowly. Set in the icebox to chill. Turn out on a bed of lettuce heart leaves and serve with French dressing, which has been mixed with a piece of ice until it is nearly as thick as the mayonnaise.

Spinach Salad.

Wash thoroughly and boil a half peck of spinach. If it is young and tender, cook in its own juices, heating it in a saucepan very gradually to prevent burning. Cook twenty-five minutes, or until tender. Old spinach is better cooked in boiling, salted water. Allow two quarts of water to one peck of spinach. When tender drain the spinach and cook it with six hard-boiled eggs. Add one cupful of toasted bread crumbs and one-half cupful of minced boiled ham if liked. Pack in small cups or molds. Chill on ice and when ready to serve surround each mold on serving plate with olives and dress with mayonnaise.

Red Pepper Salad.

Mix one-half can of pimentos or sweet peppers with one cream cheese. Beat into the mixture sufficient mayonnaise to soften it slightly and add a few drops of onion juice, more if a decided onion flavor is liked. Pack in a mold, chill on ice and when ready to serve cut in slices and place on crisp lettuce leaves. This makes a good luncheon salad.

CHEAP MEAT CUTS JUST AS GOOD, SAYS EXPERT

CHICAGO, May 3.—The problem of obtaining cheaper meat has been tackled by schoolgirls, invited to a demonstration in the beef department of the Armour Packing Plant. John E. O'Hearn, general superintendent of the plant, was on hand to tell the girls of the juicy steaks that could be prepared from parts of beef now despised. In his lectures he was assisted by a dextrous butcher, who dissected a beef carcass before the visitors.

"Because women want something to put up in ten minutes, we are left with a surplus of cheaper cuts," said Mr. O'Hearn. "They are not cuts from cheaper animals, and are hardly of cheaper quality, but they require more preparation to become as palatable as the high-priced steaks. The porterhouse and rib roast contain more moisture, which makes them more easily masticated, but less nutritious than several other parts of the meat. Lower meat prices is largely a matter of better cooks."

NINETEEN CENTS A DAY FOR FOOD EXTRAVAGANCE

PACIFIC UNIVERSITY, FOREST GROVE, ORE., May 3.—Wynne Grathwell, a student of Pacific University and member of the debating team, this year has been quite extravagant, in comparison with the college professor who subsists on nine cents a day.

Mr. Grathwell this year has averaged spending between eighteen and nineteen cents a day. He eats for breakfast a wheat biscuit and one glass of milk. For dinner (at noon) he has a raw egg, a glass and a half of milk and about two cents worth of dates. For supper he takes soda crackers, one glass of milk and puffed wheat.

How to Use Stale Bread

The modern housekeeper is likely to buy a loaf of fresh bread every day at the baker's, but our grandmothers made their bread at home and used up every scrap of one baking before baking day came around again.

Here are some of the ingenious ways in which one grandmother disguised stale bread so that the most pernickety child she had would not know it from a brand-new dish.

Even though small economies are seldom practiced in these days when the high cost of living stalks abroad, yet these old recipes will prove what used to be called "tasty" dishes for breakfast and luncheon.

Cut squares of very hard bread two inches thick; steam over boiling water for twenty minutes and serve hot, with butter and maple syrup.

Or cut the bread in one-inch squares, put in a colander, and dash cold water over them. Then fry the squares in butter until they are a delicate brown. Break two eggs over them, cook three minutes, and serve immediately. This is particularly good for breakfast.

Another way is to make our old friend, French or Spanish toast, which is good for breakfast or luncheon. Cut rather thick slices of bread, dip in milk, then in beaten egg, and fry a delicate brown. Serve this very hot, and, if possible, with maple syrup.

If you happen to have a whole stale loaf left over here is a fascinating way to use it. Cut off all the crust, put it on a tin, and set in the oven to dry and brown. When it is a light, golden brown lay it on the molding board and crush fine. Then cut the crustless loaf into pieces one inch thick and two or three inches long; beat two eggs very light, add two cups of sweet milk and a pinch of salt, dip the pieces of bread in the mixture, roll in the fine bread crumbs, and drop them into hot lard. When they are fried a nice brown put them on a hot dish and sprinkle thickly with sugar and a little fine cinnamon.

A really delicious pudding can be made in the following manner: Take rather thick slices of bread from which the crust is trimmed. Butter these slices on both sides. Heat a can of rather tart red or purple plums, put a layer of fruit in the bottom of a pudding dish, then a layer of bread and butter, and continue until the dish is filled. Set it in the oven for five minutes to get neated through. Then remove it from the oven, cover with a plate, put a weight on it, and set where it will become thoroughly cold. Eat it with cream and sugar. Tart cherries may be used in place of plums, or blackberries, and there should be plenty of juice, so that the bread may be saturated.

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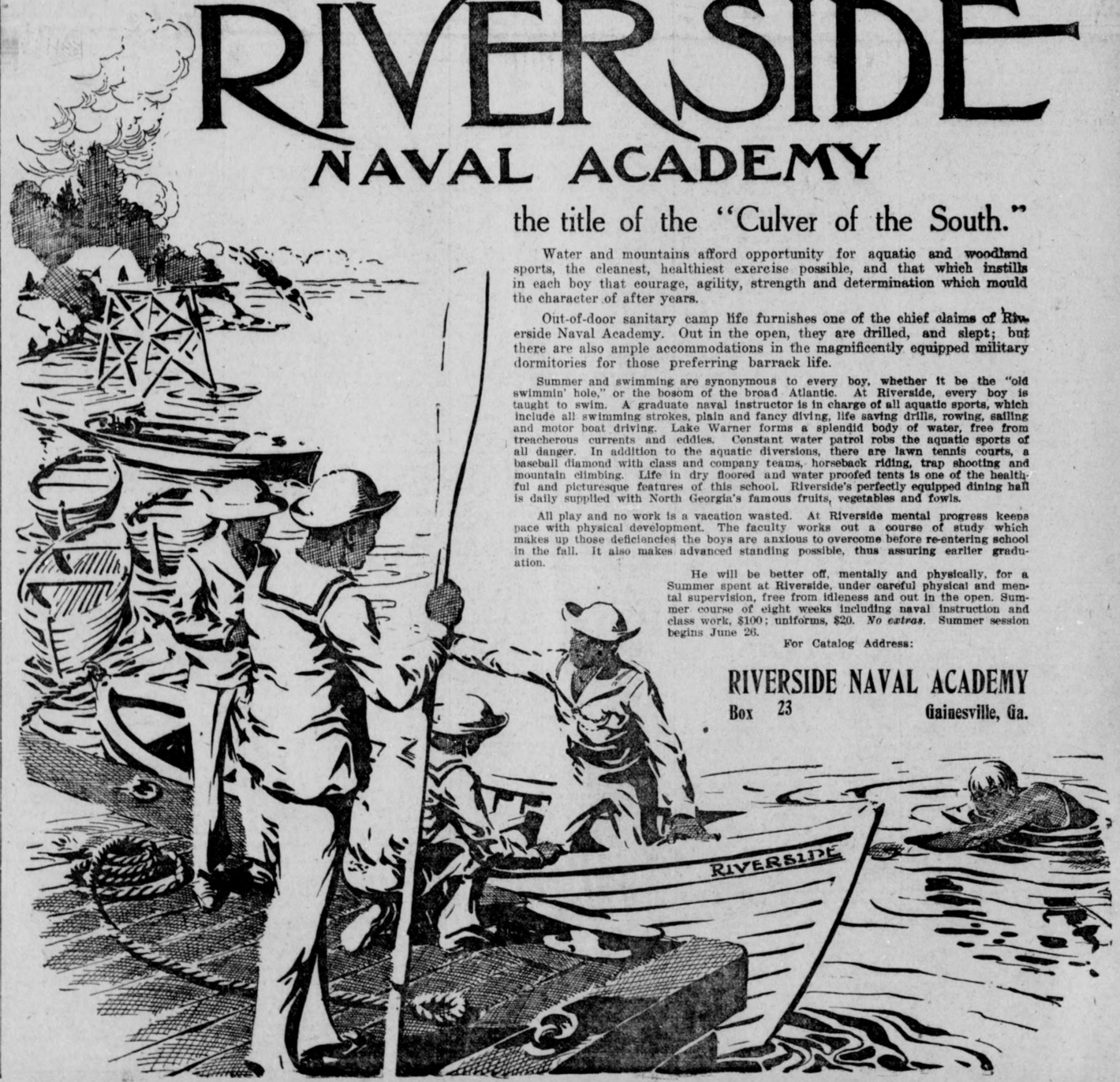
AMERICAN MINUTE PHOTO CO., 2214 Ogden Ave., Dept. E-181, Chicago, Ill.

VACATION

Recreation under guiding supervision is the vacation planned for the boys who attend Riverside Naval Academy.

Riverside is located on the bank of the Chattahoochee River, as it winds its way "out of the hills of Habersham, down thru the valleys of Hall," and is in the foothills of the Appalachian Mountains. Just outside of Gainesville, but connected by trolley, it has a combination of advantages to offer which has won for

RIVERSIDE NAVAL ACADEMY



the title of the "Culver of the South."

Water and mountains afford opportunity for aquatic and woodland sports, the cleanest, healthiest exercise possible, and that which instills in each boy that courage, agility, strength and determination which mould the character of after years.

Out-of-door sanitary camp life furnishes one of the chief claims of Riverside Naval Academy. Out in the open, they are drilled, and slept; but there are also ample accommodations in the magnificently equipped military dormitories for those preferring barrack life.

Summer and swimming are synonymous to every boy, whether it be the "old swimmin' hole," or the bosom of the broad Atlantic. At Riverside, every boy is taught to swim. A graduate naval instructor is in charge of all aquatic sports, which include all swimming strokes, plain and fancy diving, life saving drills, rowing, sailing and motor boat driving. Lake Warner forms a splendid body of water, free from treacherous currents and eddies. Constant water patrol robs the aquatic sports of all danger. In addition to the aquatic diversions, there are lawn tennis courts, a baseball diamond with class and company teams, horseback riding, trap shooting and mountain climbing. Life in dry floored and water proofed tents is one of the healthful and picturesque features of this school. Riverside's perfectly equipped dining hall is daily supplied with North Georgia's famous fruits, vegetables and fowls.

All play and no work is a vacation wasted. At Riverside mental progress keeps pace with physical development. The faculty works out a course of study which makes up those deficiencies the boys are anxious to overcome before re-entering school in the fall. It also makes advanced standing possible, thus assuring earlier graduation.

He will be better off, mentally and physically, for a Summer spent at Riverside, under careful physical and mental supervision, free from idleness and out in the open. Summer course of eight weeks including naval instruction and class work, $100; uniforms, $20. *No extras.* Summer session begins June 26.

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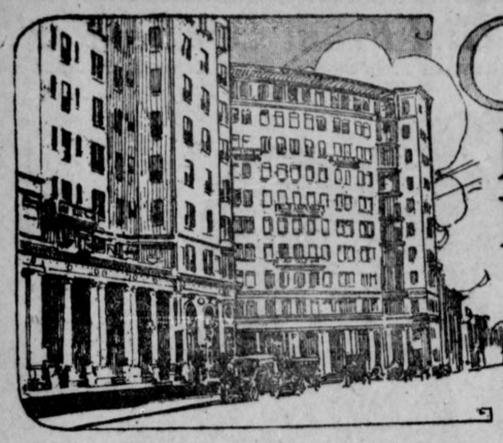


CITY LIFE SECTION

BEST HUMOR, MOVING PICTURES, VAUDEVILLE.

HEARST'S SUNDAY AMERICAN

ATLANTA, GA., SUNDAY, MAY 4, 1913.



Ponies and Carts!

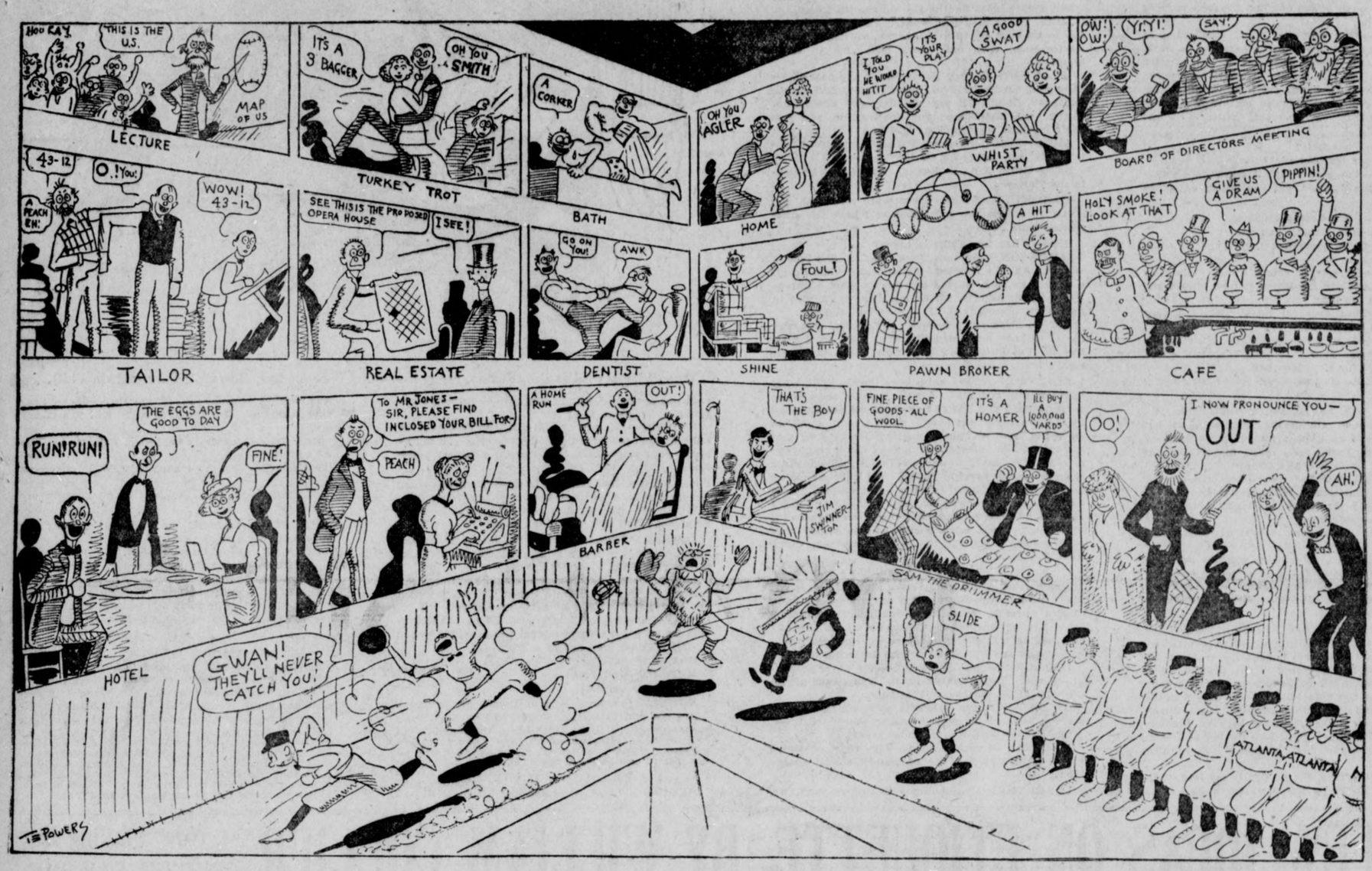
Where is the boy or girl who wouldn't like to drive one of them. The Sunday American and the Georgian are

Giving Them Away

A Suggestion—

If You Can't Attend to Work and See the National Game, Move Your Place of Business Into the Grand Stand

By T. E. POWERS, the Famous Cartoonist



Rhymes Without Reason

By J. J. Leibson.

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SING a song of sixpence,
A pocket full of oats;
Four and twenty women
Clamoring for votes.
When Parliament was opened
They didn't do a thing—
It isn't such an easy job
These days to be a King;
The King was in his counting house,
They blew up all his money;
The Queen she wept because they mixed
Some mustard with her honey.
The maids were in the garden
And—what do you suppose?—
They grabbed the old Prime Minister
And dragged him by the nose.

* * *

LITTLE BO-PEEP has lost her sleep,
And would you know the reason?
She turkey-trots throughout the night,
Both in and out of season.

* * *

SOLOMON GRUNDY;
Born on a Monday;
Christened on Tuesday;
Married on Wednesday;
Still wed on Thursday;
The same on Friday;
Ditto on Saturday;
No change on Sunday.
Well, THAT was the end
Of Solomon Grundy.

* * *

THERE was a young woman who lived in a shoe
Of black patent leather and size number two.
She looked most unhappy; she couldn't walk straight;
And neither could you, with a foot number eight.

* * *

PETER, Peter, lunch-house eater,
Had a wife and thought he'd treat her;
He took her to the Automat,
Where nickels buy you this and that.

* * *

MARY had a little lamb,
With French peas on the side;
But when the waiter brought the check
Poor Mary nearly died.

Lew Dockstader's Merry Minstrel Monologue

Just a Few of the Great Blackfaced Comedian's Fund of Stories.

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FOR the sake of all fair-minded poultry—be they hens, chickens or squabs—that may be in the audience, let me say at the start that my Uncle Jawge is not against marriage. He's up against it.

So you'll all bear with me when I confide to you that Uncle Jawge is inclined to drink—especially after he's had a dozen or so. His wife makes Emmy Pankhurst look as gentle as the plaintive bulbul bird. Uncle Jawge is a good mixer. He's stood and watched bartenders for hours at a time, and although he may drink, I don't want you to think that he drinks all the time. I've seen him sleep.

Now Luther Burbank is supposed to be the greatest grafter in the world. He can squeeze a bunch of grapes together and make a grape fruit out of 'em. Well, believe me, Uncle Jawge can make a lemon out of Luther Burbank. The New York cops will never control the graft trust while Uncle is alive. He calls himself Municipal Booze Sampler, and he wears five stars to show his authority. Then he goes around and tests the bottles to see whether they've been refilled. And when Uncle Jawge gets his foot on the third rail and gets set for his day's work it takes as many as five bouncers to get him out of the place by 1 a. m.

The day before Uncle Jawge got back from the war he buried his left leg. He said he lost it in the cannon's mouth. The artillery boys had busted their ramrod, and as they were in pressing need for another, Uncle Jawge volunteered his leg. Well, to make a long story exciting, the cannon ball had a premature birth, and Uncle Jawge went away from there! But I think that's an exploded idea. My opinion is that somebody had just bought a drink, and when the time came for the re-treat, Uncle was shot trying to escape so he wouldn't have to buy.

Anyhow, Uncle Jawge came right to me as soon as he got back and asked me if I knew anything about legs. As soon as I saw that he was serious I agreed to get a good leg for him. He wondered if I'd know a good leg if I saw one. I said I'd go and saw, anyway. So I sawed the leg off a baby—grand piano and strapped it onto Uncle. He was delighted with the shape cause it matched his other leg so well.

Now right here I must say a word about Uncle Jawge's teeth. Of course you know all teeth are divided into two classes, born teeth and teeth by proxy. Most of Uncle's born teeth have gone to rest, and on this particular morning when I strapped on Uncle's new-made leg he just happened to have the entire wreath of his would-be teeth in his hip pocket. Well, I forgot to saw the castor off that black walnut piano leg, the floor was slippery, and Uncle never was at home on roller skates anyhow. It's pretty hard luck if Uncle Jawge gets hydrophobia because his own teeth snapped at him.

So I had to get Uncle Jawge another leg. I made it out of sugar maple. Oh, but it was a handsome leg. I showed it to a manager of a burlesque theatre, and he said of all the shows he had ever put on he had never, in all his experience, seen a better, more fascinating—well, that just shows you what a good leg it was. But alas! (you know, alas is what you say when sump'n's busted) no sooner had poor Uncle Jawge started to walk around with the best leg he ever had in his life, than some mean man, utterly devoid of all sympathy, drove a nail into that sugar-maple leg, hung a bucket on it, and drew out all the sap! Now I ask you, what can any leg do with its very life-blood drawn out. The only thing left for me to do was to buy an automobile, because poor Uncle Jawge was stumped and he just had to have his exercise.

So I took the hundred dollars Uncle Jawge had saved up from his pension. We paid $100 down and a dollar a week as long as Uncle Jawge lives. You see that proposition works all right because the company made Uncle Jawge make over his life insurance policy in their favor.

Well, they sold us a car, gave us a 70-page book, and told us to go ahead. That book had two pages of instructions on how to run the machine and 68 pages on first aid to the injured. I looked at the rules and they said first push down lever A and then lever be.

Uncle Jawge grew impatient while I was reading the rules. He leaned over and pushed down all the levers, and WE WENT AWAY FROM THERE! The speedometer went all the way around the indicator until it registered a hundred and twenty-five miles an hour, and then started on the second lap. Uncle Jawge bounced up into the air, and when he came down I saw he had his whole leg wrapped around the tail-light. The portion of his partial leg that still remained he just let wave.

We must have hit a Little Rock in Arkansaw and traveled through the air for a few hundred miles, because I never knew where we were after that until we struck Lousyanna. I wouldn't have known it was Lousyanna except that we nearly got stuck in molasses going through New Orleans. I saw then that we were headed for the Gulf of Mexico. I was afraid of getting a chill if we were engulfed, because I felt rather warm just then, so I turned her aside. In a few minutes we had knocked the top off Pike's Peak. We went through the horizon twice.

Well, we never stopped until we landed on a mud flat near the State House in Albany. They've been throwing a lot of mud up there lately and that's what stopped us. I looked at my watch and it was just nineteen minutes and thirty-seven seconds since we had left Chicago. I figured that we rode about a thousand miles a second because we beat our shadow by three hours.

TRULY RURAL YARNS—

By KATE WATSON, "Truly Rural Girl" in Vaudeville

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A YOUNG man proposed marriage one day, while on a straw ride, to a very charming farmer's daughter.

"Minnie," he said, "would ye like to marry me an' be Missus Ruben Rountree?"

"No, sir, I won't be Missus Rountree or any other neither. I ain't never goin' to be married," she said seriously.

"Ha! ha! Never goin' to be married! Huh, that's what they all say, but you'll notice they're STILL building school houses," said Ruben, with some force.

* * *

A GENTLEMAN was walking through the negro portion of an American town, when he came across a woman unmercifully beating a little boy.

"Here, my good woman," he said, seizing her by the arm, "you must not do that. What has he done, anyway?"

"Mustn't do that! What has he done?" ejaculated the enraged negress. "If you want to know, he's been and lef' de chicken hous' do' open, an' all dim chickens got out."

"Well, that is not so serious," said the gentleman, soothingly; "chickens always come home to roost."

"Come home!" snorted the woman; "dem chickens will all go home!"

* * *

THE colonel came down to breakfast New Year's morning with a bandaged hand.

"Why, colonel, what's the matter?" they asked.

"Confound it all!" the colonel answered, "we had a little party last night, and one of the younger men got intoxicated and stepped on my hand."

* * *

RUNNING from the Mexican border to San Antonio is a railroad known as the International and Gulf Northern. At a way station, when the train arrived, stood a group of plainsmen, who gazed admiringly at the new locomotive with its bright gold letters, I. & G. N., printed on the tender.

"Say, Bill," said a tall fellow, turning to a companion, "ain't that a durned funny way tuh spell injun?"



A YOUNG lady from the corn belt was advised that she had all the qualities of a great voice. Of course these good friends had only heard her call the chickens, cows and the farm hands to dinner, but there was something there they said that bespoke a "grand opree career."

So Tillie took lessons every Saturday morning from the district piano tuner. Then she came on to the big city. She was given a spot on a vaudeville bill—about No. 8.

How she "went" will not be chronicled right here. It is enough to say that the manager of the house came back and said:

"I'm sorry, Miss Sprout, but I'll have to cancel your engagement."

"What's the matter?" asked our heroine, "didn't my natural-born contralto fill the theatre?"

"Yes, my dear lady," he said, sadly, "and ALSO the lobby!"

* * *

THE teacher had written on the blackboard the sentence: "The toast was drank in silence," and turned to her class for them to discover the mistake.

Little Bennie Sheridan waved his hand frantically, and, going to the board, scrawled the correction: "The toast was ate in silence."

* * *

A MAN with a very red face met a friend on the street and the following conversation took place:

"You look warm."

"Yes, been chasing a hat."

"Did your hat blow off?"

"It wasn't my hat, it belonged to someone else—there was a pretty girl under it."

"Did you catch it?"

"I should say I DID, My WIFE saw me chasing it!"

LAUGHTER ON A SEA BREEZE with 'The Girl From Out Yonder'

Lines and Situations From the Play Which Comes to the Atlanta Theater This Week.

ALL is excitement at Terry's Harbor Club House owing to the heroic rescue from drowning of Mrs. Elmer, a New York society matron. Who has rescued her, Mrs. Elmer herself does not know, for the lad, as she describes him, has disappeared. The city people who frequent the club are in direct contrast to the plain, everyday fisher-folk who make their homes on the nearby islands and frequently visit the mainland.

Mrs. Elmer's nephew, Edward, is very much concerned about his aunt's health, while Clarice, a distant cousin, cannot hide her snobbishness even at such a time. Hubert, another of the party, is always to be found in Clarice's wake, although he admits he doesn't know why he should love one of whom he so thoroughly disapproves.

Such is the situation when Flotsam steps into the picture. Flotsam is the daughter of Captain Amos Barton, who keeps the lighthouse. She is a dainty girl of seventeen, but has been brought up very much like a boy. In her oil-skin breeches and coat, her sweater and high rubber boots and her curls tucked under an old sou'wester, she might easily be taken for a boy of twelve. Her manner, however, is not rough nor boyish, but is child-like and sweet. The rescue is under discussion and Flotsam comes on the scene.

CLARICE—And when you were overturned, I suppose you thought of all the mean and disgraceful things you ever did in your life?

MRS. ELMER—Clarice, I've been in society for 20 years. How could I think of them all? Fancy, Edward, I was going down for the fourth time—actually for the fourth time—— Why, there is the child now who rescued me! Come here, my boy.

FLOTSAM—Boy? You don't mean you took me for a boy! Well, I guess not. Boy? Ha, ha, ha!

ELMER—Mistake quite unintentional. We beg your pardon.

FLOTSAM—Oh, that's all right; it's the breeches. I wear them because skirts are such a thundering nuisance when I'm hauling in the fish. Besides, I like the pockets.

MRS. ELMER—Then it's even more remarkable! To think of a young girl like that saving my life! I was going down for the fourth time—I insist upon it—for the fourth time, sinking silently to my doom.

FLOTSAM—Silently? Not much! You yelled like a Southwest gale and wiggled like a—say, I thought I'd have to give you one under the ear to keep you quiet—honest, I did. You look water-soaked yet. How do you feel?

MRS. ELMER—Well, slightly—er—

FLOTSAM—Didn't any one hold you up by the heels?

MRS. ELMER (Shocked)—By the heels?

FLOTSAM (Seriously)—Why, of course. That's the first thing we do when you're drowned.

MRS. ELMER—And who is "we?" You haven't told me your name yet, my dear.

FLOTSAM—Oh, I'm just Cap'n Barton's daughter, Flotsam. I come from out yonder.

ELMER—And where is out yonder?

FLOTSAM—Why, out to Great Reef Light House. That's where I lived always.

MRS. ELMER—Let me introduce you to my friends, child. This is Miss Stapleton, a cousin of mine.

FLOTSAM (Bows rather awkwardly)—How's your health? You're dressed so pretty I feel awful queer alongside of you in my fishing clothes. Hope you'll excuse 'em. If I'd known I was going to come ashore and be introduced to folks——

HUBERT—I say, me next, please.

MRS. ELMER—Mr. J. Hubert Hughes, of New York, and the laziest man on earth.

FLOTSAM—How's your health?

HUBERT—Don't you believe I'm lazy. Walked down to the postoffice for Mrs. Elmer this morning—half a mile. Won't do it again. But I'm charmed, Miss—er—Flot—Flotsam. (To Clarice) I say, did you notice her eyes? They're deep enough to drown in.

MRS. ELMER—My nephew and adopted son, Mr. Edward Elmer, who foolishly insists upon earning his living by the sweat of his brow.

FLOTSAM—It's too bad to make you sweat.

MRS. ELMER—He's a civil engineer.

FLOTSAM—Oh, are you? I knew a fireman once, but I never knew an engineer.

ELMER—Very proud to meet you, Miss Flotsam.

FLOTSAM—How's your health?

ELMER—We're all proud to meet such a little heroine.

HUBERT—Do you mean to say that you live over there at that lonesome lighthouse all the time?

FLOTSAM—But the lighthouse isn't lonesome. And anyhow, I've lots of company. Dad, and Cousin Simonson, and Melchizedek. He's a snapping turtle. I'll show him to you. (Produces turtle from pocket of oil skins.)

CLARICE (Hysterically)—Oh, take him away, do! The awful—oh!

FLOTSAM (Fondling turtle)—I'm afraid you've hurt his feelings, saying that. (Addressing the turtle.) Of course she's not acquainted with you, and doesn't know how sensitive you are, Melchizedek.

ELMER (Amused)—You don't honestly believe that turtle understands what you say to him?

FLOTSAM—I think he does. But of course nobody knows what a turtle knows but a turtle. Isn't that so, Melchizedek? He follows me all around the island. But I must signal to dad. He thinks I'm after blackfish yet, I calculate. I've been out in my boat for hours and hours.

HUBERT—I say, what a strenuous life!

FLOTSAM—Oh, I can manage a boat, all kinds of boats. Dad says he'd trust me to manage the crew of a sailing vessel around Cape Horn if I was put to it.

ELMER—And what would you do, for instance, in a tornado, with the sails blown down, the vessel rolling in the trough of the sea, and the crew rushing for the lifeboats?

FLOTSAM—I'd line the devilish landlubbers up in front of me, and tell 'em to bring her head to wind, close reef all sails from mainsheet to jib, batter down the hatches, and let her rip under bare poles. And if they didn't I'd knock out their cussed brains with a belaying pin. (Suddenly embarrassed.) Or something like that. Excuse me, please, I've lost something.

HUBERT—What is it?

ELMER—Your handkerchief?

FLOTSAM—I'm sure I laid it down here somewhere. Miss Stapleton, aren't you sitting on something?

CLARICE—No, I hardly think so.

FLOTSAM—But I think you are.

CLARICE—Can't you wait until I go into the house?

FLOTSAM—Oh, yes, of course I can. Only Melchizedek gets awfully smothery, and he bites when you sit on him too long.

CLARICE—That dreadful turtle. Oh, the very idea of such a thing. Oh!

FLOTSAM—He says he's breathing. It's all right. But you can thank your landlubber's boots I didn't get mad at you for sitting on him.

MRS. ELMER—But, my dear, you've too sweet a nature—

FLOTSAM—Oh, no, no, you mustn't think that. I'm not a bit sweet. Oh, dear, I hate owning up, but I get ripping mad at Cousin Simonson sometimes. Once when she nagged me I threw the dishcloth at her. Oh, I've got a hell of a temper.

MRS. ELMER (shocked)—Good heavens!

FLOTSAM (innocently misunderstanding her)—Wasn't it awful? It struck her right in the face, and it was all soapy, too.

While Flotsam is visiting her newly-found city friends and is keeping them well entertained by her quaint remarks, Joey Clarke, a fisher lad very much in love with Flotsam, has been hovering about listening to the conversation and growing more and more jealous because of the attentions paid the girl by Elmer.

Cap'n Amos Barton, too, has been looking for Flotsam, and with his faithful shipmate, Ben Cooke, in tow, appears at the club house. Cap'n Amos for twenty years has been trying to live down a crime which he has been led to believe he committed on shipboard. As the man killed at the time was the father of young Elmer this tragedy, when finally revealed by Joey, naturally comes between Flotsam and Elmer. Flotsam's great love for her Dad is at all times evident, and she introduces him to Mrs. Elmer proudly.

FLOTSAM—Oh, Mrs. Elmer, this is my Dad, Captain Barton. He keeps the brightest light on the Maine coast, don't you Dad? And he's awful smart, too. He knows latitude and longitude, and the compass, don't you, Dad? And I love him like a turtle does his shell, and this is Mr. Hughes and Miss Stapleton—and I know they're both proud to meet you.

AMOS—Here's hopin'.

FLOTSAM—Dip your colors, Dad. And here comes some of our folks. This is Dad's Cousin Simonson.

SIMONSON—Fine day, ain't it?

FLOTSAM—And this is Ben Cooke. Ben plays jackstones more than any man on Potato Island, and he's in love with Cousin Simonson, only she won't marry him because——

BEN—Thunder, Flotsom, you needn't tell all you know an' more too.

SIMONSON—No, she needn't. But I'm willing to say, I won't marry him because I'm a widder, an' know when I'm well off, although men is handy to pilot you around. You needn't stray too far long shore, Ben Cooke. 'Twon't take me more'n a minute to do my marketin'.

MRS. ELMER—Captain Barton, how can I ever express my gratitude? Your little girl here saved me from drowning. I was positively at my last gasp. You keep the lighthouse, she tells me. Do you find it interesting?

AMOS—It might be worse—same time I'm a fisherman an' if my right arm hadn't gone back on me, 'count of bein' frozen in a haddockin' trip, I'd rather taken my chances fightin' the old sea till I died.

MRS. ELMER—I don't wonder. For any human being to be shut up in a lighthouse, especially in the winter time, with only one's past sins to think about——

FLOTSAM—But my Daddy hasn't any past sins—have you, Daddy? If you open your mouth to say you have, Daddy, I'll put my fist way down you, throat. Oh, Mrs. Elmer, you don't know, you just can't imagine how good my Dad is.

AMOS—And here comes Ben and Simonson workin' their jaw tackle for all they're worth.

BEN—Come, now, Simonson. Here I be a proposin' to you——

SIMONSON—For the seventeenth time. An' I'm going to refuse you now, same as I have the other sixteen time before.

BEN—What for, I like to know?

SIMONSON—Because there's nothin' like bein' a widder. An' if I married you, no tellin' when I'd git a chance to be a widder the second time. But so long as your mind is set on me, Ben, my advice is, not to git discouraged. Jest keep on proposin'.

BEN—I swow, all I believe you're actin' this way fur is to keep me a danglin' like a fish, an' I don't like it. I'm gittin' sore in the gills! Men have their rights, that's what I say.

SIMONSON—They have, have they? Well, what about women's rights? We don't have none when we're young girls. We're a-spendin' all our days an' nights a-studyin' out how to catch a man, an' if we do catch him we have to wait on him hand an' foot the rest of our lives, an' if we don't catch him, we're a miser'ble, looked-down-on old maid; an' one state is as bad as the other an' worse. The only chance we women have of leadin' a free, independent, joyful existence is when we've caught a husband and killed him off. We're widders after that, Ben Cooke, with the right to make a man dangle as long as he'll stay on the hook. An' for the sake of my sex, that's what I'm goin' to do.

* * * * * * * * * *

Finding that Elmer really loves Flotsam and is not likely to fall into the net she has spread for him, Clarice turns to Hubert, who even surprises himself by waking up and taking Clarice by storm. Simonson, having told Clarice's future by the teagrounds in her cup, has by no means been flattering to her.

SIMONSON—And you wind up by never marryin' no one. You're an old maid. You never git no husband at all, extinct or otherwise.

HUBERT—Oh, yes, she will, although she doesn't deserve one. She's going to marry me.

CLARICE—Not in a thousand years!

HUBERT—Of course not to-day—right off—soon as we can get back to the mainland and find a minister.

CLARICE—I—Clarice Stapleton—marry you? You, with not enough money to support one persons comfortably, let alone two?



When Flotsam (Miss Billy Long), meets the young New Yorker, Edward Elmer (Edwin Vail).

HUBERT—More when real estate in Dakota rises, but we won't wait for that. I'm marryin' you to improve your disposition, you know, and mustn't lose time.

CLARICE—How can you imagine, that, under my circumstances, I would ever consent to marry you?

HUBERT—You'd marry any fellow that took you by storm. You simply couldn't resist.

CLARICE—Hubert Hughes, the lazy veranda ornament, taking a woman's heart by storm. The idea is too ridiculous. Ha, ha, ha!

HUBERT—Oh, I know I'm lazy sometimes, but when I get waked up I'm a terror. Now I'm waked up. I'm going to put my arms around you.

CLARICE—Really? And what do you expect to gain by such an unconventional proceeding?

HUBERT—You'll fall in a heap.

CLARICE—Insulting!

HUBERT—Get ready.

CLARICE—Absurd!

HUBERT (suddenly seizing Clarice in his arms)—I've got you in my arms and you like it. It's the proper thing. We can get back to the mainland in half an hour. Quarter of an hour more to find a minister. Three minutes for the ceremony and all the rest of our lives to regret it. Will you marry me?

CLARICE (faintly)—Oh, what has come over me?

HUBERT—Love. Old-fashoned article. Knew it was waiting to grab you all the time. I can hear your heart beat. Do you love me? Will you marry me?

CLARICE (breaking away)—Oh, wait, wait. Give me time.

HUBERT—You don't need any. Will you marry me?

CLARICE—Oh, but Simonson hasn't brought my umbrella!

HUBERT—Confound the umbrella! (Pulls her back into his arms.) Kiss me.

CLARICE (struggling)—I won't.

HUBERT—You can't help yourself. (Kisses her.) Will you marry me?

CLARICE—I'm afraid I will. (Hubert kisses her again. Clarice pulls away and looks at Hubert with deep reproach.) Oh, why didn't you wake up before?

* * * * * * * * * *

With Clarice married to Hubert and Simonson obliged to turn about and propose to Ben, there remains little to do except to straighten out the love affairs of Elmer and Flotsam, which the captain's past has badly complicated. Flotsam, although sincerely in love with Elmer, never falters in her love for her father, and even when he is believed to be guilty of a crime she stands by him and becomes keeper of the light during his enforced imprisonment. Her reward comes, however, when it finally comes to light that her father was wrongly accused. Then it is that she is free to marry and the dream of happiness of these two young people comes true.

DON'T DO THAT—A FEW IDEAS ON ETIQUETTE, BY WILLIAM COLLIER

Now Playing In "NEVER SAY DIE."

DON'TS FOR AUTHORS

DON'T forget that the pen is mightier than the sword—except in romantic plays.

* * *

Don't think that because a play reads well it will act well; the Declaration of Independence reads well, but it doesn't act as well as a prize fight.

* * *

Don't think that because you are a playwright you always write a play right.

* * *

Don't ever admit that you wrote a bad play—always blame failures on the manager, company or production.

* * *

Don't forget that stage dinners do not fill the actors or the house.

* * *

No matter how gross the play, you get your share of the gross. Don't do that.

* * *

DON'TS FOR ACTORS

Don't take liberties with the author's lines; always respect royalty.

* * *

Don't think because you hold the center of the stage you are the center of attraction.

* * *

Don't overlook the fact that while you support the star, he supports you.

* * *

Don't forget that, although Cleveland was a great President, it's a bad shown town.

* * *

Don't bank too much on a good newspaper notice; just try to buy a pair of shoes with one.

* * *

Don't ignore the fact that, although an actor needs good lines, he also needs a good situation.

Don't try to raise your salary, the manager has a hard enough time trying to do it.

* * *

The Koran says, "To lend is to lose one's money and one's friends." The Koran is right; don't have friends who haven't any money.

* * *

Don't go on the stage from the argument, "Come with us and see the world;" The only scenery the actor sees is in the baggage car.

* * *

Don't forget when you make up your face to play, make up your mind to work.

* * *

Don't count too much on quiet scenes—beware of the man behind the drum.

Don't strive to wear another man's mantle, make one of your own.

* * *

Don't laugh at your audience, no matter how funny they look.

* * *

Don't wear all your good clothes on the stage; you may be asked out to dinner.

* * *

Don't tell your friends or manager how much you could do with the star's part; do something with your own.

* * *

Never play in two performances a day—work in both of them.

* * *

Never ask the advance man or the manager for the route—ask the property man or first old woman.

* * *

Why should anybody else be "featured" when your features are just as good as the ones featured? Don't do that.

* * *

"If business permits," we will give up two; if it doesn't, you give us two. Don't do that.

* * *

Never suggest a change in the cast—you may be out of work. Don't do that.

* * *

Don't put too much of your own "stuff" in a performance—let the backer do that.

* * *

Remember a three-sheet never made an actor—a third shirt may. Don't do that.

* * *

Never tell your "real" salary—get it. Don't do that.

* * *

DON'TS FOR AUDIENCE

Don't mistake a small house for an author's shortcomings.

* * *

Don't think because you are sitting in the gallery you are above suspicion.

* * *

Remember that when you are sitting in the theater with another man's wife, there are ladies in the cast. Don't do that.

* * *

Don't come to the theater late. Remember that the early bird catches the plot.

* * *

Don't ignore the proper function of the theater; mothers; when baby cries, bring it to the theater so that everybody can hear it.

Women forget that when they say they "saw her fifteen years ago," they make themselves fifteen years older than they like to be thought. Don't do that.

* * *

When you buy theater tickets, don't ask, "Can I see from there?" A ticket seller is not necessarily an oculist. Don't do that.

* * *

Don't get discouraged if you fail at your real trade: plumbing or manicuring. Go on the stage; all the world's a stage.

* * *

Don't come late and know it all; come early and see it all.

* * *

Don't believe all you hear of actors—we read the papers also.

* * *

Don't shudder at the villain's cruelty to the heroine—she may be his mother.

* * *

Don't tell funny stories to one another during the play—let us amuse you.

* * *

Don't overlook the fact that the theater is yet to be built in which all the seats are on an aisle, and all the tickets for only five rows from the stage.

* * *

Don't complain when you are told that children under five are not admitted to the theater and that ladies over forty never admit it.

* * *

If you have had a falling out with your husband, don't spoil his dinner. Keep it to yourself and come and spoil the play. Don't do that.

DON'TS FOR MANAGERS

Don't try to get away from the fact that while good plays make good actors, they also make good managers.

* * *

Don't be so fooled by curtain calls, applause, bravos, slaps on the back or glowing accounts of your production Tuesday morning; wait for Tuesday night's box office receipts.

* * *

Don't try to educate the public; we have public schools for that purpose.

Don't lose sight of the fact that, although "the play's the thing," the playing of the play's the thing also.

* * *

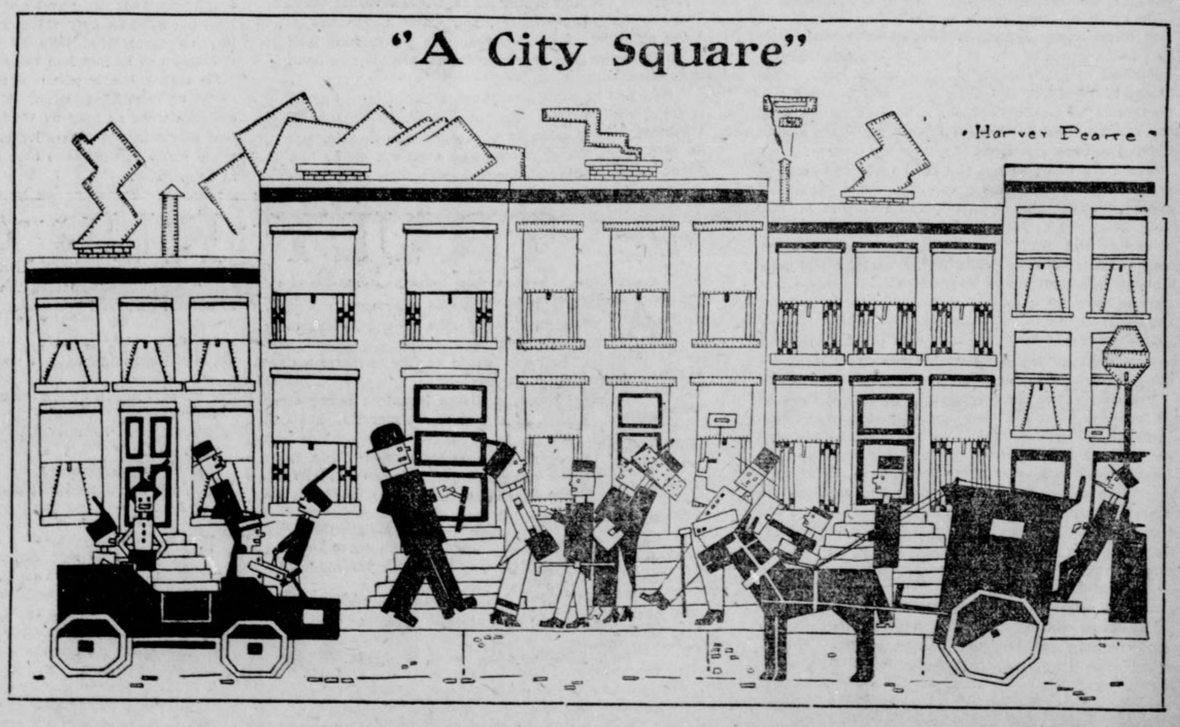
Don't put any dressing rooms in the theater you build. Make the actors dress in the public park—you can save all "fixtures" that way.

* * *

Don't overlook the fact that you can substitute paste for diamonds, tea for whisky, candy for food, but you can not substitute a blacksmith for an actor.

* * *

The purpose of the theater is to hold the mirror up to nature, but first clean the mirror and be careful it isn't cracked.



Sam the Drummer—By T. E. POWERS, the Famous Cartoonist

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SMILES!

Henry Was Useful.

"Henry," said his father-in-law, as he called his daughter's spouse into the library and locked the door, "you have lived with me now for over two years."

"Yes, father."

"In all that time I haven't asked you a penny for board."

"No, sir"—wonderingly.

"In all your little family quarrels I have always taken your part and decided in your favor."

"Always, sir."

"I have even paid some of your bills."

"A good many, father."

"And in every way helped you to get along."

"You have been very kind, sir."

"I have tried to be, my boy, and I hope you appreciate it."

"I do, sir."

"Then the small favor I am about to ask of you will no doubt be granted?"

"Most certainly, sir."

"Thanks. When I want you to tell your mother-in-law that these tickets for the French dance which she picked up in my room this morning must have accidentally fallen out of your pocket, and we'll call it square!"

Then Someone Prayed.

A number of clergymen were discussing the character of a venerable woman whom they esteemed to be wise in her generation, but a young man who was present said it struck him that she showed great lack of wisdom in one respect.

"What is that, pray?" inquired an elderly gentleman.

"Why," said the young man, "she always puts out her tubs to catch soft water when it is raining hard."

And silence fell upon the assembly.

No Chance to Win.

"I couldn't get out of marrying her," Henpeck explained. "When she proposed she said, 'Will you marry me? Have you any objection?' You see, no matter whether I said 'Yes' or 'No,' she had me."

"Why didn't you just keep silent, then?" inquired his friend.

"That's what I did, and she said, 'Silence gives consent,' and that ended it."

'Not Necessarily'

One of the Songs in "PANAMANIA," the Annual Show of the Harvard Hasty Pudding Club.

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I'SE the victim of an argument,
And ev'ry time I try
To prove my theory to somebody
I get five fingers in the eye.
I was sweepin' here the other day,
When a gemman come by me,
I swop him wif a broom like this,
And he turned round angrily.
That fellow got real mad at me,
Punch'd me in the beak!
Then I just did chastise that man,
The dog-gone little sneak.
Should I have stood right up to him
And turned the other cheek?
Not necessarily.

I was in a tight place jes' las' week,
But really 'twan't ma fault;
You can't considah me respons'ble
Cause I'd lapped up so much malt.
I was standin' outside the boozery
When I had had ma fill—
An' a sporty dame walked by an' dropped
A twenty dollah bill.
I put ma foot down on that bill
As quickly as I might.
I couldn't hardly wait to see
That gal get out of sight.
Now, should I have followed her to do
The thing you all think right?
Not necessarily.

Ma wife, she is a deep brunette,
(Jes' bear that fact in mind,
Because 'twill be important in
The verdict you must find);
I went to see a little gal,
With a lighter shade of hair,
And when wife found one on ma coat,
She had me then fo' fair.
She asked me point-blank to explain
Jes' where I'd been that night.
I hemmed an' hawed an' hemmed again,
But kep' ma mouth shut tight.
Now, should I by tellin' her have risked
Ma chance to health an' sight?
Not necessarily.

WILD INSECTS I HAVE MET

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By I. M. STUNG, the Eminent Social Entomologist.

The Bottle Fly.

THE bottle-fly, ladies and gentlemen, is one of our common insects. It might be classed with the pests. A full grown bottle fly covers a wide range, but may be found in larger numbers around cafes, buffets, bar rooms, sideboards and similar fields. It belongs to the "Sousium" family. It is not an aquatic insect, water being something it generally avoids, although in its younger days it sometimes takes a little water on the side.

When the bottle fly first appears it has no marks to distinguish it from other social flies, except, perhaps, it clings to the bottle in infancy in a rather prophetic manner. The full-fledged bottle fly, however, is easily distinguished by means of its bright red proboscis, mottled appearance, erratic movements, and irregular habits.

The fully developed bottle fly takes little solid food, but possesses a chronic thirst and drinks practically everything containing spirits and malt except, perhaps, perfumes and gasoline. The perfectly developed and mature bottle fly may be detected by its constant aversion to water.



The average bottle fly is received in society for a considerable period, but they are ultimately cast out because of their unsociable habits and their habit of kicking in windows or smashing hats or chucking strange ladies under the chin.

Some bottle flies, it has been said, are poured back in the bottle after they die. This is a stage joke, however. They seldom have such luck.

The Lady-Bug.

THIS insect is as varied as the feminine sex can vary, and that, of course, is the limit of variation.

The genuine lady-bug, so-called because they call themselves ladies, may be found in large numbers at teas, receptions, parties, tours, bridge parties, etc. In fact, the lady-bug of this social variety is found almost everywhere except in her home or with her children.

She is a strictly social insect, covering a wide range of countries. She is of the genus called "Vanium." She is the most violent in the United States, but more aggressive in Europe. In England the lady-bugs are fast dying out. The lady-bug, although attractive, is really a vicious little insect without the least mother instinct or a soul for domestic life.

Long ago, one of our best known poets wrote a most touching lyric concerning a lady-bug who was chattering at a rose tea while her home burned up and her children were destroyed. She had not become a lady-bug early enough, which accounts for the children. You will doubtless remember the wonderful and soul-stirring poem, my friends, as it begins as follows:

"Lady-bug, lady-bug, fly away home ——

The lady-bug is a great chatterer, saying vain nothings at teas and receptions, but talking most viciously about her acquaintances behind their backs. The lady-bug of ancient and proud family is not so vicious, and vulgar, and vindictive as the lady-bug developed from sudden riches. Lady-



bugs cause envy, jealousies and dissatisfaction in life and are a menace to our entomological social world.

The Blow Fly.

YOU all have heard, ladies and gentlemen, of the blow fly. There are both male and female blow flies, but doubtless the male species exceed. They are common everywhere. Frequently they are more than common, being plentiful. They belong to that social insect family, the "Swelled-headium."

The blow fly is not really a dangerous social insect; he is a bit of a pest and quite bothersome. During working hours he is not so bad, but during social hours he's the limit.

One blow fly has been known to innoculate an entire club room with ennui for an hour. This popular (with himself) social insect can always be spotted by a loud buzzing sound. Frequently his buzzing gets to be something like this:

"My-auto-is-the-bestzzzzzzz."

"The-boss-said-I-was-the-smartest-man-in-the-officezzzzzzz."

"I - can - drink-more-and-keep-soberer-than-any-other-man-in-Americazzzzzzzzz."

"She-told-everyone-I-was-a-perfect-Adoniszzzzzzz!"

This buzzing sound varies to almost every shade of topic known to conversation.



A blow fly never allows any other social insect to approach him without telling him what a great man he (the blow fly) is, how wealthy he is, how smart he is, what a gay dog he is, how smart his children are, how handsome his stenographer is, or something like that. But a full-fledged blow fly never praises his wife or gives her any credit—he buzzes only concerning himself.

Sometimes these pests may be exterminated with a magic sentence, such as, "Well, pay me that $30 you have owed me for three years," or, "Yes, I saw you sweeping out the office as I stepped in to collect that $10,000 your boss owes me," or, "Europe? You were never out of Cocheco County until you came here!"

JUST FOR FUN

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REMINISCENT PARROT.

A GENTLE and pious old tailor
Bought a parrot once owned by a sailor.
When the dominie called
He was really appalled,
And the tailor grew paler and paler.

WITH SITTING.

TEACHER—John, give me a sentence containing the word "notwithstanding."

John—"The man's trousers were worn out, not with standing."

OH, MERSEY!

THERE was once a young fellow named Kersey,
Who went for a walk in New Jersey,
But he never returned,
And they afterward learned
That mosquitoes like meat in New Jersey.

ODE
BY A CONFESSED PESSIMIST

SOME folks have cattle on a hundred hills,
And some folks don't.
Some folks start fires with hundred dollar bills,
And some folks don't.
Prosperitee its's plain to see is very much on hand—i.e.
Some folks have all they want—but ME—
I don't.

SHORT STORY WITH HAPPY ENDING.

MISER JONES climbed into bed.

"To-morrow," he chuckled, "I'll turn Widder Smith out of her cottage, and serve eviction papers on Henry Johnson, and hev that Ransom boy sent to the Reformatory for stealing my apples, and git Lawyer Hicks to draw up a will cutting off my daughter with ten cents and leaving the rest of the money to the Society for Killing Stray Cats. Ever since I took to that mushroom diet I been saving an awful lot on my eating expenses, though, of course, I suppose I don't gather all they is on the place. But I wouldn't throw away my money buying a mushroom book. Them mushrooms I et to-night tasted awful funny, but I guess if I just go to sleep I'll be feeling all right to-morrow."

HENRIETTA'S OFFENSE.

A TIFFIN, OHIO, man once discovered in ambush a sad-faced little girl with a fistful of mud. She was standing in a sheltered corner of a grocery store and was from to time peering around down the street.

"Who are you waiting for, little girl?" asked the man.

"Henrietta."

"What's Henrietta done?" asked the man, with a significant glance at the mud in the child's hand.

"Nothin'. Don't you know she's Queen of the May?"

NOSE BETTER NOW.

AN amateur dramatic club put on the play of "Caste." In the last act old man Eckles is supposed to be a hopeless drunkard, with a big red nose. This chap, not having a papier-mache nose, built one up of cotton and spirit gum. Spirit gum is made of ether. When old Eckles went to light his pipe he also lighted his nose.

"Oh, doctor!"

AT BAY—OVER THE BAY.

HE was returning from an evening at the Authors' and Actors' Club. The hour was late and, possibly because of weariness, his legs seemed somewhat unsteady.

With difficulty he made his way inside and had just succeeded in crowding his hat under the sofa and hanging his shoes upon the halltree, when a voice from above called, "Arthur!"

"Yesh, m'dear!"

"Are you not ashamed to come home in this condition?"

"Whish condishon?"

"You know well enough. You are intoxicated."

"Thatsh a libel, woman. Never more sober-ber-ber in m' life."

"Arthur, say 'chrysanthemum.'"

(Prolonged pause.)

"M'dear—I'm drunk."

NO USE FOR QUININE.

HOWSO—What are you doing for your cold?

Soso—Taking the open-air treatment. Breathing lots of oxygen during the day.

Howso—What do you breathe at night?

Soso—Nightrogen.

THESE FUNNY WORLDS.

THIS is an aggravating world,
'Tis neither sound nor nice;
It's either hot as—hot can be—
Or else it's cold as ice.

And should we try another one,
No more in peace we'd dwell;
'Twould either be as cold as ice,
Or else as hot as—hot can be.

COUNTS HIM OUT.

ANY father knows that it's the little things that count.

The Red Corpuscle---A Magazine That Tingles

After Tartar Sauce

A Story of the Red-Blooded Side of the Department of Agriculture

By Wellington Smack, M. L. R.

FEW Americans know of the great research work done in wild parts of the world by agents of the Department of Agriculture.

How few know how Tartar sauce was brought to the United States!

James Macjink was one of the unknown agents who went to Wales, and after almost incredible hardships brought back the pair of Welsh rabbits from which every Welsh rabbit in this country is descended. Macjink had to learn the Welsh language and pass himself off as Lloyd Llongbow of Llangollen, a native of Wales who had lived a llong time in Llexington, before they would llet him have one of the precious rodents.

Another daring worker for the department was David Doughboy. It is to Doughboy's daring that America owes canary seed. Doughboy stole a fast torpedo boat from the Navy Department, landed in the Canary Islands at night, loaded up with the seed from which they grow canaries and was back in the United States before any one knew he had gone.

But the story of the Tartar sauce is even more thrilling. As most people know, Tartary is the most savage country in the world, but Willie O'Hicks cared naught for that. His mission was to bring Tartar sauce back to the United States, and he did it. Twice he was shot, four times he was hanged and once he was drowned, but he never gave up the quest. So remember the name of Willie O'Hicks in future when you daily with steak and Tartar sauce.

Is your blood red? Read the Red Corpuscle, it's made for you. Is your blood pale and thin? Read the Red Corpuscle until your heart sends red blood boiling through your veins.

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The Fight in the Air

Fiction*

By Whyte C. Gull, M. L. R.

PAUL OBAN was a daring aviator, but even his iron nerve failed him when a great golden eagle sank its claws into his neck as he whizzed over the Rocky Mountains.

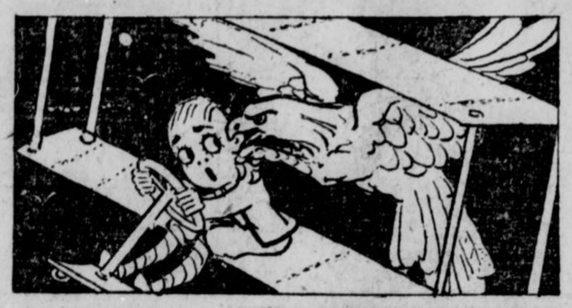
How to get rid of the aerial monster?

The easiest way appeared to be by falling suddenly the 2,000 feet. If the eagle did not relax its hold and fly away it would be killed amid the ruins of the machine. Of course, Oban would be killed, too, but he never bothered much about his own fate.

He had another plan.

Throwing on full speed, he drove his 'plane so rapidly through the air that the intense heat engendered by the friction set fire to the bird's feathers and the smoke quickly suffocated it.

*(*This incident occurred, but the bird was a swallow, not an eagle. Hence we label it "fiction." Accuracy above red blood, even.—Ed.)*



Around the Ripsnorters' Campfire.

THE spread of the Legion of Ripsnorters has been amazing.

Already the famous button of the organization may be seen stuck with walrus fat to the fur coat of an Eskimo Ripsnorter who is swimming through the ice floes in pursuit of a wounded bull whale.

The traveller in the dense jungles of Central Africa may see the emblematic rhinoceros upon the breast of a chief engaged in landing a five-ton hippopotamus with a trout rod.

The passer-by may see it worn by a colonel at Oyster Bay as he drives a plough with one hand and writes an essay on the Dik-Dik with the other.

On the wide reaches of the Amazon the diver who is about to cleave the muddy water to tackle, single-handed, the mighty boa constrictor, may have the M. L. R. button hung around his neck with a string of mahogany fibre.

Indeed there is no spot on the globe where one may not find a wearer of the button. The daring pathfinder in Brooklyn, the wandering adventurer in the Arabian desert, the rash intruder into the fastnesses of Oshkosh—all are Ripsnorters.

Among the latest names to be added to the list are:

King Alfonso of Spain.
George Bernard Shaw.
Vive la Ripsnort!

M. L. R. MEN LOOKING FOR FUN

M. L. R. BUTTON, NO. 8761—Thirty years old. Sailor in whalers since 1881. Harpoons whales single-handed. Can shake dice skilfully. Also good at cooking flapjacks. Like to head prospecting party in Arizona.

M. L. R. BUTTON, NO. 934.—Professional rhinoceros hunter in Nigeria until chased out by Colonial Government for burning a native village to get light to read "Punch" by. Any job combining gold and gore.

M. L. R. BUTTON NO. 27—Ten years a tango tea dancer and still alive, showing strong constitution. Would like light work as coal shoveller or iron worker.

M. L. R. BUTTON, NO. 639—Crossed the Amazon on foot twice and swam thrice across the Sahara. What jobs have you?



Toil In Darkness Stole a Genius's Sight

(Stirring Stories of Great Musicians. No. 5.)

AN old library, in old Germany, a forbidden book, a little lad who looked, and sighed, and hoped.

For to him it was a book of wonder and white delight. His soul thrilled to the glory that it conjured up. It was a book of Music.

One night the moonlight streamed through his room and it tempted him. He crept down stairs, and in the secret of the night took down the book. Its graven melodies stood out before him in a mist of sound.

Night after moonlight night he came thus, bending, poring over it, copying its figured radiances that were immortal sound.

And then one night his task was done. For six months he had worked, and he stood there riven by a triumph poignant as pain. The beauty of the book was his. He had wrung from it the secret of its immortal message.

Years afterwards that boy was great—and a rumor stirred the world regarding him. Men whispered his name. Great women prayed and wept, prayed and waited till the final day. Then the stolen moonlight hours laid their fingers upon him.

Sebastian Bach was blind. . . . . .

Have you a child who hums as he plays, who has the beginnings of musical talent—who *might* have even *genius*? How can you know, till you've found out by giving him a chance with a few music lessons and a *good piano*?

Beware of the kind of pianos that are "good enough to practise on." They deprave the musical taste. They have spoilt thousands of careers.

The ear, or rather the delicate brain cells that connect with it, get bad "sound habits," like a boy who "talks tough," or an English cockney with his misplaced "h." Each is the victim of *sound environment*. Their *sound judgments* have been ruined, and they *can't come back*. The

HALLET & DAVIS PIANO

develops a true musical taste through *true sound*—the one standard of the beautiful in music. If not tried *too late*, it can save the musical ear—perhaps a career. The great Franz Liszt and Johann Strauss recommended the Hallet & Davis Piano. Pope Pius X honored it with a Papal medal.

Give your boy a chance. And let us show you *how*, and how you can afford it too. That's our business and we like it. We'll call on you if you like it. Anyhow, fill out the attached coupon and send for catalog. Mail the coupon *today*—so you won't put it off and forget.

HALLET & DAVIS PIANO CO.
(Established 1839)
50 N. Pryor St., Atlanta.

COUPON .....

Send me full information about the Hallet & Davis Piano, and your Easy Buying Plan. Name _____ Address _____ N.9

New Fables in Slang---By George Ade

The Dream That Came Out with Much to Boot.

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ONCE there was a provincial Tradesman who gave his Yokemate a Christmas Present. It was a kind of Dingus formerly exhibited on the What-Not in almost every polite Home.

By peering through at the twin Photographs and working it like a Slide Trombone, one could get ravishing glimpses of Trafalgar Square, Lake Como, and the Birthplace of Bobby Burns.

Nearly every evening the Tradesman would back up to the Student Lamp and put in a delirious half hour with the Views.

While gazing up the Rue de Rivoli or across the rice-paddies at the snowy cap of Fuji, his Blood would become het by the old boyhood Desire to sail across the Blue to Foreign Parts.

Those who saw him mowing the Lawn little suspected that he was being inwardly eaten by the Wanderlust.

The Tradesman, Edwin by name, and his Managing Director, Selena, formed the magic-lantern Habit away back in the days of Stoddard. They never missed a chance to take in Burton Holmes. Sitting in the darkness, they would hold hands and simply eat those Colored Slides.

Selena belonged to a Club that was trying to get a side-hold on the Art and Architecture of the Old World. She had a smouldering Ambition to ride a Camel in the Orient and then come home and put it all over a certain proud Hen who had spent six weeks in Europe.

She had to wait patiently until Edwin was threatened with a nervous Break-Down. At last the Happy Day arrived when the Specialist told him he must make his choice between a long Sea Voyage and a slow ride to the Family Lot.

A few days later they were curled up in a Cabin de Luxe about the size of a Telephone Booth, waiting for the Ocean Greyhound to recover from an attack of Hydrophobia.

When they tottered down the Gang-Plank, after six days on the playful North Atlantic, their only Comfort was derived from the knowledge that, as soon as they had rested up, they could write home and quote the Second Officer as saying it was the roughest Passage he had ever Known.

After spending a few days in London, trying to get warm, they moved on to Paris, which they remembered long afterward on account of Napoleon's Tomb and the price of Strawberries.

Selena pulled her tall-grass French on a Hackman, but there was nothing doing. He had taken it from a different Teacher.

So they employed a Guide who knew all the Shops. If Selena happened to admire a Trinket or some outre Confection with Lace slathered on it, a perfumed Apache in a Frock Coat would take Edwin into a side room, give him the sleeve across the Wind-Pipe, and bite a piece out of his Letter of Credit.

Edwin did a little quick work with the Pencil and said they could either hurry on or else hie back to the Home Town and begin Life all over again.

Three weeks after saying good-by to Griddle Cakes they were in Naples, which they had seen pictured on so many Calendars.

Once in a while they would venture from the Hotel to run foot-races with the yelping Lazzaroni or try to look at Vesuve without paying seven or eight members of the Camorra for the Privilege.

After being chased back into the Hotel, they would sit down and address Post-Cards by the Hour, telling how much they were enjoying their stay in Napoli, home of Song and Laughter.

Next we see them in Egypt, still addressing Post-Cards, and offering anything within reason for a good Cup of Coffee.



Not that they would own up to being home-sick. No, indeed! They kept writing back that they enjoyed every minute of their sail up the Nile, and Edwin was holding up wonderfully, for an invalid.

Not that they would own up to being Home-Sick. No, indeed! They kept writing back that they enjoyed every Minute spent among the Cemeteries and Ruins, or sailing up the Nile, and Edwin was holding up wonderfully, for an Invalid.

Only, when either of them spoke of the Children, or Corned-Beef Hash, or the Canary, a long Silence would ensue, and then the Nervous Wreck would cheer her by computing that they would be in God's Country within four months, if they escaped Shipwreck, Sunstroke, and Bubonic Plague.

While parboiling themselves down the Red Sea it began to soak in on them that, east of Suez, the Yank has about as much standing as the Ten Commandments.

The Congressman at home had assured them, on numerous occasions, that Columbia was the Jim of the Ocean and the most upholstered portion of the entire Foot-Stool.

Consequently, it was somewhat disconcerting to meet British Subjects who never had heard of Quincy, Illinois, and who moved their Deck Chairs every time they were given a chance to hear about it.

They would arrive in a New Town, fly to the Hotel, unpack, go out and buy their colored Post-Cards, come back to the Dump (usually called the Grand Hotel Victoria), address Cards to all the Names on the list, then pack up, pay the Overcharges, and ride to the Railway Station, accompanied by a small regiment of Bashi-Bazouks who were looking for Theirs.

Selena was still buying Souvenirs, but doing it mechanically, as if in a Trance.

They had been stung with so many Oriental Phoneys and stuck up so often that they had gone Yellow and lost their Nerve.

When they saw an outstretched Mitt, they came across without a Whimper.

Often, while riding in the dusty Cattle Cars and looking out at the parched Plains, they would think of the shaded Front Porch, only five minutes from Barclay's Drug Store, where they sold the Ice Cream Soda. Moaning feebly, they would return to the italicized Guide Book.

Each day they would purchase a Newspaper about the size of a Bed-Spread and search eagerly for American News. Once in a while they would learn that Congress had met or another Colored Person had been burned at the Stake. It cheered them immensely to know that the Land of the Free was still wiggling.

At Rangoon they met a locoed Countryman headed in the opposite direction. He was a hard-faced Customer who was fighting the Climate with Gin and Bitters, but they fell upon him and wanted to Kiss him when they learned that he had once met Selena's Uncle at Colorado Springs.

The, told him how to save time in getting across India, and he gave them a list of Places in China and Japan that might be dodged to advantage.

Their principal Occupation, when not setting down Expressions of Delight on the Post-Cards, was to study Time-Tables and cable ahead for Reservations.

The Invalid's one desire was to get home and take a regular Bath before being laid out.

Hong Kong pleased them exceedingly because they learned, by consulting Mr. Mercator's Projection, that they were on the Home Stretch and, with Luck in their favor, might live to see another Piece of Pie.

As soon as they were on the Pacific and headed for a refined Vaudeville Show, they began to recover the brave Spirit of Travel and blow about what they had seen.

The Towns and Temples and Tombs and Treasures of Art were all jumbled together, but by daily reference to Baedeker and Murray, they were enabled to find out where they had been and what they had seen with their own Eyes and how it impressed them, at the time.

Before touching at Honolulu they were real enthusiastic about India. They advised the awe-stricken Listener who had not been all the way around to be sure and take in Penang and Johore, and, if necessary, they would give him Letters of Introduction..

They said it had been a wonderful Experience. Yes, indeed. And broadening. Very. Then Edwin would wander to the front end of the Ship and want to climb out on the Bowsprit so as to be in Frisco ahead of anybody else

He convalesced rapidly as they approached the Golden Gate, for he knew that in a few days he could unpack for good and gallop down to the office and not have to worry about Travelling.

Two hours after landing, Edwin saw a Porter-House Steak and burst into tears.

They sped eastward by the first Train, still busy with the little Red Books, for they knew they would have to answer a lot of Questions.

"Shall we own up and tell them the Awful Truth?" asked Selena.

"Not on your Esoteric Buddhism," replied Edwin. "We never will be rewarded for our sufferings unless we convince the Neighbors that we had a run for our Money. It was a troubled Nightmare, in Spots, but when I lecture in the Church Parlor I am going to burn Joss Sticks and pull every variety of Bunk made famous by Sir Edwin Arnold and Lafcadio Hearn."

On the following Tuesday, Selena appeared at the Club with her Mandarin Coat and the long Hindoo Ear-Rings. She had them frozen in their Chairs.

MORAL: Be it ever so Hard to Take, there is no place like away from Home.

General Grouch Says---

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THERE'S more danger of getting stung by a busybody than by a busy bee.

Of course matches are made in heaven; they're not needed in the other place.

The same man who wouldn't hunt more than three minutes for a screwdriver with which to put on a screen door will tear around two hours hunting for a corkscrew.

We begin to do right about the time we get too old to do wrong, but we don't begin to think right until they call in the lawyer and the minister.

Woman is the natural "rib" roast.

If everyone could do as he pleased this would be the craziest planet in the solar system.

Men run quicker to aid a fallen horse than a fallen man because they know it isn't the horse's fault.

Poverty isn't the only thing coming in at the door that makes love fly out the window.

Some men would have to give an excuse if they got home ahead of time.

Remember that every peach has a stony heart.

If all we had to cover us was our religion most of us would have to stay in the water.

Did you ever notice that 99 per cent. of the patients in the rest cure establishments are married?

Just for Fun

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"Look Out for the Paint!"

SHE—In Turkey a man never sees the face of his wife until after they are married.

He—Great Scott! Do they use paint and powder over there, too!

"Going Down!"

THERE was a young maid of sixteen,
Who took three baths a day to keep clean;
She had washed quite away,
When the drain pipe one day
Gulped her down. She was never more seen!



Henry's Value.

LATE yesterday afternoon Henry T. Oatman sought Judge Spinx for an injunction restraining the chickens at home. Ever since last Tuesday Henry's chickens have adopted toward Henry an exclusive attitude that amounts to the "cut direct." They say they are the real aristocracy on the farm because they are worth eleven and a half cents a pound while Henry wouldn't fetch ten.

The neighbors are inclined to side with the chickens.

Bound to Disagree.

BROWNE—I saw a funny thing in court to-day. The first panel drawn consisted of twelve Hebrews.

Greene—Gee; That was sure some Jewry.

A Failure.

"HOW can I induce a suffragette to believe that she doesn't want to vote?"

"Marry her."

"I've been married to her ten years."

"Then divorce her and give some one else a chance."

The Snique.

A MAN with a vision oblique
By accident jostles a Grique;
But each time that he tries
To explain his crossed eyes
The Grique takes a crack at his biquel

The Office Girl Who Snickered Out Loud.



OH, a rag and a bone and a hank of hair, and a shaghaired man with a 'phone stood there. Oh, a wag in the room had a pin on the chair and the man so fat with the 'phone sat square on the seat but flopped and began to swear. And the rag and the bone and the hank of hair, chewed her gum, chewed the rag, and she giggled for fair. So the mutt with the fat shook her then and there, to the rag and the bone and the hank's despair.

So she's single yet, and a quiet wench is the wife of the fat man on the bench. Now she who laughs last laughs the best, but to he-haw wrongly proves no jest; so grin with gusto when you can, but best at a joke than at some man. It's a durn long lane that's got no turn, and a book-keep girl's got her wage to earn; and it's no good sense to snicker at the boss, lest, maybe, a diamond ring's her loss. So if in the office why giggle you must, buy a copy of Biff and snicker till you bust. You can read till you're tired, till you're tickled, till you wiggle, you can sit there for hours while you laugh, cry and giggle. And a neat glad-rag with her hair in a hank, may still win a chap with a book at the bank.

A woman seldom tells a good story. She never hears the really good ones.

Give Yourself a Chance



Are you sickly in any way? Are you below par? Then you are not living right. You are not getting what might be yours. Postponement is the price of your birthright.

Life has untold blessings if you will reach out and grasp them. Great obstacles recede before the onrushing enthusiasm of the man or woman who is vigorous and happy. The world smiles when you are well. Health tinges everything with beauty.

Strong words, you say—yet true. To the man or woman who will not be denied, who demands the right of being healthy and happy, Nature—yes, and man—hold out new hope. The ebbing spark may be renewed. The sluggish blood stream may be quickened. The weakened nerves and muscles may be brought to new life and strength. And you wish to know what will do these things for you? Electricity. **Electricity is**

Nature's Greatest Health Builder

When old Ben Franklin drew the spark down the silken cord, he brought to man a wondrous power—an agent to do his bidding and to strengthen the very vitals and sinews of the man who used it.

The greatest achievement of the last decade has been to bring electricity to suffering humans in a form safe, convenient and **economical.**

Many there are to-day, healthy and happy, who ascribe their well being to the curative, strengthening power of electricity.

Be you young or old, male or female, there is new beauty, new life, new power, new happiness for you in this wonderful modern invention.



The "Home" Health and Beauty Battery

A few minutes each day will give wonderful results.

Constitutional headaches grow less and finally disappear under the tonic effect of the electric current.

Lame backs and lumbago lose their terrors. Rheumatism is relieved. Neuralgia alike, and physical weaknesses of nearly every description.

Thin faces and thin arms become plump. The skin becomes soft and velvety, free from unsightly eruptions.

The electric current from the Home Battery, gentle or forcible, according to your requirements, stimulates and strengthens the whole system, giving Nature the power to so perform her functions as to keep all parts healthy.

Price $5.00, all complete in a handsome, satin-lined box, with Hair Brush, Electrode, Sponge, Massage Roller, Metal Foot Plate, connecting cord for these accessories, and Instruction Manual, giving explicit directions for all kinds of treatments.

The Home Battery is complete in itself, no outside batteries or connections, nothing to get out of order, current easily regulated. We use a standard dry cell which you can easily renew when required.

Special Offer: For a limited time only, we will give three extra dry cells—practically a year's supply—free with each battery upon receipt of coupon printed below.

You will enjoy the delightful effect of the electrical current, whether you use the battery for face massaging—with the electric hair brush to correct scalp troubles and promote beautiful hair—as a general tonic treatment—or in any of the many ways described in our Instruction Manual for specific needs.

Life will take on new beauties when you feel the vital blood of health coursing strongly through your veins.

Send in your order for the "Home" Battery to-day. Don't wait a minute. You can't afford to delay.

This is your opportunity to renew your strength and vigor, your opportunity to become physically fit, to step out from the weakling class, and be a winner.

Give yourself a chance. Act now. Only $5.00 for the complete outfit—your passport to health.

Western Merchandise & Supply Co.
326 West Madison St., Near Market St. CHICAGO



Money Back—10 Day Trial Coupon

This coupon, with $5.00, entitles you to one Home Health and Beauty Battery, complete, (including three extra dry cells free) shipped prepaid. Try it ten days. If not entirely satisfied at the end of that time, your $5.00 will be promptly refunded upon return of machine.

This offer is made for a limited time only. Use coupon to-day.

Name.....

Address.....

Atlanta Joins in Honoring Heroes of the Maine

Monument Is Nearly Ready for Unveiling

While Fund for Great Memorial Is Increasing, Commander of Spanish War Veterans Here Issues Another Appeal.

Spanish War Veterans of Atlanta, aided by other citizens of patriotic minds, dispatched to New York City last week substantial evidence of their interest in the handsome Maine Memorial Monument which has been erected at the entrance to Central Park in the metropolis.

The evidence was in the form of checks for subscriptions toward the $183,000 that the monument cost.

George Niles Watson, commander of General Henry W. Lawton Camp, No. 6, the Atlanta branch of the Spanish War Veterans, yesterday repeated his former appeal to the public for help toward paying the expenses of the monument.

The monument has been erected by public subscription, nation-wide in scope, in honor of the American sailors and soldiers who died with the Maine. It was erected at Central Park, New York, because that site was considered the most auspicious available in the United States.

"The heroes of the Spanish-American war were national heroes, and not of any one section," said Commander Watson yesterday, voicing again his appeal. "Although stationed at the entrance to the nation, it is as much the possession of the South as of New York, and, symbolizing the heroism of the nation's men, it is worthy of contributions from every one."

Appeals to Veterans.

To members of his camp and to the public Commander Watson has addressed a formal appeal for contributions, specifying that if only 50 cents were donated by each veteran the desired amount of $20,000 easily would be raised.

Only $20,000 is necessary of all the $183,000 that the monument committee set out to attain. Before the completion of the monument only $143,000 was believed necessary, according to the specifications. But with the selection of the Central Park site additions to the original plans were found necessary, and, at the suggestion of the Municipal Art Commission, gates were placed on each side of the central pile. An expense of $40,000 was added, to raise which the committee set about as loyally as at first.

The National Maine Monument Committee is composed of General James Grant Wilson, chairman; William Randolph Hearst and John W. Keller. Mr. Hearst promised that for each dollar of the $40,000 raised otherwise he would donate a dollar, making the amount necessary to raise by public subscription only $20,000. It is for this that the nation-wide appeal of the committee of the central officers of the Spanish War Veterans and the local appeal of Commander Watson have gone out.

D. A. R. Aids the Fund.

Dispatches that came to Atlanta yesterday from New York indicated that subscriptions have been made to a large extent by members of other patriotic organizations than the Spanish War Veterans. Daughters of the Revolution in many sections have been foremost with subscriptions. The movement has not been limited.

In many States the United States War Veterans are vieing with each other in efforts to raise funds. Even from Cuba, the cause of all the strife, comes assurances that many of the faithful are there. One dispatch from New York tells of a message received by Maurice Simmons, past commander-in-chief of the Spanish War Veterans, from Dr. Aristides Agramonte, commander of Havana Camp, No. 1, Havana, Cuba. Dr. Agramonte, with expressions of regard for the cause, and of a remembrance of the old days, sends along $100, the contribution from his camp.

Finishing touches on the monument at the Broadway and Fifty-ninth Street entrance to Central Park have been applied. Its unveiling will come May 30, when dignitaries of the foremost rank will attend. Several members of President Wilson's Cabinet and probably the President himself will be present, and thousands of soldiers and sailors will be assigned to the ceremony, besides brigades of National Guard torops.

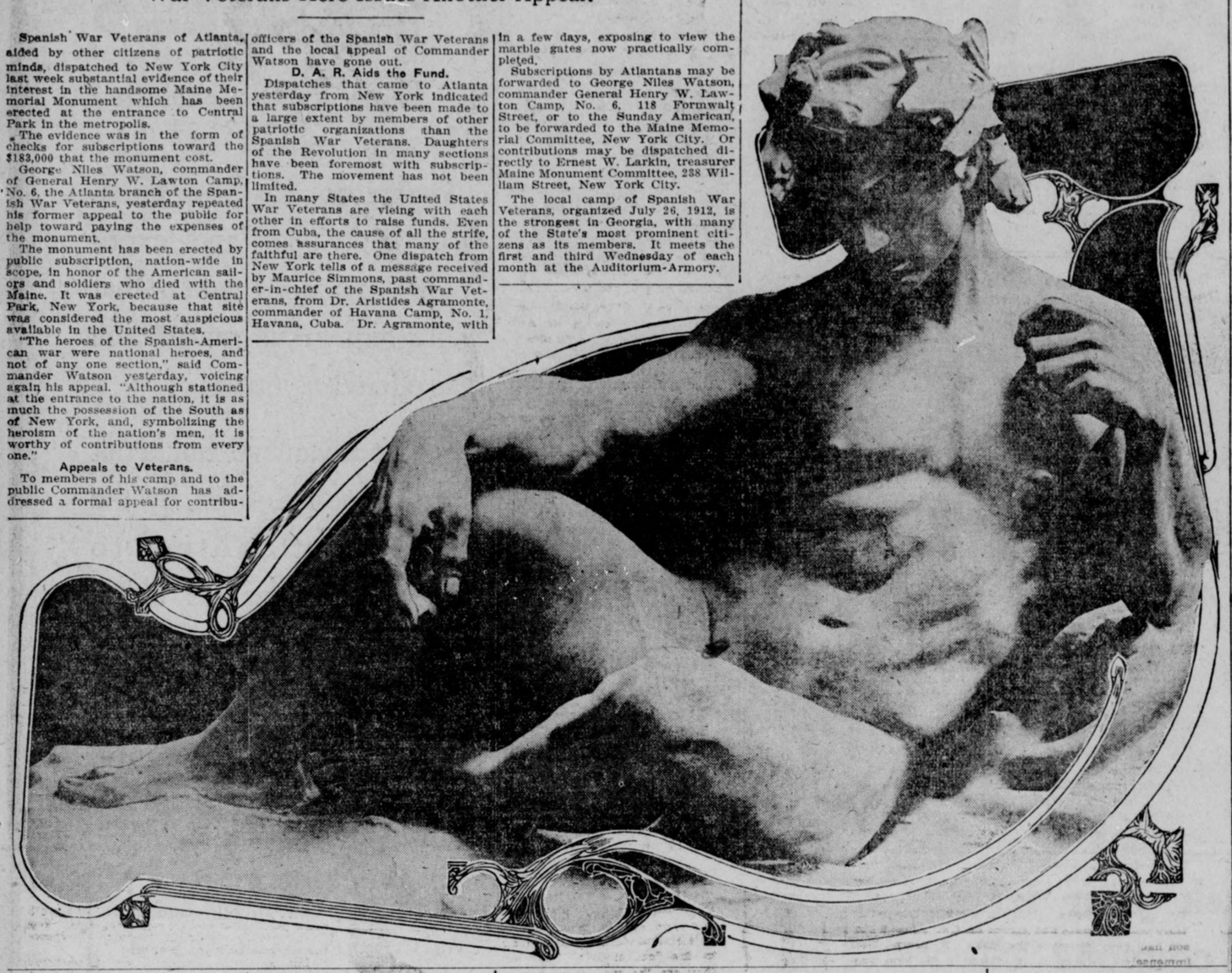
Statuary Is All Ready.

Attilio Piccrilli, the sculptor, notified the monument committee yesterday that the transportation of the last groups of statuary from his studio in the Bronx had begun. One figure that represents the Pacific Ocean already is on the ground, and a second colossal figure typifying the Atlantic Ocean was placed on a truck yesterday at his studio, say dispatches. The fences that surround the monument will be taken down in a few days, exposing to view the marble gates now practically completed.

Subscriptions by Atlantans may be forwarded to George Niles Watson, commander General Henry W. Lawton Camp, No. 6, 118 Formwalt Street, or to the Sunday American, to be forwarded to the Maine Memorial Committee, New York City. Or contributions may be dispatched directly to Ernest W. Larkin, treasurer Maine Monument Committee, 238 William Street, New York City.

The local camp of Spanish War Veterans, organized July 26, 1912, is the strongest in Georgia, with many of the State's most prominent citizens as its members. It meets the first and third Wednesday of each month at the Auditorium-Armory.

Part of the Maine monument—"Atlantic Ocean"—a figure of a fourteen-foot man. It is one of the largest pieces of carved marble in the world.



Maine Memorial Subscription

GEORGE NILES WATSON, Commander General Henry W. Lawton Camp, No. 6, Atlanta, Ga., or

MR. ERNEST W. LARKIN, Treasurer Maine Monument Committee, 238 William Street, New York City:

Inclosed herewith please find $....., my subscription to the National Maine Memorial Fund.

Name.....

Address .....

YOUTH OF 19 GETS LICENSE TO MARRY A GRANDMOTHER

Sparks of Love Kindled While Mrs. Flora Beers Nursed Clifford Altomose to Health.

BOARDING HOUSE ROMANCE

Bride-to-Be Is Only Thirty, However, and Wedding Will Take Place Immediately.

NEW YORK, May 3.—"Hello Phillipsburg, N. J., correspondent. You report that Clifford Altmose, aged 19, report that Clifford Altomose, aged 19 Beers, a grandmother, to-day. Details, please."

"Well, I tell you, it's a pretty romance."

"It must be."

"Grandma Beers has got a boarding house here, and Young Clifford boarded with her. Cliff took sick with diphtheria and Mrs. Beers nursed him back to life."

"He was dead?"

"No, how could he be dead if he got nursed back to life?"

"That's so. How?"

"While he was convalescing, the spark of love was kindled and he proposed."

"The mark of love was swindled?"

"No! The spark, s-p-a-r-k, of love was kindled, k-i-n-d-l-e-d. Get it? That's right."

"Anything else important?"

"Well, Mrs. Beers says it's a love match."

"That's new."

"And she says she don't see anything about her marriage that ought to be so out of the ordinary as folks think. 'His father came down from near Bangor,' she says, and 'he went with us when we got the license and he signs it,' because Clifford, she says, 'is a minor.'"

"Anything else you think of?"

"No, guess not."

"Do you know the age of the bride?"

"She told Clerk Kneedler she was thirty years old."

"Sixty years old?"

"I said THIRTY—T-H-I-R-T-Y!"

"And she is a grandmother?"

"Yes."

"Good night!"

Special Advice for Men

Vitality Restored by New Method



Manly Men Are the World's Power To-day

The little book described below (which I gladly send free, sealed by mail, to any young or elderly man anywhere) contains in its 86 beautifully illustrated pages everything a man need know with regard to certain strictly personal subjects, and as a guide through his entire life, from the delicate period of youth, when wholesome advice is most needed, on through early manhood to a ripe, vigorous, healthy old age. Over a million of these books have been thus distributed by me all over the world. Therefore, please use coupon below and get YOUR free copy by return mail. SANDEN CO., DISTRIBUTERS.

Do you know, my friend, that there is a wonderful new way to apply a certain, great, natural FORCE to your body, and by which you may, without effort, trouble or inconvenience, treat your own self in the privacy of your home for debility and lost vitality, without using a single drug or medicine? This great FORCE, as a restorer of vitality and as a means to overcome those weaknesses which result from indiscretions and unnatural practices, is to-day being used all over the civilized world, and I give it as my honest opinion, based upon a vast observation and study, that any man anywhere, who leads a decent, manly life and who applies this marvelous FORCE in a scientific and rational way, can without employing a single drug, be restored again to a state of perfect, rugged health and vigor, without a remaining ache, pain or weakness.

As we all know, these various debilitating weaknesses handicap a man in every condition of life, while, on the other hand, a perfect specimen of vigorous, robust, lusty manhood is ever admired by both women and men alike, while, of course, it is certainly only such a man who can attain the really great successes of life. Therefore, I say to you, no matter what your size, whether you are small or large, no matter what your occupation, no matter whether you are a college graduate or working on the farm or in the factory, no matter whether you are young or elderly, it is all a question of your vigor and your vitality, and if I can give you a good, abundant supply of this same great power or VITAL FORCE, then it is easy to believe that I can completely restore your vigorous health, can overcome the evil effects of past indiscretions so you will be exactly the same in your influence over people, exactly the same in your manly bearing as other manly, strong-nerved, warm-blooded fellows, of your acquaintance.

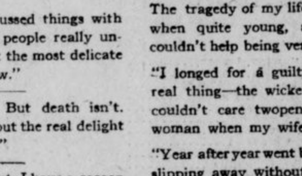
With an idea of attaining all this for you, I recommend you to investigate a simple little VITALIZING APPLIANCE of my invention, which I am now sending out in great numbers for use by men everywhere who need new manly strength. This little VITALIZER is very light, weighing only several ounces, and can be worn without any one suspecting that you are wearing it. You buckle it on your body upon going to bed and take it off mornings. Thus, while you sleep it sends its wonderful power, which I call VITALITY or VITAL FORCE, into your blood, nerves and organs. Users say it takes pain and weakness out of the back from one application, and further say 60 to 90 days' time is sufficient to restore a state of health, strength and vigor. I am not offering this VITALIZER here for sale, but want you to first send for my book that you may learn all about the whole wonderful subject, and why I get such quantities of testimonials from users everywhere telling of results after drugs completely and utterly fail.

NOTE—With special attachments my VITALIZER is used by women as well as men for rheumatism, kidney, liver, stomach, bladder disorders, nervousness and general ill health. Please write for book to-day, or, if near by, I should like you to call. Hours—9 to 6. Sundays excepted.

Use Coupon; Get Free Book

Remember, the little illustrated book, which I send free, sealed, by mail, as per coupon below, not only fully describes my VITALIZER, telling of a special offer by which you may get one on special terms for use in your own case, but contains a great fund of private advice for men, some good, wholesome cautions, and a lot of general information that might be of value to you to the end of your days. Therefore, please write or call.

B. G. SANDEN CO., 1261 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
Dear Sirs—Please forward me your book, as advertised, free, sealed.



NAME.....

Address.....

A Garden of Associations; Delightful Memories Fill It

If you want a garden of associations it is time to plan it now. It is not the kind of garden which can be perfected in a single year—every garden worth the having is the outgrowth of much time and attention—so the sooner you get to work the better.

It can be a garden devoted to American plants or it can include foreign plants as well. Your own opportunities for travelling and the good nature of your friends will determine this point. If you want help from your friends who are travelling and do not object to asking for it you must plan your garden immediately before they start forth on their summer travels.

There is a certain garden of associations planted with flowers and trees and plants by its owner and her friends in the course of many years. It is now beautiful, but when it began six or eight years ago it was nothing more than the corner of an old fashioned garden with a brick wall on one side and an apple orchard on the other.

Kenilworth Ivy.

To begin with the owner of the garden planted a root of ivy brought from Kenilworth. She called it Amy Robsart. There is another ivy vine sprawling over the brick wall which she calls Windsor, as it came from Windsor Castle.

There is a bed of tulips named for the little Dutch Princess Juliana. These flowers in a sheltered spot blossom early every spring. The bulbs were brought from Holland.

A grapevine grows over a small trellis. It is called Champagne, for it comes from the wine region of the south of France. This vine nearly refused to live in the climate of its new home, but after much coaxing and care it sent forth roots and is now hardy and strong.

A bright spot of color in the garden is made by Hall Caine, a huge fuchsia bush. It came from one of the little whitewashed cottages in the Isle of Man, the birthplace of the novelist, not very far from his home.

There is a big patch of Kentucky blue grass brought from the mountains there. There are ferns from the Catskills and the Berkshires and the Adirondacks and the Rockies and some from the warm valleys of the Alps.

George Washington.

George Washington is represented by a clump of daises. The owner of the garden dug one up just outside the gates of Mount Vernon. Unlike the grapevine from France, the daisy liked its new home from the first and only vigorous pulling and pruning keep it within bounds.

One of the most interesting things in the garden is a rose bush named for the wife of a President. The rose, a single blossom, came from the White House grounds, a gift from the woman for whom it is named. The owner of the garden put it in water. In a few days she was surprised to see that a little root was coming from the stem of the rose, which had been carelessly broken off. She carefully placed the rose in a vase filled with water, with sand and vegetable fibre at the bottom. The rose, after much care, took root and was planted in the garden. It is healthy and strong and is covered with blossoms each summer.

Of course every one could not have such an interesting garden. But any one could gather roots or bulbs or plants or seeds from different places, if only from the points of interest about her home. The interest attaching to this simpler sort of garden would increase from year to year and would prove an incentive for outdoor life and work.

The owner of the garden described has an interesting rockery in her garden. Every time she takes a motor trip—and she is a devotee of motoring—she brings home a stone. On it she scratches the date and original home of the stone.

The Maclaine Sees Trot Gets a Fit of Malauneys

NEW YORK, April 26.—The Maclaine of Lochbuie, godson of the Duke of Argyll, who is in America trying to make enough money to lift the mortgages on his ancestral estates on the Isle of Mull, has been doing New York. Here are his views after trailing the turkey trot to its various lairs:

By the Maclaine of Lochbuie.

Well, I've been to see it and I think if we attempted it at home in any of our restaurants in the afternoon, or I might say at any other time, we should be tried at the Old Bailey and get a long term of imprisonment in Wormwood Scrubs.

Give me baseball every time and none of this turkey-trotting tango-hopping, one-stepping, Bostoning and other St. Vitus dances. But perhaps it's jealousy on my part because I can't do it—you are right I can't, and upon my word I don't think I want to although my figure, to tell the truth, needs reducing. But still I don't think it is very difficult, for as far as I can see all you have to do is to grab hold of the nearest lady, be she dark, fair, gray-haired, with toppee or without; grasp her very tightly, push her shoulders down a bit, and then wriggle about as much like a slippery slush as you possibly can.

When the music stops tear to the nearest table and quickly ask the waiter for a whiskey and soda, not tea, remember, because although advertised we never serve it at the best dansantes, but only at those where you have to be so smart-set-tish and select that it is necessary to give three weeks' notice of your coming and full details of your family tree. These were the orders sprung on me by the lady in charge after I had mounted twenty-four flights in the Hotel McAlpin, my second stopping place, yesterday afternoon in my tour of the Turkey Roosts.

Asks the Merry Widow.

Here I was informed that many of your nicest people dance there, and asking the merry widow at the door for their names she said:

"Ah, no, we must not tell that as they would not come here any more. And think what that would mean to us! Disaster!"

She also told me that ladies were not allowed to smoke or make a noise while drinking their "tea," and if any of them were seen moving their shoulders they were swiftly ushered from the ball-tea-room. I asked her if they were allowed to breathe and she told me that if the pedigrees in De Brett were found to be correct she gave them special permission. Au revoir, McAlpin, and the divinity in the black hat and black dress, who, to my mind, absolutely took the biscuit.

My first call was at 4 o'clock at Martin's, but I found I was half an hour before kicking-off time. However, there were already anaemic, sleek-haired young men sitting in rows sucking their thumbs waiting tfor the doors to open. Naughty lads!

Then I went to Bustanoby's. Well, Bustanoby, you certainly have a very smart man on the door. I like his white breeches and his well-shaped calves—they remind me so much of home. This young man told me I could not be admitted without a lady, but my American friend slipped me in and I was placed at a table in the balcony, one table away from a tall brunette, who to my way of thinking was not so dusty.

On the floor below the St. Vitus dancing is at its height. A man old enough to be my father is capering around with a saucy bit, and my heart bleeds for her, because she herself is having a dash at it and doing it in some style, but he, I thought, would be better placed in a field howking turnips. But he's not the only grandfather who finds Bustanoby's a good place to sip the elixir of youth from a champagne glass instead of being at home drinking vichy water for his gout, for I'm sure he had it the way he was dancing. I saw another one who certainly seemed to fancy his chance, and he, too, without a hair on his head. Shame on you, grandpa! Go home and take the children some toys, for from what I see around you it will save you money in the end.

"Waiter, why have all those tea cups never been used?" I asked.

"Oh, sir, we seldom serve tea," said he. "They wiggle much better on whisky."

I asked him then if they ever drank so much that they copped the brewer, but he didn't seem to know; so I left.

It's getting late. I must take a taxi to Reisenweber's. Clickety-click-click-click.

"Lor' love a duck, how much do you say, taxi driver? Four shillings and eightpence? Surely you mean eightpence without the four shillings because I've only been a mile, and I could ride all around London for the four bob."

"Can't help it, sir. You're in New York, not London, and if you don't shell out I'll call a cop." And I should like to have dotted him one on the snitch. I think he took me for a bit of noodle. No more taxis for me while I'm in New York.

What a change I find here at Reisenweber's. Printed slips on each table telling me by order of His Honor, the Mayor, no spirits can be served in the tea room. Mr. Mayor, you must have some power, because the Lord Mayor of London couldn't do this and I don't think he would if he could.

She Loses 30 Pounds.

There was one woman who wriggled more energetically than any of the others. I was told she had lost thirty pounds in a month, and I thought if she kept on pegging at it for a couple of years she might become normal.

Who are those two who look like two cats on hot bricks? Oh, that's a special step and consists of dislocating both knee joints, sprining the left ankle and fracturing the big toe. Really, is it? I should call it a Hospital Hug! Goodby, I must go back to Martin's.

There were certainly topping good wrigglers at Martin's—the best (and the worst) I've seen this afternoon.

The pick of the bunch was a young thing in a sponge bag dress with a man who I was told was Mr. Flo Ziegfeld, and they certainly knew the wriggly-wrig. They made me feel quite nervous the way they dashed around the floor like a couple of lamplighters, and I had to shout for a strong drop of my Hieland mountain dew. Still, I think I deserved it because the whole afternoon gave me a bad fit of the malauneys.

What got on my nerves were the young men, and worse still, the old who instead of being out in the country playing gowf or some other healthly game, prefer to go to these tea parties and be what we call at home poodie-fakers.

Give me baseball and not turkey trot.



G.B.S.

on the Love Affairs of the Married

Whenever Bernard Shaw hurls his bolts of satire at "respectability," convention is set on its head and mock modesty and false morality blush at his daring. But the truth is there, and, like the great surgeon of social ills that he is, Shaw lays bare the truth, though he cuts to the bone. In "Overruled"—he strikes at his dearest enemy—the sham and fraud of the smugly respectable, conventionally moral marriages of modern life. It's brilliant, witty, clever; in a word, it's Shaw at his best. In it, he says:

"Oh, you never gave me the faintest hint that you had a wife."

"I did, indeed. I discussed things with you that only married people really understand. I thought it the most delicate way of letting you know."

"Danger is delicious. But death isn't. We court the danger; but the real delight is in escaping, after all."

"As long as I have a want, I have a reason for living. Satisfaction is death."

"To my English mind, passion is not real passion without guilt. I am a red-blooded man, Mrs. Lunn; I can't help it. The tragedy of my life is that I married, when quite young, a woman whom I couldn't help being very fond of."

"I longed for a guilty passion—for the real thing—the wicked thing; and yet I couldn't care twopence for any other woman when my wife was about."

"Year after year went by; I felt my youth slipping away without ever having had a romance in my life; for marriage is all very well; but it isn't romance. There's nothing wrong in it, you see."

Yet under the shock of his audacity and the veneer of his wit lies the deep-rooted truth of it all—for "G. B. S." never writes without a purpose. Splendidly illustrated with four of the best drawings Charles Dana Gibson has ever made, "Overruled" appears in the May number of Hearst's Magazine, a number doubly noted for its wealth of good reading because in it "The Woman Thou Gavest Me," that masterpiece of Hall Caine's, reaches its most exciting climax.

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Carriers' and Agents' Ballot.

Ask your friends to save the vote coupons clipped from *The Georgian* and *Hearst's Sunday American.* They will help you to win one of these dandy outfits.

Hearst's Sunday American and Atlanta Georgian
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Voted For .....
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Subscription blanks and printed instructions for the use of contestants are now ready. Ask for them at our office, 20 East Alabama St. Sent by mail or postpaid on request.

Contest Rules

Nominations for contestants will be received during the period beginning Monday, April 28th, and concluding at midnight, Saturday, May 31st.

Voting coupons will appear daily in THE GEORGIAN and in every issue of HEARST'S SUNDAY AMERICAN, beginning with THE GEORGIAN'S issue of Thursday, May 1st, and concluding with THE GEORGIAN'S issue of Thursday, July 31st. The contest will close at midnight July 31st.

THE GEORGIAN'S Daily vote coupons will count for five votes each, and THE SUNDAY AMERICAN vote coupons for fifteen votes each in favor of the contestant whose name they bear.

Votes will be credited for paid-in-advance subscriptions received, according to the folowing table:

	Subscriptions Delivered by City Carrier.	By Mail or Delivered by Out-of-town Agt.	Votes.
Daily and Sunday, 1 year	$6.20	$7.00	3,500
Daily and Sunday, 6 months	3.10	3.50	1,700
Daily and Sunday 3 months	1.56	1.75	800
Daily and Sunday, 1 month	.55	.60	250
Daily only, 1 year	5.20	5.00	2,000
Daily only, 6 months	2.60	2.50	950
Daily only, 3 months	1.30	1.30	450
Daily only, 1 month	.45	.45	150
Sunday only, 1 year	2.00	2.00	1,300
Sunday only, 6 months	1.00	1.00	650
Sunday only, 3 months	.50	.50	300
Sunday only, 1 month	.20	.20	100

The above vote credits will apply to old subscribers who pay subscription arrearages or for a term in advance as well as to new subscribers.

No vote credit will be issued for subscriptions for less than one month nor more than two years.

In the event of a tie vote for any of the pony outfit prizes, the contestants so tying will each receive a pony outfit.

Vote coupons clipped from THE GEORGIAN and SUNDAY AMERICAN must be voted within fifteen days from date of issue. Coupons that are more than fifteen days old will not be credited to any contestant.

Except for the separate prizes offered to THE GEORGIAN and HEARST'S SUNDAY AMERICAN carriers, newsboys and out-of-town agents, no employee of these newspapers, nor any member of an employee's family, will be eligible as a contestant.

This nomination blank starts you with a thousand votes.

MAIL IT TO-DAY.

I nominate, as a candidate in **The Hearst's Sunday American** and **Atlanta Georgian** Pony Outfit Contest:

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Nominated by.....

Address .....

GOOD FOR 1,000 VOTES

Only one nomination blank can be voted for any contestant.

PRIZE DISTRIBUTION

—Eight pony outfits will be given away to white boys and girls in Atlanta and suburbs.

The distribution will be made as follows:

One pony outfit to the boy or girl receiving the greatest number of votes in each of the following districts:

District No. 1—East of Marietta Street and West of Edgewood Avenue, from Georgia Railroad right-of-way to city limits.

District No. 2—East of Piedmont Avenue and West of Edgewood Avenue, from Georgia Railroad right-of-way to city limits. Includes Druid Hills, Edgewood, Kirkwood and Decatur.

District No. 3—South of Edgewood Avenue and East of South Boulevard to city limits, East and South. Includes South Kirkwood and Ormewood.

District No. 4—West of South Boulevard and East of South Pryor from Georgia Railroad right-of-way to city limits. Includes South Atlanta and Lakewood Heights.

District No. 5—West of South Pryor to Central of Georgia right-of-way. West of railroad to include Oakland City, Fort McPherson, East Point, College Park, Egan and Hapewell.

District No. 6—West of Central of Georgia right-of-way to city limits, from West Hunter Street South to Oakland City.

District No. 7—North of West Hunter Street and West of Marietta Street to city limits, North and West.

One pony outfit to the carrier or newsboy employed by THE GEORGIAN and HEARST'S SUNDAY AMERICAN receiving the greatest number of votes cast for newsboys and carriers.

Four prize pony outfits will be given to Out-of-town boys and girls. They will be distributed as follows:

Two pony outfits will be given to the white boys or girls in the State of Georgia, outside of Atlanta and suburbs, who receive the greatest number of votes and next greatest number, respectively.

One outfit will be given to the white boy or girl receiving the greatest number of votes cast for contestants outside of the State of Georgia, anywhere that THE GEORGIAN and HEARST'S SUNDAY AMERICAN are sold.

One outfit will be given to the out-of-town agent employed by THE GEORGIAN and HEARST'S SUNDAY AMERICAN who receives the greatest number of votes cast for agents.

For further information address

PONY CONTEST EDITOR,

Hearst's Sunday American and Atlanta Georgian

20 E. Alabama Street **ATLANTA, GA.** **35 Peachtree Street**

American Magazine Section of Hearst's Sunday American, Atlanta, May 4, 1913

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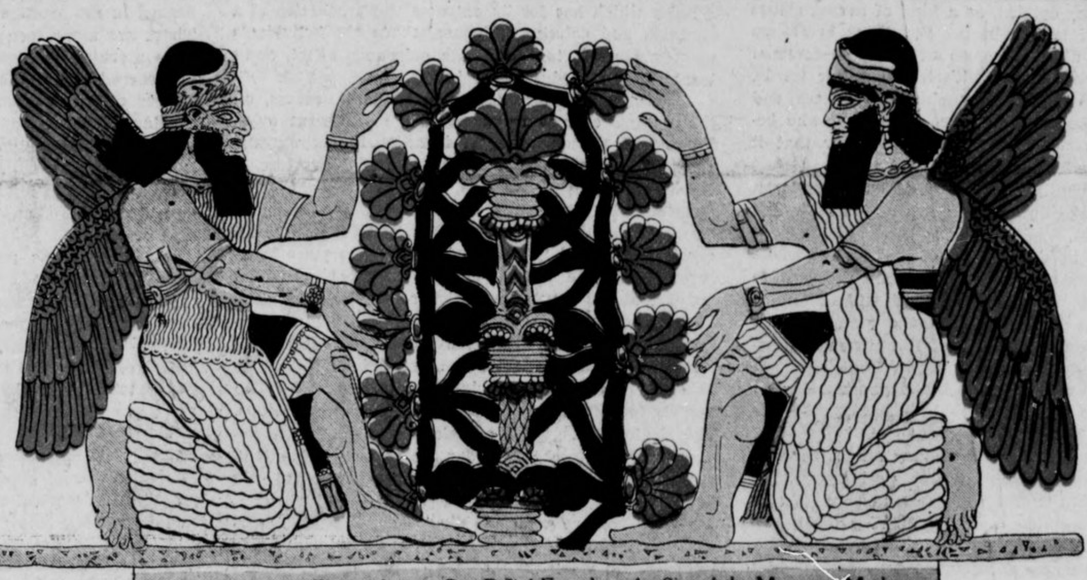
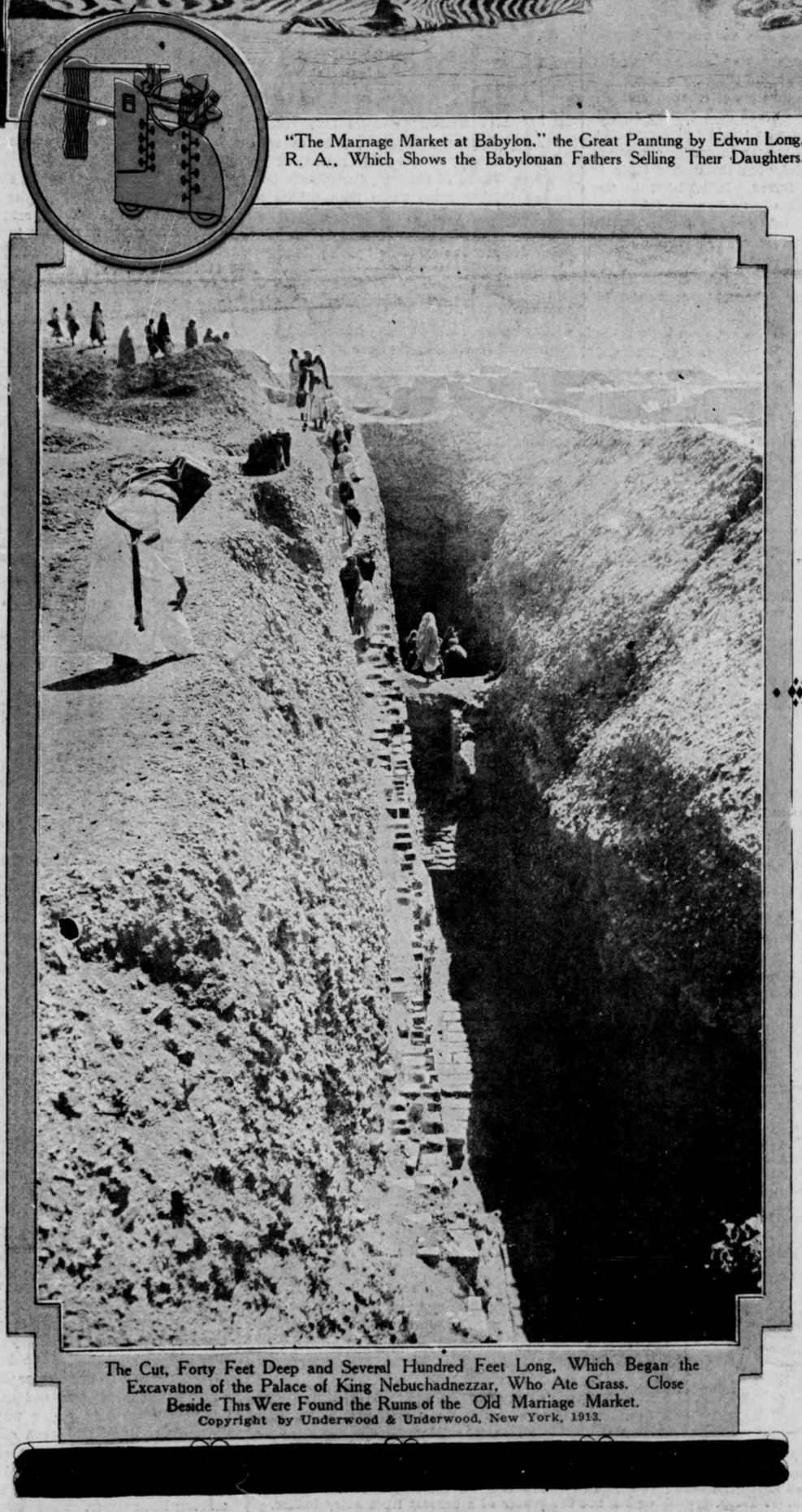
In the Wicked Marriage Market of Ancient Babylon



"The Marriage Market at Babylon," the Great Painting by Edwin Long, R. A., Which Shows the Babylonian Fathers Selling Their Daughters.



Kerubs Before the Tree of Life, a Bas Relief Found on the Site of the Marriage Market.



The Cut, Forty Feet Deep and Several Hundred Feet Long, Which Began the Excavation of the Palace of King Nebuchadnezzar, Who Ate Grass. Close Beside This Were Found the Ruins of the Old Marriage Market.

Copyright by Underwood & Underwood, New York, 1913.

THE VERY SPOT WHERE THE BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTERS OF BABYLON WERE PUT UP ON THE AUCTION BLOCK UNCOVERED BY THE GERMAN EXPEDITION WHICH IS DIGGING UP THE GREATEST CITY OF THE PAST.

THE site of ancient Baby'on's marriage market, the peculiar auction at which the old Assyrians put up their daughters for the highest bidder has just been uncovered by the German Oriental Society, which is digging the ruins of the city out of its enshrouding sands. The marriage market is one of the traditions of the splendid and sinful metropolis which has stuck in the memory of mankind for ages. Herodotus, that interesting and gadding old Greek, who has been called the "Father of History," speaks of it, and the phrase is hard worked in the newspapers and fictionist vocabularies of the present day

The Oriental Society, cutting down forty feet to the pavement of ancient Babylon, ran a shaft along the Royal Quarters, where the palaces of Nebuchadnezzar and Belshazzar stood. In doing so they stumbled across the ruins of the marriage market. They found still intact the carved rostrum on which the auctioneer stood and knocked down the beauties of Babylon. The market itself occupied a rectangle of 150 by 100 feet. It was open to the air on all four sides, but most probably shielded from the sun by rich silken awnings devised to shelter the women and to bring out their charms. The block upon which the daughters of Babylon stood while being bid for was in the centre of the spectators, and is richly carved with Kerubs, who worship and protect the Babylonian Tree of Life. Inscriptions discovered leave no doubt that this was the actual marriage market of Babylon.

While the marriage market has been called a wicked custom, and has served for countless sermons as a warning, it had some very excellent points. The daughters were not sold into slavery, but into honorable wifehood. Of course, they had no choice, and the element of bidding is probably repugnant to many women of to-day, but the customs of the time were different, and it is extremely likely that the Babylonian girls looked forward with much delight to the day when they would be auctioned off to some one who cared enough for them to pay large sums for them.

Besides that the sale of the beautiful daughters enabled the ugly ones to get married, and this in a very odd way The money that was paid for the beauties was given as dowries for the ugly ones.

Herodotus says once a year the maidens of age to marry in Babylon were collected at the marriage market "while the men stood around them in a circle." Then a herald called up the damsels one by one and offered them for sale.

"He began," continues Herodotus, "with the most beautiful. When she was sold for no small sum of money he offered for sale the one who came next to her in beauty. All of them were to be sold as wives. The richest of the Babylonians who wished to wed bid against each other for the loveliest maidens, while the humbler wife seekers, who were indifferent about beauty, took the more homely damsels with marriage portions.

"For the custom was that when the herald had gone through the whole number of the beautiful damsels he should then call up the ugliest—a cripple if there chanced to be one—and offer her to the men, asking who would agree to take her with the smallest marriage portion. And the man who offered to take the smallest sum had her assigned to him. The marriage portions were furnished by the money paid for the beautiful damsels, and thus the fairer maidens portioned out the uglier No one was allowed to give his daughter to the man of his choice, nor might any one carry away the damsel he had purchased without finding bail really and truly to make her his wife. If, however, it was found that they did not agree the money might be paid back. All who liked might come even from distant villages and bid for the women."

Herodotus also says that this was a general custom throughout ancient Babylonia. The Babylonians had another unique philanthropic habit.

If a man were taken ill in the street every passerby had to stop and ask him what was the matter with him. Being told, it was incumbent upon the passerby, if he had ever had this same ailment, or if he had known any one who had the ailment, to tell the sufferer what had cured him or what had cured another.

The tradition does not tell us what was the result of this wholesale prescription, but if a sufferer could prove that a man or woman had passed him without giving him the benefit of their knowledge, he could collect heavy damages.

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NEW DISCOVERIES ALL OVER THE EARTH

Why BASE BALL Is The CURSE OF AMERICA

By L. K. HIRSHBERG

WHEN I make the statement that baseball is the curse of America I am fully aware that hundreds of thousands of baseball fans throughout the country are going to experience sudden emotions, from a violent opinion of me loudly and profanely expressed to a shrug of the shoulders and a mild "Poor Doc. He's ripe for a sanitarium."

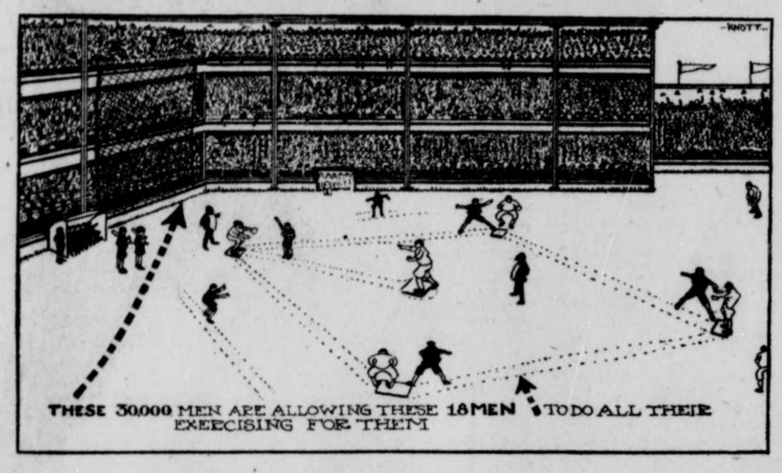
Yet the fact remains that this is true, and I believe I even convinced my friend, Hughey Jennings, that I had, at least, very good grounds for my argument, from a doctor's point of view. To put the whole of my argument in a nutshell, let me say that at one big game in New York there are thirty thousand men who should be exercising, but instead are sitting still and letting eighteen men do their exercising for them.

The average American man, especially the man who is able to take an afternoon off now and then or still more frequently, and witnes a ball game, is sorely in need of exercise. Every possible device should be used to get him to exercise. He is living rapidly, always under a strain, it is true, but he is not taking the exercise Nature demands of every man that he may keep his blood in circulation, his lungs well developed and his body from being locked up behind or inside of "bars" of unhealthy fat.

Taking into consideration the number of games played by the big and minor leagues throughout this country every year, to say nothing of the smaller games with big local interest, and computing the number of men who every day sit still from three to four hours watching them, the total is appalling.

This habit, of course, has grown to this extent only during the present generation, but it promises to continue to grow. At the same time it will mean coming generations of people whose health will not be as good as that of their parents.

The Englishmen seem to have quite the proper idea of sports and their true value. They laugh about our baseball craze and declare it is not true sport to let a handful of men do all the playing for you. They say that real sport consists of getting into the game yourself. That is why their cricket fields are sometimes crowded, with a dozen games going on at the same time. And at football, their rather milder form of the game is played by almost every one able to get out and play. They do not find it sport to sit and watch cricket and football and tennis—their idea is that the sport is in being active.



Now it happens that this is just what man needs, exercise. If he can get it enjoyably, so much the better for him. The English exercise because they like to do so, not because they feel they should, which is the ideal form of exercise, but exercise because it is needed, is far better than no activity at all.

Take the business man—the average sort who loves to attend the gall games. He will probably bolt his breakfast and get into town and sit at his desk until 1:30 or so. Then he will go out, eat a rather hearty lunch and ride to the ball grounds. Then he will sit there until the game is over, or, many times, called by darkness.

He may have transacted a lot of business during those early hours of the day, but his body tissues have been taking on fat, his circulation has been getting sluggish, and if he is a real baseball fan the only good thing can be said about it, physically, is that he is apt to exercise his lungs shouting during the intense moments of the game.

Our present day habits—those who are successful—of over-eating, together with the limousine, the trolley car, steam heat, electricity, elevators and scores of other things that do our work, but more especially exercise for us, are all unwise and bad for us. But add to this, on the part of hundreds of thousands of American men, the habit of allowing eighteen men to take our exercise for us while we sit idly still or squirm about under the hot sun. This is just where the curse of baseball comes in.

This age of "press-the-button-and-something-does-it-for-us" means a coming generation of weaker men; nor are they going to get stronger until they actually learn the real value of exercise. When a man gets into business he seems to think he exercised all that was necessary during his school and college days, but he needs the exercise as much, even more, in middle age.

It is all this that makes the business man die at fifty. It is true one active American business man may have had more experience at fifty than six Russian peasants who live to be 100, but experience is one thing, life another, and why waste half a life to gain a little experience, when long years, brought about by right living, mean more happiness and comfort than any ten business men could crowd into their fifty years?

If every baseball fan would walk two miles to the game and two miles away from the game, the national sport of baseball would prove a blessing to mankind and to the country, but Americans will not do that; they will ride in a stuffy subway or surface car or limousine and ride just as close to the seat they are going to occupy in the grandstand or bleachers as they can possibly get.

All these fans, who are really good felows, enjoying the cleanest, most entertaining and harmless of all sports in the world, should always remember this infallible law of the physical world, and that is that the neglect or disuse of any living tissue or organ of the vital cosmos, is followed by the emaciation, decay and final shrinkage of such tissue. The consequences, therefore, of diminished muscular exercise, reduced mental application, overindulgence of stimulants, overfeeding are all plainly evident. All this may seem to be a rapid flight through a very pleasurable life, but it is actually quite to the contrary. The intensity of efforts expended in wealth-getting, theatregoing, restaurant-dining, turkey-trotting and BASEBALL FANNING is actually destructive to the most vital organs of the body, namely, the muscles, the stomach, the kidneys and the intellect.

"Baseball is a great sport, doctor," my friend Hughey Jennings once said to me.

"It certainly is for you and Cobb and Chance and all the other active players, but it is not good for the hundreds of thousands of American citizens who view it for two or three or more hours every beautiful afternoon."

Of course, Jennings first thought I was joking, then, for a time, at least, I am sure he thought I had become mentally unbalanced, but when I explained that while he and all the other ball players were gaining firm muscles, quick judgment, good health and all that there were hundreds of thousands who were allowing their muscles to become flabbdier and flabbier and their health to become slowly poorer and poorer because they sat still and watched.

"Which would you rather do all Summer, sit in idleness and watch the games, or take an active part in them?"

"If you get me cornered like that, Doc," said Jennings, "I must admit I'd probably pine away and pass on if I had to sit still all the season. But it's a great game!"

It IS a great game, and deserves its patronage, but it will remain a curse to America until such time comes when every American will know enough to walk, run, row, play tennis and golf and take other exercises daily that will give him a clearer brain and a healthier body.

If the baseball fan can afford no spare time except what he takes during the game, he had far better watch four and a half innings and then walk or run around the ball grounds during the other four and a half innings.

How 30,000 Men Who Ought to Be Exercising Let 18 Ball-Players Exercise for Them

The Need of Mixing COMMON SENSE with TOBACCO

By Dr. ANDREW WILSON

IN the rush of modern life, where the tendency is t. develop the neurotic constitution, tobacco may be regarded, in my opinion, as a kind of saving clause in the history of modern man. But there is always just this much about the use of tobacco—common sense must be well mixed with it. In other words, the man who finds he is smoking to excess and doesn't stop, lacks common sense. The boy who begins smoking is really old enough to know that it hurts him and will hurt him until he has reached maturity, consequently he lacks common sense if he continues to smoke during the days of his body and mind building.

There can be no doubt, I think, that on the whole tobacco represents a harmless form of enjoyment to those who use it in moderation and with whom it agrees. Tobacco is injurious to the young, and I should not hesitate to affirm that the prevalent practise of cigarette smoking by boys may lie at the root of a considerable deal of ill health, dependent on the fact that tobacco acts in youth by checking the due nutrition of the frame.

The adult, on the other hand, may smoke through a long life-time, and not merely enjoy his pipe, but experience benefit therefrom. Where tobacco acts injuriously on the nervous system we find either a special predisposition on the part of the subject, which unfits him to consume tobacco, or we discover him to be using it in excess. In the first case, the man should be the judge of his own requirements in the way of tobacco consumption. If the weed interferes with his health or comfort, he will be acting only a common-sense part by renouncing its use altogether. There is in this case no middle course. While for the vast majority of men smoking presents itself as a habit which has for its outcome the production of a soothing and calming influence, there are individuals upon whom it acts either with poisonous effect, or at least may be productive of injury.

The effects of tobacco, when taken in excess, on the nervous system are manifested in different ways. There is first disturbance of digestion, then eye symptoms may be prevalent, ending in temporary loss of sight or tobacco amaurosis, as it is professionally termed. The further action of tobacco is seen in irregularity of the action of the heart, producing what medical men call "smoker's heart." The pulse is irregular and the heart's action enfeebled, with the result that the general nutrition of the body becomes in due time affected. Irritability of the nervous system due to the depression induced by the excess will also appear, and the otherwise beneficial effect of tobacco is thus converted into a positive evil. The remedy for this state of matters is, of course, obvious. The doctor will advise complete renunciation of tobacco, he will probably order tonics, and if the individual is completely run down, change of air will also be prescribed.

I may here refer to one phase of the tobacco question, which of late years has come prominently into view. I allude to the habit of cigarette smoking at large, and to the indulgence by women of this form of enjoyment. The cigarette is no doubt a convenient and handy method of enjoying a whiff, but it is an insidious form of tobacco smoking, seeing that the consumption of cigarettes by the ordinary smoker per day tends, as regards the amount of tobacco and the effects thereby induced, to exceed both phases as witnessed in the average man who smokes pipe or cigar. There are many men who appear to smoke cigarettes from morning to night, and even the dinner table is not sacred from tobacco fumes. In addition to the danger of excess thus induced, we have to take into consideration the facts of inhaling the fumes of the paper and the results of this feature of cigarette smoking on the throat. My contention is that there is greater danger of injurious excess in the matter of the cigarette habit than where tobacco is consumed in pipe or cigars.

On women one may well be convinced that the effects of tobacco are much more easily produced than in men. The woman's nervous system is, speaking generally, of a more highly strung character than that of the man. She is more active in thought, more intuitive, more keen in her perceptions, than her lord and master, and, physiologically speaking, her nervous system is therefore more liable to develop the unstable state. Cigarette smoking by women may physiologically not be condemned, whatever society manners or the canons of good taste may have to say to the practise, but medical men know of irritable hearts and like symptoms being the inevitable results of even moderate indulgence in tobacco by many women.

Argument here seems to lie in the direction of advising women to be more than careful of the tobacco habit. It is a feature of their nervous constitution that the effects engendered in them are of a much more decided character than in the opposite sex.

Trees and INSECTS THAT FORECAST the WEATHER

MANY woodsmen claim they can tell whether a Winter will be severe or mild by means of the growth of bark on tree trunks of saplings, the growth being much thicker some years than others and an unusually cold Winter invariably following when the bark has grown thick. They also declare the moss or lichens that grow on the north side of many evergreen trees will be heavier during the season preceeding a cold Winter.

Gardeners look at the caterpillars as a means of foretelling the sort of Winter that is coming. Of course these observations have to be made in the Summer and Autumn. Last Fall there was printed in these pages an article from John T. Timmins, of Birdlawn Conservatory, who declared the Winter would be unusually mild. He based this forecast on the fact that the caterpillars had no dark stripes down their backs. The writer averred that when the dark stripes ran full length and were quite black it meant a cold Winter, when the stripes ran but half way down the backs of the caterpillars, it meant a medium Winter and when there were very light stripes, scarcely noticeable, it meant a mild Winter. He said the caterpillars of last Summer and Autumn had scarcely any visible stripes at all, and his forecast seems to have been as accurate as possible.

It is not necessary to be a student of nature to learn much concerning the weather, if a claims are true. It is said crickets will chirp slowly if it is going to be colder during the next day or so, and again chirp with greater rapidity if a warm spell is coming on.

Other animals and insects seem to act as barometers, the ordinary frogs, although called green, have a great deal of yellow about them. While this remains a clear or bright yellow, fair weather may be expected to continue, but it is said that when the yellows begin to fade and become rather dull and of a brownish color, bad weather is approaching. Nearly everyone knows about the spider that makes his web on the grass. Throughout the Summer one may see thousands of closely spun cobwebs spread out on the grass, under rose bushes and such places, with always a little hole in these webs where the spider goes to hide.

If your lawn is well dotted with these webs in the morning, regardless of how cloudy it may be, you are safe in assuming that it will be a fair day, at least for more than half the day. As far as known these spiders will not spin their webs if it is going to rain that day.

Keeping Waste Pipes Clean

ALTHOUGH the waste pipes in your kitchen, washstands and bathroom may never become clogged up, yet unless they are cleaned there is a great amount of dirt that lodges in the trap which in time becomes dangerous. Water may back up in the drain pipes and force this dirt, which becomes a black slime, into the sink, causing all sorts of dangers.

It is a very simple matter to keep these pipes cleaned, and there is no danger, either from the filth or from gases that may result from the accumulating and decaying matter there. Make a quantity of strong lye, the liquid potash variety. Any druggist will tell you what quantity to mix to make it what is known as 36 degrees strength.

For a kitchen sink it will take a pint to fill the trap. For the bath tub and washstands it will take a quart for each trap. Just before retiring pour this down the sink and make sure no water is allowed to run down that sink.

In the morning the first current of fresh water through the waste pipes will clean out the trap and leave it like new. This is because the strong solution of liquid lye actually converted the thick deposit of dirt and slime in the trap and sides of the pipe into soft soap, and so with the fresh water it all dissolved, loosened up and was washed away.

If this is done say every six months the pipes will always be clean enough to give assurance of no danger from poisonous gases or even germs from these traps should their contents suddenly back up and part of them dry about the edges of the sink. It is a cheap and effective way to do away with all dangers of dirty drain pipe traps.

Eggs Should Be BOILED Either TWO MINUTES or TWENTY

MANY people have curious ideas about cooking eggs, and many people who eat eggs because they are so healthful really lose all the benefit of the eggs and injure their digestion because they do not know how to cook them.

Raw eggs are probably the healthiest form of the egg, and, to those who cannot take them raw, they may be well shaken in milk, but the great majority of people spoil the good effects by adding sugar. Just a pinch of salt instead of the sugar will make the egg more beneficial.

Eggs boiled three to five minutes are eaten by thousands, and to many take the place of meat, but they are not as health-giving as most persons imagine. The eggs thus prepared are more difficult to digest than eggs that are more thoroughly cooked.

Physicians declare an egg that is boiled should not boil more than two minutes, or they are hard on the digestive organs unless they be boiled for from twenty to thirty minutes. Most persons seem to think an egg boiled so long would lay like so much lead in the stomach, but this is a mistake, for it has been found that eggs boiled for a long time are very easily digested, and the nutrition seems to be more easily taken up by the tissues of the body.

Hospitals use the long boiling process, and it is declared patients are greatly benefited by the new way of preparing eggs.

If patients in the hands of expert physicians and nurses are benefited by the proper cooking of eggs, it stands to reason the people who are well may be kept in better health by the use of properly prepared food in the form of fresh eggs. The greatest difficulty, some will say, is in the time required to have eggs served.

This is a mistaken idea. Hotels and restaurants can very easily prepare for cooking the eggs, and they can be served as rapidly as those cooked a much shorter time, as they can be cooking prior to the serving hour, and it is not difficult to keep the cooked product in fine shape for an hour or more.

In Paris the long boiled eggs are served extensively, and physicians say they can see a difference in the health of the people.

Such a diet would improve the health and strength of our city folk who have for years simply bolted much of their food improperly prepared, and are suffering greatly for so doing.

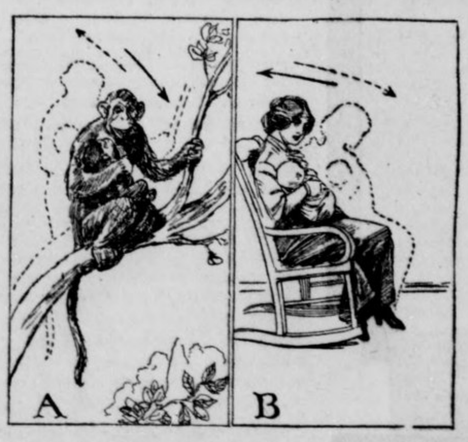
The Real REASON FOR ROCKING Our BABIES to Sleep

I WONDER how many mothers when they rock their babies and sing "Rock-a-by-Baby in the Tree-Top," know they are only saying about what our ape ancestors crooned to their children.

These hairy babies were literally rocked to sleep in the leafy cradles among the trees. To us has come down without much change, except the descent from tree branches to the nursery cradle, the rocking habit of putting baby to sleep.

It is a primitive form of hypnotism—the steady, monotonous rhythm of voice tones and cradle movement. As the child grows old enough to walk the same rythmic habits are kept up. Hop-skip-and-jump, "ring-around-the-roses," rope skipping, all children's games, show how the inborn traits of our happy, hairy ancestors are still with us and still active.

This swaying, leaping trait is a demonstration of our former existence for hundreds of thousands of years among the trees. Man's upright position and extraordinary brain development are too recent a state to have caused a muscular and nervous education, which was necessary for the protection of life, to be entirely eliminated. And in many cases this is a fortunate condition. It saved many lives in those disastrous floods which devastated the Middle West a few weeks ago. The men who slung their babies upon their backs and walked wire ropes to safety; the women who clung to narrow ledges and window sills; the children who moved over slender beams and made their way to safety by going down swinging ropes and cables, owe their lives to the fact that arboreal instincts were in them and subconsciously utilized.



A.—The Ape Mothers of Our Ancestors Rocked Their Babies to Sleep in the Swaying Tree-Tops. B.—The Mothers of To-day Have linherited the Habit of Rocking or Swaying to Lull Their Babies to Sleep.

And the imitative powers of a past are stronger yet. How quickly we all fell under the influence of rag time, turkey trotting and all the other rhymic, swinging traits of a race still bearing distinct evidences of a free and unfettered forest life. The patting, the regular shuffling of feet, can be seen to-day in a gathering of apes or in the play of chimpanzees as they make rhythmic sounds by beating the tree trunks and bark.

The love of climbing so active in healthy boys; the delight in swinging, see-sawing and flying rings which every girl shows, are only the inherent instincts and pleasures of anthropoidal life. We see evidence of this past life in the new born babe, for it is covered all over with a very fine hair. Its clothing, baths and environment kill the growth, but not the proofs of a descent from hairy babies.

Who Invented Real Paper?

THE question of who invented real paper has apparently been settled by means of a catalogue of manuscripts in the Royal Library of France, made by a Greek scholar at the command of King Henry II. of France. In this cataloguer's own hand are found notes to the effect that "real paper" originated in Damascus.

To make a difference between the sort of paper that was in use in China hundreds of years ago, and the beginning of the sort of paper we use to-day, our paper is called "real paper." This is because the Chinese used silk for their paper, which was after all more of a sort of pulpy silk than real paper.

And while silk was common enough in China back in the seventh century, it was not plentiful elsewhere and so the Chinese so-called paper was extremely rare and expensive in other countries. Of course writing was done on cavern walls, on tablets of clay, on slabs of gold and tanned skins and then papyrus, but in about the seventh century some Arabs discovered that paper could be made from cotton.

So our first real paper, as far as can be learned to-day, was made in Arabia, where there was actually a paper factory in operation in the seventh century using cotton which was plentiful. To the Arabs, then, we seem to owe our present paper a swell as our numerals. It was not until the fourteenth century that paper was made from flax, linen, hemp and such things, and, of course, still later that the cheaper sorts of paper were made from wood pulp. Both Italy and Germany claim the honor of first making linen paper.

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Too Perfect for Marriage! " " " Divorce!

WHAT ON EARTH WILL "LOVEY" LEAN AND "DOVEY" HOLBROOK DO

Here Is Mrs. "Dovey" Lean's Own Story--Moral: Don't Be Perfect; Just Be Human

THE extraordinary matrimonial situation described on this page by the wife herself, appears to have no parallel, and no precedent in history. To be "too perfect for marriage" sounds like a paradox. Yet here are a husband and wife whose carefully planned and faithfully executed "perfections" at last got on each other's nerves to an extent that each found the other's presence unendurable. It is not to be wondered at that these same habits of "perfection" stand in the way of a divorce, now being sought for the fourth time.

Mr. and Mrs. Lean had enjoyed for nearly a decade the reputation of having effectually disproved the theory that marriage within the theatrical profession cannot be successful. How their one mistake was in attempting to maintain a more than human standard of perfection is graphically told—with its obvious moral—in the wife's narrative.

By FLORENCE HOLBROOK
(No Longer "Dovey")

The Centipede was happy, quite,
Until the Frog, in fun.
Said: "Which leg follows after which?"—
And so perpelxed the hapless wight
He lay a-kicking in the ditch
A-wondering how to run.
—High School Psychology.

"LOVEY" AND "DOVEY"—I mean Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Lean—are floundering in their separate domestic ditches, with no present prospect of getting out, either as "the most perfect married couple on the stage," or as free and independent individuals.

Too much psychology—that's the trouble. A matrimonial standard pitched in too high a key at the start. Too many plans and promises and compacts and agreements to start perfect and stay perfect. Too much effort to maintain the standard. You can't be perfect and human at one and the same time—especially after marriage. We held ourselves in our stiff-necked course of perfection until we couldn't endure each other.

We separated. What was the use? The habit of perfection could not be shaken off—we're so perfect that we can't get a divorce.

Goodness gracious! hasn't there been enough said and printed about it? About "Lovey" and "Dovey," otherwise Florence Holbrook and Cecil Lean, who got married and proceeded to overturn all the traditions of the impossibility of married stage people living happy "ever after?"

That was ten years ago. Nobody can say that we didn't make a brave struggle. For a couple of years we believed we would have the whole acting profession comfortably reformed on the "for better or worse" fireside companion model—all the husbands and wives members of each other's companies, and autocratic managers forever shamed from tearing wedded actors assunder for whole long seasons. For several more years we succeeded in fooling the outsiders—and then, ghastly weary of each other's perfections, it was all off.

Why didn't some experienced relative slap us well and remind us that "to err is human?" That marriage is for human beings, that perfection is necessarily celibate? Why didn't some kind person head us off? Why weren't we arrested? Just read the list of impossible things we swore we'd do and wouldn't do:

1. It is *our* marriage; no interference from relatives, blood or "in-law."
2. We will remain together in our work—managers will have to engage both or neither.
3. We will permit no professional jealousy to come between us—if one gets more applause or press notices than the other both shall rejoice equally.
4. We shall not be separated in our pastimes; there shall be harmony in the choice of recreations which both can enjoy.
5. If either develops annoying habits or mannerisms the other shall be considerate and not notice them.
6. We agree never to argue with each other; each shall respect the other's opinions.



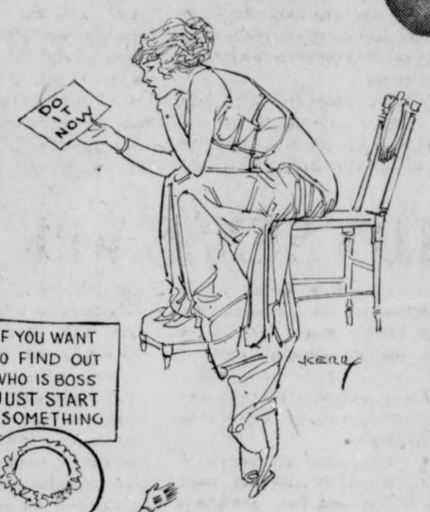
Florence Holbrook in a Thoughtful Attitude



Mr. Lean "Lovey" Wearing the Smile That Miss Holbrook Yearned to "Come Off."



"The smile pursued her."



"Denied speech that would arouse domestic spats, she brought aggravating signs home—and even they had no effect."

7. There shall be no personal criticism of each other—especially in the presence of outsiders.
8. If a harsh remark or angry retort leaps to the lips of either, he or she shall remain silent until the impulse has subsided.
9. Each toward the other shall be courteous and considerate in all circumstances, at all times.

Signed, sealed, sworn to and delivered—and then we visited the Little Church Around the Corner. Better, far better if we had been arrested and haled to Police Headquarters and sent to the Psychopathic Ward for observation as to our sanity. However, as that would have meant a long term in Matteawan at public expense, perhaps it was just as well that our punishment was permitted to fit the crime.

We went to Philadelphia to rejoin the company in which both of us were principals. We had not confided in the company for two reasons. First, we wished to make no parade of our example at the start, but to let it sink in subtly and gradually. Second, Mr. Frank Daniels, the star, was notoriously opposed to having husbands and their own wives acting with him, and we naturally desired a breathing spell before testing Clause No. 2.

Alas! it had been necessary for us to get the sage director's permission to remain over one train in New York, and we found our letter boxes on the stage crammed witr telegrams of congratulation. Clause No. 2 received its test then and there. Mr. Daniels glared at us, snorted once or twice, and sedulously refrained from noticing us except as "Miss Holbrook" and "Mr. Lean."

As time went on our perfection was recognized among our professional associates—except by certain managers. We became "Lovey" and "Dovey." I am sure that the rank and file of our profession were sincere in desiring to see us triumph. We steadily refused to be separated in our work. Managers got to telling each other:

"No use. They're 'Lovey' and 'Dovey.' You can't pry 'em apart."

There is no doubt that we sacrificed several opportunities to add to our individual earnings and our individual professional reputation in order to remain together in our work and live up to Perfection No. 2. I cannot remember that his relation or mine ever interfered with us—which kept No. 1 intact. As for No. 3, the bulk or our press notices being about "Lovey" and "Dovey" and their worthy example to the theatrical profession, and our applause pretty fairly shared, we had really no grounds for professional jealousy.

Neither were there many pitfalls hidden in No. 4. We were both fond of outdoor sports. We sailed and motored togther, and could play tennis and golf with each other without getting angry and violating No. 8—though occasionally by dint of protracted silences between us. I was not addicted to the pink tea habit, nor was he over fond of his club. Not much of a strain, our perfection thus far.

But, oh, those fatal Nos. 5, 6, 7 and 9:

"Annoying habits or mannerisms."
"Nover argue—respect each other's opinions."
"No personal criticism."
"Courteous and considerate, etc., at all times."

Don't imagine that we didn't, or did, or weren't. That is where the whole trouble lay. Even in these last named impossibilities of married life we forced ourselves to be perfect. Imagine not arguing with your own lawfully wedded husband. Or not reminding him of his annoying habits. Or refraining from criticising his ridiculous mannerisms. Or being always courteous and considerate though married!

But we did it. We were perfect, as we declared we would be.

And then, all of a sudden, we realized that we would simply have to be human or quit!

It was the trifles that it was hardest to be perfect about—being considerate, remaining silent about little personal characteristics which were a constant source of irritation. He had a habit of always being last. If there was five minutes in which to catch a train he would risk missing it in order to do something quite unnecessary. I dare say I had little habits which annoyed him quite as much.

Once there was a wife who left her husband because his glass eye got on her nerves.

Another loving couple separated because of an argument about which end of the breakfast boiled egg should be broken—the large end or the small end.

I actually believe that a glass eye in the family, or a real good, human, matrimonial argument about a boiled egg would have been our salvation.

In order to realize our perfection ideal we kept all our little differences and resentments and perfectly natural little argumentative and critical inclinations bottled up. The accumulation at length made us unbearable to each other. We were too perfect to have it out and clear the atmosphere.

For quiet a long while we kept on working together. "Lean and Holbrook" sang and danced and made love to each other professionally. They continued to be "Lovey" and "Dovey" on the stage—but nowhere else. They were on each other's nerves quite hopelessly.

Once, twice, three times, they tried to become divorced. Alas! they were too perfect. His Honor, the Judge, could find no flaw in them!

They contemplate another attempt—perhaps "on grounds of incompatibility of perfections." Otherwise the case seems hopeless.

Don't think me flippant or careless in these remarks. I never was more serious in my life. It is such a serious matter that I feel like warning all young persons contemplating matrimony that that state is not for the perfect, or those wro have a passion for perfection, but for those who are simply human beings, and otherwise eligible.



"What on earth can we do," asks Miss Holbrook—(This Is Charming Miss Holbrook Completely Surrounded by Her Question)—"The only way to be happy if married is not to think about it."

Famous Fashions from Mistakes

ONE of the kings of France came to the throne a child of ten; he wore his hair in long ringlets all about his head. Immediately the men and women of the court did likewise, and it became the nation-wide craze. This same monarch was bald at thirty, and, being a lover of things beautiful and feminine, ordered the elaborate wig which was taken up and revelled in during many reigns.

The feather boa originated less than twenty years ago in conservative Boston. In an idle moment an apprentice in a milliner's shop sewed the discarded bits and ends of poor plumes together and strung them about her neck. The other girls laughed at the trimming; the head of the department declared them pretty, and the order was given that no castaways in the form of plumes be thrown in the waste basket. All parts of the plumes were kept, sewed onto a ribbon, and the entire thing curled, the long ribbon loops put at each end—and this creation was the means of bringing that woman into prominence, and it has gained in success each season since.

The origin of the beauty spot is no less interesting. The Duchess de Montmorrillon, suffering with a boil on her cheek, resorted to putting on a bit of black mixture, which she had been told held great curative power. In the morning she either forgot to wash her face, or did not use enough care—so the tale goes—and appeared before the world with a face spotted. Powdered and perfumed she received her callers, and they found the accidental black spot charming, so much so that before night had come they annointed their faces with the black ointment.

The pannier of to-day was in great vogue the latter part of the eighteenth century. The introduction was brought about by mere accident. A very petite maid of one of the well-known actresses of that day was in the habit of pulling her outer skirt up, so that when she knelt in arranging milady's habit it wouldn't soil or wrinkle the skirt. The actress, noticing the attractive appearance she made with her outer skirt rolled up about her hips adopted the costume.

The late King Edward, when he was the Prince of Wales, set and introduced many fads and fancies. As a younger man he was somewhat stockily built, and the high pointed linen collars, in vogue at that time, would irritate him in the extreme. One night he purposely grasped the points, bent them over, and it didn't take long for the English dressers to find the scheme an excellent and practical one, adopt it, and make way for our present turn-down collars.

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Exploits of the Up-to-Date Sorcerers of Paris.



Strange Semi-Scientific Experiments with Dead Hands, Divining Rods, Prophetic Trances and Human Radiations Enthrall the Gay Capital

"It is startling to see smart Parisiennes and fashionable physicians making mysterious magnetic passes over a dead human hand."

Paris, April 26.

THE modern "Sorcerers of Paris," as they are called, are now exciting intense interest in this gay city.

The sorcerers are really members of the great French society devoted to the study of human magnetism and experimental psychism. They are the equivalent of the English and American psychical research students, but are receiving much more public attention and credit.

This French society includes over one hundred physicians in good standing, professors of the universities and well-known men of science. They are investigating every form of ancient black magic, including the production of ghosts, the forecasting of the future, the transmutation of metals and the use of the divining rod.

They aim to unveil the mysteries of life, to harmonize the apparently supernatural with scientific laws and furnish scientific explanations of all the remarkable things they have accomplished. They point out that the object which the ancient alchemists aimed at has been accomplished by Sir William Ramsay in transmuting radium into helium, and they argue that it is reasonable to expect that other marvels scoffed at by the very sceptical, recent generation of science will be proved possible.

They give much attention to the study of the obscure radiations of the human body. They find that these radiations can impress a photographic negative in the dark and produce many other physical effects. They have been observing one woman whose body possesses powers similar to pure radium. She is, consequently, able to cure many germ diseases by mere contact with the sufferers, according to these investigators.

Perhaps the most extraordinary experiment of these sorcerers consisted in preserving, or "mumifying," a dead human hand by making magnetic passes over it. Dr. Gaston Durville, who conducted the experiments, reports that they were amazingly successful, and offers a series of photographs in support of his statements. He considers that they prove that the human hands have great bactericidal power in certain cases.

The hand experimented on was that of a man accidentally suffocated by gas. It was an exceptionally fat hand. It was received by the investigators three weeks after its owner's death. All that time it had been kept on ice, and was therefore in a condition which is ordinarily followed by rapid decomposition on exposure to the air. Moreover, the bodies of suffocated persons are exceptionally subject to decomposition.

Dr. Durville and two other operators took turns in treating or magnetizing the hand. One of the others was Mme. Raynaud, who is credited with many remarkable cures of disease by the imposition of hands.

The dead hand was placed on a table and each of the three operators treated it for three-quarters of an hour daily. The process consisted in simply making passes with the living hands over the dead hand at a distance of six inches with a slow movement from the severed wrist to the tips of the fingers. The operator concentrated his mind on the act.

They were surprised to find from the first that no decomposition occurred, such as would appear ordinarily.

"From the seventh day," writes Dr. Durville, "observing that the hand remained without odor, we began to feel confident concerning the outcome of the experiment, and we diminished the time of the daily treatment. From the tenth day we gave the hand two daily seances of ten minutes each, making a total treatment of one hour."

From the seventh day a shrinking, darkening and hardening of the hand became noticeable. This increased slightly up to the fifteenth day, when the hand appeared to have reached a state of permanent preservation and mummification. When not under treatment it was merely covered with a metal screen to protect it from flies.

Dr. Durville remarks that this experiment would go far toward explaining the many extraordinary cures said to have been accomplished in ancient times by the laying on of hands.



The Dead Hand Mummified by Magnetic Passes with the Living Hands. A Remarkable Experiment by Dr. Gaston Durville.



How Mlle. Tomczyk Raises Solid Objects by Her Personal Magnetism Alone.

Almost equally interesting were the experiments with divining rods. These were undertaken as part of the proceedings of the International Congress of Experimental Psychology, which has been going on in Paris. The same sorcerers are interested in this gathering.

Day after day the psychists went forth armed with little hazel twigs of various shapes in search of hidden treasures and other objects which they believed would be revealed to them by the turning of the twigs. One day the search was conducted in the park of the Chateau of Mirabaud, near Paris. The proprietor concealed beneath the soil objects of iron, coins and a copper basin.

The sorcerers wandered through the park with a fixed expression. From time to time one of them would stop, while his hazel twig performed strange motions. A sceptical person might have said that the nervous excitement of the persons caused these movements, but they themselves were convinced that they were due to hidden objects for which the wood had a strange attraction. There seems little doubt that many of them were able to locate the hidden articles.

M. Pelaprat declared positively that his twig indicated the presence of iron, and his statement proved to be correct. Another psychist declared in the same place that he felt the presence of copper. Such minor errors were common.

The Abbe Mermet, who took part in these experiments, discovered the exact position of a small sum of money hidden near the gateway of the park. M. Padey located a ferruginous and also a sulphurous spring in the park.

On another day the investigators went over the ground above an ancient stone quarry, the hidden galleries of which were known to only one of the party. Many of them were able to locate accurately the presence of the hollows and supporting pillars beneath the soil.

The divining rods are said to be attracted by running water and by minerals of all kinds. Each material exercises a different attraction upon the rod, and an expert diviner undertakes to define the nature of what lies hidden, its quantity and depth beneath the soil.

Several of the members of the society affirm most positively that the future can be defined by an intelligent study of the stars, and that astrology is not a mere ancient superstition, but a science based on demonstrable facts.

One of those who supports this startling view is the eminent astronomer, Camille Flammarion. In a communication to the society, he says:

"Future events can be foreseen in advance very exactly and incontestably. It is not by metaphysical argument, but by the experimental method that I wish to see this grave question elucidated."

Flammarion goes on to enumerate many cases in which he has known the future to be accurately foreseen in one way or another. He quotes a letter from the Princess Emma Carolath, who tells how she saw a vision of a room, very curiously furnished, in which there was a bed hung with red damask and a picture of the Saviour crowned with roses. Two years later she found this room in Hungary, exactly as she had dreamed it. Her husband died there.

M. Flammarion argues that as we can tell the course of the stars in advance, so we also can foretell the course of human events when we have the right insight.

Many of the psychical experts believe that various drugs increase the power of a person to define the future by heightening his mental sensitiveness to an extraordinary degree, and making him oblivious to his surroundings.



Images Transmitted by Thought Transference at a Distance. On the Left, the Object Thought Of; on the Right, the One Reproduced.



A Critical Moment in the Search for Hidden Treasure with Divining Rods Near Paris.

Why Saying "I Should Worry" Keeps You from Worrying

By Dr. L. K. Hirshberg, Johns Hopkins University.

"DOCTOR," said a substantial business man to me a week or so ago, "my business is a go. I have a lot of money, my family is well, and yet because my only son is about to get married I simply cannot sleep at night. What shall I do?"

"My dear sir," I said, "if I give you a prescription absolutely certain to cure you will you obey me?"

"Of course," he said.

"Then fifty times a day say to yourself loudly and with conviction, 'I should worry!' Increase the dose if it is necessary. You will find, however, that you can soon decrease it."

We had a long argument. Finally he took my advice. And to-day nothing worries him.

Now, what special virtue lies in this especial slangy—some will say flippant—phrase to cure a case of chronic worry? The answer lies in psychology. Let me explain.

The very first threshold to be crossed before you can cure yourself of the worry-bug is to read all of the cartoons, humorous quips and popular songs that "play-up" the thought in that same phrase "I should worry." This is no jest; it is serious advice. I know of an instance, the case of a prim, severe young woman, who had the unhappy habit of worrying herself into a sick headache over such absurd trifles as breaking a saucer, spilling her tea or misplacing an ear-trumpet. A little boy about six years old who lived with her caught up the street patois that ended with this now well-known phrase. Whenever his aunt thereafter assumed her melancholy, depressed demeanor, the child would at once recognize it and say:

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep.
If I should die before I wake,
"I should worry."

The mischievous lad kept this up continually until the very insistence of the repetition made a complete change in the hitherto misanthropic person. She has gone now to the other extreme, and worries about nothing.

Now, when you have typhoid fever the malignant typhoid germs are fought by dead germs in the form of a vaccine. Diphtheria is caused by the antitoxins of a horse which has recovered from the toxins of diphtheria germs. In smallpox we vaccinate with modified smallpox germs, and Friedmann's "cure" for consumption is brought about by introducing modified consumption germs into the body.

The phrase "I should worry" is a mental vaccine. It means "I ought to worry." In the form it appears it is like the non-virulent tuberculosis germs or the modified smallpox germs. It infiltrates into the mind the idea "What on earth is there anywhere for me to worry about I should NOT worry."

And there you are. This is what happens. The repetition of the phrase steadily fights in the worrying mind the active microbes of worry. The insistent subconscious impression that "I should *not* worry" grows bigger and bigger. Finally it kills off the worry bug and the mind is once again care free.

The form of the phrase is absolutely psychologically perfect. The worrying mind pays no attention to argument or reason. They are medicines that do not take. But "I should worry" is done up in a form that harmonizes with the dominant idea of that type of mind that it really ought to worry. It slips in and then the punch that is hidden in it gets in its work. It is the same old principle of giving a bad child medicine disguised as candy.

Just a few words more. You must know your own number. You should be ever ready to put your finger exactly in the middle of the ego in your own cosmos. Come down to earth.

Learn the trade, then, or practice the art of developing a good, fat, healthy anti-ego. Vaccinate yourself with the anti-microbic medicine of "I should worry."

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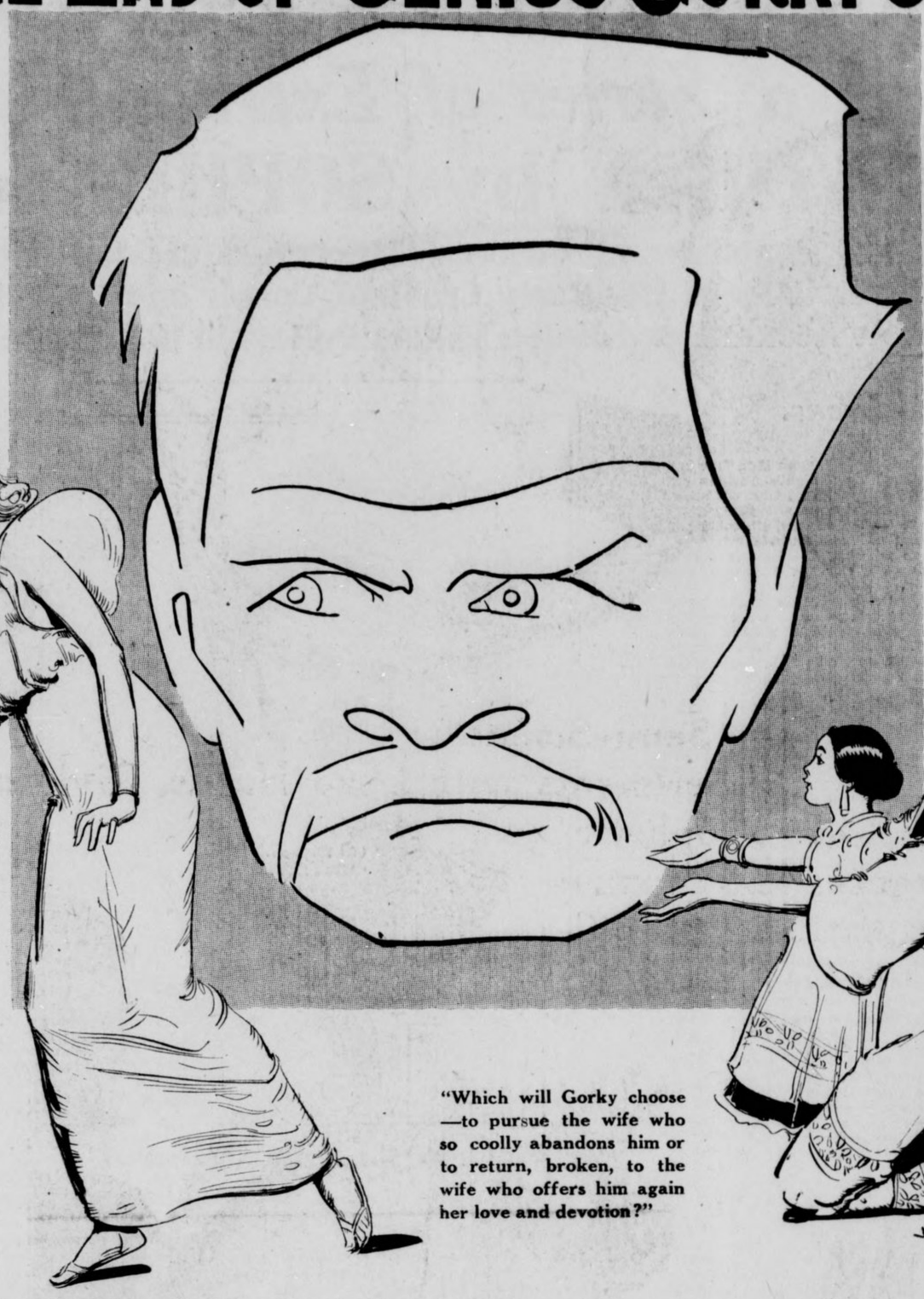
THE INEVITABLE END OF "GENIUS" GORKY'S SCANDALOUS "ROMANCE"

"No vow is of any use for the people who stand at the top. I have sacrificed myself enough for my romatic sentiments." Mme. Andreyeva's Cynical Farewell to Gorky.





"Which will Gorky choose —to pursue the wife who so coolly abandons him or to return, broken, to the wife who offers him again her love and devotion?"



Mme. Andreyeva (in R Russian Dress) Whom Married Finally A Abandoning His First W for her. Now, in His Tu He Has Been Abandone by Her.

The Brilliant Mme. Andreyeva Who Took Him from His Wife and Child Explains That She Has Had to "Abandon" the Russian Novelist Because She Is a "Genius" Herself

St. Petersburg, April 30.

THE inevitable consequences have followed, and ended, the scandalous romance of the celebrated Russian novelist, Maxim Gorky. The beautiful actress, Mme. Andreyeva, who took him from his wife and child seven years ago and accompanied him to America, has left him exiled in Italy and returned to Moscow and her former life of the stage.

Gorky's appearance in America, accompanied by the actress, it will be remembered, barred him from American society, and caused him and his companion to be ejected from a New York hotel. The novelist could not get a divorce from his wife, and could not return to Russia. Accompanied by Mme. Andreyeva he went to Italy. They isolated themselves in a cottage on the island of Capri, where they remained together until a few weeks ago when, as is ordained in all such cases, the irregular bond, at last over-strained, snapped, and she abandoned him.

Interviewed in Moscow, the actress brazenly declares that laws governing the relations of the sexes are doubtless good for the masses, for ordinary plodders, but not for "genius." Being a genius herself, and not caring longer to sink her "art personality" in that of Gorky, she decided to resume her independent career.

And this inevitable climax has come in spite of circumstances which enabled Gorky to obtain a divorce and to marry Mme. Andreyeva. This attempt to right a wrong made no difference. And the moral is further pointed by the contrast offered by the two women involved. While Mme. Andreyeva plays her part of the heartless "genius," the first Madame Gorky is all sympathy for the abandoned novelist and frankly declares her wish to befriend him.

From the first Gorky's real friends in Russia discerned that his genius would be fettered instead of inspired by his irregular relationship with Mme. Andreyeva. What they have learned of their life together in the cottage on Capri bears out all their forebodings.

Gorky wrote novels and plays, and his companion attempted to assist him in the capacity of a critic and adviser. But none of his works of this period held the appeal so characteristic of his former spontaneous productions. Instead of continuing in his successful field of vagabond and outcast life, he dealt more and more with that of the middle class and its special problems—which he was not fitted to discuss. It seems that Mme. Andreyeva, with her woman's perverseness, strove to make another Maeterlinck of him.

This woman who selfishly abandoned Gorky in his exile, and admits it, at present is stopping with friends in Moscow. She expects shortly to resume her interrupted stage career. At first she avoided representatives of the press, but finally to one whom she had known in the old days she gave an interview, of which the following are the significant portions.

"My explanation is that I could not any longer resist the call of the stage. It grew louder and louder. A phantom of my glorious past haunted me night and day. I feared that I would commit suicide if I shut my ears to it any longer. I simply yielded."

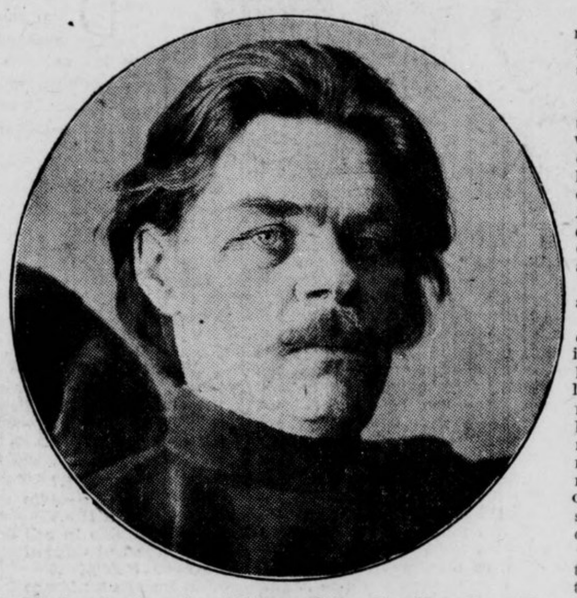
"But how about your husband? Did he share your feelings?"

Madame Andreyeva blushed and seemed confused.

"I am sorry to say, no. We are intimate friends, that is all. He could not understand me. That is the painful feature of our relations. The question is, why should I sacrifice my art for the art of my husband? Why should I give up my art for the sake of my romantic attachment to him? Can the husband's laurels be also the laurels of his wife? Will she be happy in decorating herself with what she has not earned? Why should I bury my art on that small island for the sake of remaining a true companion of my husband. I don't see why."

"It's a serious problem, indeed, especially since your husband could not follow you in your career. But is there no chance of a compromise?"

"Well, let me tell you," answered Mme. Andreyeva. "I have come to the conclusion that marriage is only a necessary regulation for mediocrities and the masses, but it has no meaning for geniuses or degenerates. No vow is of any use for the people who stand at the top. It is a nice knot for the average mind. I have undergone many deprivations for the sake of my romantic vow and would undergo more still, but I am an artist myself, like my husband, and must accomplish more than I could as merely his cheering companion. I am not only a woman, but also a factor in a bigger sense.



Maxim Gorky, the Celebrated Russian Novelist, Who Has Been Abandoned by the Actress for Whom He Deserted His Wife and Child.

I have sacrificed myself enough for my romantic sentiments. Now I have higher ideals, like my husband has, and for that reason I cannot go any further.

"You see that I have my own reputation almost in the same degree that my husband has. If this were not the case, I certainly would be satisfied in finding contentment within the frame of my family. I would remain the wife—the woman. But I feel that society—the art-loving world—has bigger claims upon me. I am a member of the universal family. In order to serve humanity, I am justified in forsaking my husband, even if it should displease him. If I should meet a starving man and was unable to help him, I would be justified in taking from whomever I could, taking by violence if the one I asked refused to give deliberately. I am not a criminal if I do that, but an executioner of higher ideals. The same is the case when I leave my family in order to live for a thousand other families. I am perfectly justified in sinning against my family if I can do good for humanity. All that I have done at present is that I have sacrificed my personal self for a bigger self.

"Any man who marries a woman with high ideals should know that he sits in the saddle of a wild horse. He should be prepared from the first touch of her lips to see the romantic flame die out any day. She is a double personality; real and ideal, physical and spiritual. Whenever a woman who has a message marries a man and says she will be true to him till death, she is untrue to herself. She does not know that she will ever be able to keep that vow. There are no written laws for a genius, except those of his or her own conscience.

"She should not marry at all, if she thinks she has a message to humanity besides being a woman. But the conventional views of society urge her to follow the old and regular channels. She never takes the family seriously, and that is the reason why a modern highly educated woman grows so easily tired of strict family life and makes love to another man, if she has nothing higher to occupy her mind? The divorces in more civilized countries are perfectly natural facts and should never be condemned.

"Only a half-educated and entirely feminine woman is perfectly happy within her family and strictly loyal to her husband. An educated and highly intellectual woman has no time to fuss with housekeeping, the education of her children and keeping the affection of her husband. She has bigger problems to solve and employs others to take care of her family duties. The American woman, for instance, has reached the highest degree of general education, and is interested in higher questions of life, therefore she is a poor mother and an unreliable wife. But I don't blame her."

"But isn't motherhood the supremest of all ideals of a woman?"

"Not when a woman can be the mother of a spiritual creation—art, or an ideal of any spiritual nature. That is the great philosophic point in woman's life. The higher a woman ascends intellectually, the more she loses of her physical motherhood. She becomes the mother of the spiritual child, just the same as the husband becomes the father of the creation of his mind, instead of that of his body. That is the very reason why the children of nearly all great men remain mediocrities. Their parents neglect them, being concerned only with their intellectual children. Rousseau and Browning are the best examples in support of my argument."

"Did your husband acquiesce with your leaving him to his fate? Are you expected to return to him after the theatrical season is over?"

"We are friends just the same, and may be much more friends than before. But his opinion is that the glory of the husband is also the glory of the wife, in which I disagree, in case of the wife being able to get her own glory. Even if my departure should mean the death of his inspiration, I shall remain firm in my own ambition. Whether I will return to him or not is a matter for the disposition of my sentiments in the future."

But what is the explanation of Gorky himself of this new turn in his family affairs? He forsook his first wife and their child for Andreyeva. Now this wife forsakes him. So far no one knows whether he ever will explain it in any other way than in his memoirs. But of great interest is the short opinion of his first wife on the matter, which she expressed to a Russian journalist.

"A man should never fall in love with a woman who has her own ambition in social life. He will never be happy. Much more, if she is superior to him intellectually she will exploit his creative power for her own use and when she has nothing more to get from him she will leave him without any sympathy, as was the case with Gorky's marriage to Andreyeva. I am very sorry for him.

"Andreyeva is a very clever woman, and intellectually superior to him. He fell in love with her because of her great talent while she was playing the role of the heroine of his drama. He is a simple, uneducated man of the people. He was greatly fascinated by her brilliance. He probably thought or felt that she would inspire him more than I did, and that is the reason he left me and the boy whom he loved so affectionately. But soon he realized that it was only an illusion.

"Andreyeva urged him to imitate Ibsen and Maeterlinck, and he did so. That was the worst he could do. I, of course, felt sorry about it; yet I thought, if he can accomplish more with her, heaven bless him! But she polished him to such an extent that she killed all his originality. However, if he should feel forsaken by all the world, I am certainly the first and last of his most devoted friends to stay with him. I am really ready to sacrifice everything for his success."

NOW Is the Time to Kill the Filthy Fly

By Dr. Leonard K. Herschberg.

(Of Johns Hopkins Medical College)

THE Summer about to dawn is the tenth anniversary of our conclusive conviction and tangible proof that the common nuisance and ubiquitous plague, the pestiferous housefly, produces many dangerous maladies, such as typhoid, cholera, dysentery, infantile ailments, and the like. True enough, ever since the Government report about the typhoid fever among American soldiers in the Spanish war, the housefly was fairly well known to be responsible for the spread of that infection. It was not, however, until the researches of the ensuing years had accumulated that the fly's guilt was established beyond the cavil of a doubt.

The proboscis, or what you might call the tongue, of the housefly, is a most pernicious organ. Because the common fly cannot chew or bite or suck or pierce the skin, food must be served up to the fly in liquid form. In other words, a fly is always on a soft, liquid or "fever" diet.

As a fly alights upon food, it sticks out its tongue or proboscis by means of a pair of air-sacs or vacuum cleaners, which blow out the proboscis just as you blow into a glove to expand the fingers. Another pump of the fly's mouth sucks in the liquid food mixed with the insect's saliva. The food passes through the alimentary canal and the undesirable parts are shot forth as flecks of dust and moistened dirt from the under surface of the fly's body.

It has been abundantly confirmed by experiments that the fly not only stores up food for days and weeks at a time in its crop, but it also regurgitates fresh as well as old food very often. A fly will thus regurgitate food out through its mouth and proboscis mixed with saliva, in order to dissolve and liquefy food that is too solid for it to take. Indeed, flies are so filthy in their habits that they regurgitate and reswallow the same food many times. These regurgitation spots may be seen on white surfaces of window panes, and are easily distinguished from spots of waste matter discharged by the fly, because they are much lighter in color than the latter.

You may thus readily picture to yourself what takes place when a fly gorged with a liquefied diet of typhoid material, tuberculosis sputum, or microbe-rich milk, hops gayly here and there on your berries, butter, sugar bowl and kitchen utensils. The apparently clean and harmless fly that idly glides into your kitchen from the passing garbage cart in order to have a bit of your bread, your sugar, your meat, or your butter, regurgitates a few times here and there wherever it alights. Briefly, if a fly wishes to sip some nourishment from your table it must regurgitate several times at least upon the food it craves. Some of its ejected saliva and food may be the remnants of fetid repasts obtained some days previously from the filthiest places.

Moreover, the sticky, gluey cushions upon a fly's feet are literally alive and swarming with bacteria and other disease-spreading filth. The much-admired and graceful act of a fly walking upside down is due to this mucilaginous material present upon the insect's feet. The footpads of a fly are so glutinous that they take up part of anything with which they come in contact. Every known disease germ and contagion has been recovered from the sole of a fly's foot.

Since the abiding places of the musca domestica are stables, barns, manure heaps, rubbish boxes, outhouses and any decaying animal or vegetable matter, you may well imagine what varieties of germs are encountered upon a fly's feet and inside its hollow tongue and mouth. Such delectable places are the breeding spot of the mother fly. She lays her eggs in a series of from 100 to 200 eggs at a time. She usually lives long enough to rear many thousands of progeny, half of which in turn also become aggressive, egg-laying mothers. I have, however, seen female flies during the Winter deposit eggs in a warm cellar, upon moist mud, in which there was no nourishment.

One fly killed in April is equal to the combined onslaught and destruction of billions of flies by thousands of persons in July and August. The boy or girl who destroys the early flies of April and May can carve himself or herself a belt with the motto on it of "A Million at One Blow" For potentially, every mother fly to-day will be responsible for billions upon billions in August.

All of the mighty milk crusades with their aims for a pure, undefiled and germ-free milk will go for naught if a "Swat the Fly" campaign is not vigorously waged beforehand as well as simultaneously. You may have a milk so perfect that not a bacteria is in it, yet if there be a fly about ready to pounce upon an infant's lips, on its bottle, nipple or tiny hands, then all the other anticipated precautions will have been absolutely nullified.

The rapid substitution of the garage for the stables, cowsheds and barnyards has gone a long way to reduce the number of flies in American cities. The new city ordinances which require all garbage cans to be kept under cover, the dissemination of knowledge among the public as to the injury from flies, the use of fly traps, and the inoculation by the Government experts of parasites of flies in order to destroy the insects by epidemics fatal to them; all of these schemes in conjunction with anti-fly crusades by civic organizations should materially lengthen the life of the human race by a reduction of the number of flies.

Flies die off,
And men survive;
The more flies you kill
The longer you're alive

WHY CRIME DOES NOT PAY—

No. 5 of a Series of Extraordinary Revelations

Written by SOPHIE LYONS

The Most Famous and Successful Criminal of Modern Times, Who Made a Million Dollars in Her Early Criminal Career and Lost It at Monte Carlo, and Has Now Accumulated Half a Million Dollars in Honorable Business Enterprises

Written by Sophie Lyons.

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FROM the moment when he commits his first crime the professional criminal never knows what it is to enjoy real peace of mind. His crimes hang over him like the sword of Damocles, and unless he reforms he can never be free from the fear of some day being found out and sent away to prison for a long term.

And arrest is not the only thing he has to fear—he is continually face to face with the danger of serious injury or death. Whatever the crime he undertakes he must run the most desperate risks—he has to stake not only his liberty but life itself on the narrowest of margins.

The powerful explosive he is using to blow open a safe may go off prematurely, as it did one night when George Mason and I were robbing a bank in Illinois, and leave the robber half dead.

Perhaps an indignant mob may decide to take justice into its own hands by lynching the criminal. This is what happened to one of my comrades in Kentucky. They had the noose around his neck and were all ready to string him up when I arrived in the nick of time to save his life.

Perhaps he will be caught in the act at one of his crimes and shot down like a dog, as my husband, Ned Lyons, was in Connecticut one night. That was the narrowest escape my husband ever had—I saw it with my own eyes, and if I live to be a hundred I shall never forget the agony of it all.

At the time of this thrilling adventure the police wanted us so badly for our share in several famous robberies that Ned and I did not dare to undertake any operations in the large cities which usually formed our most profitable fields. So, being in need of ready money, we had decided to take a little trip through some of the smaller towns of New England. The amount of cash to be had from the banks, stores and postoffices in these places was not large, but, on the other hand, it was not hard to get and we thought we ought to be able to spend two or three weeks quite profitably in the nearby towns of Connecticut and Massachusetts.

As my health that Summer was not very good and Ned did not want me to take any very active part in the robberies, we invited George Mason to go along with us.

From the start we seemed to be ill-fated. Ned and George succeeded in getting into a bank in Fitchburg, Mass., but were frightened away by a watchman before they had time to open the safe. From the postoffice in a little village just outside Fitchburg we secured only eight or ten dollars to pay us for our trouble. Quite discouraged and desperately in need of money we went on to Palmer, Mass.

There I scouted around and discovered that the most likely place for us to rob was G. L. Hitchcock's drug store, which was also the village postoffice. A storm came up to hide the full moon, and this enabled us to make the attempt that very night. It was not the easiest job in the world, for Mr. Hitchcock and his family lived directly above the store and the least noise was sure to rouse them.

How We Robbed a Store

Shortly after midnight I took up my position in an alley in the rear of the store to stand guard while Ned and George removed a pane of glass from a cellar window. Through this opening the men squeezed, and presently the dim reflection of their dark lanterns showed me that they had safely reached the store above.

I had been standing there in the rain for nearly twenty minutes when a low, rumble from inside the store made me prick up my ears. Just as I was puckering my lips to whistle a shrill warning to my comrades I saw them appear at the back door of the store carrying between them a small iron safe. It was this safe rolling over the floor which I had heard.

The safe was a small affair, but so well made that it had successfully resisted all their efforts to drill it open. Finding it was not too heavy to be carried they had decided to take it outside the town, where they could blow it open without fear of arousing the sleeping village.

We must have made a strange procession as we trudged along through the darkness—the two men partly carrying and partly rolling the safe along, and all of us wading through mud half way to our knees.

At last we reached a meadow far enough removed from any houses for our purpose. George Mason filled one of the holes he had drilled with black powder and wrapped the safe with some old sacks to protect the fuse from the wet and also to muffle the noise of the explosion.

Ned touched a match to the fuse and we scurried to a safe distance. The charge went off with a dull boom—the shattered door of the safe flew high into the air and landed several yards away.

Waiting a few minutes to make sure that no one in the village had been awakened, we hurried back to get our plunder. There were $350 in cash, a diamond ring, some gold pens and fifteen or twenty dollars' worth of postage stamps. With the few dollars the boys had taken from the till this made a trifle more than four hundred dollars for our night's work—a pitifully small sum compared with what some of our bank robberies brought us, but enough to support us until we could plan some more ambitious undertaking.

Just as we were dividing our plunder into three equal shares a freight train whistled in the distance.

"George and I will jump on this train," said my husband, giving me a hurried kiss. "It's safer than for the three of us to stick together. Good-bye—and take care of yourself. We'll meet you in South Windham, Conn., late to-night or early to-morrow."

Wet, bedraggled and so tired that I could have fallen asleep standing up, I groped my way to the railroad station and curled myself up on a bench to snatch what rest I could. Just before daybreak a milk train came along. I boarded this and travelled by a roundabout route to South Windham.

My Husband Is Shot

I reached there late in the afternoon and went straight to the postoffice. This was always the accepted rendezvous for professional criminals when no other place had been agreed upon. Detectives in every city might very profitably spend more of their time watching the postoffice, for wherever the criminal is he makes a point of calling there at least once every twenty-four hours to keep appointments with his friends or in the hope of running across some acquaintance.

Ned and George were there waiting for me, and mighty glad they were to see me, for they had heard vague rumors of a woman having been arrested on suspicion that she knew something about the Palmer robbery.

The best opportunity the sleepy little town afforded seemed to be a general store run by a man named Johnson. I dropped in there late one evening and, on the pretext of buying a crochet hook, saw the old proprietor locking the day's receipts—quite a respectable bundle of money—in a ramshackle safe which offered about as much security as a cheese box.

We got everything in readiness to break into the store the following night. It was a foolhardy time for such a job, as there was a bright moon—but we were hungry for money, and one more good haul would supply enough to keep us in comfort until we could lay our plans for some robbery really worthy of our skill.

There was really little I could do to help the men, but I could not bear to be left behind. Just after midnight I stole out of the railroad station, where I had been waiting ostensibly for the night train to New York, and hid myself in the doorway of a livery stable, where I had a good view of the store we were going to rob.

Pretty soon I saw my two comrades come cautiously down the main street from opposite directions. They met underneath a window of the store on the side which was in the dark shadow of a tree.

The window was so high above the ground that my husband had to climb up on George Mason's shoulders to reach it. I could hear the gentle rasp of his jimmy as it worked against the fastenings.

At last he raised the sash gently and stepped into the store. Then he leaned far out across the sill and stretched his brawny arms down toward his companion.

Mason gave a leap, caught hold of Ned's wrists and, with the agility of a circus performer, swung himself up into the window.

All was as silent as the grave. The only sign of life I could see in the peaceful street were two cats enjoying a nocturnal gambol on a nearby piazza roof. I shivered for fear they might start yowling and awaken somebody to spoil our plans.

Just at that instant one of the cats upset a flower pot which stood at a window opening on the porch roof. To my horror, that pot went rolling down the roof with a tremendous clatter, hung suspended for a second on the eaves, then fell to the stone steps with a crash that woke the echoes.

At once the whole town awoke. In every direction I could hear windows being thrown open, children crying and sleepy voices asking what the trouble was.

At a window directly over the store where my two friends were a night-capped head appeared and a frightened woman screamed, "Help! Burglars!" at the top of her lungs.

That completed the havoc which the playful cats and the flower pot had begun. From every house half-dressed men armed with rifles, shotguns and all sorts of weapons poured into the street.

All this racket had started too suddenly for me to give Ned and George any warning. I could only crouch farther back in the shadow of my doorway and trust to Providence that the villagers would overlook me in their excitement.

"There goes the burglar now!" some one shouted, and just then I saw my husband dash past my hiding place so close that I could have touched him. He was headed for the open country beyond the railroad tracks and was running faster than I had ever supposed a man of his weight could.

"Stop, or I'll shoot!" yelled an old white-whiskered farmer who stood, rifle in hand, not a dozen yards away.

But Ned, if he heard the command, made no move to obey. Instead, he only ran all the faster, hunching his head down between his shoulders and zigzagging back and forth across the road as if to make his bulky form a less favorable target.



Sophie Lyons—the "Queen of the Burglars"

The old farmer raised his rifle as deliberately as if he had been aiming at a squirrel instead of a fellow man. Three shots blazed out in rapid succession.

The first shot went wild. At the second my husband stumbled. At the third he threw up his hands and pitched forward headlong in the road.

"We've got him!" the crowd shouted with what seemed to me fiendish glee and rushed up to where Ned's body lay in a quivering, bloody heap.

I supposed he was dead, but whether dead or alive I knew there was nothing I could do to aid him. Nervous and trembling at the awful sight I had seen, I slipped out of town unnoticed.

What Came of Our Crimes

I saw nothing of George Mason and for months afterward did not know how he had escaped. With better judgment than my husband showed, he had remained quietly in the store after the outcry started. He saw the shooting, and in the confusion which followed he found little difficulty in getting out of town.

Friends of mine in New London aided me to return to the hospital in Hartford, where Ned had been taken after the shooting. His recovery was slow, for there was a bullet imbedded nine inches deep in his back which the surgeons were unable to remove. As soon as he was able to stand trial, he was sentenced to three years in State prison, and when he had completed this term he was given three years in Massachusetts for the robbery at Palmer.

This was the result of our crimes in New England—my husband nearly killed and sentenced to six long years in prison. Can you wonder why I have learned the lesson that crime does not pay?

But, to my sorrow, I did not learn the lesson then—no, not for many years after that. With my husband in prison the support of my little ones fell wholly on my shoulders, and I promptly turned to bank robbing as the easiest way I knew of making a living.

My early training under such expert bank robbers as Ned Lyons, Mark Shinburn and Harry Raymond made me extraordinarily successful in this variety of crime. The cleverest men in the business began to have respect for my judgment and were continually inviting me to take an important part in their risky but very profitable ventures. Soon, as I am going to tell you, my reputation for skill in organizing the most daring robberies and carrying them through without detection had spread even beyond the limits of the underworld.

One day, when I was trying to enjoy the novel experience of living honestly for a few weeks, a distinguished looking gentleman called at my home. He saw my look of incredulity when he announced himself as a bank president and promptly produced a heavy engraved card which confirmed the truth of his statement.

Instantly I was on my guard. In those days my house was the headquarters for all sorts of strange persons—receivers of stolen goods, professional bondsmen, criminal lawyers, escaped prisoners—but I had never before been honored by a visit from a bank president. What on earth could the president of a bank want of a bank robber?

"I understand that you are one of the most successful bank robbers in America," he said without any delay in coming to the point. "I want your advice in a little undertaking I have in mind, and, if possible, your help."

"My advice and help!" I exclaimed, thinking the man must be out of his head.

"That's exactly what I want," he replied coolly. "I want you to tell me how I can have my bank robbed, and, if possible, I want you to take charge of the robbery yourself."

As he explained, he was more than $150,000 short in his accounts. He had taken this amount from the bank within the past year and lost every dollar of it in speculation. He could not return this money and it was only a matter of a few weeks before his embezzlement would be discovered.

Being a man of prominence in his community—a deacon in the church, his wife a society leader, his children in college—running away was out of the question. For months he had been racking his brain for some way of averting the ruin which he had brought upon himself.

The plan he had finally devised for retaining his good name and keeping out of prison was to have his bank robbed. On the night of the robbery he would leave $50,000 in the vault to pay the robbers for their trouble, but when he came to announce the robbery to the police and the newspapers he would declare that $200,000 had been taken.

In this way his thefts would be covered up and he could continue to enjoy the respect and confidence of the community where he had always lived.

A Banker Hires Us to Rob

I was amazed at the bold ingenuity of this plan and the matter-of-fact way in which he presented it to me. This was the first I had ever heard of a bank being robbed by request of one of its officials. Later I came to know that it is not an uncommon thing for dishonest presidents and cashiers to conceal their thefts by hiring robbers to break into their banks. The difference between what is actually taken in one of these robberies by request and what the police and the newspapers say is taken covers the amount which the embezzling official has lost in Wall Street or some other speculation.

At that time such an idea was so new to me that all sorts of suspicions crowded into my mind. Probably it was trap for me, I thought, and I positively declined to have anything to do with it.

But the old banker would not take no for an answer. He urged me to think it over, and a week later he called again.

By this time the fear of the disgrace which threatened him and his family had made him a nervous wreck. He begged so piteously for me to help him save his good name that my womanly sympathies got the better of me, and I finally consented.

All my feeling for him, however, did not quite free my mind of the fear that the whole affair might be a trick, and I determined to protect myself and the robbers who would assist me with all the shrewdness I could.

"We must have a written agreement," I said at the very start.

The banker objected to this, fearing, I suppose, that I might use the paper against him later for blackmail. But I insisted that I would not do a thing until I had it.

"If cou can't trust me to that extent, I can't trust you," I said firmly—and at last he told me to draw up the paper and he would sign it.

According to the contract which I prepared, the banker paid five thousand dollars down and was to pay me an equal amount as soon as I had completed my arrangements and set the date for the robbery. He further agreed that there should be at least $50,000 in cash in the bank vault on the night of our visit.

It was further provided that the banker should co-operate with me and my fellow robbers in every possible way, and that he should do nothing to aid in our arrest or conviction for the crime, which, as was expressly stated, was committed at his suggestion and not ours. In case the robbery was interrupted before we could get inside the vault the banker was to pay us $25,000 in cash in addition to the $10,000 already advanced.

I agreed to leave no stone unturned to carry out the robbery and promised to return the agreement to the banker as soon as all its provisions had been fulfilled.

All this I set down on paper in as businesslike way as I knew how. It was a document which would have made the poor old banker's ruin even greater than his thievings had done if I had been the sort of woman to break faith with him. With trembling fingers he signed it and counted out $5,000 in bills.

From the banker I had gained a good idea of the bank and the sort of vault we would have to enter. Now to get some good, reliable men to help me do the job.

Of all the bank burglars in my acquaintance George Mason seemed best fitted for this particular crime. He was a cool, resourceful fellow and had had wide experience in blowing open bank vaults.

George readily agreed to join me, and for the rest of the party he recommended two younger men—Tom Smith and Frank Jones. I will call them, although those were not their names. I do not like to reveal their identity here because they later reformed and led honest lives.

Right here let me say that I never told these three men of my arrangements with the banker or that I was to receive from him $10,000 in addition to what we expected to find in the vault. If they are alive to-day and read these lines they will learn here for the first time that the bank in Quincy, Ill., which they helped Sophie Lyons rob was robbed by request of its president.

Boring Into the Bank Vault

I sent word to the banker that we were ready and he came to my house and paid me $5,000 more. Then, by different routes, George Mason, the other two robbers and I proceeded to Quincy.

I was the first to arrive. I went to the leading hotel, announced my plan to add a patent medicine laboratory to the town's industries and began to look around for a suitable location for my enterprise. As I believe I mentioned in a previous chapter, this ruse of the patent medicine laboratory was one I had borrowed from my friend, Harry Raymond—he had used it to splendid advantage in his robbery of the Boylston Bank in Boston.

Of course, it was a part of my prearranged plan with the banker that the quarters I should finally find best suited for my purpose would be a room on the second floor of the bank building, directly over the vault we were going to rob.

I made several visits to the bank before I completed my arrangements with the president—partly to carry out my role of the cautious business woman and partly to study the construction of the vault and see where we could best bore our way into it.

By the time the lease was signed the three men who were to be associated with me in the new business arrived. With their help I secured a quantity of bottles, labels, jars of chemicals, chairs, desks, tables and other things we would need if we were really making patent medicine.

Among the articles of furniture we moved in was an unusually large oak wardrobe. We removed the bottom from this and placed it over the exact spot in the floor where we planned to dig our opening into the bank vault.

Then, while one of the men and I ostentatiously pasted labels on endless bottles of "Golden Bitters," the other two men crawled into the wardrobe where no chance visitor could see them and day after day continued the work of removing the layers of brick and timber which separated us from the vault. We stored the debris as it accumulated in bags and carried it away every night.

It was a long job and a hard one. The floor timbers were seasoned oak and beneath them were two layers of brick.

In the cramped space inside the wardrobe it was hard to work to the best advantage and, besides, the men never knew just how far they had progressed and were in constant fear that an extra vigorous blow would loosen a big strip of plaster in the ceiling of the bank.

To our disgust we found after we had passed through the floor itself that the vault had a sort of false roof composed of short lengths of railroad iron placed irregularly in a setting of mortar and brick. This made our task three days longer than we had expected.

Late one afternoon George Mason cleared away a space which left only a thin layer of lath and plaster between us and the inside of the vault.

There was too much danger of the gaping hole we had dug under the wardrobe being discovered to admit of any further delay. We made our arrangements to rob the bank that very night.

While the rest of the town was going to bed we waited impatiently for it to get late enough for us to lay our hands on the $50,000 which I had every reason to believe was waiting below that thin layer of lath and plaster. Luckily enough the bank's watchman was at a christening party that evening and was not likely to return until the wee small hours. This prevented the necessity of my remaining on guard outside.

Shortly after midnight we turned out our lamps and lighted our dark lanterns. I peered out of the window—the streets were deserted.

George Mason took a small sledge hammer and with one or two well directed blows opened up the hole in the floor wide enough to admit his body. Then he tied one end of a long rope under his arms and we lowered him down into the vault.

My Comrade's Narrow Escape

To the best of my knowledge and belief the cash which had been promised would be found right on the shelves of the vault, and all George would have to do would be to stuff it into his pockets and climb back up the way he had come.

But, whether through intent or [illegible]ersight on the president's part, that was not the case. For several minutes we waited breathlessly listening to George as he fumbled around the vault by the light of his dark lantern. Then we heard him call in a hoarse whisper:

"Sophie, it's just as I was afraid it would be. Every cent of the money is locked up in the small steel safe. I'll have to come back up and get my tools."

It is the custom in big bank vaults to have a small and separate steel safe to put the actual cash into. Leases, documents, account books and sometimes bonds and stock certificates are kept in the big vault, but money and things of special value are usually locked up in the inside steel compartment.

With some difficulty we hauled him back up. From his bag he selected the drills he thought he would need and from a bottle poured out what seemed to me an extra generous quantity of black powder.

"Be careful and not use too much of that stuff," I called as he disappeared again through the hole. "Ned always said that was your worst failing."

"Don't you worry, Sophie," he replied; "it will take a good big dose to open this safe."

For several minutes we sat there listen-

Our Exciting Adventure



As I entered the square I could see Tom's fami
form looming above the heads of the yelling mob wh
surrounded him. He was mounted on a soap box un
an oak tree, which stood in front of the court house

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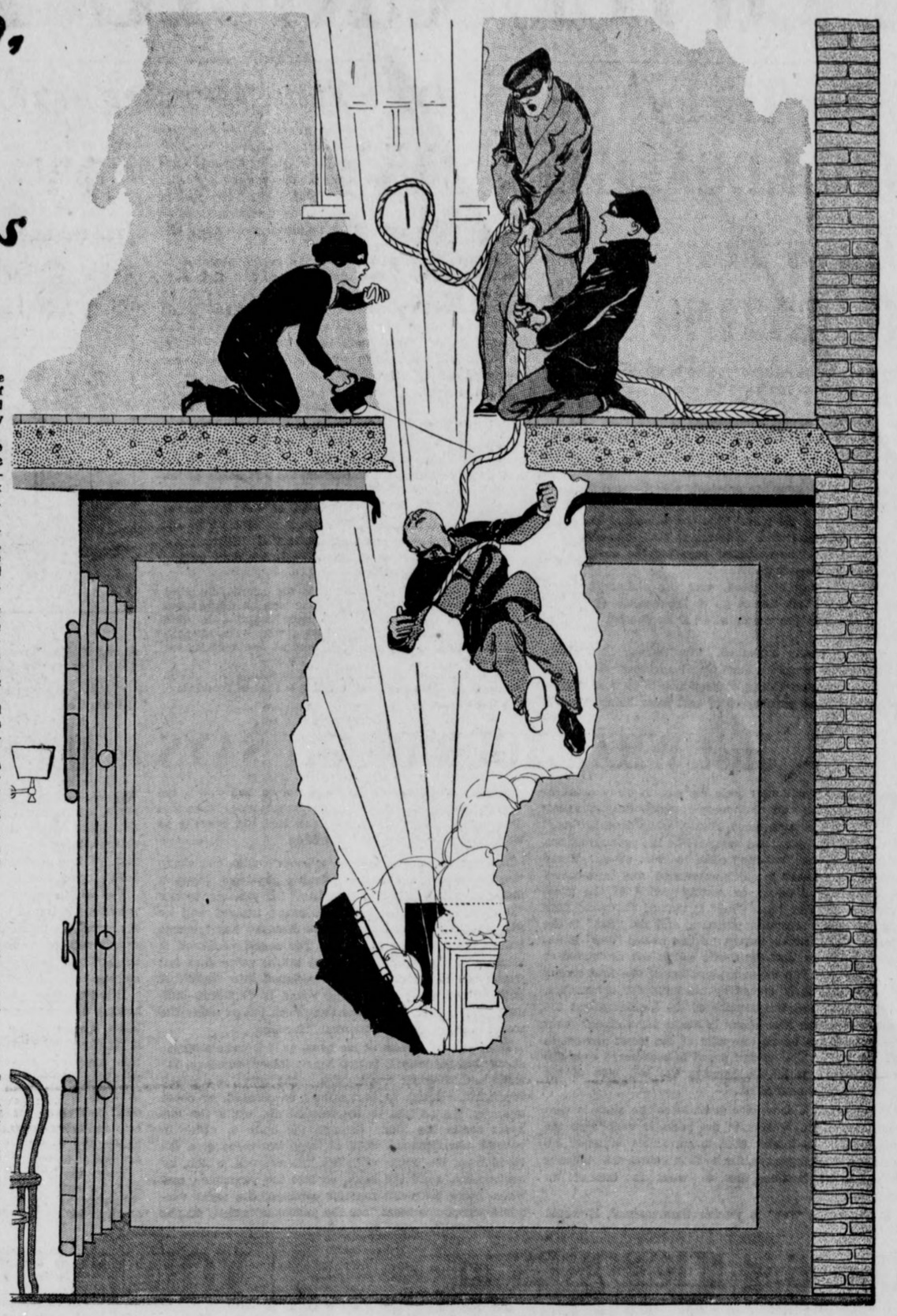
"That man is my sweetheart! Don't lynch him—
please don't lynch him!"

DESPERATE RISKS CRIMINALS TAKE;

How I Have Faced Death, How Ned Lyons, My Husband, Was Shot and Many Narrow Escapes of My Companions.



What Happened When We Robbed a Bank "By Request."

There was too much danger of the gaping hole we had dug under the wardrobe being discovered to admit of any further delay. We quickly completed our arrangements to rob the bank that very night.

Shortly after midnight we put out all the lamps and lighted our dark lanterns. I peered out of the window—the streets were deserted.

George Mason took a small sledge hammer, and with one or two well directed blows opened up the hole in the floor wide enough to admit his body. Then he tied one end of a long rope under his arms and we lowered him down into the vault.

For several minutes we waited breathlessly, listening to George as he fumbled around the vault by the light of his dark lantern. Then we heard him call in a hoarse whisper:

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"Be careful and not use too much of that stuff," I called as he disappeared again through the hole. "Ned always said that was your worst failing."

"Don't you worry Sophie," he replied; "it will take a good big dose to open this safe."

For several minutes we sat there listening to the rasping of his drills against the door of the safe. Just as we felt the quick tug on the rope, which was the signal to haul him up, we saw the flare of his lighted match and heard the sputter of the fuse.

We pulled on the rope for all we were worth, but before George's body was within two feet of the hole in the floor there came a blinding flash, followed by an explosion that shook the building.

Although dazed by the shock and half blinded by the cloud of dust and poisonous fumes which poured up through the hole, we managed to keep our hold on the rope and haul our helpless comrade out of the death trap in which the premature explosion had caught him.

"George!" I called as we lifted the rope from under his arms. But he never answered, and I thought it only a corpse that we laid gently on the floor. His hair and eyebrows were completely burned off, his face and hands were as black as coal and he was bleeding from an ugly wound in his head.

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"We forgot the money we were after—we forgot the danger of being caught, in our anxiety for our wounded friend. One of the men brought water while I tried to force a drink of brandy down his throat. It seemed an age before he came to his senses, raised himself on one elbow and roughly pushed me aside.

"It went off too quick for me," he said; "but don't be foolish—I'll be all right in a minute. Look and see if the noise has roused the town."

I looked out—there was not a soul in sight. The bank's thick walls and the fact that it stood at some distance from any other building had evidently prevented the explosion being heard outside.

We Get the Bank's Money

Although suffering intense pain, George insisted on going back to get the money. It was no easy task, for the vault was full of suffocating smoke. There was no time to lose, as the watchman might return at any minute.

After a few minutes we hauled him up for the third time.

"That charge blew the safe door to splinters, but here's every dollar it contained," he said, handing me several packages of bills.

I counted the money and had hard work to conceal my surprise when I found there was only $30,000. But, as Mason thought himself lucky to escape with his life and as the other two men seemed well satisfied with the amount, I said nothing.

We started at once for Chicago, where a few days later we divided the spoils. As I had expected, the bank's loss was placed by the newspapers at $200,000. A large reward was offered for the capture of the robbers. I was pleased to note that the president's story of the amount taken and of the complete mystery in which the affair was shrouded seemed to be generally accepted.

After the excitement had died down the bank president came to Detroit to see me. Worry over the possibility of his crime being discovered had shattered his nerves and he was such a poor broken specimen of an old man that I did not have the heart to demand the additional $20,000 which he had promised us. As I tore up our agreement and handed him the pieces, he said:

Facing a Lynching Mob

"My criminal folly has ruined my peace of mind. Thanks to your help, I have saved my family from disgrace, but the worries and nervous strain of my defalcation and the bank robbery have killed me. My doctors say I have heart disease, and have but a few months to live. I wish I had known two years ago what I have since learned—that crime does not pay."

The desperate risks every criminal has to run often come through no crime of his own but through his association with other criminals. Two of the most exciting events in my varied career happened to me through my loyal effort to save the life of my friend, Tom Bigelow, a well-known bank sneak and burglar.

It was in Mount Sterling, Kentucky, that all this happened. I was there on a perfectly legitimate errand and had no idea that any of my criminal friends were in the vicinity.

There was a circus in town that day, and the long main street was crowded with sightseers. I had been watching the parade with the rest and was on my way back to the hotel for dinner when I heard some one call my name.

Looking around in surprise I saw Johnny Meaney, a young bank sneak, whom I knew well, pressing his way through the crowd toward me. He was all out of breath and in the greatest agitation.

"Sophie," he whispered in my ear, "they've just caught Tom Bigelow with the bank's money on him and they're going to lynch him."

There was no time to ask him more—before the last word was fairly out of his mouth he had disappeared in the crowd.

As I afterward learned, Tom and Johnny had taken advantage of the excitement created by the circus parade to rob the Mount Sterling Bank. While the cashier was standing upon the counter to see the passing parade, Johnny had crawled in under his legs and taken a bundle of money out of the vault.

He got safely out with his plunder and was just handing it to Tom, who had been waiting in a buggy outside, when the cashier discovered his loss and raised a great outcry. Before Tom had time to stir out of his tracks a hundred willing hands in the crowd had made him a prisoner—then some one started the cry, "Lynch the Yankee robber!" and some one else brought a rope.

In the excitement nimble Johnny Meaney had managed to escape. As he dashed down the street he had chanced to catch sight of me and had passed me the word of our friend's peril.

The crowd was already hurrying in the direction of the square in the centre of the town where the court house stood and I followed as fast as my legs could carry me.

As I entered the square I could see Tom's familiar form looming above the heads of the yelling mob which surrounded him. He was mounted on a soap box under an oak tree which stood in front of the court house.

I shall never forget how he looked—pale as a sheet, his feet tied with rope, his arms securely bound behind him. He was bareheaded and they had removed his coat and collar in order to adjust the noose which hung around his neck.

Quite plainly, if there was anything I could do to save my friend, it must be done quickly. The mob was loudly clamoring for his life. Already a young man was climbing up the tree in search of a convenient limb over which to throw the end of the rope.

I shuddered to think that unless I could devise some plan of action, Tom Bigelow's lifeless body would soon be dangling before my eyes.

Summoning every ounce of the nervous energy I possessed, I pressed my way through the crowd, screaming frantically:

"That man is my sweetheart! Don't lynch him—oh, please don't lynch him!"

My action took the crowd by surprise—they made a lane for me and pushed me along until finally I stood right at Tom's feet.

How I Saved Tom's Life

I climbed up on the box beside Tom. I threw my arms around his neck, although the feel of that ugly noose against my flesh made me shudder.

"This man is innocent—he is my sweetheart," I kept shouting. "You must let him go."

I hugged Tom Bigelow, I kissed him, I wept over him—I did everything I could imagine a woman doing when the man she loves is about to be hung before her eyes.

"If you hang him, you'll have to hang me, too," I screamed between my heartrending sobs.

The crowd was amazed. Lynchings were no uncommon occurrence in that region, but nothing like this had ever happened before.

The cooler heads in the crowd began to have their say. "Take that noose off his neck and lock them both up," some one shouted.

The Sheriff put handcuffs on us and led us away. My ruse had succeeded. Tom Bigelow's life was saved!

Tom and I were lodged in jail, indicted by the Grand Jury and held without bail for trial. Of course, I was innocent of any share in the robbery, but as the authorities believed my story that I was Tom's sweetheart, they thought I must know more about it than I admitted.

It was while we were confined in the jail at Mount Sterling that I had an opportunity to see for myself how it feels to face a desperate lynching mob. That was one of the most horrid nightmares I ever experienced.

One of our fellow inmates in the jail was a man named Murphy Logan, who was awaiting trial for the murder of his father. He was a sullen, weak-minded fellow, who had several killings to his discredit. The general opinion was that he belonged in an insane asylum.

In another neighboring cell was a young man named Charlie Steele. He was exceedingly popular in the community. His worst fault was love of liquor and he was in jail for some minor offense which he had committed on one of his sprees. The other prisoners shunned Logan on account of his disagreeable ways, but Steele good naturedly made quite a friend of him and they often played cards together.

In this jail the prisoners were allowed the freedom of the long corridor on which the cells opened. One afternoon Tom Bigelow and I sat just outside my cell trying to devise some way to regain our liberty. Down at the other end of the corridor Charlie Steele and Murphy Logan were enjoying their usual game of cards.

Suddenly we were startled by a piercing scream. I jumped to my feet, and looked around to see poor Steele lying on the floor with the blood streaming from a long wound in his throat. Over him, glaring like the madman he was, stood Murphy Logan, brandishing in one hand a heavy piece of tin which he had fashioned into a crude sort of dagger.

Forgetful of my own danger, I rushed up and seized Logan's arm, just as he was about to plunge the weapon into Steele's body again. He turned on me but I managed to keep him from wounding me until Tom and some of the other prisoners came to my assistance.

Steele lived only a few hours. The Sheriff placed the murderer in solitary confinement, and chained him to the floor of his cell. His ravings were something terrible to hear. He continually threatened vengeance on any of his fellow prisoners who would tell how he had slain his friend.

After listening to these threats all night long we were in terror of our lives, and when the inquest was held next day not a single prisoner would admit that he had seen the killing.

"Didn't you see this happen?" the Sheriff asked me.

"No," I lied, "I was in my cell at the time, and don't know anything about how Steele came to his end."

"You lie!" shouted Logan, when he heard this. "If you hadn't interfered I would have cut him up worse than I did. I will make you suffer for sticking your nose into my affairs."

The town was in a fever of excitement, and from the windows of our cells we could see excited groups discussing the murder on every corner. Feeling ran particularly high, because the dead man had been so popular in the community while nobody liked Murphy Logan.

Late that night Logan became so exhausted with his ravings that he fell asleep. I was just preparing to try to get some rest myself when I heard the tramp of heavy feet coming up the jail stairs.

By the dim light of the one smoky kerosene lamp I saw a crowd of masked men trooping into the corridor. The leaders carried heavy sledge hammers, and with these, having been unable to make the Sheriff give up his keys, they attacked the iron door of Logan's cell.

It quickly fell to pieces before their sturdy blows. Then they broke the murderer's shackles and dragged him, shrieking curses with every breath, down the stairs and out into the street.

They strung him up to a tree, riddled him with bullets, and left his body hanging there in the moonlight in full view of my cell window. This was too much for my overwrought nerves. I threw myself on my couch and wept. Tom Bigelow did his best to console me, but I could not sleep—my head ached and I trembled in every limb.

About an hour later I heard that ominous tramp of feet again! This time the masked men came straight to the door of my cell.

"Is this where that woman is?" a rough voice called.

I cowered in a corner, too frightened to reply. They pounded the door down just as they had Murphy Logan's. A man seized me by the arm, and pulled me out, none too gently.

They were going to lynch me—I was convinced of that. With tears streaming down my cheeks I pleaded as I never had before, that I was innocent of any crime, and begged to be allowed to go back home to my children.

They took me downstairs into the Sheriff's office, where sat a man who seemed to be the leader of the mob.

"So you tried to save Charlie Steele's life, did you?" he said to me.

Then for the first time it dawned on me that perhaps I was not going to be hanged after all. I told the whole truth about what I had done when I saw Logan waving his dagger over his victim. When I had finished the leader said:

"That's all we want to know, young woman. We liked Charlie Steele, and we like you for what you tried to do for him. Now you're free to get out of town—that's your reward for trying to save poor Charlie. We'll see you safely to the depot."

I was overjoyed. The leader handed me enough money for my traveling expenses and permitted me to go up to Tom's cell and tell him of my good fortune. Before day broke I was on a train for Detroit.

These are only a few of the desperate risks which my husband, my friends and I were constantly facing during the years when I was active in crime.

If every business man and merchant faced prison, bullets or a lynching as a necessary risk of trade, would anybody regard business life as attractive?

The few incidents from my own experiences recounted on this page give one more illuminative reason why I maintain that CRIME DOES NOT PAY!

SOPHIE LYONS.

Next Sunday Sophie Lyons Will Reveal the Secrets Behind the Scenes at a $3,000,000 Burglary—The Astonishing Details of the Robbery of the Manhattan Bank in New York, the Biggest Cracksmen's Job Ever Accomplished Anywhere in the World.

Exciting Adventure with a Lynching Mob.



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New Things Not Found in Any Books

New Tricks COALDEALERS Have For CHEATING YOU

How a Secret Chamber in a Coal Wagon Can Rob You of Several Hundred Pounds

TWO THOUSAND POUNDS is what you ought to get when you buy a ton of coal. But the chances are you will be cheated unless you watch your coal dealer. Recent prosecutions in New York City and New Jersey have revealed some new tricks and devices which dishonest dealers have resorted to for cheating their customers.

Some coal wagons are provided with a secret chamber made to retain anywhere frmo 200 to 300 pounds of the coal making up the load. This box is located under the driver's seat and is so constructed that it seems to be a part of it. The customer pays for the coal in this box, but he doesn't get it.

Why, it may be asked, does the dishonest dealer who employs this device go to the trouble of loading this coal on to the wagon at all if he doesn't intend to deliver it?

That is easily explained. The Bureau of Weights and Measures employs numerous inspectors whose duty it is, among other things, to keep an eye on coal wagons and protect the purchasers of coal from being imposed upon. One of these inspectors is apt to stop a loaded coal wagon in the street, compel the driver to show the ticket he carries giving the weight of his load, and then direct him to drive to the nearest weighing station to have the loaded wagon weighed. After the coal is delivered the driver is compelled to weigh the empty wagon. In this manner the inspector ascertains the exact weight of the coal delivered.

When a wagon equipped with a secret chamber is held up in this way the driver realizes that it is dangerous for him to attempt to deliver short weight. In making the delivery, therefore, he releases a bolt which holds the cover of the secret chamber in place and the coal which the chamber contains is then delivered with the rest. When the empty wagon is weighed the figures show that a full load was delivered.

But if the driver of this wagon happens to arrive at his destination without encountering an inspector the little bolt which holds the cover of the secret chamber in place is not released, and the coal contained in the chamber, which the customer pays for, goes back to the dealer to be used again to defraud the purchaser of the next wagon load.

Commissioner Walsh, the head of the Bureau of Weights and Measures in New York, a week or so ago prosecuted a coal dealer named Barnet Fishman for using one of these secret chambers in his coal wagon, and the dealer was held for trial.

In that case it appeared that the secret chamber held 164 pounds of coal. The case was an aggravated one because the class of customers supplied by this dealer were principally East Siders who were so poor that they had to pay for their coal on the installment plan!

An even more general mode of cheating the public practiced by dishonest coal dealers is that of fraudulent coal tickets.

There is a city ordinance whch provides that coal dealers shall deliver to their drivers a certificate showing the weight of the coal in the load and the weight of the wagon and the name of the purchaser.



A and B, The Two-Slip Trick. One for Oevrweight Charge If No Inspector Is About. C, Trap for Holding Back 200 or 300 Pounds from You.

If one of these certificate calls for 2,000 pounds of coal and upon weighing the wagon before and after delivery the inspector discovered that it contained only 1,500 there would, of course, be a clear case against the dealer.

To overcome this the dishonest dealers have resorted to a system of double certificates. Their drivers are supplied with one certificate containing the actual amount of coal contained in the wagon and another specifying the amount ordered by the customer and supposed to be in the wagon.

If, then, the driver who has only 1,500 pounds of coal with which to make a delivery of 2,000 pounds is held up by an inspector and asked to show his ticket he shows the 1,500-pound ticket. Realizing that in this instance it is dangerous to go through with his original fraudulent programme, he frankly tells the customer that the load delivered contains only 1,500 pounds, explaining that that was all the yard could supply at the time.

If, however, no inspector happens to intercept the driver on his way to deliver the coal he delivers the 1,500 pounds of coal and gets the customer to sign his delivery ticket for a full 2,000 pounds.

This fraud was freely practiced until a few months ago, when Commissioner Walsh succeeded in convicting one of the worst offenders, a coal dealer named Ehler J. Ernst.

In the particular case in which the fraud was discovered the wagon contained 3,000 pounds of coal. When it left the yard it was trailed by an inspector as a result of complaints which the bureau had received against the dealer.

From a nearby point of advantage the inspector saw the driver hand a delivery slip to the customer. This slip called for 4,000 pounds, the amount ordered, and the customer signed it.

Then the inspector pounced upon the driver, snatched his hat from his head, and in the hatband discovered the emergency slip calling for 3,000 pounds, the amount the wagon actually contained. This emergency certificate would, of course, have been exhibited to the inspector had he intercepted the wagon on the way to its destination.

The coal dealer got thirty days in jail and had to pay a $500 fine and his conviction resulted not only in putting him out of business but in discouraging similar frauds upon the part of other coal dealers, although there are, no doubt, many of them still practicing them.

"Without the co-operation of this bureau," declared Commissioner Walsh, "the consumer can do very little to protect himself against the dishonest coal dealer. While there are numerous public weighing stations in various parts of the city and the law provides that a purchaser may compel a coal dealer to have his wagon load weighed at one of these stations, there is no penalty provided for the coal dealer's refusal to comply with this demand. All that the purchaser can do in such a case is to refuse to receive the coal.

"The best plan for the consumer to follow whenever he has the least suspicion that his coal dealer is not overscrupulous is to notify this bureau when he is expecting a load of coal. Upon receipt of such information an inspector will be assigned to compel the weighing of the load and to see that the customer gets every pound he pays for. Information received in this way is regarded as confidential and the coal dealer has no way of ascertaining that the inspection was the result of the customer's action unless the customer tells him.

If the driver refuses to accompany the inspector to the weighing station the bureau realizes that it is dealing with a dishonest dealer and proceedings promptly follow."

Just WHAT YOUR HEART SAYS to the Doctor

WHEN the doctor puts his ear to your chest or applies the stethoscope, which only conducts the sounds more clearly, what does he hear? The sound of the normal heart is like the pronounciation of the syllables "lub-dup" close to each other. These syllables are heard in quick succession, and then comes a pause—the diastole, or resting period of the great force-pump. The sound "lub" is that of the blood flowing out under muscular pressure, and the "dup" is the closing of the aortic valves. If this sound "dup" is not heard, it shows that the aortic valves are destroyed or not working. The latest explanation of the first sound, "lub," is that it is caused by the muscular contraction of the heart and the impulse of the heart against the chest-wall. The first sound is heard more clearly over the apex of the heart, the point of the chest nearest to the ventricle. The second sound is best heard over the aortic valves, which lie beneath the left side of the chest just by the third rib.

If you close a door with great force the slam is very loud, and if the tension in the aorta is very high the sound "dup" is louder than usual. This is most important to the physician, for he then knows that there is high arterial tension, due to what is termed an aneurism.

If the sound "lub" is weaker than normal, it would indicate a weakness of the heart muscle, and this is the case in fevers. In typhoid fever, for instance, when this first sound is very weak, we know that the heart is so weak as to make the case alarming.

A heart is said to have a "murmur" when the sharp "dup" disappears and the listening physician hears a softened noise, called a "murmur." If you try to say "dup" with your lips open, the sound uttered will be like that the doctor hears in the diseased heart whose valves do not close properly. The sound produced is something like "duff," and if the mitral valve does not work well the first syllable is softened into "luff." If both valves work poorly, the sound is "luff-duff—luff-duff," but if both valves are very much out of order the sound is like that of a bellows, "oho-oho."

Most persons speak of the heart as if it were a single organ, but actually it is two hearts joined together, the right and the left heart. The right sends the blood through the lungs so that it may be aerated, or acted upon by the oxygen in the inhaled air, while the left heart sends the blood through the body in order to nourish the tissues. Both of these hearts receive the blood from the large veins into the auricles, which, by contracting, send the blood on into the ventricles, and when these powerful muscles contract, the right ventricle pumps the blood into the pulmonary artery on the way to the lungs and from the left ventricle into the aorta, which distributes the blood all over the body, so that after having nourished the nerves and muscles it returns through the veins to the heart, there to be pumped into the lungs for purification by the oxygen before again passing through the system.

The difference in the sounds of the right and left ventricles is traced to the difference in resistance of the aorta and the pulmonary artery. The pulmonary artery resists with only one-third the strength of the aorta, so the pumping force required is less and the noise of the closing gates is that much less.

It is true, then, that when the physician listens to the beating of a patient's heart through his stethoscope the heart speaks to him in unmistakable language. When it plainly says "lub-dup" he knows that all is well with this important organ and he pats the patient on the shoulder, saying: "Nothing serious—you'll be all right in a day or two." When, however, the heart says "lub-duff" he knows that the aortic valve is not working properly and takes the proper steps to correct it. When the heart says "luff-dup" he is sure that the mitral valves are out of order, and he tries to reach them.

When the heart says "luff-duff" he draws a solemn face, for both valves are out of order, and when it says "oho-oho" he digs down into his bag and goes to work at once, for all is radically wrong.

Why the MOULD on JELLY Is a GERM-PROOF SEAL

MOULD has always been regarded by most people as unclean, harmful and something to be quickly rid of. But as for the mould that housekeepers so fiercely combat, there is really no danger in it; on the other hand, it is indeed most beautiful.

Housekeepers, however, do not go about looking at the mould on the top of their jelly and preserves with a powerful microscope. They are busy trying to keep the mould away. If they were to study this mould by means of a microscope they would see the most beautiful floral and vegetable forms imaginable. They would see in the mould a little forest of marvelous tropical-appearing "trees" of dainty gossamer appearance, frost-like and in wonderful tints.

Unless the can of jelly or preserves is to be used at once it is not always best to clean the mould off because this mould first spreads a water-tight skin over the surface and then the fuzzy, greenish-looking growth comes up from that. But no dust or dirt or germs can get through that mould, and it really protects the contents of the jar.

This mould is called, scientifically, "Penicillium glaucum," and it is, of course, a form of fungus. It first forms this protective grayish-green mat while the growth above that gives off a dust when disturbed. Most people are afraid of mould because they connect it with death and decay, but mould does not always mean this. The mould on preserves certainly does not. Handsome mould will form on the top of the cleanest soil and these little mould plants are quite harmless. Even the most beautiful of lilies will grow from the depths of the foulest pond.

The little mould plants, although so delicate in appearance, are in reality quite hardy and have many peculiar means of fighting for their existence. There are no seeds, growth taking place by means of spores, and scientists are even yet unable to learn just why it is that these spores may pass into a resting stage and remain without germinating for anywhere from two weeks to two years. They seem to come out of their resting state as best suits their own wishes, without any apparent reason to make them do so as far as scientists can discover.

Counting MICROBES in the DUST PARTICLES

EXPERIMENTS made in counting the particles of dust in a cubic inch have led to many remarkable discoveries, among them being the surprising scarcity of bacteria in dust. This does not mean there is no bacteria in dust, or that there is not the danger in breathing dust popularly supposed. Rather, it means there are more particles of dust in a given area than anyone would imagine.

By means of Aitken's dust counter one scientist learned that in the open suburbs of London there are 40,000 dust particles in every cubic inch of air. While in the crowded and busy part of London he found a million dust particles in a cubic inch of air. Of course this is due to the fact that constant traffic keeps the dust stirred up and afloat, while in the open suburbs the roads are made nearly dust proof with oil and such substances and but little dust arises from the fields and lawns.

The same investigator found but one micro-organism to every 38,300,000 particles dust in the London open air. In plainer terms, there was but one microbe to every thirty-eight cubic inches of air. But when air is constantly floating about and man is constantly moving about, he comes in contact with a great deal of air space and so in the course of a day runs a chance of breathing many microbes into his lungs.

If, however, every dark and damp place could suddenly be dried up and stirred up, the micro-organisms would be found in terrifyingly large numbers. It is the heat of the sun and the bright light that keep down these micro-organisms and so, even on a dusty day, there is a poverty of microbes in the air if the sun be bright and hot.

To get an idea of the smallness of dust particles is almost impossible. Competent statisticians among scientists have estimated that there are four thousand millions of dust particles in the puff of cigarette smoke! A still better example of the minuteness of dust particles may be had from the chemically pure water experiment. Scientists declare that chemically pure water is a non-conductor of electricity. This means that being chemically pure there is no foreign matter in the water to make the connection between molecules of water.

Now if one grain of salt is added to one hundred tons of chemically pure water, providing so much water could be made chemically pure, that grain of salt would supply the needed foreign matter in a sufficient quantity to make the water a conductor of electricity, and the electric current would then link every molecule of water together and pass through them.

Whenever anyone stops to think that dust ceases to be dust when it is firmly attached to other matter, the value of dampness in keeping dust down is better appreciated. The moment dampness, which will attach dust to other substances, appears, dust ceases to be and so the need of keeping streets oiled to lay the dust, and the necessity of dusting with damp clothes rather than by increasing the dust by means of a duster or dry cloth which simply sets it fluttering about increases the number of dust particles in each cubic inch of air.

YOU MIGHT TRY---

Keeping Cheese Fresh.

TO prevent cheese from getting hard, cut a small piece off for present use and place the remainedr in cool safe. Spread a thin film of butter over the cut part and cover with a clean cloth. This will prevent that hard, cracked condition which ruins the best of cheese.

Rejuvenating Shoe Polish.

IF your shoe polish becomes hardened in the tin, do not moisten with water, but with milk, it will improve the polish tenfold.

For Fruit Stains.

FINGERS stained with hulling strawberries or other fruit may be cleaned by scrubbing them with strong tea.

Storing Silver.

IF silver is to be stored away for some time, pack it with dry flour; it will remain untarnished.

Tarnished Faucets.

A LITTLE lemon juice rubbed on tarnished faucets will easily and quickly brighten them.

How a TUNING FORK Will OPEN A SAFE

TO open a rather massive steel safe solely by striking an ordinary tuning fork and resting it on top of the safe is the very remarkable invention of a London man, Thorne Baker, who is an electrical expert and connected with a big London newspaper.

Of course electricity is used with this invention, but it is actually nothing more or less than the vibration of the tuning fork that starts an electric current and thereby operates the bolts that lock the door. The safe is made as many others of chilled steel and has a knob, but minus the usual mechanism of a combination lock.

Instead of this there are electro-magnets attached to the bolts of the door and these magnets are connected by wires with a circuit of batteries. From these batteries is still another connection with a set of dry batteries which in turn are connected with a peculiar sort of sounding board made in an obtuse angle and bearing one "string" of wire, a harp, violin or other musical instrument string, supported with a bridge like a violin bridge.

Now the tuning fork is struck and the string on the sounding board is put in exact tune with the tuning fork, after which this sounding board or musical lock, is connected with the set of dry batteries and the door of the safe is closed. By striking the tuning fork to make it vibrate, then resting the base of the fork on top of the safe, the vibration is received inside on the string of the sounding board and, being tuned the same, these vibrations are in unison.

The moment these vibrations, those of the tuning fork outside the safe and those of the string inside the safe, are in unison the wire vibrations pass through a coil and down into the small circuit of dry batteries which closes that circuit and an electric current is created which travels on to the larger circuit of batteries. These give the necessary strong current which acts on the electro-magnets that promptly throw open, by releasing and allowing to drop, the bolts in the door, enabling one to simply take hold of the knob and open it.

No two tuning forks ever made possessed exactly the same tone, it is said, and so the inventor claims only that fork to which the musical string inside has been exactly attuned will open his safe. Of course the safe can be reset to any tuning fork simply by tuning the string on the sounding board inside the safe to that fork. There may be a number of drawbacks to this safe, at least it so appears, although the inventor may explain them away. But if the tuning fork is lost and no other fork has the same tone, it will be necessary to break open the safe. Or if the wire inside that is tuned to the fork should stretch or contract a hair's breadth, it would mean an entirely different note, and every musician knows how necessary it is to constantly keep tuning stringed instruments, even those with wire strings.

If such a thing were to occur, the puzzle is, how could the safe be opened, except by the one chance in a billion or more of finding a tuning fork with exactly the same tone as the new tone inside the safe caused by the flatting or sharping of the wire? Except, of course, to break the safe.

An Easy Way to Grow SEEDLINGS FOR TRANSPLANTING

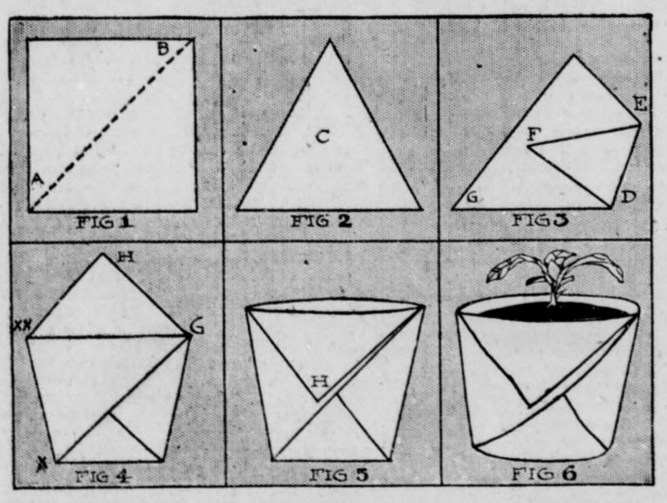
IT is a lot of bother and considerable expense to supply those small earthenware pots in which to raise seedlings to the proper age for transplanting. The average amateur gardener would need at least half a hundred of them. They are bothersome to store, always getting broken and making an additional expense.

A simple way to do without these little pots was suggested by the paper drinking cup. Directions for folding paper into a drinking cup have frequently been printed in all sorts of periodicals, but as it is always difficult to locate just the clipping you want, it is well enough to give outline instructions for folding these cups, only, of course, they are made larger and can be folded into any size.

Made of tough paper and set close together in a long wooden tray for indoor growing, or in racks for hot or cold frames, they will last until the seedling has grown the proper size to transplant, when they may be burned up or thrown away, and as plenty of strong wrapping paper is at hand, the expense is nothing.

To make these paper seedling flower pots take a square of this tough paper, from eight to twelve inches, according to the size of the pots you want. A few experiments will tell you better what size they will come out.

Take the proper size, cut square, as in Fig. 1. Fold it diagonally along A and B, making a firm, sharp crease. Then, when it is like C in Fig. 2, fold the point F at D and E and crease in a like manner as in Fig. 3. Now fold the point G across again as in Fig. 4, making a crease between X and XX. Take the two points at H and fold them over on either side, Fig. 5 showing how this is done. The other point is folded back in the same manner on the back side. Open this cup or flower pot with the fingers, fill with dirt and plant your seedlings. These pots will not stand alone very well, but when set together in a shallow box frame, they will be all right and it is the simplest thing in the world to rip them open when ready to transplant, making it much easier and less dangerous to the seedling, in fact, than with the old method of trying to dump them out of earthen pots.



By Making Your Little "Flower Pots" Out of Thick Paper You Avoid Disturbing the Roots in Transplanting.

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How Dancing Develops a Beautiful Figure.



PHOTO BY WHITE N.Y.

"Dance with the upper part of the body, swaying with the arms and trunk."

Third of an Instructive Series of Articles by the Well-Known Dancer, Ruth St. Denis

THIS newspaper presents to-day the third of a series of articles by the most graceful woman in America. Miss Ruth St. Denis is the foremost dancer in the United States. Her fame, not limited to her own country, is worldwide.

Miss St. Denis has literally danced before kings, having been received and admired in the courts of Europe. She is a mistress of the art of expression without words, pantomime, and is deeply learned in the grace and beauty lore of the Orient. She advises her countrywomen upon a subject in which every woman is interested, how to improve her figure, and tells them in clear, forceful manner and careful detail how this can be done. She does not hesitate to point to the faults in the figures and carriage of her countrywomen, but while she tells of the evil she also describes the remedy.



PHOTO BY WHITE N.Y.

"Don't dance with the feet alone. Dance from the thighs, with long, rhythmical movements. Dance with the upper part of the body."

No. 3---The Waist and Hips

By Ruth St. Denis

IT WILL surprise you, I fancy, that I assert at the beginning of a talk on how to make the hips and waist symmetrical, that you must free them from stays and bandages.

In imagination I hear the chorus of "Oh, nos!" that goes up from the dismayed throats of my women readers. Yet I repeat it, and with ten fold emphasis.

There can be no symmetry without freedom of movement. Grace is freedom and movement, and grace brings about symmetry. So cast off those stays. Remove those abdominal and waist bands. Permit yourself absolute freedom of movement. When you bend to pick up something do not do so with groans and with creaking joints. When you stoop to pick up something let your whole body collapse. Utterly let it go. Pick up the object, be it a pin or a rug, easily and naturally, and when you rise let the muscles glide naturally back to their first position.



PHOTO BY WHITE N.Y.



PHOTO BY OTTO SARONY-N.Y.

"Describe as nearly as possible a circle, as a wind sways slightly in a light breeze and nearly wrenches itself from the roots in a high wind."

"I learned to dance with nature's aid. No one has ever taught me a dance step."

in all your household duties do this. If you are making a bed or laundering your own handkerchiefs or lifting the baby that has stumbled and hurt its toe do so in an easy, untrammeled way, and gradually after a few weeks or months, you will be rewarded for the temporary sacrifice to your vanity by going uncorseted. The freed muscles, awkward after their long imprisonment, that at first went roaming about your person in a way that seemed to you appalling, will gradually settle back into their proper place and, growing firm, remain where they belong and adjust themselves to the harmony of the body.

The Venus de Milo had generous hips. Also she had a stomach, and wasn't ashamed of it. If you reflect that the woman who has not a curving stomach is a monstrosity you will be ashamed of a flat one instead of desiring it.

Hips and a waist that are in right proportion to the rest of your figure are, then, what you want. Ask your tailor to tell you, and use the tape measure to corroborate his statements, for tailors may not always be frank, whether your shoulders are exactly as wide as word, they balance them. Ask your hips, whether, in a him also to give you the measurement of your bust and waist. If your bust is ten inches larger than your waist the curve from one to the other is correct. If there be more than ten inches difference, the waist is relatively too small or the bust relatively too large.

That is the correct standard, and the body inclines naturally to it. The body that has been by imprisonment in stays twisted out of and away from the standard will slowly readjust itself to it if you release it from its imprisonment and give it freedom. For symmetry follows freedom inevitably as the shadow the sunshine, though I admit not quite so quickly, because it takes considerable time to readjust one's self after a tortured condition.

The symmetrical body will have hips and waist neither too large nor too small, but to use a hearty phrase that is thoroughly and typically American, "just right." How to attain these? Of methods I suggest three.

First, think of straight lines. The straight line suggests thinness. You never saw a plump straight line. But, what is far more important, dwelling in thought upon the straight line accustoms you to balance, which is perfect adjustment of all parts of the body. Keep in mind that a straight line represents the centre of gravity and that if such line were dropped from the very apex of the crown of your head, it would reach the earth at a point equidistant between your feet.

It is a well known truth, undisputed by even the most material, in fact the most material persons give the best examples of it, that we become like that about which we think a great deal.

Stooping often and letting the body collapse when you stoop, to which I have already referred, will bring the hips into place, solidify them and give the waist its right proportion to the body. But make a practise of stooping. Don't sink to your knees when you pick up anything. Bend from the waist, and do so quickly with the free, swooping motion of a bird. Do this when you turn on your bath and the dozen other things your daily habits require. Don't make fastening your shoes a labor. Regard it as a means of establishing the right proportions of your body and swoop down upon your task. Indeed, I should like to change the word from "stooping" to "swooping." And, of course, we have understood that you must dance. You will dance. I have before told you that to dance is to live. Dancing is life. If you dance much your body will assume its proper proportions, and waist and hips will take care of themselves.

Don't dance with feet alone. Dance with the free, unimpeded limbs. Dance from the thigh, in long rhythmical movements. You have only to watch some persons dance to see that they are dancing with their feet, or at most with the lower half of the leg, for their poor knees bob up and down absurdly as we see the knees of an inexpert and ungraceful walker rise and fall. The movement in walking should be forward and from the hips. And dancing is only walking made a little more complex.

Dance also with the upper half of the body. Sway with the arms and trunk from one side to the other, and as nearly describe a circle as a tree sways in a light breeze and nearly wrenches it from its roots in a hard wind. Settle the hips into their right place and Nature will "place them," so to speak. The right placing of muscles is as important as the right placing of a voice.

Teach yourself to dance. No one ever taught me a dance step.

When to Get Married to be Happy

By Professor William H. Maccabee.

THE "June Bride" whose marriage turns out unhappily probably wonders why the tenderest love on both sides, physical and mental fitness for each other, worldly prosperity and social equality, all failed to save her from matrimonial shipwreck.

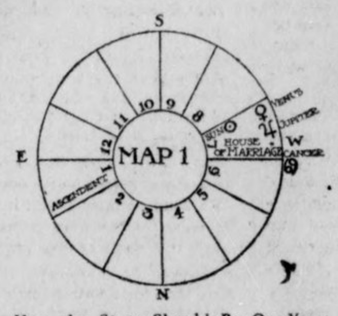
But the unhappy wife who was a June bride is not the only one who wonders why all these favorable auspices are belied by unfortunate consequences. She shares her misfortunes with brides of every month in the year. And the reason is that, although each of them made no mistake in the selection of a mate, each, through ignorance of the principles governing the influences of the planets upon human beings, chose the wrong time for the nuptial ceremony.

In selecting the proper time to marry it is not necessary to have a knowledge of the science of planetary influence. The main feature to be considered, (simple enough in itself) is to be sure and have the benevolent planet Jupiter in the seventh house at the hour the marriage takes place. The year, the month or the day do not signify.

The old established custom of having the wedding take place at noon is favorable under certain conditions, but not always so, as after events have often proven.

The month of June has always been regarded as a fortunate month to marry in, while to "marry in May you'll rue the day," has also had an equal regard, but in the opposite respect. If the planet Jupiter be in either the zodiacal sign Virgo or Capricorn, it is best to defer marriage during his transit. Because, while in either of these signs Jupiter's power for good is somewhat lessened. But, in the sign Cancer, however, Jupiter is at his best, and his fortunate influences are remarkably powerful. Hence, the best time to choose for marrying would be when Jupiter is in transit through the sign Cancer But Jupiter is in this position but once in every twelve years (nearly), hence this time is not always available.

For instance, Jupiter is now in the sign Capricorn. If those who are contemplating marriage wish to have the date of their wedding take place under his best influence for happiness, they will have to wait until the year 1919, six years hence which, to say the least, is rather too remote a period for the anxious to linger in courtship, though probably not too long for some lovers to wait. Rebecca waited at the well seven years.



How the Stars Should Be On Your Marriage Day to Make it "Fortunate."

Next in order of fortunate influences for matrimony are Venus and the Sun; and when these are with Jupiter, all three transiting the same sign together, it matters not what that sign may be, if it is on the cusp of the seventh house; and, regardless of the year, the month or the day, you may depend on it, the married life of those wedded at such a time will be decidedly happy. Venus alone in this house brings fortune and much happiness, but not the felicity that Jupiter brings. The Sun also assures success.

As Jupiter is now in transit through the sign Capricorn, a marriage taking place any time during the remainder of the present year would not prove entirely successful or promising of happiness, unless the wedding were to be celebrated when the Sun and Venus are again in Capricorn, with Jupiter, which will not occur until December 20 next. But, in order to avoid an unhappy marriage, never set the wedding date for an hour that will place either Saturn or Mars in the seventh house, or on the descendant in the western angle of the heavens.

It is also detrimental, if not fatal, to happiness to have Neptune or Uranus in the seventh house. These planets afflicting the house of marriage, assert their evil influence as follows: Saturn, cold, unfeeling, lacking in sentiment; deceit and eventually disgrace and scandal. Mars, extravagant husband or wife; illicit connections; final divorce or separation, and sometimes crime and disaster.

Neptune makes the marriage partner an undesirable one, causes events inimical to matrimonial felicity to occur unexpectedly, and creates an inordinate fondness for drink in husband or wife, or in both.

Uranus causes eccentricity in actions and disposition, and a greater degree of platonic rather than sincere love.

In all the divorce cases, marital difficulties, separations, scandals, disgrace, etc., which have come under my observation during the past decade, I have always found that either the husband or wife, or both, had the house of marriage in their natal map afflicted by one of the evil planets; or Neptune, Uranus, Saturn or Mars on the seventh house at the time of marriage.

Hence, never, never have an evil planet in the seventh house during your wedding hour if you wish for happiness thereafter. Better postpone the wedding date a hundred times than risk the consequences. Set the date so that Jupiter will be in the seventh house, thus insuring a happy married life.

Any ordinary yearly almanac will show you how to locate and place Jupiter and give you the proper hour.

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"Why Women Mustn't Fight their Savage Tastes"



A New Photograph of Lady Duff-Gordon Showing Her Latest "Barbaric" Creation for Herself.

LADY DUFF-GORDON, the famous "Lucile" of London, and foremost creator of fashions in the world, writes each week the fashion article for this newspaper, presenting all that is newest and best in styles for well-dressed women.

Lady Duff-Gordon's new Paris establishment brings her into close touch with that centre of fashion.

Lady Duff-Gordon's American establishment is at Nos. 37 and 39 West Fifty-seventh street, New York City.



The "Savage" Hat That Reminds Lady Gordon of a Victorious Chieftainess.



"Savage" Dress Designed by Lady Duff-Gordon for Violet Vanbrough, the Famous English Actress.

By Lady Duff-Gordon ("Lucile")

THE very thing that makes woman so great is her savagery.

I never joined in the chorus against Kipling when he wrote that charming little poem about the female of the species. It was quite true and I thought that every intelligent woman ought to have gloried in it. Nor do I feel offended when some clever man tells me that we are of the backward sex, the primitives. Of course we are. It is primitive to have children, primitive to nurse them, primitive to glorify the hearthfire and to sacrifice our selves to guard it.

It is indeed the savage in us that makes us great, that gives us the courage to be the mothers of men. It is not a reproach—it is a very great tribute to be called so.

I believe in the primitive and I do not think a woman ought to fight against the savage that is in her. She ought not, of course, let it destroy her manners, but she ought to foster it and keep it alive as the soil from which the more sophisticated flowers of her soul spring.

The woman who kills the savage within her—what is she—the bloodless, the faddist, the woman who will not have children, who cannot enjoy, the sexless thing that does not know what life is?

This is a queer fashion article you say. Well, why should I write each week of the cloth you express yourselves with. What is far more important is the fashion of your souls. And from time to time I am going to write a fashion article about the soul. If you understand, you will know how to clothe yourself more harmoniously, more artistically. For that is, after all, what clothes are for. If I thought that dresses were anything else I would at once abandon making them and go in immediately for primitive fashions indeed—even as far back as those of Mother Eve before the fall.

The love of color is savage. So is the love of ornamentation. So is the love of all beautiful, glowing, picturesque things. Nature expresses herself in color, in ornamentation, in beautiful glowing things. Woman was first to see this—savage woman. She was first to know color and to wear it; first to recognize that her wonderful body and the soul that animates it could and ought to be expressed in outward things. Hence fashion, which, when it is true, is only the symbolization of soul, of emotion, of the body that is the vehicle for both.

Refine the savage out of us and what will you have? Every woman in the same uniform, her hair cut just so, walking just so, thinking just so, looking just so and every one alike. Oh, the deadly monotony of life when the savage is killed within us forever!

And that is why I say to women—do not be afraid of your savage tastes. Do not fight them—not too much. It is savage to love, savage to hate, savage to mate to bear children and to rear them and to fight for them. Woman does it because she is savage and I thank whatever gods there be that I am savage—and have been in every successive birth that has brought me again into this wonderful world.

In the fashions of to-day woman has cast off the foolish conventions of centuries and once more dares to express the savagery that is in her. By doing so she is more attractive, more true to herself than she has been for centuries. This is the secret of the dresses which reflect the Oriental, the barbaric and which characterize the mode of the present.

In point I show you a dress I have designed for Miss Violet Vanbrough, that very great English actress. It is sumptuous, savage and sensational—and it is, I think, beautiful. It is of orchid chiffons, elaborately embroidered with golden grapes. The "double skirt" shows the odd "up-in-front" effect, which is of the most chic. The two parts of the skirt are finished in orchid satin in three inch bands. Worn over this, much in the manner of a "Court Cape," is a gorgeous robe of gold and orchid brocaded satin. There is a savagery about the whole costume that is carried out in the three enormous plumes of the headdress.

I am proud of this dress. It is so expressive. And it is truthful; truthful as nature herself.

Note, too, the hat in the smaller picture. It is not mine, but I like it. It reminds me of a headdress worn by some savage chieftainess at a moment when she was urging on her hosts to attack her enemies. It is ornamental and it reveals. It has strength. It is only, strictly speaking, a tiara of white feathers set in a bed of flame colored maline. But how much more than that is the spirit it typifies.

What is the instinct that tells us that a touch of this color here and a touch of that there is the proper thing to bring out the personality? Exactly the same instinct that made our savage mothers put a shell of this color here and a feather of that there. They were right and we are right. Man hasn't the vision—hence his painfully uninteresting and limited costume.

Keep your savage tastes. There is more danger in loosing them than there is in falling victim to the peril of exaggerating them.

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Be sure state number of white keys on your piano or or also post office and express office. Address Easy Method Music Company, 317 Clarkson Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

My Secrets of Beauty--By Mme. Lina Cavalieri

the Most Famous Living Beauty.

No. 225--Beauty's Glaze--the Skin--Its Care

ANYONE who has curiosity enough to examine the skin under a microscope will see that it is covered with an infinite number of minute holes or pores, through which it performs its functions. It is really one of our most important organs.

A moment—if you think that what I am going to tell you to-day is merely elemental physiology, I beg you not to pass the article by for that reason. If I deal in elemental things in the beginning it is only so that every one may understand.

And, after all, as I once told a very beautiful Roman friend, the true secret of beauty lies entirely in the thorough understanding of fundamentals.

And so to continue. The skin extends over the surface of the entire body. It is very fine, but has great powers of resistance, for it is the intermediary between our body and all other bodies.

The skin differs from the mucous membranes in that they are always wet, while the skin is relatively dry, and its functions are almost invisible.

The most important function of the skin is exhalation, which is accomplished by the exhaling vessels, and allows the body to free itself of certain residues of food and waste products. This function is different from perspiration itself, which Lavoisier estimates at from one to two quarts and a half in twenty-four hours.

Also there are in the thickness of the skin certain small glands, called cutaneous glands, which secrete a kind of fatty liquid intended to soften the envelope of the body.

As to the absorptive function of the skin, it is just as real as any other as notable experiments have proved. A person plunged into warm water to the neck will absorb 20 to 22 grammes of water in half-an-hour, through the pores of the skin.

Finally, the third function of the skin is its tactile sensibility. In this respect it is most valuable in action toward other life. It is through this power that we perceive heat and cold.

I hope you have read this, because it points the moral that we can not be too careful about the skin, nor should we protect it too much. Besides, it is indispensable that the skin should be in a good condition and do its work normally, for I have been told by a certain great French physician that if a person were to cover only a third of the body with varnish, she would fall ill at once, and soon die.

It has also been proved that the skin relieves some of the internal organs from a part of their work, and if it does not work properly they are overtaxed.

Finally, when the skin performs its functions freely it gives the body beauty and freshness. It is like a glaze of delicate color through which life appears and seems to spread. And that is why I call the skin the glaze of beauty.

Our first step in our search for beauty must, therefore, be through attention to the functions of our skin—and now you see why I have been so explicit in my description of that organ. This thorough attention merely consists in freeing it regularly and frequently from everything that may obstruct the pores and by not maltreating it any way.

Beauty of the skin is the immediate consequence of health of the skin. The skin is beautiful when it is fine, soft, fresh and tinged with color. The epidermis, which is the superficial tissue, should be transparent. This transparency is formed and renewed by a kind of varnish, comparable to wax, which is secreted by the sebaceous glands. It is at the same time a glaze and a protection. The skin is beautiful in proportion to the normal action of these glands.



Mme. Lina Cavalieri, the Most Famous Living Beauty.

In those whose life is sedentary, the period of greatest beauty is Summer, the time when heat makes the exhalations most active.

On the contrary, persons who are more active have their skins in most beautiful condition in the Spring and Autumn, and even in Winter, for they help the pores work by their bodily activity. In Summer the skins of these persons are too highly colored. They must be all the more careful in what I call the hygiene of good taste. It is not good taste to have too highly colored skin.

Special care must be taken in Winter, for cold makes the production of this wax difficult, and dry skins are often the result of lack of proper care at this season of the year.

Every woman ought to know very exactly the nature of her skin. There are two kinds of skins; dry and fatty.

It is very plain that the treatments suggested for one are harmful to the other kind; so care must be exercised to use only those which are applicable to the special type in hand.

To succeed, food and the general mode of life must be appropriate to the kind of skin you have. External applications are of value, but the organic importance is such that it will not assume its proper condition unless the rules of hygiene generally are observed.

Generally speaking, dry skins require stimulation. You must, therefore, avoid all astringent products, which close the pores. Avoid using cold water, lemon, tea, and alum. On the contrary, you may use with success certain sensible creams.

Dryness is also to be combated by covering the exposed parts of the body, such as the face and hands, with lanolin-cold-creams. Spread the cream with a damp cloth, let it stand for ten minutes, wipe off carefully and powder with starch. Here is the prescription for a cold cream very efficacious in treating the dry skin:

Oil of Sweet Almonds, 60 grammes.
Cocoa Butter, 60 grammes.
Salicylic Acid, 2 grammes.

Dry skins are often made worse by the use of rough soap or alcoholized toilet waters. I advise the use of bran-water, marshmallow water and neutral glycerine. Here is an excellent recipe for toilet water to be applied to dry skins:

Elder Flowers, 50 grammes.
Marshmallow Flowers, 50 grammes.
Primrose Blossoms, 50 grammes.
Two Orris Bulbs.
Boil all together for ten minutes in a quart of water and strain.

Fatty skins may take astringents and absorbent powders well in moderation. They must be treated by a method precisely the opposite of that for dry skins. Alcohol, alum, lemon, borax, eggs are used.

Decoctions of flowers of lavender, rose petals, tea leaves are also useful. Here is a recipe for an excellent lotion which may be used several times each day.

Water, 1 quart.
Rose Petals, 1 handful.
Primrose Blossoms, 1 handful.
Snake Root, 25 grammes.
Boil for 15 minutes and strain.

To close up open pores douche the skin frequently with cold water. This cream may also be used for fatty skins:

Rose Water, 100 grammes.
Sugar of Lily Bulbs, 20 grammes.
White Wax, 30 grammes.
Tincture of Benzoin, 10 grammes.
Pulverized Alum, 6 grammes.

The following lotion should be applied morning and evening:

Distilled Water, 250 grammes.
Bicarbonate of Soda, 1 gramme.
Oil of Violets, 6 drops.

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May Irwin's Favorite Recipes—

No. 1 *of a Brand New Cooking Series by America's Most Popular Comedienne and Best Cook*

MISS MAY IRWIN is the best cook on the American stage and and one of the best housekeepers in America. She says she is a housewife by intention and inclination, and an actress by accident and necessity. Her cook book "May Irwin on Home Cooking" is on the kitchen shelf of most conscientious housekeepers, if it does not lie on their table in their bedroom or stand on a shelf in their library. She is at work on another cook book that she promises will be still more complete and satisfying.

Miss Irwin is writing for this newspaper a new series of articles on cooking and housekeeping. The first of this series is presented today.

By MAY IRWIN.

I Call This First Article

Have You No Appetite for Breakfast?

IS your appetite failing, and do you notice this most when you sit down to breakfast or when your breakfast tray is brought to your bedside? Don't be discouraged and think your health is deserting you. It is a symptom of Spring and early Summer, like a young man's special propensity to make love and an older man's renewed interest in fishing.

Or perhaps your stomach revolts at the old breakfast dishes whose limited number you can repeat more readily than you can recite your alphabet. Cozen your appetite with some new dishes. Try these with which I shall serve my family; and if the cook doesn't make them well enough to suit me I will prepare them with my own hands when my season closes and I get back to my home in the Thousand Islands, which, between you and me, and in spite of those dear audiences, I am simply dying to do.

As I play and travel I glean recipes. Whenever at a hotel I taste a dish that tickles my palate, and that has a new ingredient, I send a most humble message to the kitchen begging for the recipe. I always get it.

When I am entertained anywhere I have a heart-to-heart talk with my hostess before departing, and the dish I wanted I get in formula form, to be tried later on my cheerfully submitting and I beg you to believe, notwithstanding my experiments, healthy family.

This dish I gathered in San Francisco. I hope you will like it as well as I do.

Eggs Tivoli.

TAKE half a loaf of bread, from which the inner half has been removed. Toast the remaining crust whole. Have ready some chicken hash in which are potatoes and a rich cream gravy. Fill the hollow toasted loaf with it. Add a raw egg to the mixture inside the loaf and pour cream sauce over it. On top of this grate a little cheese and brown all in the oven. Serve by slicing with a sharp knife. Serve very hot.

Eggs and Mushrooms.

ONE pound of fresh mushrooms cleaned in several waters. Don't let them stand. Peel and put them in a stewpan, with two ounces of butter, half a teaspoonful of salt and a dash of white pepper. Set over the fire until thoroughly heated; turn into a shallow baking dish, and break over them six eggs; sprinkle over the top stale bread crumbs. Dot with bits of butter. Dust with salt and pepper. Bake in a hot oven five minutes. Spread them on hot buttered toast and serve.



PHOTO BY BYRON N.Y.

May Irwin at Her Cooking Stove. The Little Drawings Are Also by This Versatile Comedienne. She Uses Them to Ornament Her Recipes When She Sends Them to Her Friends.

Curried Eggs.

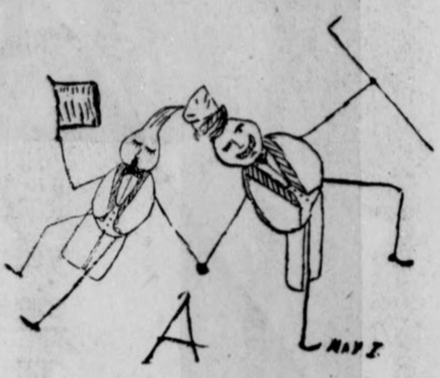
FRY one sliced, medium size onion in a little butter very slowly. Do not allow it to brown. Add three tablespoonfuls of curry powder and one and a half cups of stock. Let this simmer until the onion is tender. Rub one tablespoonful of cornstarch in half a cup of cream. Add this to the stock and onion. Stir until it boils. Then let it simmer for five minutes. Cut as many hard boiled eggs as are needed into quarters. Add them to the curry. Season with salt and peper.

Codfish Balls.

MY appetite has always revived at sight of codfish balls prepared in this way:

Two pounds of codfish.
Half a cup of cream.
A quarter of a pound of butter.
One shredded wheat biscuit.
A dash of pepper, but no salt.

Soak the codfish over night, and in the morning put it on the fire in enough cold water to cover it. Let it boil until it falls to pieces. Then pick it up in tiny bits. Boil the potatoes. Drain and mash them, adding the butter, cream and pepper to them while mashing. Mix in the codfish. Make into balls. Roll out the shredded wheat on to a pastry board and roll the balls into the crushed shredded wheat. Drop into boiling butter and leave there until browned. Serve with half a lemon.



Devilled Eggs and Anchovy Toast.

PUT into a pan a level tablespoonful of butter, half a teaspoonful of dry mustard, two tablespoonsfuls of tomato sauce, one tablespoonful of Worcestershire sauce and one of mushroom catsup. Stir into this four hard boiled eggs, sliced, salted and peppered. When thoroughly heated place on buttered slices of toast, on which anchovy sauce has been thinly spread.

Your appetite may be stimulated by

California Waffles.

One quart of sweet milk.
One quart of sifted flour.
Half a cup of melted butter.
Four eggs well beaten (separately).

Or by this, split open while very hot, generously buttered, and eaten with your morning dish of berries or of apple sauce. I got it while staying in Glasgow.

Shortbread.

One quart of flour.
Two tablespoonsful of lard.
One teaspoonful of butter.
Three teaspoonful of baking powder.
One tablespoonful of salt.

Mix the flour, baking powder and salt together. Then rub the lard and butter well into the flour, and mix with the consistency of biscuit dough. Bake on the tap of a stove, on a griddle.

The housekeeper encounters difficulty in varying her breakfasts for her household. Next week I shall tell you of seven different breakfasts for one week.

Using Our Great Sea Jetties for Lobster Farms

By Rene Bache.

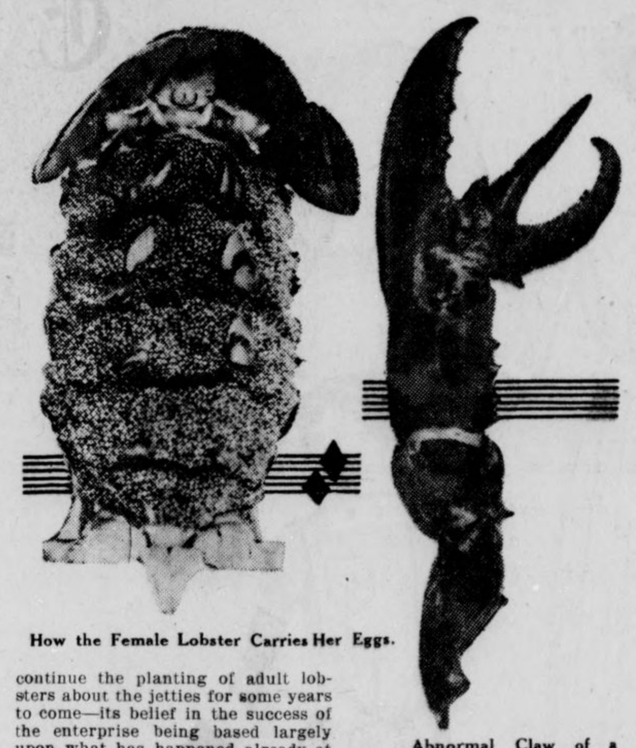
A VERY novel and interesting experiment in the way of lobster farming is just now being tried by the Government Fisheries Bureau at Cape May, the southernmost tip of New Jersey, where two enormous jetties have recently been built out into the sea. They run parallel to each other, are constructed of broken rock, and each of them is two miles in length.

The shores in all that neighborhood are sandy and devoid of rocks. This means that they do not invite the lobster, which is an animal fond of rocky places, where it can hide from enemies and find the molluscan and other provender its diet demands.

The two great jetties, however, furnish eight miles of artificial shore line, with innumerable crevices in which to find shelter; and incidentally the rocks of which they are composed invite and encourage the multiplication of innumerable crabs, shellfish, fishes, and other creatures sought as food by lobsters.

With which facts in mind, the Fisheries Bureau has planted in the sea between and about the jetties a large number of adult lobsters of both sexes, obtained for the purpose from the coast of Maine, where, at Boothbay Harbor, the Government maintains what is called a "lobster station," for collecting the noble crustaceans, stripping the egg-bearers of their eggs, and hatching the latter by millions in apparatus specially and ingeniously devised for the work. Many of those liberated at Cape May were females bearing eggs, which doubtless hatched out young during the last few weeks, and thus helped to stock the new "farm."

So confident is the Fisheries Bureau of results that it intends to continue the planting of adult lobsters about the jetties for some years to come—its belief in the success of the enterprise being based largely upon what has happened already at Cape Henlopen, on the opposite corner of Delaware Bay. At that point a single jetty of great length, likewise of rocks, was run out into the sea several years ago, to prevent the washing away of the land; and already it affords a home for such multitudes of lobsters that not less than five thousand pounds are taken there annually in pots by fishermen.



How the Female Lobster Carries Her Eggs.

Abnormal Claw of a Lobster with 3 Edible Parts Instead of Two.

To protect the "farm" at Cape May, the New Jersey Legislature has just passed a law forbidding the capture of lobsters in Cape May County for the next five years. Incidentally the enactment provides that from this time on no lobster shall be allowed to be taken in any waters of that State hereafter that has a back-shell measurement of less than four and one-eighth inches.

For twenty years the lobster fishery in New Jersey waters has been practically at a standstill, yielding from 100,000 to 200,000 pounds per annum. Any augmentation of the number of lobsters brings a prompt increase in the number of fishermen, and of traps employed, so that the catch soon sinks to a point where the industry no longer pays living wages to so many persons. Accordingly it falls to a level where the few still engaged in it are liable to make it remunerative; and thus, by a sort of automatic process, a balance is maintained between the lobsters on the one hand and the "pot-hunters" on the other. In all likelihood the same condition of affairs will eventually arrive all along our North Atlantic coast, so that, in the upshot, the lobster will be preserved from extinction by the mere working out of an economic law.

Lobsters obtain a certain amount of protection through their habit of going far out to sea in the Summer time—one object of this annual migration being to change their clothes. Nature has so made them that they can grow only by throwing off their old shells and putting on new ones. When the time arrives, they must literally "swell or bust." After shedding their armor, they hunt for holes among rocks to hide in, for safety. For brave and formidable as is the noble crustacean when clad in his coat of proof, he is helpless against his enemies after casting it off, and a number of days are required for his new shell to harden.

During this period he stays quietly in some dark cranny, where no foe is likely to spy him out and refraining entirely from food is not likely to wander into a lobster-pot in pursuit of the bait. Thus it is that the fishermen, who in Summer follow the lobsters out for a distance of twenty miles from land, rarely capture a "soft" specimen. This, from the epicure's viewpoint, is a pity, for a soft lobster is a wonderful delicacy. Cooked in boiling lard, it is said to be just about the most delicious thing on earth, far excelling the soft crab.

One advantage of the soft lobster as a comestible is that it is absolutely digestible. Incidentally to the shedding of its coat it coughs up, in a literal sense of the word, the entire lining of its digestive apparatus. Taking no food for some time thereafter, it is absolutely clean. But, alas! even at the most luxurious "lobster palace" one cannot buy a soft lobster. When a fisherman comes across one, he eats it himself.

It is worth mentioning right here that the belief, so commonly entertained, that lobsters are a perilous diet is wholly unwarranted—so long, that is to say, as they are fresh out of water and in a healthy condition. Unfortunately, they are often sick or even dying when they are cooked, and the average restaurant proprietor will not hesitate to serve on the table a specimen that has already given up the ghost from natural causes. Of course, no animal is safe to eat under such circumstances, and the ultimate consumer may suffer from severe and even fatal indigestion.

Such occurrences are presumably accountable for the almost universal belief that a certain portion of the lobster's anatomy is poisonous. This is the so-called "lady"—which, as a matter of fact, is an apparatus in the stomach for grinding the lobster's food. It is no more poisonous than the claws.

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THIS BOOK IS FREE

The Mysteries of Hypnotism and Personal Magnetism Revealed.

Herbert L. Flint, one of the best known hypnotists in the world, has just published a remarkable book on hypnotism, personal magnetism and magnetic healing. It is by far the most wonderful and comprehensive treatise of the kind ever printed. Mr. Flint has decided to give, for a limited time, a free copy to every person sincerely interested in these wonderful sciences. This book is based upon years of practical experience by a man who has hypnotized more people than any other one person.

You can now learn about the secrets of hypnotism and personal magnetism at your own home free.



Hypnotism strengthens your memory and develops your will. It overcomes bashfulness, revives hope, stimulates ambition and determination to succeed. It gives you that self-confidence which enables you to convince people of your real worth. It gives you the key to the inner secrets of mind control. It enables you to control the thoughts and actions of others. When you understand this grand and mysterious science, you can plant suggestions in human minds which will be carried out in a day or even a year hence. You can cure bad habits and diseases in yourself and others. You can cure yourself of insomnia, nervousness and business or domestic worry. You can instantaneously hypnotize people with a mere glance of the eye without their knowledge and powerfully influence them to do as you desire. You can develop to a marvelous degree any musical or dramatic talent you may have. You can increase your telepathic or clairvoyant powers. You can give thrilling and funny hypnotic entertainments. You can win the love and everlasting friendship of those you desire. You can protect yourself against the influence of others. You can become a financial success and be recognized as a power in your community.

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How I Cured My GREY HAIR

I Will Tell You Free How To Cure Yours by a Simple, Sure Harmless Home Treatment. Age No Obstacle.

Don't Use Harmful Dyes That Make Your Hair Look Like a Painted Mop

LET ME HELP YOU FREE.

When I was twenty-five years old I suddenly turned gray, and at twenty-eight looked like a woman of forty-five. **I lost three good positions** for no other reason than my faded hair. Like many others, my elderly appearance preyed on my mind until I was a **physical wreck.**

One day my godfather, a famous chemist, asked me to try a preparation he had perfected. I did so, and after a few days was surprised and delighted to find my hair becoming richer and darker in tone. Very soon it was once more **the natural shade of my girlish days.**



I am so delighted at my success that I am willing to send the secret **free to any man or woman** whose hair is gray. Let me make it clear that it is quite different from the ordinary hair-dye or varnish which makes the hair look like a painted mop, quite destroying its natural appearance and in many cases actually killing the hair. My secret will enable you to recolor your gray hair to its **original natural shade.** I offer a reward of $500 to prove my statements.

If you want to renew your faded hair and look young again simply send your name and address (stating whether lady or gentleman) and inclose a two-cent stamp for postage, and I will send you full details in a plain envelope. Address Mrs. Mary K. Chapman, Suite 205 B, Grosvenor Building, Providence, R. I.

HOW I CURED MY SUPERFLOUS HAIR

A Friendly Scientist Showed Me How to Cure It Forever

I WILL TELL YOU FREE HOW TO CURE YOURS, TOO

For a long time I was sorely troubled by a hideous growth of Superfluous Hair on my face and arms. My face was, indeed, a sight from the exasperating growth, and I grew almost to hate myself for my unsightly appearance. There are many things advertised for Superfluous Hair, and I think I tried them all but never with any result, except to waste my money and burn my skin.



But, withstanding all my years of disappointment, today there is not a sign of Superfluous Hair on my face, arms or anywhere else. I got rid of it through following the advice of a friendly scientist, a professor of chemistry at an English university. The treatment he advised is so thorough, simple and easy to use that I want every other sufferer in America to know about it. It worked such a change in my appearance and my happiness that I gladly waive my natural feelings of sensitiveness, and I will tell broadcast to all who are afflicted how I destroyed every trace of hair, never to return.

If you are a sufferer and would like to have full details, just send along your name (stating whether Mrs. or Miss) and address, and a two-cent stamp for return postage, and I will send you in full detail the advice and instructions which resulted in my own cure, after all else failed. Address your letter Mrs. Katharyn Jenkins, 4651C Wentworth Building, Boston, Mass.

NOTE—Mrs. Jenkins, as her photograph shows, is a lady of refinement, and for years was well known as a society leader in Scranton, Pa.

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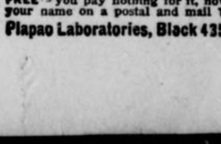

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Sunday-American Examiner-Patterns

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The design is suitable for challie, lawn, dimity, crepe, silk, flannel or flannelette. The deep tucks over the shoulders give breadth to the figure. The sack is lengthened below the waist line by a peplum.

The pattern is cut in six sizes—32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. It requires 4 yards of 27-inch material for a medium size.

No. 9142.—Lady's Apron, with Panel Front.

This model has the front and skirt portion combined. The bib is cut low and square and forms straps over the back. Any desired trimming may be used.

The pattern is cut in three sizes—small, medium and large. It requires 3⅝ yards of 36-inch material for the medium size.

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In a dress of this kind a woman will always look neat while at her household duties, and if made in white or other dressy fabrics the design will prove very appropriate for afternoon wear.

The oval neck opening is comfortable and pretty, and the side closing is very effective. The Gibson plait gives breadth to the shoulders, and the three-quarter length sleeve leaves the lower arm free and comfortable when at work. The skirt is a five-gore model.

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No. 9583.—Girl's Dress, With or Without Yoke.

The design has a narrow panel insert at the front. The neck edge may be finished with the yoke and collar or in round Dutch style, as illustrated.

The pattern is cut in four sizes—6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires 3½ yards of 40-inch material for an 8-year size.

No. 9289.—Child's Rompers.

Garments of this description are ever popular for little tots and a boon to the busy mother.

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SUNDAY AMERICAN-EXAMINER PATTERNS
BARGAIN DAY.

No. 9566.—Size.....Bust.
No. 9583.—Size.....Years.
No. 9142.—Size.....
No. 9589.—Size.....Years.
No. 9239.—Size.....Bust.
No. 9586.—Size.....Bust.
No. 9289.—Size.....Years.

Name.....
Street and Number.....
City and State.....

No. 9566.—A Simple Pretty Blouse.

THE neck edge of this design is cut low and finished with a collar cut in a point over each shoulder. The set-in sleeve is finished with a band.

The design is suitable for lawn and other lingerie materials, for cotton and silk crepes, for ratine, voile, corduroy or silk.

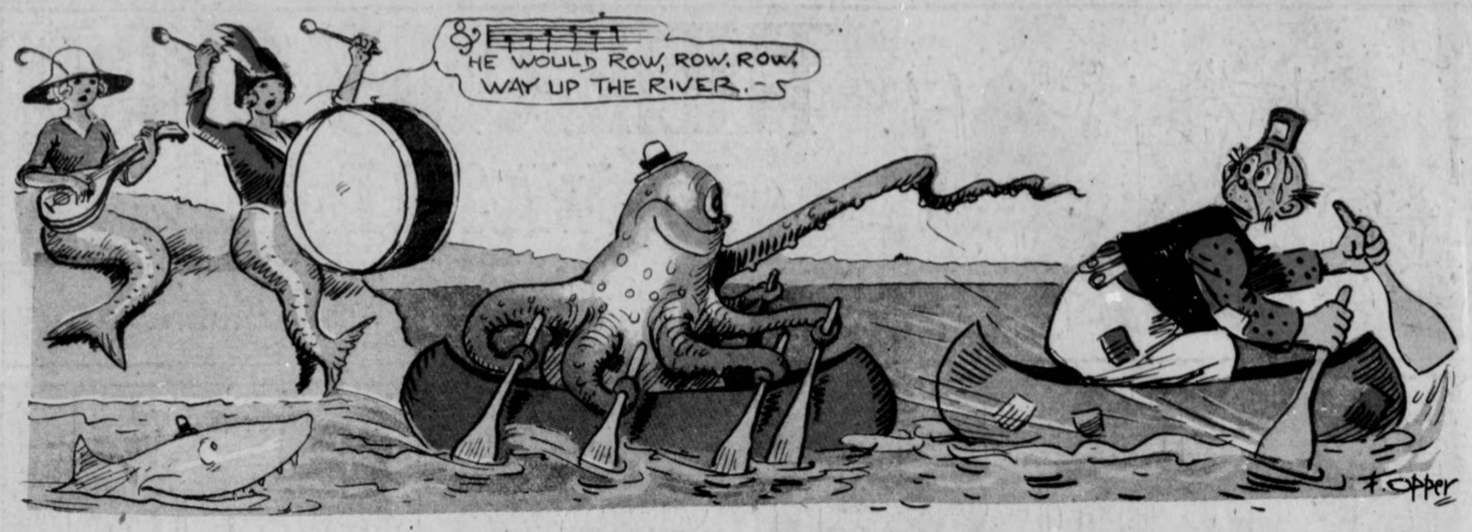
The pattern is cut in six sizes—32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. It requires 3⅝ yards of 24-inch material for a 38-inch size.

No. 9589.—Blouse Dress for Misses and Small Women.

White linen embroidered in self color is shown in this model; corduroy or gingham would also be effective.

The peplum may be omitted. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or shorter length. The shoulders are long, forming part of the sleeve at the upper arm. The skirt has the habit back, and is gathered at the top.

The pattern is cut in five sizes—14, 15, 16, 17 and 18 years. It requires 5⅝ yards of 44-inch material for a 16-year size.



COMIC SECTION
OF HEARST'S
SUNDAY
AMERICAN
Atlanta, May 4, 1913

Happy Hooligan Earns $1,000!

(Almost!)

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1
IF I CAN'T MARRY SUZANNE THERES NOTHING IN THE WOILD TO LIVE FOR! I GUESS I'LL JUMP IN THE RIVER!
EMPIRE TUG CO.

2
I'LL SAVE YOUSE, MISTER!
EMPIRE TUG CO.

3
FOIST I'LL TIE THIS ROPE FOIMLY, SO'S I CAN GET BACK!
HELP!

4
DON'T WORRY, MISTER. YOUSE AINT HOIT A BIT AND I'LL GET YOUSE ASHORE ALL RIGHT.
EMPIRE TUG CO.

5
BACK HER OUT, BILL.
SIR I MUST HURRY HOME AND CHANGE MY CLOTHES BUT FIRST I MUST THANK YOU AND REWARD YOU FOR SAVING MY LIFE
THE SOIVICE ISN'T WOITH MENTIONING
EMPIRE TUG CO.

6
FOUR HUNDRED, FIVE HUNDRED, SIX HUNDRED,
THIS IS SOITN'LY A DREAM!
EMPIRE TUG CO.

7
NINE HUNDRED, A THOUSAND,

8
THERE YOU ARE,- WHY, WHAT BECAME OF HIM? HE WAS HERE ONLY A MOMENT AGO!

9
HEY, LEGGO OF THAT ROPE!
POLICE PATROL

10
WHO IS IT?
IT'S HOOLIGAN
DONT YOU KNOW IT'S AGIN THE LAW TO HITCH BEHIND A TUG!
POLICE PATROL

11
WELL, SIR, AS I WAS SAYING,-
THAT STORY OF BILL'S IS A PEACH!
POLICE PATROL

12
WE SEEN HIM DO IT
JUDGE CAN I SAY JUST ONE WOID!
YOU SAY THE PRISONER WAS OBSTRUCTING NAVIGATION? THE SENTENCE IS THIRTY SEVEN YEARS
F. Opper

THEIR ONLY CHILD

HE WASN'T ILL — ONLY UNHAPPY.

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WHAT AILS THE BABY - DOCTORS?

DR.M

M.D

DR.G

1 — I WISH DOVEY WOULD RETURN - I DON'T KNOW WHAT AILS SNOOKUMS!

2 — DEAREST - IM SO GLAD YOU CAME - HE'S BEEN CRYING EVER SINCE YOU LEFT! — WHAT'S A MAZZER - COME TO MUZZER!

3 — I CAN'T UNDERSTAND - DEAR - HE WON'T PLAY WITH HIS TOYS OR ANYTHING - I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO! — DO YOU THINK IT IS ANYTHING SERIOUS - LOVEY!

4 — YOU BETTER GO UP STAIRS AND ASK MRS JONES TO COME DOWN! — OH! DO HOPE SHE IS IN!

5 — OUR BABY IS ILL - WON'T YOU COME DOWN TO OUR APARTMENT A MINUTE? — SURE - BUT NOW, DON'T GET EXCITEMENT!

6 — VAT'S DE MATTER? WAS HE EATING CRACKER JACKETS OR GUM DROPERS - I'LL GET MRS. SMITH DOWN HERE SHE'S HAD MORE EXPERIENCE WITH CHILDREN YOU KNOW SHE HAS NINTEEN! — OH! DO GET HER QUICK! — IS IT DANGEROUS FOR HIM TO CRY LIKE THAT!

7 — MY! MY! MY - I THINK YOU BETTER PUT A HOT WATER BOTTLE ON HIS CHEST - IT JUST A LITTLE COLD! — I DON'T THINK SO IT'S A CRY LIKE INDIGESTION! — MY DARLING! — DON'T CRY - DEAR - YOU'LL MAKE ME CRY!

8 — JUST WRAP HIM UP GOOD - AND LATER GIVE HIM A LITTLE MUSTARD FOOT BATH! — HIS LUNGS ARE ALL RIGHT! — ARE YOU SURE YOU KNOW WHAT AILS HIM?

9 — YES - BUT I WOULD ADVISE GETTING THE DOCTOR - THEN YOU'RE SURE! — IT'LL BE ALL RIGHT! — PHONE FOR THE DOCTOR - DEAR - AND ALSO PHONE FOR MOTHER! — HELLO!

10 — UM! IT'S A COMPLICATED CASE - YOU GOT ME JUST IN TIME - FIRST PUT HIM RIGHT TO BED! — DAUGHTER - HAND ME THE BABY!

11 — HIS PULSE IS NORMAL - BUT A FEVER SHOWS - GET THIS PRESCRIPTION FILLED AND GIVE AS DIRECTED! — OH! MOTHER THIS IS TERRIBLE! — HUH! NO WONDER HE'S CRYING!

12 — LOOK WHAT WAS WAS STICKING IN THE CHILD'S BACK - A SAFETY PIN!! — OH THE POOR LITTLE DARLING! — DEAR ME!! — OW-O!

EG MCMANUS

Jimmy--See What He Caught!

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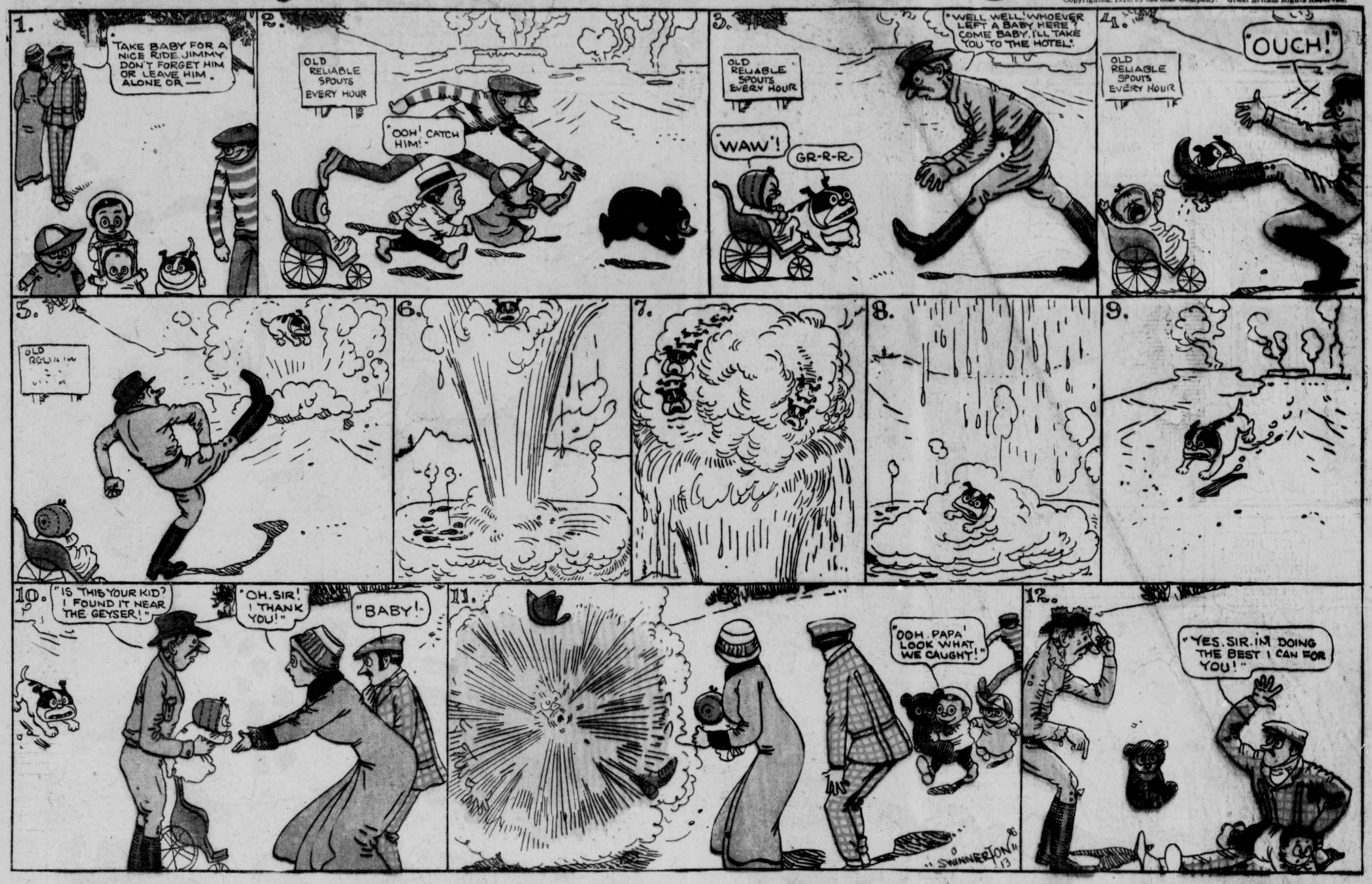

Mr. Batch Has a Cozy Talk.

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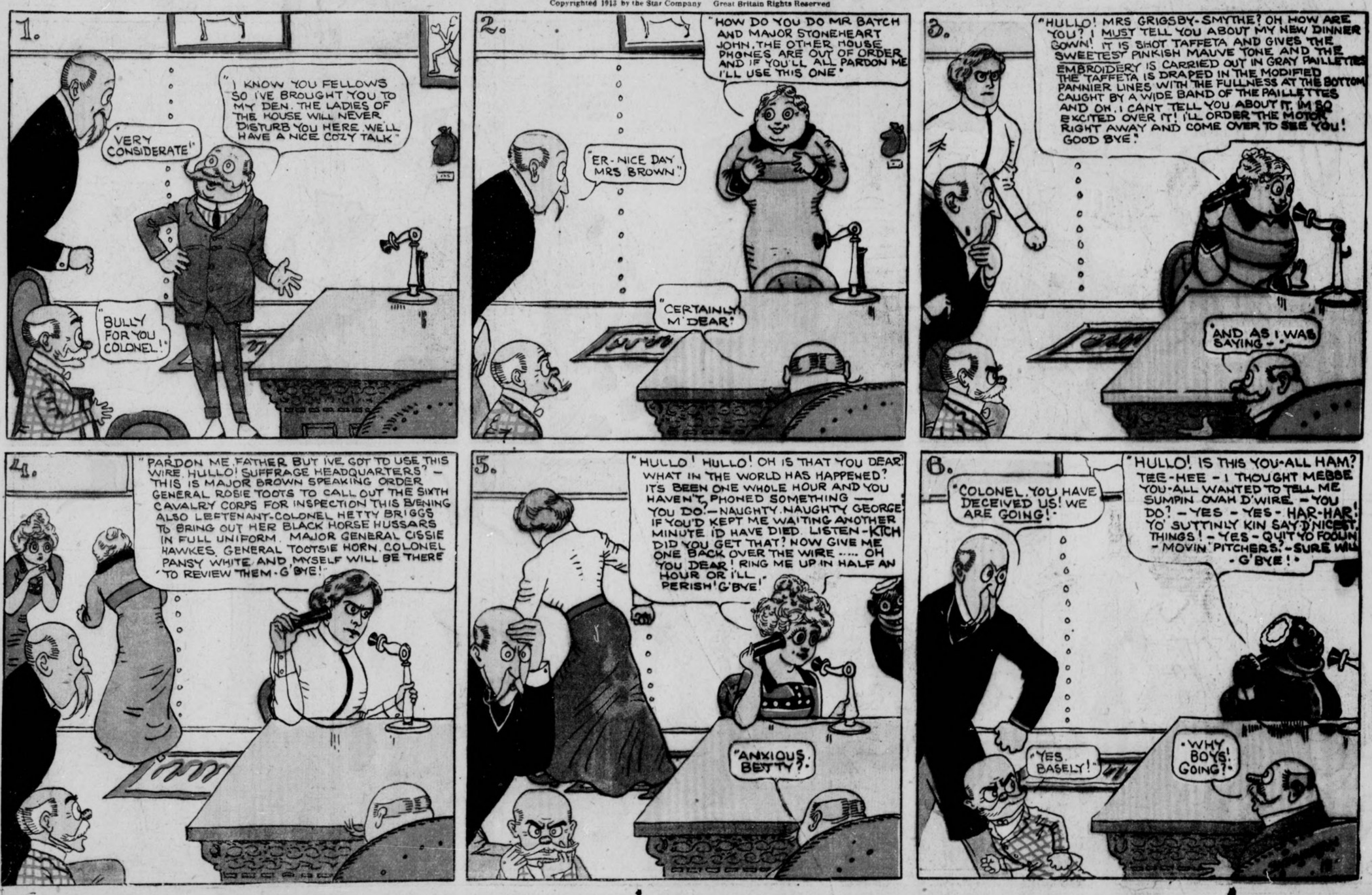

IN THE LAND OF WONDERFUL DREAMS

Flip Creates a Panic Among the Lilliputians

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1
I'VE GOT A SURPRISE FOR YOU! I'VE BEEN OUT TO THE LILLIPUTIAN ZOO! YOU SHOULD SEE THE TINEY LITTLE ANIMALS.
WHY FLIP, WE WERE JUST GOING OUT THERE! WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DOING?
IF YOU HAVE BEEN TO THE ZOO, WILL YOU LET US BY SO WE CAN GO!
LET US PASS PLEASE!— WE MUST BE ON OUR WAY! WHOA! EH! WHOA BOY!
TO THE LILLIPUTIAN ZOO

2
I LET ALL OF THE ANIMALS OUT. THEY'RE SO LITTLE THEY CAN'T HURT ANYBODY! LOOK AT 'EM!
DID YOU OPEN ALL THE CAGES FLIP? WHAT DID YOU DO THAT FOR?
ANOTHER NICE DAY SPOILED! JUST WHEN WE WERE LEAVING—
TO THE LILLIPUTIAN ZOO

3
DON'T KICK THOSE LIONS! THEY WONT HURT YOU IF YOU LEAVE 'EM ALONE!
THEY MIGHT NOT HURT BIG PEOPLE LIKE US BUT THEY'LL SCARE EVERY BODY IN GULLIVER CITY.
YOU'LL ANSWER FOR THIS, YOU IMPUDENT BRAT!
THE LILLIPUTIAN ZOO

4
SEE? THAT'S WHAT YOU GET FOR KICKING THAT POOR LITTLE LION! WHY DON'T YOU STAND STILL?
FLIP! DID YOU TURN THE WHOLE ZOO LOOSE? DID YOU?
OH! I MUST CALL OUT THE ARMY AGAIN! OUR ZOO IS DESTROYED!

5
WOW! I THINK I AM GETTING IN BAD AT THAT! I'LL CATCH THEM AND PUT 'EM BACK IN THE ZOO!
WHAT IN THE WORLD WILL WE DO? THIS IS SIMPLY AWFUL!

6
WE'LL HAVE TO LEAVE GULLIVER CITY AFTER THIS! ALL ON ACCOUNT OF FLIP. HE IS TERRIBLE!
HE'S TRYING TO CATCH THEM. NOW! HE'S SORRY FOR WHAT HE'S DONE!
I'LL PUT EVERY ONE OF THESE ANIMALS BACK!
YES! AND I'LL SEE THAT YOU ARE CAGED, TOO, YOU CAN BET!

7
FLIP HAS BEEN SO GOOD LATELY, BUT, I'M AFRAID THE KING OF THE LILLIPUTIANS WILL ASK US TO LEAVE AFTER THIS—
IT'S JUST THIS, YOUR MAJESTY!— WE MUST NOT PERMIT HIM WITH US ANY MORE! THE KING IS NOW GIVING ORDERS FOR FLIPS ARREST!
I WANT THAT SCAMP LOCKED UP EVEN IF HE DOES BELONG TO THE PARTY OF THE PRINCESS OF SLUMBERLAND!
IF YOU FOLKS WILL STAND STILL I'LL PUT EVERY ONE OF THESE ANIMALS BACK WHERE I GOT THEM—

8
HUH! I WAS DREAMING! I THOUGHT I WAS IN GULLIVER CITY!

WINSOR McCAY.

AMERICAN SUNDAY MONTHLY MAGAZINE

MAY 4 1913

Section Hearst's Sunday American, Atlanta



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American Sunday Monthly Magazine

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IS he doing well at some good trade or work, where his chances for the future are all they ought to be - where he is healthy and contented and interested? In other words, is he on the road to Success?

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AMERICAN SUNDAY MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Published on the first Sunday of each month as a section of the N. Y. American, Boston American, Chicago Examiner, Hearst's American, Atlanta, Ga., and the second Sunday of each month with the San Francisco Examiner and Los Angeles Examiner

1905: GUINEVERE'S LOVER

By ELINOR GLYN
Author of "Three Weeks" and "Why"



There was the hunger and pain and agony of all these months to be assuaged, clasped in each other's arms.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS—Guinevere, the young wife of the aged and selfish General Bohun, in spite of her youth and beauty has led a lonely and narrow married life. Her little son, Algernon, is much like his father, and both neglect her. They have just moved into the ancestral country seat of the Bohuns when Guinevere's elder sister, Letitia, arrives and tells her about Sir Hugh Dremont, a neighbor, whom they soon meet. Guinevere feels a powerful attraction for Sir Hugh which has developed into love on both sides when Guinevere obtains permission from her crabbed husband to visit her sister in London. Sir Hugh devotes himself to Guinevere as much as is possible without causing comment. In this they are aided by Letitia. At last the short period of bliss is over and Guinevere is compelled to return to her home.

Chapter XVII

AND so we are at Redwood Moat again, and Humphrey is on his way to his far destination. Algernon and I waved to him from the station platform, and then my son went back to Eton and I rejoined Letitia in Norfolk Street; and the next day came down here. It is the tenth of February, 1906. Why do I write the date, I wonder?—and to-morrow, I shall see Hugh!

Petrov's joy at my return is sweet to see. He has moped and grown quite thin during my absence. The house seems terribly damp and cold, and Letitia shivers. She had intended to have a rest cure here with me, she said, before an unusually busy London season; but to-night she has spent the time since dinner in writing a long epistle to Hugh. He is at Minton Dremont, and to-morrow comes over to lunch with us, so why she had to write to him to-night I did not at first guess.

"Guinevere," she said just now, sniffing the air, "I am sure there is something wrong with the water in the moat; it is dreadfully unhealthy, and the worst possible thing for you, still so delicate as you are. I noticed it this afternoon, and spoke to Hartington about it, and he said it would be a perfect mercy now to have the moat cleaned out all round, if only the family could be away. He said 'Sir Hugh Dremont' had remarked it, too, the last time he was over with 'the master,' and he, Hartington, had 'made so bold' as to say to Sir Hugh that he thought it a pity for the mistress to be here now, in the bad weather, with it in this state, and Sir Hugh had agreed with him. It would only take 'a matter of three weeks or so' to do it, he said, if only 'the mistress' would consent to go somewhere else; and that Sir Hugh had said why should not 'the family'—meaning you and me, of course, Guinevere, go and stop for the time at Minton Dremont? It was big enough, in all conscience, and he would not be having visitors, and they could be as quiet as they pleased. Hartington and I discussed the whole thing, and settled it together, so now I have written to Hugh to say the plan seems awfully good to me, and he had better try and persuade you into it to-morrow at luncheon. What do you say?" I am going to have the letter sent over in the morning.

I was simply overcome—it sounded as if an angel from heaven had come down and asked me to go and spend some time in Paradise.

Hugh came a little before luncheon. I was up in my shrine, and I heard his and Letitia's voices on the stair; and she called to me, as once before she had done, and, as once before, I heard footsteps and knew the moment for reunion with my Beloved had come. I trembled so, I had to hold on to the back of the chair, as Hugh opened the door and strode towards me, with arms outstretched. But his glad cry was mixed with anguish when he looked into my face.

"Oh, my darling, how white you look—and small!"

And then we did not speak for a few minutes. There was the hunger and pain and agony of all these months to be assuaged, clasped in each other's arms.

Hugh left immediately after lunch, to make everything ready for us.

"I must have you in my own wing, Letitia," he said. "There are absolutely no draughts there, and Guinevere can go up and down those private stairs without getting cold. We shall dine in the small breakfast-room that I use when I am alone, so as to be cosy—don't you think so?"

And my sister agreed to all these things.

When the time to start arrived—four o'clock, and just getting dusk—I felt quite sick with excitement. What would it be like—at Minton Dremont!

Hugh came forward to meet us in the hall, his eyes shining like stars, and everywhere there was warmth and brightness and quantities of flowers; and we had tea in the morning-room which opens into that ante-chamber where the trophies of sport hang.

A shy joy and silence was upon me—and a perfect sense of safety and peace. The superlative happiness and rest, not to feel I must listen for coming interruptions and suffer that whole sense of fear and unease which rules the atmosphere at Redwood Moat!

My room was a most charming, rosy chintz place, with nothing of state and darkness in it. It might

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have been full summer for the roses which great bowls were filled with, to have them for most of the year is one of Hugh's fads and its windows, the housekeeper told us as she showed us in, looked full south. It was perfectly quiet, too, with its bath-room and dressing-room next door, and Letitia in an equally comfortable apartment across the passage.

"You are next to me, Letitia," said Hugh, "so you can feel perfectly safe from burglars and ghosts in the night!"

We were all so merry all the time, and I felt full of life and returning health, for happiness is a much greater doctor than ever Æsculapius could have been.

When finally I did get down into Hugh's sitting-room, at about six o'clock, he was there waiting for me.

And oh! it looked so comfortable and peaceful, with all the russet silk curtains drawn and just the big, softly-shaded lamps and the crackling and glowing logs. And close to my sofa, which he had prepared for me with soft cushions, was a huge bunch of deep red roses, giving forth a sweet, fresh scent.

"I would not have white ones to-day, sweetheart," Hugh said. "You are too pale yourself. And I am going to take care of you and love and worship you until they are no longer your prototype!"

He was as gentle as the tenderest nurse, and made me lie down and rest, while he sat beside me, holding and caressing my hand, and now and then my hair; and we talked of all sorts of beautiful things, and of our love, and of our happiness; and, finally, he read to me in a low voice, and gradually, worn-out with all the excitement, I fell into a blissful sleep.

When I woke he was still sitting beside me, and his dear face wore an expression I have never seen on a human face before: it showed everything of love and devotion, and even a reverent awe.

"Guinevere," he whispered, "while you have slept, I have been realizing the value of things. Darling, I do not think I ever knew before how much I loved you. And now, for this little while, I am going to take every possible shadow out of your life. I want you to promise me that you will never let your thoughts go on ahead. I want you to be as happy as the day is long."

"Indeed I promise, Hugh."

Then we went up the stairs together to dress for dinner, and it seemed as if I must have always lived there—all felt so natural and at peace.

After dinner, Letitia and Hugh and I sat in the morning-room, because there is a piano in it, and I wanted to play to them. I felt like that—I wanted to give forth all the thankfulness of my soul in beautiful sound. And they both sat in comfortable chairs and listened in relaxed rest and enjoyment.

I made the music tell them both all of my thoughts, and once, when I glanced over at Letitia, I saw that her usually bright, merry eyes were gazing into distance and full of a wistful light. What was she thinking of, I wonder? Was she feeling that, whatever the pain it might bring, love like Hugh and I have for each other was worth all the triumphs of the world? Poor, dear Letitia! But each one must dree his own weird. Hugh's lids were closed, and a look of perfect content was on his face. No three people could be happier together than we three are.

When I was following my sister out of the room, on the way to bed, Hugh detained me for a second.

"My sweet," he said. "Now you must sleep and rest completely, and grow strong here in my house; and remember, every slightest thing is to be as you wish, Guinevere—Do you understand exactly what I mean, darling child?"

And a great, strange quiver came over me, and I could not meet his eyes as I answered:

"Yes, Hugh."

Then, with perfect homage, he bent and kissed my hand.

"My love," he said, "good night."

And I left him standing by the fire.

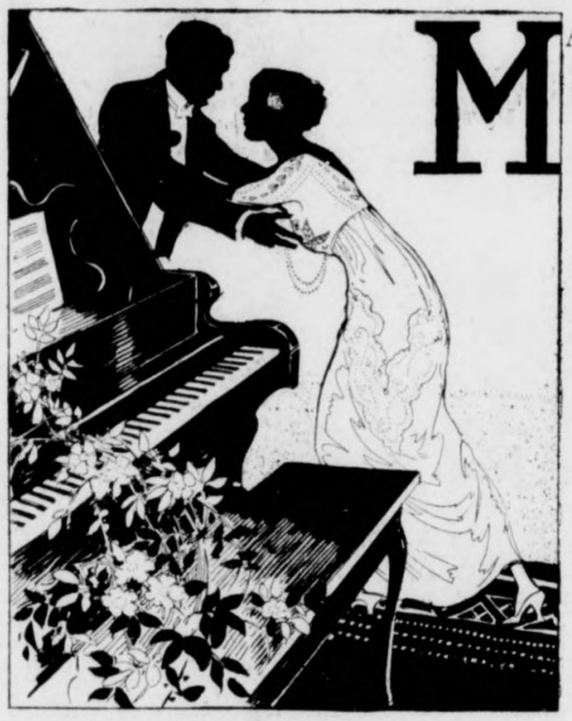
When I went down to tea Mr. Northey had arrived and was conversing with Letitia, and a sprightly air was over everything. We had the merriest possible time, and I was joyous, and laughed, and made little sallies quite beyond my wont; and after it, I went with Hugh into his sitting-room to look for a book, and as I was bending down to get it out of the book-case, he suddenly seized me in his arms, while his eyes looked as they had looked on the river in the moonlight.

"Ah!" he said—and that was all. But his lips almost burned my lips, and my heart suddenly began to beat wildly with I know not what, and I struggled away from him—but it was not from fear. Then I ran like a fawn, bounding lightly over a footstool that was near, and out of the door and up to my room, while his voice called after me in anxiety:

"Guinevere!—"

I cannot imagine what made me do this—human nature is very strange. I could not make myself go down again, but sat crouching by my fire, in some nameless intense excitement, until Parton came in, when the dressing-gong sounded.

Chapter XVIII



And something made me rise and hold out my arms to him

MAY I show Mr. Northey the pictures in the saloon, Hugh?" Letitia asked suddenly after dinner. "We can turn on the lights as we go through if they are not lit." And she rose and went towards the door, followed by both of the men.

I played on all the time, my heart beating now to suffocation almost; and in a minute or two Hugh returned and, shutting the door after him, came across the room.

He stood beside the piano silently, looking at me with all his soul in his eyes, and my fingers would obey me no longer, but convulsively clasped together in my lap.

"Guinevere—" Hugh said breathlessly; and then, again, "Guinevere!"

And something in me stronger than all other things that have ever touched my life made me rise and hold out my arms to him.

I wonder if angels in heaven can be any happier than Hugh and I are. The souls of Adam and Eve in Paradise could not have been more divinely exalted or more completely necessary to each other.

As the days pass, everything takes on a fresh meaning. The whole essence of life is being revealed to me through love and—My Lover. We have been too engaged with each other to take in any outside circumstance, though, vaguely and gladly, we have observed that Mr. Northey has amused Letitia, who has not been bored. We four, for a whole fortnight, have laughed and ridden, and been gay together, and all has gone well.

And nothing could be more refined and careful and protective than is his attitude to me before people—the servants, and even Letitia and Mr. Northey. Not by a word or look does he suggest anything but respectful friendship. There is a great deal in breeding: it makes all the small things of life between two people move without jars. I thought of this definition of a gentleman the other morning, when some tiny exceptional circumstance cropped up. "What is it that makes a man a gentleman? It is having that instinctive knowledge of correct behavior and high honor which does not even require an unwritten law as a guide." It could hardly be more exemplified than it is in Hugh.

Letitia and I talked together in her room at night sometimes; it seems almost as if she were changing too in this atmosphere of peace and love. She says she never really knew Hugh before, although they have been friends for ten years, and that none of her set would recognize him as he is with us now.

"I said long ago that you were a witch, Guinevere," she said. "Do you remember? I said it in play, but it is true, it would seem, because you have altered and brought out and completed this man, who is thirty-six years old, and has been spoilt and worshipped by women, ruled men, and hunted wild beasts all his life!"

I laughed my contentment.

"I really believe you were made for one another, and that neither of you will ever love anyone else," she went on meditatively. "It is a thousand pities, in a case like this, that you cannot marry each other."

I felt a quiver of pain, the first one that has come. Letitia saw it, and added hurriedly:

"Well, never mind, pet. After all, you are going to be happy for three months now, at least—and that is more than most women get out of life."

And my will reasserted itself and banished the pain.

Dear old Doctor Burnley came to see me this morning, and said he was completely taken off his feet with surprise at my appearance. I was growing as robust as my sister, and looked like a blooming girl.

"How right you were, Doctor, to insist upon her coming up here, weren't you?" Letitia said innocently. "I shall tell the General how clever and sensible you have been with Mrs. Bohun."

And the doctor smiled, well pleased to accept this burden of praise.

One afternoon Hugh had a fall while trying a new horse over a hurdle—he was not hurt really, but his temples ached a little. I made him lie on the sofa and put his head on my breast, while I held, petted and caressed him as though he had been a tired baby—Oh! the exquisite tenderness of the memory!

"And to think that before I met you, I was growing callous and cynical about most subjects," he said; "and if a thing pleased me, I took it with never a backward thought. You have been to me like an angel, Guinevere, gilding everything with your purity and your sweetness. People have such a strange idea of that word purity. For some it means a rigid barren asceticism, and consists merely in the crushing out of all sex and all warmth. For me it means the realization of sweet nature in its most elevated mood, with truth and sympathy exalted and sanctified."

"Oh! my dear—and have I meant all that to you?" I asked.

"You have meant to me everything that a woman can mean to a man, Guinevere, when she is his absolute mate."

And he folded me in his arms.

A new mood has come upon us in London—a more passionate one. The ridiculous music in the comic operas even excites some sense. Hugh hates to be away from me a second, and he says he feels jealous when we go out and anyone chances to look at me, or the others of the party monopolize my attention. We are generally six—with Langthorpe and some nice woman for him, and a young man for Letitia.

"I want you to come for Easter, darling; it is the fifteenth of April. My sister will be with me and her children; and Algernon and Burbridge have such a high old time together. On the Easter Tuesday I have asked the same people down for the races and the ball as last year. They are only going to stay until the end of the week, but for that time, perhaps you would rather go back to Redwood. Letitia thought it would be extremely unwise not to have them for this festivity, as they are always accustomed to come, and she suggested to me last night that you should ask old Jack Kaird and herself and Langthorpe and anyone of the Bohun tribe you can think of to Redwood and we should combine parties. What do you think of this plan?"

"It seems a good one," I agreed. "We must get accustomed to the exigencies and obligations of life, Hugh: we cannot be in Paradise for ever, can we?—alas!"

So this was all arranged, and next week I go down alone to Redwood for a few days, to settle things for this party, and then move to Minton Dremont when Algernon returns, which happens to be the Thursday before Easter; and there we shall stay until the Tuesday morning, with Lady Morvaine, going back to Redwood to be in time to receive Letitia and Langthorpe and our four other guests.

But oh! the joy can never be so great again as were those short weeks of perfect freedom in Hugh's home, with Letitia and Gerald Northey and my Lover and I—alone!

My room, which I am going back to, has its real approach from the gallery and the great staircase—but we never used that way, as we were so cosy, we four, Letitia and Gerald Northey and My Lover and

I, with just the morning-room for our drawing-room, and the breakfast-room for our dining-room—close together next Hugh's wing.

Just now, as I sat here in front of the fire—an owl flew round the turret and made its peculiar weird cry. And a sudden, horrible, unaccountable fear came over me—fear of I could not say what, nor why I should feel it. And, agitated, my thoughts would rush forward to the recollection of the return of Humphrey about the fifth of June. Mercifully, he will not be here for my birthday, which is on the fourth, and Hugh is coming with me to Eton to see Algernon. Lady Morvaine will be there also, seeing her son. And next day will be the end of joy.

I used the whole of my will to banish this remembrance. I resolutely made myself think of only pleasant things, but it would return—and every time the owl's melancholy hoot was heard fresh disquietude came to me.

Suddenly voices seemed to whisper—"Live while you can, poor fool—the prison walls will close again"—and it seemed that just from under the west window there came a pitiful groan, and then a fiendish laugh. I was so horribly startled I bounded to my feet—and there saw Petrov, whom I had brought over from Minton Dremont to-day, with his eyes one black pupil, and his short velvet fur bristled on his back, standing before the bedroom door in an attitude of terrified defence.

What could it mean—I was sick with a nameless dread. What did Petrov see? Then I got out Hugh's photographs—one of our snapshots done of us together looking so happy and gay—and another cabinet-sized one of just his head, with his dear eyes gazing out straight into mine—and their message of love comforted me—and brought back my nerve and calm—and I turned and said aloud: "Whatever and whoever you are, begone! I am protected by God and true love,"—and after that the owl's worst cries had no more effect upon me—and Petrov came back and purred on my knee. But it is hateful to think that this must be my home for the rest of my life. I must be strong, and rise superior to environment. Hugh's love must surround me always.

The swift days pass, one settles down to changes if they are not altogether distasteful, and we are now accustomed to the extra strain of necessary manoeuverings to be alone that the absence of Letitia and the presence of others enforces, and we contrive not to be separated for long at a time. It is even an excitement, I think, and causes an extra fillip to joy when we do know we have a clear hour in front of us. Hugh, however, is not of this opinion, and I often see impatience on his face. He has ordered and ruled everything to his will always, and cannot stand the slightest check. To-morrow—Tuesday—Algernon and I go back to Redwood Moat again, alas! and Hugh's party come. He is fuming at this more as each day goes by. But, in spite of these things, we have been divinely happy.

Lady Morvaine also left Minton Dremont to-day—at the same time that we did—and she has asked Algernon to go and spend the rest of his holidays with them up in Cheshire when our races here will be over, at the end of the week. I am so glad of this, as it will be such a great pleasure to him. I had been wondering what I ought to do with him. Letitia had asked us to go and stay with her for a week, but Algernon did not look forward to that. Now I can go alone, knowing he will be only about twenty miles off, in safe and agreeable company. I have had two brief letters from Humphrey, filled with himself and his doings. I have written to him dutifully every fortnight. It is a good thing the moat has been cleared out, he said in his last epistle, and it was "deuced kind" of Hugh Dremont to put up Letitia and me. He supposed he had had a party for us. Letitia had written to him, telling him her view of the whole thing, and with her inimitable tact and knowledge of manipulating affairs, she had made him accept everything without being irritated, as I feared he would be. I had not said one word to deceive him, and yet, as I read his letter just now, a sense of discomfort came upon me. I absolutely loathe having to dissimulate in any way. This is something else I must banish from my thoughts, though. Ah, me!



—and it seemed that just from under the west window there came a pitiful groan and then a fiendish laugh.

My party arrived this afternoon, and I have told dear old Sir John Kaird he must take Humphrey's place and act host for me with Algernon.

Letitia is in high spirits. She did not motor, for a wonder, but came down in the train with a number of the guests going on to Minton Dremont, and she is full of their ways and doings.

"Winnie," is still determined to secure Hugh, and one or two of the others have also put forward claims for the post of favorite! A shuffling season has taken place, it would seem, since last year, and several of them are on the look-out for new partners to flirt with! Letitia caught sight of my face as she recounted to me all this in her room before dressing for dinner, and she went into a fit of laughter.

"Yes, it is comic, isn't it, Guinevere?" she said. "I never had really looked at us from a detached point of view until I was awakened by your and Hugh's affection for each other. Now it all seems frightfully funny. I wonder if they will appear different to Hugh also. It will be so amusing to watch. His temperament is too impatient of control to stand anything he does not like."

"Yes," I responded. "I do not feel very disturbed about them."

Letitia laughed again softly.

"No, you need not be. I believe, in reality, you are cleverer than any of them, in spite of your simplicity—and you have got quite good-looking, you know, lately; full of life, and so much less pale. Langthorpe was only saying so just now; and if he notices the change, it must be striking!" Then—

"Is it not a joy," she called, as I was leaving the room, "to feel we need not mind a bit, even if we are five minutes late for dinner!"

How I should hate to know that everyone was rejoicing at my absence, as they are because Humphrey is away—even Hartington is vastly relieved, and has conducted the arrangements for this little party in the most admirable manner.

I felt quite gay at dinner. I had some kind of satisfaction in my new-found sense of dignity and importance—with the knowledge that no one would snub me, or frown at me. I only wished Hugh were here to see me in my new guise of a free woman.

The four guests beside Letitia, Langthorpe and Sir John are quite nice, harmless people: one couple Bohun cousins, and the other, old friends; and no one would have recognized Redwood Moat to-night, with its light-hearted atmosphere. Algernon has enjoyed himself immensely, he told me—as he kissed me good-night.

The week has gone by, and it has developed a fresh stage between Hugh and me. When we met at the races, I could see he was ruffled about some-

(*Continued on page 12*)

"The Wrong Side from the Street"

By Newman Harris

WHEN Louie Finklestone, formerly in the cloak and suit business, decided to buy out Sol Epstein's delicatessen store on Lenox Avenue, there was only one thing that bothered him. The craze for turkey sandwiches was at its height at the time and he feared it would create too much competition in the neighborhood.

"Before you could say Jack Robinsky, Epstein," he complained, "there might could be a delicatessen on every block, ain't it?"

"Such a foolishness you talk it, Finklestone!" replied Epstein impatiently, "you would anyhow got to admit it yourself that this is the only delicatessen in four blocks either way, no?"

"To-day, yes, Sol, but to-morrow, y'understand, there might could be a dozen yet!"

"Tell it to me once, Finklestone, where would they put them? There ain't no stores vacant."

"No stores vacant, *sagt er!* How about the corner store across the street, isn't that no store?"

Epstein was a bit non-plussed, but only for a moment.

"My dear sir," he declared, confidently, "I wasn't even considering that corner store at all for the simple reason that store is on the wrong side from the street."

"The wrong side from the street! Would you want it should be on the same side yet? What are you talking, Epstein?"

"You don't understand it at all. In the wholesale business, Finklestone, like what you been making it, ain't it, whether a feller would be located on this street *oder* that street, on this side *oder* that side, upstairs or downstairs, it wouldn't be no difference on account anyway he would have to go out after his trade, ain't it, aber in the retail business, Finkelstone, it is something else again. In the retail business, Finkelstone, a feller must got to depend on the passing trade, y'understand me, and the public always flavors one side from the street more as the other, like, f'rinstance, a feller would be right-handed oder left-handed, ain't it? Well, on Lenox Avenyer this is the right side from the street. I give you my woid, Finkelstone, the woist I could wish it a feller is he should open it once a delicatessen on the other side from the street, *positively!*"

Epstein's eloquence and evident sincerity were so convincing that with very little more dickering, the deal was closed and Finkelstone went into possession of the delicatessen store.

From the very start, Finkelstone did a good business.

About two weeks after he had bought the place, however, while explaining to his wife the advantages of being on the right side of the street, Finkelstone stopped abruptly. His lower jaw fell and he was inarticulate for the moment. There, in the window of that very store, which he had begun to regard as doomed to a vacant existence for the rest of its days, he read by the light of an arc light which electricians had just strung up, the following sign:

AN UP-TO-THE-MINUTE DELICATESSEN
STORE WILL BE OPENED HERE NEXT
SATURDAY AT 6 O'CLOCK. FOR THE
BENEFIT OF MY PATRONS A FIRST-CLASS
CABARET SHOW
WILL BE GIVEN EVERY EVENING FROM
8 P. M. TILL 1 A. M.
EAT YOUR TURKEY SANDWICH AND SEE
THE TURKEY TROT AT THE SAME TIME!
SOL EPSTEIN, PROP'R,
FORMERLY ACROSS THE STREET.

"*Oi gewoldt!* The lowlife! The goneff! He would take it my blood, the—"

"What did he done, what did he done?" demanded Mrs. Finkelstone excitedly, quite unable to understand her husband's burst of temper as he finished reading the announcement across the street, "tell me once, Louie, did he done you something?"

"Done me something, the lowlife! Before I would be through mit him, Sadie, I give you my woid he would be wishing he never set eyes on me yet, the dirty goneff!"

Louie helped himself to another dill pickle, which so completely filled his mouth that the rage he still felt was evidenced only by a series of gurgles.

By and by, he explained Epstein's perfidy to his wife and long after he had gotten to bed that night he lay awake thinking how he could avenge it.

Finkelstone slept little that night, but he was up at six o'clock the next morning nevertheless attending to business. Every time he looked across the street he had to eat a dill pickle to suppress his emotions, and as the workmen were now busily engaged fitting up the new place his eyes were constantly in that direction.



"Oi gewoldt! The lowlife! The goneff! He would take it my blood, the—"

He counted the marble-topped tables, an even dozen of them, as they were carried into the place, and he rapidly calculated how many Epstein would be able to accommodate.

"Four at a table makes forty-eight. For fifteen cents a toikey sandwich and a cup coffee, forty-eight times, makes $7.20," he figured mysteriously, and the calculation seemed to afford him considerable gratification.

The day before the opening of Epstein's store, Finkelstone went to market and selected fifteen large turkeys.

Early Saturday evening, Epstein's new store opened with a blare of electric light and burst of melody from a special orchestra hired for the occasion.

Mrs. Finkelstone gazed ruefully across the street at the file of persons crowding into Epstein's store and then at the row of turkeys on her own shelves.

"I guess we could eat it ourselves them fifteen toikeys, you *schlemiel!*" she rebuked her husband, who was busily engaged sharpening his carvers and evidently preparing for a big rush of trade.

"Them as wants toikey trot will go to Epstein's, but them as wants toikey sandwiches will come to me!" he declared, more hopefully perhaps than present indications seemed to warrant.

About 7.30 twenty or thirty young fellows trooped into Epstein's store and sat down at the tables. They were followed a few minutes later by as many more, who took up the remaining seats. Strangely enough every one gave the same order—a turkey sandwich and a cup of coffee. The store began to fill up.

But although the store was crowded, Epstein and his assistants soon found themselves idle. No one was buying anything at the counters, everyone seeming to be waiting for seats at the tables.

Epstein glared suggestively at those who having finished their sandwich and coffee still kept their seats, but they were apparently oblivious of his attention. Several of those who had grown tired of waiting left the store and made their way across the street to Finkelstone's.

Indeed, Finkelstone was busier than he had ever been before. He and his wife and his three assistants cut bread and carved turkey till their arms ached but still they were unable to keep up with the demands of the constant procession of customers who having apparently filled their souls with music at Epstein's place had crossed the street to fill their stomachs with turkey at Finkelstone's.

Epstein saw what was happening and grew frantic. In vain, he had his waiters clear away the empty plates and cups, but the original forty-eight customers still kept their places. And so it went the whole night. The original forty-eight stayed right through to the end of the performance, while those who had waited to take their places grew tired and one by one left the place in disgust and wandered over to Finkelstone's.

Figuring up his receipts that night Epstein found that he had collected just fifteen cents for each chair in the place, a total of $7.20! Although he had done a little business at the counters, his total receipts didn't even pay the cabaret performers, not to say anything of the other expenses of the evening.

Finkelstone, on the other hand, had done a tremendous business. His cash register showed that he had taken in over $200 that day which, after deducting a mysterious item of $7.20, left him a very handsome profit.

For several days thereafter, exactly the same thing occurred. All that Epstein would take in at his twelve tables would be the $7.20, the amount paid by the first forty-eight customers who entered the place before the performance began and stayed till it was over, while each night Finkelstone deducted $7.20 from his receipts and still realized a tremendous profit.

The Thursday following the opening of the new store, Epstein closed up for good.

Later in the day he wandered over to Finkelstone's place.

"Would you want to buy it maybe another delicatessen, Finkelstone?" he asked, crestfallenly.

"That would depend entirely on the location, Mr. Epstein!" replied Finkelstone, enjoying the other's discomfiture.

"What's the use talking, Finkelstone: you know it well enough which store I would mean—the store across the street!"

"Nothing doing, Epstein. The woist I could wish it a feller is he should open it once a delicatessen on the other side of the street, on account, Y'understand, it was the wrong side from the street!" and as Epstein opened the door and actually ran across the street, Finkelstone yelled after him:

"And what is more, Mr. Epstein, when a lowlife delicatessener would go to woik and try to put one under a wholesale cloak and suiter, he would quick find he was on the wrong side of the street whichever side he was on!"



The SCARLET WEDDING DRESS

By Albert Dorrington

Gathering the scarlet dress into a wet ball, he rammed it between the open jaws and dived swiftly.

SHEM MINSKI, the little dark Russian from Papua, squatted at the head of the Caradoc's gangway and nibbled a dry sea biscuit. A tattered sarong was drawn about his waist. On his grimy, fish-soiled forefinger a diamond ring, inset with pearls, gleamed in the tropic sunlight. Captain Hayes sprawled in a hammock under the schooner's ample sun-awning. Only for the lazy drift of cigar smoke from his half-closed lips one might have fancied him overcome by the noonday heat.

Finishing the biscuit, Minski combed his black beard with talon-like finger nails and then looked up at the white man in the hammock. "I have made two offers and you still refuse; therefore we go our ways."

He stood up and peered bird-like down the steep gangway that led to the jetty. "Three thousand dollars," he said with a back glance at the hammock.

Captain Hayes sat up and yawned. "You think, Shem, because I own a few cutlasses and an old German machine-gun that I'm ready to fight a ship manned by Japanese thieves and vagabonds. Three thousand dollars won't give me a new schooner if this one is blown from under me!"

The Russian pondered his words nodding and combing with his lean black fingers. "The hazard is small," he said at last. "Captain Sonag and his brother, Okahu, are thieves but not fighting men. Two shots from your little gun would settle it. If there is damage to your schooner I will surely pay!"

Hayes beamed suddenly. "That settles it, Shem, my boy. Now," he skipped lightly from the hammock casting his cigar over the rail; "tell us about this derned Sumatran wedding gown. Captain Sonag, I understand, stole it from a tender in Penang when it was being transshipped to San Francisco?"

The Russian paused on the sun-heated gangway, his black, diamond lit forefinger caressing his straggling chin-tuft.

"I have promised you three thousand for the venture—and repairs. There is no need to tell the history of this red nuptial garment. It belonged to the Princess Lalanga of Sombaya."

Minski paused and drew a cigarette from a box hidden in the greasy folds of his sarong. Hayes followed his movements with some curiosity, his eyes kindling strangely.

"The Princess Lalanga was murdered on the day of her wedding," he vouchsafed. "There was a report, in the Sydney papers, that she had been strangled with the folds of her wedding dress."

The Russian blinked and stared at the cluster of low roofed huts that fringed the near beach of Vanua harbor.

"Lalanga was an evil woman," he said icily. "Two seasons before she sent the head of her brother to the Sultan Maharanga in return for a small rubber concession in Palembang. The strangling was a mere act of justice," Shem observed dreamfully. "Many headmen were suspected, but . . . the dress vanished until—"

"This Captain Sonag clawed it up at Penang," Hayes interrupted. "What's he going to do with it?"

The Russian shrugged his lean shoulders. "That is Sonag's affair. He may sell it for a few hundred dollars to some American curio-hunter. It is a gaudy thing with imitation rubies on the collar. It has no value except that I knew and suffered Lalanga's wrath . . . once."

Captain Hayes laughed hoarsely. "You want a piece of the silk that squared your account, eh, Shem?"

The little black Russian responded with a bleak glance in the big white Captain's direction, then, breathing a few final words of advice, hobbled down the schooner's gangway to the straggling line of native huts on the beach.

Hayes had known him as a buyer of sandal wood and rubber, a thrifty little speculator who lived in a wind-rattled bungalow somewhere on the outskirts of Vanua. Hayes surmised that the Russian had suffered some indignity in the past at the hands of the murdered Princess Lalanga and was anxious, no doubt, to possess the flamboyant garment which had been the cause of her destruction.

Captain Sonag, the man who had stolen the dress, was at that moment on his way to the little Papuan port accompanied by his brother Okahu, a notorious shell-diver, well known to the Queensland police. Their schooner had been chartered from a firm of ship-breakers in Shanghai, and it was evident to Hayes that, after leaving Vanua, the adventurous pair intended visiting Sydney or San Francisco.

The Scarlet Wedding Dress would be of small value save as a gloomy relic of Lalanga's fate, Hayes thought. His own money chest was at low ebb, and if, by a sudden descent on Sonag's schooner, he could seize the scarlet robe Minski's $3,000 would clear most of his debts in Vanua and replenish his stores. In all his dealings with the little Russian, Hayes had found him a scrupulous and faithful bargainer.

Shortly after midnight the schooner Caradoc drew anchor and slipped quietly from Vanua harbor steering a S. E. course in the direction of Long Reef island. Sonag was due at Vanua within eight or nine hours, but Hayes deemed it advisable to intercept him near Long Reef island beyond signalling distance of the Chilian gunboat which lay at anchor near the Peruvian Consulate.

The Caradoc rolled in the long Pacific swell, her crew moving like shadows about the slim-throated gun for'rd. Hayes heard the low thunder of breakers before the first streaks of day had whitened the near east. Long Reef island lay somewhere under the cloud heaps in the far west.

The sun rose from a saffron-belted sky stretching its sword flames over the empty wastes of sea. Hayes' binoculars focussed the knife-edge horizon suddenly where the outline of a vessel's yards seemed to slant and veer undecidedly.

The Caradoc held to her course until the morning was well advanced and the outline became a fore-and-aft rigged schooner steering N. E. for Vanua. Dimly Hayes read the name Isthumi on her bows. He grinned silently as he gained the bridge.

"Funny how these Japs hold to a given track!" he declared to his first mate Emery. "If they'd gone a couple of points east they'd have missed me!"

He spoke again to the men in the Caradoc's forepart and with scarcely an effort the small, slim-throated gun was run out to the open port.

Foot by foot the Isthumi drew nearer and then as if by magic changed her course to a sou'-westerly one. Hayes waited until the Caradoc lay over in her wake, then leaning from the bridge spoke to the sullen-browed mate beside the gun.

A scarf of flame leaped from the open port; the mate straightened from his bent position as the shot ploughed the wash about the Isthumi's foot.

Hayes scowled at the gunners. "If you're trying to shoot the blamed sunrise you'd better quit, my lads. I mentioned that derned schooner ahead!"

He half turned from the bridge rail, then, with a sudden oath, bent low beside the wheel house.

A puff of white fell away from the Isthumi's stern, a roaring bolt of steel struck with a sudden jar into the Caradoc's hull. The hundred-and-fifty-ton schooner quivered under the impact, then continued her course a point or two nearer the wind.

The mate looked over the side, his face congested with anger. "A foot above the waterline!" he shouted. "Blank shell about the size of a coffee pot, one of those cheap German things!"

The Isthumi veered from her course suddenly and then with a rattling of blocks and spars hove to in the track of the onrushing Caradoc. Hayes leaned from the bridge rail, his white teeth showing through the rift in his beard.

"There are eight or nine gunners in her waist!" he called out to the mate. "Don't fire. They want to hear us yap and explain things."

Hereat the Isthumi began a series of rapid signals. Hayes read them quickly, his eyes dilating in evident surprise and amazement.

"They want *me* to go aboard!" he said to the mate. "They're apologizing too for the derned bunco shell they fired!"

A boat was lowered from the Caradoc, and Hayes, accompanied by a couple of deckhands, was rowed silently towards the Isthumi. The sound of wrangling voices reached them as they neared the lowered gangway. The squat figure of the Jap skipper was plainly visible, his fists clenched in the faces of his sombre-visaged gunners. It was evident that something in the nature of a breach of discipline had occurred amongst them.

He hurried to the gangway head at sound of the approaching boat, his thick broad shoulders stiffened instinctively. Hayes' glance leaped to the 4-inch howitzer in the stern as he mounted the gangway.

There was no sign of ammunition about the deck, a fact which puzzled him exceedingly. The Jap advanced and saluted.

"You have no warrant to make war on me," he began sternly. "What matters of bellicose are there between us?"

Hayes grinned in spite of himself. "Your shell's made a hole in my schooner, Captain Sonag. I merely signalled for you to heave to and you promptly plugged me!"

Sonag flung out his arms passionately in the direction of his crew. "Nagiro and Tamisho fired

(*Continued on page 16*)

The CRYSTAL STOPPER

By MAURICE LEBLANC

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Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos

Illustrated by Dalton Stevens

Chapter XX

PRASVILLE was silent. He was laboring under a violent emotion, now that the duel was commencing with that adversary of whose terrifying superiority he was well aware; and he shuddered at the idea that Arsène Lupin, the formidable Arsène Lupin, was there, in front of him, calm and placid, pursuing his aims with as much coolness as though he had all the weapons in his hands and were face to face with a disarmed enemy.

Not yet daring to deliver a frontal attack, feeling almost intimidated, Prasville said:

"So Daubrecq gave it up to you?"

"Daubrecq gives nothing up. I took it."

"By main force, therefore?"

"Oh dear, no!" said M. Nicole, laughing. "Of course, I was ready to go to all lengths; and, when that worthy Daubrecq was dug out of the basket in which he had been traveling express, with an occasional dose of chloroform to keep his strength up, I had prepared things so that the fun might begin at once. Oh, no useless tortures . . no vain sufferings! . . . No . . . Death, simply. . . . You press the point of a long needle on the chest, where the heart is, and insert it gradually, softly and gently. That's all; but the point would have been driven by Mme. Mergy. You understand: a mother is pitiless, a mother whose son is about to die! . . . 'Speak, Daubrecq, or I'll go deeper. . . . You won't speak? . . . Then I'll push another quarter of an inch . . . and another still.' And the patient's heart stops beating, the heart that feels the needle coming. . . . And another quarter of an inch . . . and one more . . . . I swear before Heaven that the villain would have spoken. . . . We leant over him and waited for him to wake, trembling with impatience, so urgent was our hurry. . . . Can't you picture the scene, monsieur le sécretaire-général? The scoundrel lying on a sofa, well bound, bare-chested, making efforts to throw off the fumes of chloroform that dazed him. He breathes quicker. . . . He gasps. . . . He recovers consciousness. . . . His lips move. . . . Already, Clarisse Mergy whispers 'It's I. . . . . it's I, Clarisse.' . . . Will you answer, you wretch?' She has put her finger on Daubrecq's chest, at the spot where the heart stirs like a little animal hidden under the skin. But she says to me, 'His eyes . . . his eyes. . . . I can't see them under the spectacles. . . . I want to see them.' And I also want to see those eyes which I do not know, I want to see their anguish and I want to read in them, before I hear a word, the secret which is about to burst from the inmost recesses of the terrified body. I want to see. I long to see. The action which I am about to accomplish excites me beyond measure. It seems to me that, when I have seen the eyes, the veil will be rent asunder. I shall know things. It is a presentiment. It is the profound intuition of the truth that keeps me on tenterhooks. The eye-glasses are gone. But the thick opaque spectacles are there still. And I snatch them off, suddenly. And, suddenly, startled by a disconcerting vision, dazzled by the quick light that breaks in upon me and laughing, oh, but laughing fit to break my jaws, with my thumb, do you understand, with my thumb, hop, I force out the left eye!"

M. Nicole was really laughing, as he said, fit to break his jaws. And he was no longer the timid little unctuous and obsequious provincial usher, but a well set-up fellow, who had recited and mimicked the scene with impressive ardor and who was now laughing with a shrill laughter the sound of which made Prasville's flesh creep:

"Hop! Jump, Marquis! Out of your kennel, Towzer! What's the use of two eyes? It's one more than you want. Hop! I say, Clarisse, look at it rolling over the carpet! Mind Daubrecq's eye! Careful with the grate!"

M. Nicole, who had risen and pretended to be hunting after something across the room, now sat down again, took a thing shaped like a marble from his pocket, rolled it in the hollow of his hand, chucked it in the air, like a ball, put it back in his fob and said, coolly:

"Daubrecq's left eye."



"You fool! You fool! You've been trapped! For hatred of me, I expect."

Prasville was utterly bewildered. What was his strange visitor driving at? What did all this story mean? Pale with excitement, he said:

"Explain yourself."

"But it's all explained, it seems to me. And it fits in so well with things as they were, fits in with all the conjectures which I had been making in spite of myself and which would inevitably have led to my solving the mystery, if that damned Daubrecq had not so cleverly sent me astray. Yes, think, follow the trend of my suppositions: 'As the list is not to be discovered away from Daubrecq,' I said to myself, 'it cannot exist away from Daubrecq. And, as it is not to be discovered in the clothes he wears it must be hidden deeper still, in himself, to speak plainly, in his flesh, under his skin. . . .'

"In his eye, perhaps?" suggested Prasville, by way of a joke.

"In his eye? Monsieur le secrétaire-général, you have said the word."

"What?"

"I repeat, in his eye. And it is a truth which ought to have occurred to my mind logically, instead of being revealed to me by accident. And I will tell you why. Daubrecq knew that Clarisse had seen a letter from him instructing an English manufacturer to 'empty the crystal within, so as to leave a void which it was impossible to suspect.' Daubrecq was bound, in prudence, to divert any attempt at search. And it was for this reason that he had a crystal stopper made 'emptied within,' after a model supplied by himself. And it is this crystal stopper which you and I have been after for months; and it is this crystal stopper which I have dug out of a packet of tobacco. Whereas all I had to do . . ."

"Was what?" asked Prasville, greatly puzzled.

M. Nicole burst into a fresh fit of laughter:

"Was simply to go for Daubrecq's eye, that eye 'emptied within so as to leave a void which it is impossible to suspect,' the eye which you see before you."

And M. Nicole once more took the thing from his pocket and rapped the table with it, producing the sound of a hard body at each rap.

Prasville whispered, in astonishment:

"A glass eye!"

"Why of course!" cried M. Nicole, laughing gaily. "A glass eye! A common or garden decanter-stopper which the rascal stuck into his eye-socket in the place of an eye which he had lost, a decanter-stopper, or, if you prefer, a crystal stopper, but the real one, this time, which he faked, which he hid behind the double bulwark of his spectacles and eye-glasses, which contained and which still contains the talisman that enabled Daubrecq to work as he pleased in safety."

Prasville lowered his head and put his hand to his forehead to hide his flushed face: he was almost possessing the list of the Twenty-seven. It lay before him, on the table.

Mastering his emotion, he said, in a casual tone:

"So it is there still?"

"At least, I suppose so," declared M. Nicole.

"What! You suppose so?"

"I have not opened the hiding-place. I thought I would reserve that honor for you, monsieur le secrétaire-général."

Prasville put out his hand, took the thing up and inspected it. It was a block of crystal, imitating nature to perfection, with all the details of the eyeball, the iris, the pupil, the cornea.

He at once saw a movable part at the back, which slid in a groove. He pushed it. The eye was hollow.

There was a tiny ball of paper inside. He unfolded it, smoothed it out and, quickly, without delaying to make a preliminary examination of the names, the handwriting or the signatures, he raised his arms and turned the paper to the light from the windows.

"Is the Cross of Lorraine there?" asked M. Nicole.

"Yes, it is there," replied Prasville. "This is the genuine list."

He hesitated a few seconds and remained with his arms raised, while reflecting what he would do. Then he folded up the paper again, replaced it in its little crystal sheath and put the whole thing in his pocket.

M. Nicole, who was looking at him, asked:

"Are you convinced?"

"Absolutely."

"Then we are agreed?"

"We are agreed."

There was a pause, during which the two men watched each other without appearing to. M. Nicole seemed to be waiting for the conversation to be resumed. Prasville, sheltered behind the piles of books on the table, sat with one hand grasping his revolver and the other touching the push of the electric bell. He felt the whole strength of his position with a keen zest. He held the list. He held Lupin:

"If he moves," he thought, "I cover him with my revolver and I ring. If he attacks me, I shoot."

And the situation appeared to him so pleasant that he prolonged it, with the exquisite relish of an epicure.

In the end, M. Nicole took up the threads:

"As we are agreed, monsieur le secrétaire-général, I think there is nothing left for you to do but to hurry. Is the execution to take place to-morrow?"

"Yes, to-morrow."

"In that case, I shall wait here."

"Wait for what?"

(*Continued on next page*)

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Behold, *no* man maketh us afraid and we do not tremble.

The WISDOM of NOAH

By Gelett Burgess
Author of "The Maxims of Methuselah"

Derived from his Experiences with Women Before and After the Flood

CHAPTER I

1 *Noah, shewing the House of Women discovereth their woe.* 2 *The sameness of their suitors.* 3, 4 *Bromidic practices of young men in their wooing.* 5 *A cry for heroes.* 8 *The unavailing search for an ideal man.* 9 *Comfort found only in the commonplace.* 13 *Divers heterogeneous maxims.*

To his Third wife Bish-Boshel, for her daughters when she said: Lo, there is none good enough for them. *A Song* of Noah.

IN THE HOUSE OF THE WOMEN the damsels cry: *Verily, Verily, there is no new thing!*

2 One man is like unto another, in this world, and what Obal doeth, that doth Tiros also.

3 He taketh us to the theatres, he bringeth us violets and confectionery; yea, in the cabs of the city are we brought to much dances.

4 Yet Tuesday differeth not from Thursday, and neither on Saturday is there any joy found.

5 Where is he that hath slain men in his wrath? And as for him that causeth us to bow down in worship, we have not seen him.

6 For surely we would be mastered with his might, we would be swept off our feet by him who hath loving-strength.

7 Behold, *no* man maketh us afraid, and when our best young men approacheth us, we do not tremble.

8 We have gone into the house of the soothsayer, and he hath holden our palms; yea, he hath glanced fierce glances; we have followed the Oriental mystic, and the dark, flashing tenor hath ravished our hearts; yet have we found no man fitting our hopes.

9 And behold, June approacheth in the which shall we be made brides; and our trousseaux are prepared against the coming of the bridegroom;

10 For the baker and the broker shall lead us to the altar, and unto the insurance man shall we plight our troth.

11 And as for the vows we have sworn in our youth, it is as if they were not.

12 Verily, Verily, even as our mothers wedded, so shall we wed, also, and there is no new thing under the sun.

13 ¶As one who fumbleth in her purse, saying: Oh, *let me pay!* yet delayeth her offering, so is the youth who offereth to see the ill-favored maiden home from the party.

14 A red-haired damsel hath a clear complexion, but she that despiseth *bridge* hath a clear head.

15 Son, I am old, and have been young, yet have I not learned why the matron sitteth bolt upright in the street-car; and why she leaneth not back in comfort, the same is a secret from me.

16 To teach an ugly damsel to skate, is a bore, and instructing an aged aunt in swimming is without pleasure; neither doth a woman enjoy shewing her young man how to make love.

The Crystal Stopper (*Continued from preceding page*)

"The answer from the Elysée."

"Oh, is some one to bring you an answer?'

"Yes."

"Who?"

"You, monsieur le secrétaire-général."

Prasville shook his head:

"You must not count on me, M. Nicole."

"Really?" said M. Nicole, with an air of surprise. "May I ask the reason?"

"I have changed my mind."

"Is that all?"

"That's all. I have come to the conclusion that, as things stand, after the scandal of last night, it is impossible to try to do anything in Gilbert's favor. Besides, an attempt in this direction at the Elysée, under present conditions, would constitute a regular case of blackmail, to which I absolutely decline to lend myself."

"You are free to do as you please, monsieur. Your scruples do you honor though they come rather late, for they did not trouble you yesterday. But, in that case, monsieur le secrétaire-général, as the compact between us is destroyed, give me back the list of the Twenty-seven."

"What for?"

"So that I may apply to another spokesman."

"What's the good? Gilbert is lost."

"Not at all, not at all. On the contrary, I consider that, after last night's events, now that his accomplice is dead, it will be much easier to grant him a pardon which everybody will look upon as fair and humane. Give me back the list."

"No."

"Upon my word, monsieur, you have a short memory and none too nice a conscience. Have you forgotten your promise of yesterday?"

"Yesterday, I made a promise to a M. Nicole."

"Well?"

"You are not M. Nicole."

"Indeed! Then, pray, who am I?"

"Need I tell you?"

M. Nicole made no reply, but began to laugh softly, as though pleased at the curious turn which the conversation was taking; and Prasville felt a vague misgiving at observing that fit of merriment. He grasped the butt-end of his revolver and wondered whether he ought not to ring for help.

M. Nicole drew his chair close to the desk, put his two elbows on the table, looked Prasville straight in the face and jeered:

So, M. Prasville, you know who I am and you have the assurance to play this game with me?"

"I have that assurance," said Prasville, accepting the sneer without flinching.

"Which proves that you consider me, Arsène Lupin—we may as well use the name; yes, Arsène Lupin—which proves that you consider me fool enough, dolt enough to deliver myself like this, bound hand and foot into your hands."

"Upon my word," said Prasville, airily, patting the waistcoat-pocket in which he had secreted the crystal ball, "I don't quite see what you can do, M. Nicole, now that Daubrecq's eye is here, with the list of the Twenty-seven inside it."

"What I can do?" echoed M. Nicole, ironically.

"Yes! The talisman no longer protects you; and you are now no better off than any other man who might venture into the very heart of the police office, among some dozens of stalwart fellows posted behind each of those doors and some hundreds of others who will come running up at the first signal."

M. Nicole shrugged his shoulders and gave Prasville a look of great commiseration.

"Shall I tell you what is happening, monsieur le secrétaire-général? Well, you too are having your head turned by all this business. Now that you possess the list, your state of mind has suddenly sunk to that of a Daubrecq or a d'Albufex. There is no longer even a question, in your thoughts, of taking it to your superiors, so that this ferment of disgrace and discord may be ended. No, no, a sudden temptation has seized upon you and intoxicated you; and, losing your head, you say to yourself, 'It is here, in my pocket. With its aid, I am omnipotent. It means wealth, absolute, unbounded power. Why not benefit by it? Why not let Gilbert and Clarisse Mergy die? Why not lock up that idiot of a Lupin? Why not seize this unparalleled chance of fortune by the forelock?"

He bent toward Prasville and, very softly, in a friendly and confidential tone, said:

"Don't do that, my dear sir, don't do it."

"And why not?"

"It is not to your interest, believe me."

"Really!"

"No. Or, if you absolutely insist on doing it, have the kindness first to consult the twenty-seven names on the list which you have just robbed me of and reflect, for a moment, on the name of the third person on it."

"Oh? And what is the name of that third person?"

"It is the name of a friend of yours."

"What friend?"

"Stanislas Vorenglade, the ex-deputy."

(*Continued on next page*)



Mothers of the Nation, Be Glad!

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The Crystal Stopper

(*Continued from preceding page*)

"And then?" said Prasville, who seemed to be losing some of his self-confidence.

"Then? Ask yourself if an inquiry, however summary, would not end by discovering, behind that Stanislas Vorenglade, the name of one who shared certain little profits with him."

"And whose name is?"

"Louis Prasville."

M. Nicole banged the table with his fist.

"Enough of this humbug, monsieur! For twenty minutes, you and I have been beating about the bush. That will do. Let us understand each other. And, to begin with, drop your pistols. You can't imagine that I am frightened of those playthings! Stand up, sir, stand up, as I am doing, and finish the business; I am in a hurry."

He put his hand on Prasville's shoulder and, speaking with great deliberation, said:

"If, within an hour from now, you are not back from the Elysée, bringing with you a line to say that the decree of pardon has been signed; if, within one hour and ten minutes, I, Arsène Lupin, do not walk out of this building safe and sound and absolutely free, this evening four Paris newspapers will receive four letters selected from the correspondence exchanged between Stanislas Vorenglade and yourself, the correspondence which Stanislas Vorenglade sold me this morning. Here's your hat, here's your overcoat, here's your stick. Be off. I will wait for you.

Then happened this extraordinary and yet easily understood thing, that Prasville did not raise the slightest protest nor make the least show of fight. He received the sudden, far-reaching, utter conviction of what the personality known as Arsène Lupin meant, in all its breadth and fulness. He did not so much as think of carping, or pretending—as he had until then believed—that the letters had been destroyed by Vorenglade the deputy or, at any rate, that Vorenglade would not dare to hand them over, because, in so doing, Vorenglade was also working his own destruction. No, Prasville did not speak a word. He felt himself caught in a vise of which no human strength could force the jaws asunder. There was nothing to do but yield. He yielded.

"Here, in an hour," repeated M. Nicole.

"In an hour," said Prasville, tamely. Nevertheless, in order to know exactly where he stood, he added, "The letters, of course, will be restored to me against Gilbert's pardon?"

"No."

"How do you mean, no? In that case, there is no object in . . ."

"They will be restored to you, intact, two months after the day when my friends and I have brought about Gilbert's escape . . . thanks to the very slack watch which will be kept upon him, in accordance with your orders."

"Is that all?"

"No, there are two further conditions: first, the immediate payment of a cheque for forty thousand francs."

"Forty thousand francs?"

"The sum for which Stanislas Vorenglade sold me the letters. It is only fair . . ."

"And next?"

"Secondly, your resignation, within six months, of your present position."

"My resignation, but why?"

M. Nicole made a very dignified gesture:

"Because it is against public morals that one of the highest positions in the police-service should be occupied by a man whose hands are not absolutely clean. Make them send you to parliament or appoint you a minister, a councillor of State, an ambassador, in short, any post which your success in the Daubrecq case entitles you to demand. But not secretary-general of police; anything but that! The mere thought of it disgusts me."

Prasville reflected for a moment. He would have rejoiced in the sudden destruction of his adversary and he racked his brains for the means to effect it. But he was helpless.

He went to the door and called:

"M. Lartigue." And, sinking his voice, but not very low, for he wished M. Nicole to hear, "M. Lartigue, dismiss your men. It's a mistake. And let no one come into my office while I am gone. This gentleman will wait for me here."

He came back, took his hat, stick and overcoat which M. Nicole handed him and went out.

"Well done, sir," said Lupin, between his teeth, when the door was closed. "You have behaved like a sportsman and a gentleman. . . . So did I, for that matter . . .

(*Continued on next page*)



The Woodbury Book
on the care of the skin and hair

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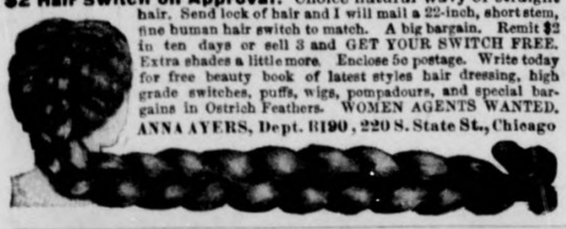

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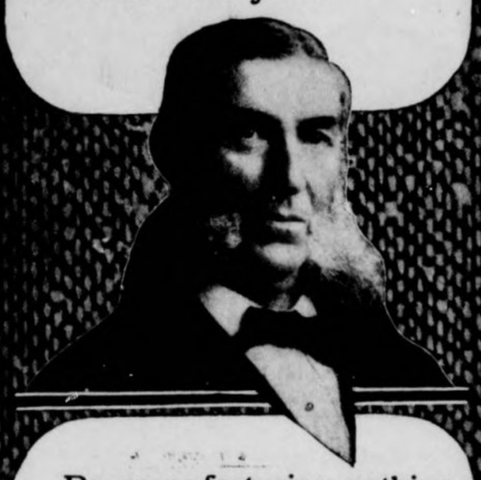

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The POET'S LOVE
By Carolyn Wells



AH, me" said the Poet, "I would that I could realize these fair visions I sing. The glorious, beauteous maidens I describe in my lyric numbers, have no counterpart on this mundane planet."

"Say not so, O, Poet," droned a Genie, who appeared, conveniently enough from nowhere; "I will send thee, as thou wishest, a mortal, who shall be, in very truth, the realization of all the rare and radiant maidens whom thou hast sung in thy liltings, and whom the angels would be justified in naming "Lenore',"

"Where is she?" gasped the Poet, "where is my glorious Goddess, with a voice like a chime of tinkling silver bells?"

"Here,—am,—I,—come—," and a maiden appeared. Her voice was exactly like a chime of silver bells, and the metallic ring sounded queer enough. She chimed the phrase three times (because it was quarter to five) with the varying notes of a clock's chime, and it nearly drove the Poet frantic. "I am, indeed, thy Goddess," went on the clinking metal tones, "dost thou not recognize the rose leaf hands, with which thou hast ever endowed me? and the alabaster arms?" Well, if you can imagine the shock to the poor Poet! She held out long arms of cold, hard carved alabaster, and at the end of each was a soft crumpled rose-petal instead of a hand!

"Why dost thou shudder?" she said disappointedly; "tis but the realization of thine own poesy. Stay, see my feet."

She thrust her tiny feet in and out from beneath her petticoat frills, and if you please they were like mice! Pointed noses and black beady eyes gave the Poet a positive turn, but what could he do? Had he not himself vowed the similitude?

In despair he turned his eyes to her face. She fixed him with a glance of her starry eyes. Starry, indeed. They were of the five pointed shape, and gleamed with a yellow light. Coyly, she dropped over them a jetty fringe,—the sort mother used to wear on her basque. "You said," she chimed, "by those lids whose jetty fringes kiss thy soft cheek's blooming tinge." Ay, he had said it; and now she laid her blooming cheek against his own. He had said her cheeks were peach—like,—and they were. The frizzy skin of the peach felt like velvet rubbed the wrong way,—a thing he never could stand!

Her swan-like neck, was covered with tiny soft white feathers; and when she smiled, he saw two strings of pearl beads, like a double necklace. Her hair, of spun gold, scratched his face fearfully, but the climax came when she pressed her lips to his. For, her lips, as he had avowed a hundred times, were of coral! That bauchy sort of coral, you understand, that they make babies necklaces of.

With a mad shriek, the Poet flung her from him, and devoted the rest of his life to the writing of Realistic Prose.

The Crystal Stopper

(Continued from preceding page)

perhaps with too obvious a touch of contempt . . . and a little too bluntly. But, tush, this sort of business has to be carried through with a high hand. The enemy's got to be staggered. Besides, when one's own conscience is clear, one can't take up too bullying a tone with that sort of individual. Lift your head, Lupin. You have been the

(Continued on page 14)



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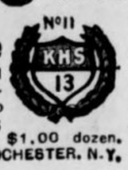

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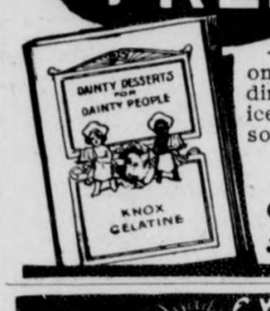

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1905; Guinevere's Lover

(*Continued from page 5*)

thing—there was a steely light in his blue eyes.

It was impossible to have any private conversation with him, and although he seemed to be doing his duty in the same way as he did it last year, it was unwillingly. The day was cold, too, with a hateful wind, and no one appeared to be enjoying it except my son. Races to him are unalloyed happiness in any weather.

Our whole party was to dine at Minton Dremont in the evening, and just before we began to dress for it, Letitia came to my turret room.

"How cross Hugh looks! doesn't he?" she remarked, as she pushed the logs together.

It is such a strange feeling to meet one who is nearer and dearer than any other on earth in company, where the most casual aloof behavior is required. It gives a sense of absolute unreality. I could not get over the feeling that I was acting in a dream, and should wake and find myself alone with Hugh, in perfect intimacy, in his sitting-room. I could see he found it almost impossible to keep his *role* up.

We did not dance after dinner, but just sat about in the saloon, so there was no chance to talk beyond a few words.

"This is simply sickening! I shall come over in the morning and ask for Letitia," Hugh announced, as he passed me once.

Then he had to go and talk to someone else before I could answer.

I was almost glad when we left,—the strain was growing too great.

Next morning, soon after ten, Caesar and his master pranced into the courtyard. We had all only just finished breakfast, and were about in the hall. Letitia had not yet appeared.

Hartington came forward and whispered that Sir Hugh Dremont was outside, and had not dismounted, but was asking how soon he could see Lady Langthorpe, so I sent a message to tell him to come in and wait until she came down. Which he knew very well would not be for another hour. I told Hartington to show him into the drawing-room, and then soon I got rid of my guests and joined him.

He was like a horse champing his bit with impatience, and his eyes were full of passionate love.

"I've simply bolted, darling. Got off before any of them were down. I could not bear it another second," he said. "They are boring me to death. I seem to know beforehand exactly what they are all going to say, and when da will be brilliant, and Winnie caressing, and Ermyntrude vague. They all seem perfectly artificial, and yet I suppose they are exactly as they were before. It is I myself who have altered. Guinevere—tell me: you could not stand another day like yesterday, either, darling?" and he stroked my hand fondly. "It was ten times worse than London. There we always used to have at least some hours together in the twenty-four, but at the races and dinner it was one long chafe—with no prospect of relief."

"Hugh, we must control ourselves," I told him. "Think!—if we fret at one day like this, how are we ever going to get through the weeks which are coming?"

"As soon as this infernal party goes," he informed me, "I intend to motor up to Cheshire to stay with Langthorpe and Letitia, and I understand my Guinevere is going there too—and when she leaves—"

"She will have to come back here. It will be May then, and there will be no excuse to stay away."

"Very well. I shall return also to Minton Dremont, and I will have William down, whom I can absolutely trust; and you can come for canters in Corlston Chase, and into the park and William can keep Jenny Wren in the copse nearest to my new hedge garden; and often we could spend a happy afternoon together in my sitting-room without a soul's knowing. There are all sorts of beautiful corners in the park, too, which I have not shown you yet, darling. May at least shall be for our happiness—leave it to me."

The idea of this comforted us, I think, a little, and enabled us both to get through our duties. The Minton Dremont party dined here at Redwood that night, and I got some pleasure out of showing Hugh how well I can play hostess when not suppressed and ignored by my husband.

But the light in his dear blue eyes was still full of unrest and passion, and Letitia said to me, when they had all gone, that it would be perfectly impossible to keep his

(*Continued on next page*)

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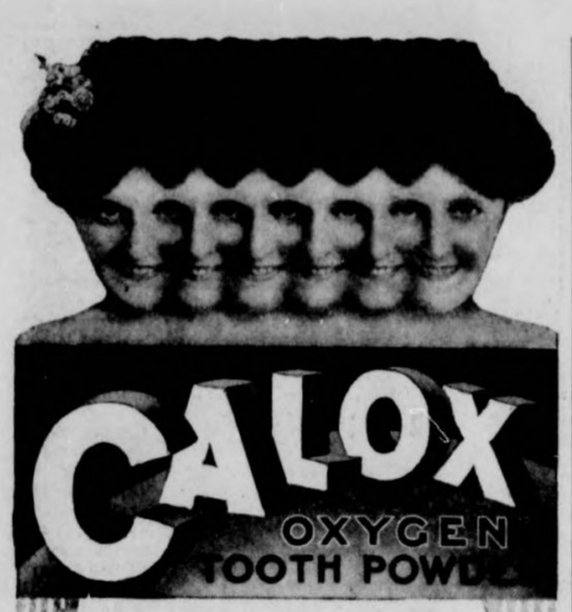

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THE faultlessly correct "nance" as he arrives from Paris or Piccadilly will, of course, wear a cane, a monocle and a "toothbrush" moustache. The cane is important as an indication that its owner has never carried anything useful, nor used his hands for any useful purpose.

The monocle serves the same purpose for the mind that the cane serves for the hands, it proves that the mind is not in use. It is impossible to experience thought or even emotion without some slight change of expression. Any change of expression at once causes the monocle to fall off.

For a live American, the wearing of a monocle is very difficult. Even the stupidest people are liable to be struck with an idea—and bang goes the monocle. The best training is six months in the quiet well-bred atmosphere of England where as Ethel Barrymore said, "No gentleman ever says anything interesting."

If six months in London is impracticable, the best substitute is an exhibit of cubist and futurist paintings. This is warranted to abort and mummify all mental processes. The vacant stare which goes with monocle wearing is easily acquired. It is hard to see much through the monocle, but the other eye is sufficient to avoid running into obstacles and this is sufficient for the "nance."

Coat sleeves are worn rather short that cuffs may project several inches. The idea is not merely to look queer, but, as in all other details to indicate that no use of the hands is contemplated. The handkerchief should be carried in the cuff not the pocket.

The trousers should be creased only as far down as half way from the knee to the bottom. This proves that you have a valet of your own, as the common tailor presses them in the natural way. As soon as the tailors adopt this style it must be abandoned.

Curve your spine, pull your hat down over your ears, keep your knees and elbows bent, hold your cane upside down, and remember this year's canes have twice as long ferrules as last year's, gaze fixedly at nothing, try to act as if you were walking in your sleep and nine people out of ten will think you just stepped off the *Lusitania*.

1905; Guinevere's Lover

(*Continued from preceding page*)

affection for me hidden much longer, if he was unable to hide his feelings more effectually.

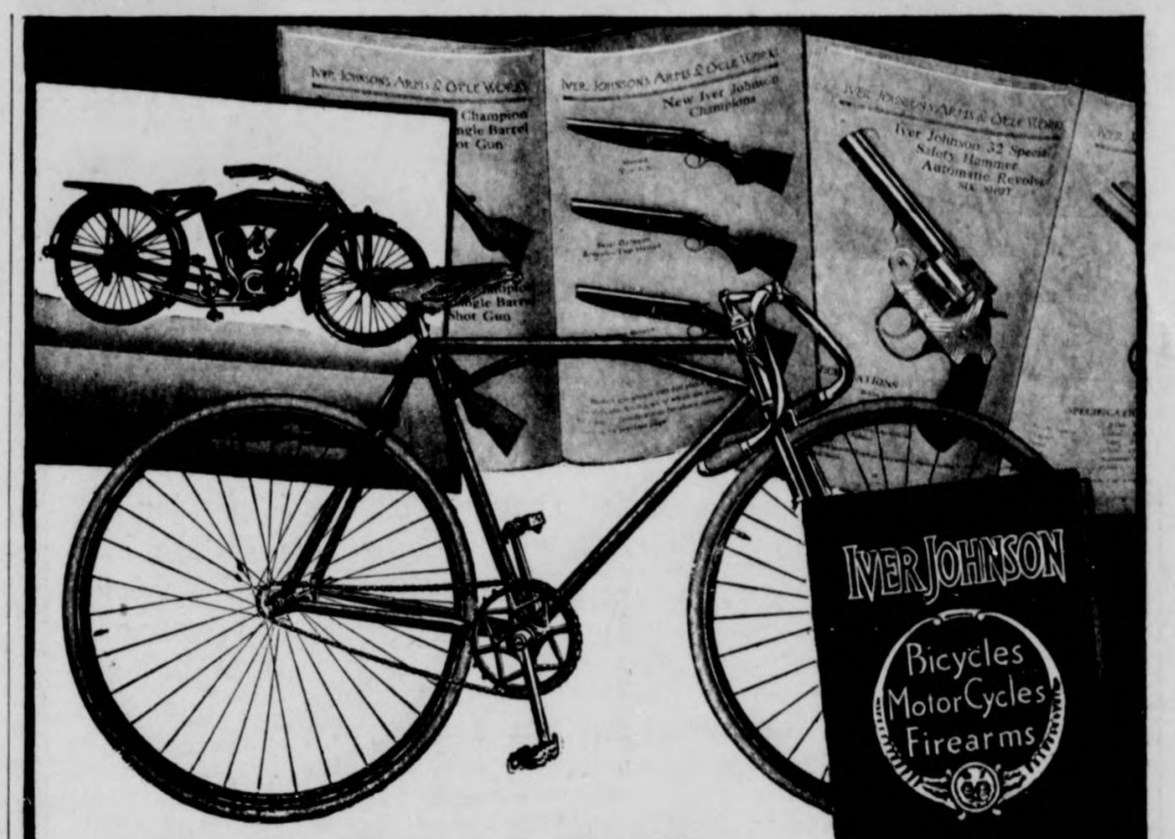
"It is always the same," she exclaimed. "No matter how watchful the *deus ex machina* is, one of the actors always gives the thing away. Now, for heaven's sake, Guinevere, be like ice to-morrow night at the Hunt ball!"

I tried to be, with the result that Hugh was angry and reproachful when we did sit out a dance together. He would not listen to reason, and, I saw, was jealous of even dear old Sir John.

These are phases which love has to go through, I suppose, when it is as great as ours, and separation makes life a torment.

I am sitting alone in the grey dawn in the turret chamber now, and I cannot keep my thoughts from rushing ahead. In seven weeks Humphrey will have returned—when all meetings will be impossible. Alas! and alas! what will happen then?

(*To be Continued*)



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The Crystal Stopper

(*Continued from page 11*)

champion of offended morality. Be proud of your work. And now take a chair, stretch out your legs and have a rest. You've deserved it."

When Prasville returned, he found Lupin sound asleep and had to tap him on the shoulder to wake him.

"Is it done?" asked Lupin.

"It's done. The pardon will be signed presently. Here is the written promise."

"The forty thousand francs?"

"Here's your cheque!"

"Good. It but remains for me to thank you, monsieur."

"So the correspondence . . . "

"The Stanislas Vorenglade correspondence will be handed you on the conditions stated. However, I am glad to be able to give you, here and now, as a sign of my gratitude, the four letters which I meant to send to the papers this evening."

"Oh, so you had them on you?" said Prasville.

"I felt so certain, monsieur le secrétaire-général, that we should end by coming to an understanding."

He took from his hat a thick envelope, sealed with five red seals, which was pinned inside the lining, and handed it to Prasville, who thrust it into his pocket. Then he said:

"Monsieur le secrétaire-général, I don't know when I shall have the pleasure of seeing you again. If you have the least communication to make to me, one line in the agony column of the *Journal* will be sufficient. Just head it, 'M. Nicole.' Good-day to you."

And he withdrew.

Prasville, when he was alone, felt as if he were waking from a nightmare during which he had performed incoherent actions over which his conscious mind had no control. He was almost ringing and causing a stir in the passages; but, just then, there was a tap at the door and one of the office-messengers came hurrying in.

"What's the matter?" asked Prasville.

"Monsieur le secrétaire-général, it's Monsieur le Député Daubrecq asking to see you . . . on a matter of the highest importance."

"Daubrecq!" exclaimed Prasville, in bewilderment. "Daubrecq here! Show him in."

Daubrecq had not waited for the order. He ran up to Prasville, out of breath, with his clothes in disorder, a bandage over his left eye, no tie, no collar, looking like an escaped lunatic; and the door was not closed before he caught hold of Prasville with his two enormous hands:

"Have you the list?"

"Yes."

"Have you bought it?"

"Yes."

"At the price of Gilbert's pardon?"

"Yes."

"Is it signed?"

"Yes."

Daubrecq made a furious gesture:

"You fool! You fool! You've been trapped! For hatred of me, I expect? And now you're going to take your revenge?"

"With a certain satisfaction, Daubrecq. Remember my little friend, the opera-dancer at Nice. . . . It's your turn now to dance."

"So it means prison?"

"I should think so," said Prasville. "Besides, it doesn't matter. You're done for, anyhow. Deprived of the list, without defense of any kind, you're bound to fall to pieces of your own weight. And I shall be present at the break-up. That's my revenge."

"And you believe that!" yelled Daubrecq, furiously. "You believe that they will wring my neck like a chicken's and that I shall not know how to defend myself and that I have no claws left and no teeth to bite with! Well, my boy, if I do come to grief, there's always one who will fall with me and that is Master Prasville, the partner of Stanislas Vorenglade, who is going to hand me every proof in existence against him, so that I may get him sent to gaol without delay. Aha, I've got you fixed, old chap! With those letters, you'll go as I please, hang it all, and there will be fine days yet for Daubrecq the deputy! What? you're laughing, are you? Perhaps those letters don't exist?"

Prasville shrugged his shoulders:

"Yes, they exist. But Vorenglade no longer has them in his possession."

"Since when?"

"Since this morning. Vorenglade sold them, two hours ago, for the sum of forty thousand francs; and I have bought them back at the same price."

(THE END.)



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Part of a Proposed Character Map of a City

universal atlas of human character. Certain sections of the world are peopled by families of markedly peculiar characteristics, and these again have been worked on by the type of the country itself, so that large districts are highly different from other districts, not by race, but by customs and habits of thought which indicate character.

Thus, for example, the state of Kentucky shows some of the most marvelous differences in types of character. Divided into regions which do not shade into each other, but which can be clearly marked out upon a map, there are many such communities; as the plantations and the negroes thereon, the free negro landowners, the independent wage-paying white cotton growers, tobacco-growers and farmers, the mountaineers and the poor whites. Economic conditions have done much to separate all these various types, but the principal differences are those of character, and a true map of conditions in Kentucky—or in any other state—would not be drawn by an ethnologist or a mere student of races, but by a psychologist who knows that, after all, it is character that changes a people.

Even a metropolitan city, with all its constant changes, speedily comes to possess its own individuality. Brooklyn is not as Manhattan, nor the Bronx as either, while Ghettoes, Chinatowns, and Little Italies live a life almost apart. Minneapolis and St. Paul are twin cities, both with largely the same mixture of American, German and Scandinavian cities, but how different are they! Each of the cities of the Pacific coast has its own marked peculiarities. Will Spokane and Tacoma, either of them, be willing to admit that they resemble the other? Or, to go further afield, what resemblances have Boston and New Orleans, San Francisco and Philadelphia, Los Angeles and St. Louis, Charleston and Chicago? Yet, at what milestone do these change? At what point in the alluvial plain of the Mississippi does the spirit of Louisiana merge into that of Texas? One knows well that the line is not a geographical one. Our atlases are incomplete, a river or a degree of latitude is not a true division for a people, we need the boundaries of types of character.

The Scarlet Wedding Dress

(*Continued from page 7*)

without my orders, sir. I apologize for them. And now that we have explain," he went on quickly, "you must say why you give me chase!"

Hayes indicated the Caradoc's long throated gun swinging high and low as the schooner rolled lazily in the heavy swell. "It seems to me, Captain Sonag," he answered, his glance traversing the naked deck, "that you haven't enough ammunition to sink a clothes basket. If you'll step aboard my vessel I'll show you eighty Krupp shells in my magazine. Savvy?"

Sonag salaamed, and then with a sigh led the way to the traderoom at the foot of a steep companion. It was a stuffy little place littered with rolls of silk and cotton fabrics. A number of pearl shell and copra samples were stowed away on shelves in jars and cases. An acrid smell of *sake* and vinegar pervaded the room.

The Jap skipper produced a bottle of wine and glasses from a sideboard while Hayes, half expectant of mischief or treachery, watched covertly from the doorway. His two followers had remained on deck near the gangway and would give the alarm if the occasion warranted.

He swung from the traderoom and was

(*Continued on next page*)



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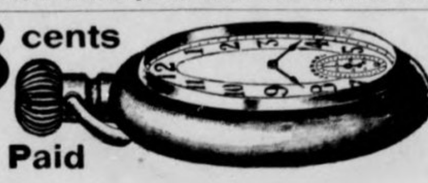

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The Scarlet Wedding Dress

(*Continued from preceding page*)

about to gain the deck. With the turn of the door Sonag was upon him, his left elbow jammed under Hayes' throat in his endeavor to gain a garotte hold. The white captain responded with a smashing blow on the jaw while his left fingers broke through the jitsu guard and found a resting place on the full muscle-packed throat.

"You . . . man-cat! Is this how you trap a guest! Wine in your hand, murder in your black brain!"

Hayes flung him against the traderoom wall slamming his fists after the Jap's receding face.

Turning the key in the lock of the traderoom Hayes gained the deck swiftly. His two followers were standing sentry like at the gangway head, and it was evident to him that the sounds of the scuffle below had not reached the Isthumi's crew. No sign came from them as he descended the gangway and pushed off towards the Caradoc. The two schooners had drifted perceptibly nearer and as Hayes glanced across the ingtervenin space he observed the crew of his vessel gathered aft with the mate Emery and Okahu kneeling in the centre. In the excitement of discussion Hayes' return passed unnoticed. With cat-like agility he gained the deck and stepped almost silently into the crowd of haranguing sailors.

A conical shaped object lay in the centre of the crowd. Hayes recognized it as the blank shell which had been fired from the Isthumi. The effects of its passage through the Caradoc's timbers had rent and flattened it at the nose.

The Jap, Okahu, ignoring Hayes' presence, stooped with his knife and forced open the torn sides of the projectile. A tight-packed wad of cocoanut fibre was visible inside. The brother of Sonag drew it out dexterously and cut the wad asunder with his long blade. A moment later he was unrolling a scarlet dress length of silk before the astounded sailors. A broad, star-shaped filigree of lace formed the collar. From point to point it was embroidered with pearls, having for its central star a ruby of matchless color and orient.

Hayes gaped in astonishment as he elbowed through the crowd of sailors. Okahu turned sharply, but his Japanese eyes betrayed no sign of fear at the other's presence.

"My brother Sonag has a fool business made of this affair!" he declared with the dress wound tightly about his left arm. "It was not my wish that the Princess Lalanga's wedding kimona should be hidden in a gunshell!"

Hayes stifled an oath. It came to him in a flash that the scarlet wedding dress had been concealed in an empty shell by Sonag in his endeavor to avoid discovery by the various port authorities. The projectile had evidently been placed in the gun-breach during the voyage south. That the Isthumi's crew were unaware of the trick lay in the fact that the two gunners, Tamisho and Nagiro, had fired upon the Caradoc before Sonag could interfere.

Sonag had invited him into the Isthumi's traderoom while his brother Okahu had boarded the Caradoc in the hope of recovering the battered projectile. It was a scheme that could only have emanated from the brain of a Japanese crime expert. And while admiring its cleverness Hayes made swift to end the situation.

Okahu had gradually withdrawn from the little crowd of sailors, and, at Hayes' forward movement sprang to the schooner's rail with the scarlet length of silk wound about his arm. A dozen hands grabbed at his ankles, but the Jap's oil-soaked body somersaulted from view in the shift of an eye.

Hayes turned to the gangway as though to follow in the dinghy. Emery grabbed his arm and pointed to a triangular shaped fin riding diagonally across the slow lifting waves. Nearer it came until its shadowy length stayed within gunshot of the schooner.

A moment later Okahu rose to the surface a cable's length astern. It was as if the triangular fin had disturbed him. His unusual anxiety was manifest by one of the crew, who stooped suddenly near the torn projectile lying aft, and picked up Okahu's long-bladed knife.

The mate laughed heartily at the discovery. "He might have had a chance with that in his hand!" he shouted. "There's too much hurry about these Shinto acrobats!"

With quick trudgeoning strokes Okahu swam towards the distant Isthumi, his bullet head turning occasionally in the Caradoc's direction.

"The fellow's a born diver," Emery spoke

(*Continued on next page*)



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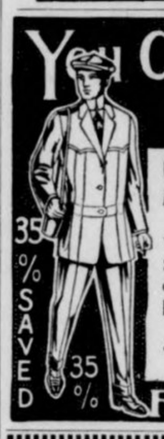

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You'll be well fed—
Unless you die!

Jungle Ham is fine
Just as fine as can be;
In each can there is
An insurance polic-ee!

The Scarlet Wedding Dress

(*Continued from preceding page*)

from the rail, his eyes aglow with excitement. "But if he swims like a catfish he won't dodge that blue-pointed shark!"

The fin cruised slowly in the shadow of the schooner until it seemed as though the monster's attention had become diverted from the frantically swimming Jap. But only for an instant. Rounding the schooner's keel it made a slanting effort in Okahu's direction and then stayed motionless watching the curious length of flame-colored silk that trailed from the swimmer's arm.

Okahu turned shaking the water from his matted hair and eyes. The long Pacific swell lifted him to its giant crest and then flung him leisurely down its long green slope, the scarlet robe drawn after him in a welter of color and light. A score of palm dotted islets in the east sent back a low thunder of breaking surf. A swarm of sun birds chirped and cried overhead while Okahu turned his face to the gray shadow with the pointed jaws.

Despite the mountainous swell the shark remained quite still in the trough of the sea, its eyes fixed on the curious color scheme trailing from wave to wave. Okahu viewed the long shovel snout with evident disfavor. If he swam as fast as a hydroplane he could not reach the Isthumi's gangway alive. And by a pitiless stroke of fate he had mislaid his knife!

Slowly and with inimitable grace he permitted the flame-hued length of silk to float from his swinging arm until it spread like a blood-patch over the sunlit water.

The watching shark side-swirled from the irruption of color as though confronted by a dazzling bait. Each wave flaunted the alluring streak of red nearer its eyes. But the huge jaws showed no inclination to recede beyond striking distance of the plump live man with the swimming hands and feet. With amazing ease the gray-backed monster swept in a half circle about the robe of scarlet, an inquisitive ferocity following each dip of its blade-edge fins.

Hayes watched the little scene until his throat grew dry. "Reminds me of a

(*Continued on page 18*)



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So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said, "All right, but pay me first, and I'll give you back your money if the horse isn't all right."

Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse wasn't "all right" and that I might have to whistle for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse although I wanted it badly. Now this set me thinking.

You see I make Washing Machines—the "1900 Gravity" Washer.

And I said to myself, lots of people may think about my Washing Machine as I thought about the horse, and about the man who owned it.

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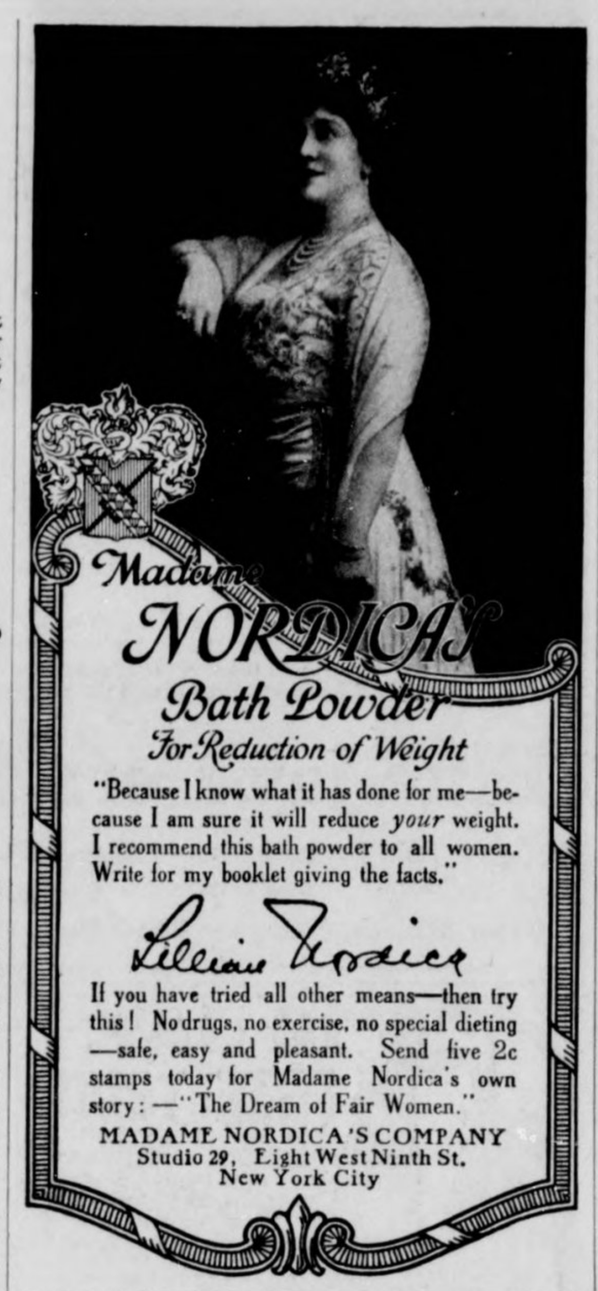
And you can pay me out of what it saves for you. It will save its whole cost in a few months, in wear and tear on the clothes alone. And then it will save 50 cents to 75 cents a week over that in washwoman's wages. If you keep the machine after the month's trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you. If it saves you 60 cents a week, send me 50 cents a week till paid for. I'll take that cheerfully, and I'll wait for my money until the machine itself earns the balance.

Drop me a line to-day, and let me send you a book about the "1900 Gravity" Washer that washes clothes in 6 minutes.

Address me this way—H. L. Barker, 1014 Court Street, Binghamton, N. Y. If you live in Canada, address 1900 Washer Co., 357 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.



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"Because I know what it has done for me—because I am sure it will reduce *your* weight. I recommend this bath powder to all women. Write for my booklet giving the facts."

Lillian Nordica

If you have tried all other means—then try this! No drugs, no exercise, no special dieting—safe, easy and pleasant. Send five 2c stamps today for Madame Nordica's own story: —"The Dream of Fair Women."

MADAME NORDICA'S COMPANY
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Skirt-Drawers-Corset Cover All in One

Why put up with the expense and bother of three undergarments when Leona Garments are more convenient, fit better, cost less and are easier to launder?

The Leona TRADE MARK 3-In-One Garment

This garment is ideal, no bunching about the waist or knees, nothing to spoil the fit of the gown. It is made in many grades of dainty fabrics, lace and embroidery and sold by the best dealers at $1 to $25 the garment.

If your dealer cannot show you the Leona Garment write us. We gladly will send our booklet and the nearest dealer's name.

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222 Main St. La Crosse, Wis.

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NO EXPERIENCE NEEDED

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JEWEL DISC NEEDLE Saves records, saves trouble, saves money. Gives greater value to your phonograph. Guaranteed for 1 year. Your choice of soft, medium or loud needle only $1 postpaid, free. Your money back if you are not delighted. Send only $1 today and enjoy your phonograph. **P. P. DISC NEEDLE CO., Inc., Dept. 1489, Chicago.**

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Do you want a Gold Watch. If so, without a cent deposit—we will send this 25-year, fully guaranteed American made watch, beautifully engraved, open face or hunting case, ladies' or gents' size. If it pleases you and you think it equals any $25 gold watch you have ever seen, you can pay us $3.95. We let you see, test and examine it, if you send name and address.



$3.95

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Bureau of Mushroom Industry, Dept. 50, 1342 N. Clark St., Chicago

The Scarlet Wedding Dress

(*Continued from preceding page*)

blamed Spanish cow fight!" he declared huskily. "Okahu would have made a derned good storeador!"

Emery leaned over the schooner's rail staring in white lipped wonder. "He's goin' to amuse the man-eater with that weddin' dress, cap'n. Some tiger sharks are like bulls, they kin on'y see red at times!"

Gradually Okahu drew the floating dress closer in, and, with a dozen rapid strokes headed for the distant Isthumi. At the first departing movement of his feet and hands the big dorsal fin cleaved in his direction. The Jap's brown body dived plummet like as the livid shadow flew near, his strong hands shaking the scarlet dress above his head as he rose.

To the watching Hayes it was as if a huge carnation were floating to the surface. Up and up it was pushed, wine red and dripping from its ruby embroidered collar in the flare of the tropic sun.

On the Jap's face was a grin of pure delight as he looked round for some signs of his assailant. He had not long to wait. The lurking shadow slanted down the green slope of water turning open jawed on his heels.

Hayes had often seen a naked pearl diver outmanoeuvre a blue-pointer shark whenever one of the man-eating variety was in search of a meal. But the pearl-diver was always armed with a knife and could inflict deadly wounds at will. Okahu had merely his bare hands and a few yards of silk stuff to ward off the lightning attack of his pursuer.

The Jap seemed to leap from the torpedo-like shadow that rose beneath him, his shoulder-muscles gleaming with spray. Gathering the scarlet dress into a wet ball he rammed it between the open jaws and dived swiftly.

It was evident to Hayes that the wet, clinging mass of silk was more than the blue pointer could swallow or even disgorge with ease. The saw-like teeth opened and closed spasmodically. A terrific commotion followed in which a part of the heavily flounced robe was seen to dart and whirl above the surface with the speed of a marine auto. Up and down and in a red circle it spun, the monster seeking to free its teeth and jaws of the clinging folds of silk.

Hayes laughed outright at the spectacle. Then turning to his cabin he emerged with a Winchester rifle. Waiting until the grey throat of the shark appeared above the thrash of water he fired twice in rapid succession.

The thrashing ceased with the second report; the huge grey length heaved and gyrated slowly then floated with the strong tide under the Caradoc's stern. Clinging to its wet jaws was the scarlet wedding dress, its silk folds floating idly about the bullet-torn throat.

Hayes waited at the gangway foot, boat hook in hand, until the schooner was brought nearer the dead monster. With Emery at his elbow he plunged the hook below the great dorsal fin and drew it alongside.

Disentangling the saturated folds of silk from the bayonet edge he wrung the salt water and held it up for inspection.

"Why . . the blamed pearl and ruby collar's gone!" he declared hoarsely. "I'll swear they were genuine!" he added with rising anger.

The mate's binoculars were levelled instantly on Okahu now clambering from the water to the Isthumi's rail where half a dozen hands assisted him to the deck. The mate lowered his glasses suddenly.

"He's wearin' the collar round his neck, cap'n. He must 'ave torn it away in the scrap!"

Hayes concealed his disgust as he gained the deck. His mission had ended in failure. Stripped of its gem-embroidered collar the royal Sumatran wedding dress was of little value to anyone. He was certain also that Shem Minski was concerned only with the jewelled embroidery which Okahu had torn away so cleverly at the last moment. Despite his mortification he could not suppress a glow of admiration for the little Jap adventurer who had so brilliantly outpointed him.

The Isthumi's sails were trimmed to the stiffening S.E. trade. Hayes watched the rapid movements of her crew sullenly. "We could sink her now with a couple of shots!" he hazarded aloud.

The mate turned almost sharply. "You can't gun a man for giving us the show of our lives, cap'n!" he protested. "Nobody wanted his job ten minutes ago!"

Hayes strode aft and watched in sullen resignation the Isthumi's rail dip and slant over the horizon.

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A musical genius from Chicago has invented a wonderful system whereby anyone can learn to play the Piano or Organ in one hour. With this new method you don't have to know one note from another, yet in an hour of practice you can be playing the popular music with all the fingers of both hands and playing it well.

The invention is so simple that even a child can now master music without costly instruction. Anyone can have this new method on a free trial merely by asking. Simply write saying, "Send me the Easy Form Music Method as announced in the American Sunday Monthly Magazine.

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The complete system together with 100 pieces of music will then be sent to you Free, all charges prepaid and absolutely not one cent to pay. You keep it seven days to thoroughly prove it is all that is claimed for it, then if you are satisfied, send us $1.50 and one dollar a month until $6.50 in all is paid. If you are not delighted with it, send it back in seven days and you will have risked nothing and will be under no obligations to us.

Be sure to state number of white keys on your piano or organ, also post office and express office. Address Easy Method Music Company, 210 Clarkson Building, Chicago, Ill.

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This is a perfectly harmless germicide, which instantly relieves inflammation, and infected tissue. TYREE'S ANTISEPTIC POWDER is quickly and easily prepared, a 25-cent box making two gallons of harmless, standard antiseptic solution. For sale by druggists everywhere.

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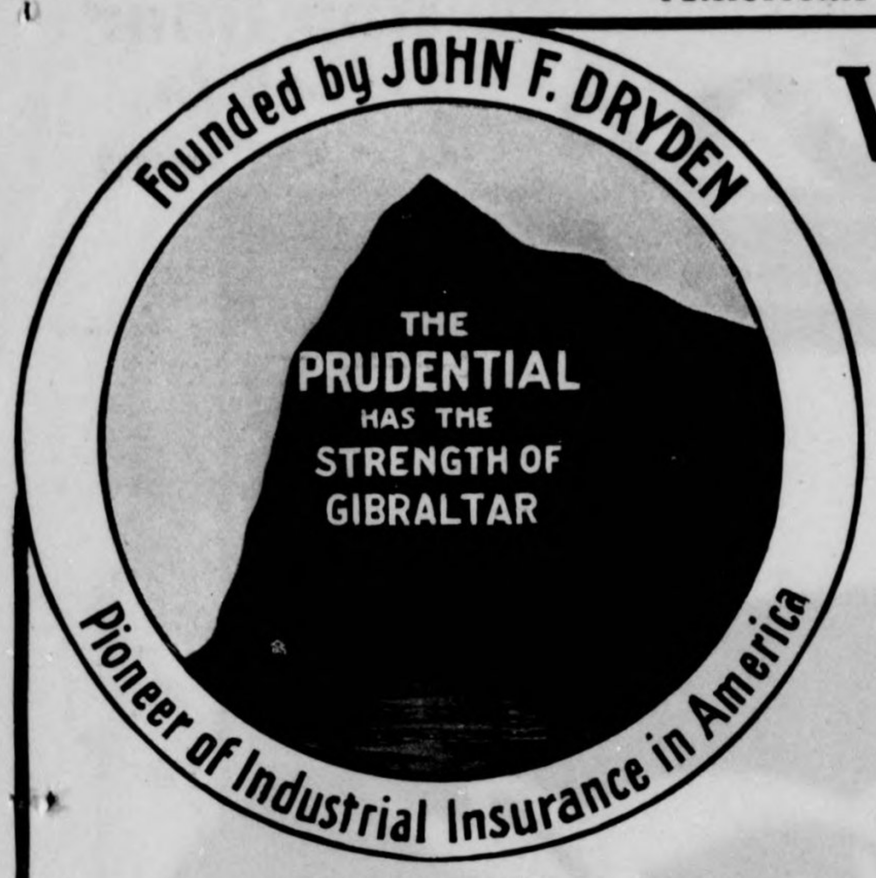

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In Strength, Stability, Safety and Public Usefulness

Assets, over		291 Million Dollars
Liabilities	Including Policy Reserve, 228 Million Dollars; and amount set aside for Holders of Deferred Dividend Policies, 31¼ Million Dollars; of which there is payable in 1913, over 4 Million Dollars	nearly 267 Million Dollars
Capital and Surplus, over		24 Million Dollars
Paid Policyholders in 1912, over		31 Million Dollars

Total Paid Policyholders Since Organization, Plus amount held at interest to their credit, over
FIVE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE MILLION DOLLARS

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Increase in Insurance in Force, over	192 Million Dollars

More than 11 Million Policies in Force Insuring over 2 BILLION, 211 MILLION DOLLARS

Over $73,000,000 invested in Real Estate Bonds and Mortgages.

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Suggested: *(Whether you are insured or not) write for particulars of Prudential Monthly Income Policy, which guarantees an income for 20 years or life. Write today* *Dept. 151*

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Don't send me one cent—just let me prove it to you as I have done for 57,532 others in the last six months. I claim to have the most successful remedy for bunions ever made and I want you to let me send you a treatment **Free**, entirely at my expense. I don't care how many so-called cures, or shields or pads you ever tried without success—I don't care how disgusted you are with them all—you have not tried my remedy and I have such absolute confidence in it that **I am going to send you a treatment absolutely FREE.** It is a wonderful yet simple home remedy which relieves you almost instantly of the pain; it removes the cause of the bunion and thus the ugly deformity disappears—all this while you are wearing tighter shoes than ever. Just send your name and address and treatment will be sent you promptly in plain sealed envelope.

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Something new at last. No matter who you are or what you are doing. **Get busy.** Sell "AMBREW" Concentrated Beer Extract. MAKES REAL GENUINE SPARKLING BEER right at home by adding water. Not a Near-Beer; not an imitation, but Real Lager Beer. Saves over 100 per cent of brewers prices. *Strictly Legitimate; No License Required.* "AMBREW" IS THE CONCENTRATED INGREDIENTS OF REAL LAGER BEER. Get ready for the sizzling hot weather. Enormous demand. Quick sales. Large profits. *Territory going fast*, just send a postal—we'll show you how to make money quick. Write today, now—ask for free booklet.

THE AMBREW COMPANY, Dept. 1800, Cincinnati, O.

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To Any Shade Desired



Mrs. Potter's Walnut-Tint Hair Stain will do it. Just apply once a month with your comb. Gives any shade from light brown to black, and its use can not be detected. Does not soil scalp or hands. A perfect remedy for gray, faded or bleached hair. $1.00 at drug stores. Send 25c for trial bottle.

Mrs. Potter's Hygienic Supply Co.,
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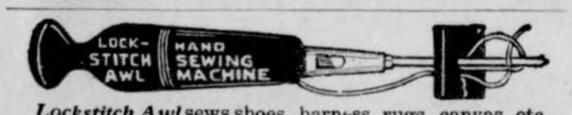

Lockstitch Awl sews shoes, harness, rugs, canvas, etc., with lockstitch like sewing machine. 60c each, 2 for $1.00; *Waxed Thread free.* Stamps taken. *Snap for agents.* W. A. MacKenzie, 278 Lloyd Building, St. Louis, Mo.

LADIES MAKE SHIELDS at home. $10.00 per 100.

Work sent prepaid to reliable women. Particulars for self-addressed stamped envelope.
EUREKA CO., Dept. 10-A, Kalamazoo, Mich.

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Use The "Wizard"



Cleaning by vacuum (suction) has come to stay. It is now recognized as a **positive necessity** by the housewife having any regard at all for cleanliness, sanitation, or time and labor saving in her work.

The "Wizard" Vacuum Sweeper

does what others ought to do. It not only absorbs every particle of dust and loose dirt that is in your rugs and carpets, but—by means of a rotary brush—(which is **used only when needed) picks up pins, threads, crumbs,** etc., that should be taken up, but are not, by cleaners depending on vacuum only.

A Perfect Cleaner at a Very Low Price

Don't envy the woman who owns a high-priced electric cleaner. Be wiser, more economical, buy the "Wizard" which truly cleans by just running it over your rugs and carpets. The price? Write for full particulars today. We **guarantee to save you money.**

FREE DEMONSTRATION IN YOUR HOME

We have such confidence in the "Wizard" and the work it does, we consider it so good, so truly practical, that we will send you one for free trial in your home. Write us today for our special offer.

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Western Merchandise & Supply Co.
326 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

Please send free trial offer of your "Wizard Cleaner."

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Address .....

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A really refreshing, richly flavored beverage that suits the taste of every guest.

You have it in Armour's Grape Juice, the pure, undiluted essence of finest Concord grapes.

Should be drunk freely by every member of the family—for grapes are the great health fruit; their tonic and blood-building qualities are all retained in

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THE FAMILY DRINK

Bottled where the best Grapes grow

Ask for Armour's Grape Juice at fountains, buffets and clubs; order it from your grocer or druggist in cases.

Should your regular dealer not be able to supply you, we will forward you a trial dozen pints for $3 or a dozen quarts for $5.50.

Send for Free Book of Grape Juice Recipes. Both beverages and desserts.

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TRADE MARK REGISTERED

The satisfying beverage.
Pure and wholesome as it is tempting.

Delicious—Refreshing
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Ask for it by it's full name, then you will get the genuine

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SUNDAY AMERICAN
EXTRA

VOL. I. NO. 5.

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ATLANTA, GA., SUNDAY, MAY 4, 1913.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

WORLD PROVES TO U. S. VALUE OF RECIPROCITY, ARDREY ASSERTS

Close Student of Tariff and Authority on Exportation Says That the Leading Commercial Nations Have Set the Pace for the United States.

"DUTY REDUCTION NO AID TO THE EXPORT TRADE"

Student of America's Needs Says William Randolph Hearst's Advocacy of the Plan Is Not Taking Up of Untried Issue. Thomas Jefferson Urged It.

BY R. L. ARDREY.

(Author of "Commercial Reciprocity," "Prosperity and Foreign Markets," "Expert Manual," etc., a close student of the tariff and an authority on exportation.)

A mere reduction in the duties in our tariff will have no effect in promoting foreign markets for the products of American labor.

When the Wilson bill was pending in Congress in 1894 its friends indulged in beautiful dreams about "the markets of the world," which we were to have when the bill became a law.

The cold facts show that exports fell off after the bill was passed.

In 1892, under the McKinley tariff, exports of domestic products amounted to a little over a billion dollars. In the first year, under the Wilson tariff, the fiscal year ended June 30, 1895, domestic exports had fallen to less than eight hundred millions.

After the Dingley tariff was enacted there was a steady increase in exports and last year the total was almost three times the average under the Wilson tariff.

Foreign Business Indifferent.

The business men of foreign countries do not care whether our duties are high or low. They have sold more goods to the United States under the Dingley tariff than under the Wilson bill.

It is a remarkable fact that our imports of manufactured products under the first three years of the McKinley tariff were larger than under the three years of the Wilson tariff.

What other countries object to is the provincial indifference of Congress to fair dealing in international trade.

They particularly object to tariff "jokers" and the "administrative sections" in the McKinley-Dingley-Payne tariffs, which compel a foreign merchant or manufacturer to engage in wholesale perjury when he sells goods in the United States.

This destroys the confidence of foreign buyers in American goods and American methods of doing business and aggravates the demands on foreign Governments for legislation against us.

Reciprocity Adopted Abroad.

While we have been pursuing this policy of indifference to what the world thinks of us, the leading commercial nations have been building up a world-wide system of reciprocity in tariffs.

In the last twenty years nearly all the countries of Europe have entered into mutual reciprocity treaties or have adopted maximum and minimum tariffs. Even England, while she has no protective tariff, has commercial treaties with all these countries, which insure her, for British goods, the lowest rates granted by any European country in treaties or otherwise.

And the British colonies, with Canada in the lead, have entered into a scheme of preferential tariffs which favor British made goods and discriminate against the United States.

The modern European system of reciprocity began nearly a century ago in the zollverein, or tariff, union of German states, more than fifty years before these states were consolidated in the German Empire. In 1879 the German Imperial Government passed a tariff law which authorized concessions in duties on a few articles, as a basis for treaties with other countries which would open markets for German goods.

The plan worked so well that it was broadened in the German tariff of 1881, and in the last revision of German tariffs the reciprocal conces-

Continued on Page 4, Column 5.

J. A. Chaloner of 'Who's Looney Now?' Fame Tries Poetry

Muse Stirred Into Lively Gallop by Thoughts of John L. Sullivan, 'Prize Ring King.'

NEW YORK, May 3.—John Armstrong Chaloner, author of the famous "Who's Looney Now," which he dedicated to his brother, then husband of Lina Cavalieri, has produced a volume of verse under the title "Scorpio."

A bitter arraignment of Rockefeller is followed by the following eulogy of John L. Sullivan, under title of "The Apotheosis, or a Dead Game Sport's Lament."

Oh! for a day of Lawrence Sullivan!
Just one day of just one hour—nothing more.
"Jeff," "Fitz," Ruhlin, Sharkey at four rounds per man,
In succession sev'rally would bite the floor!
Each into sweet oblivion then would float,
Propell'd by John's strong arm which ne'er did tire.
Each in John L. would then his master note—
John L. the paragon of "T. R.'s" empire!
For twelve years he fought as man never fought before;
As John L. fought, ne'er will man fight again;
For with him the love of battle counted more
Than what rules now-a-days—the love of gain.
John L.! Th' Imperial Roman, now I sing!
Great John L. Sullivan, the Prize-Ring King!

Church Flock Waits While Pastor Fishes

Rector Goes Angling Sunday Morning and the Sermon Is Half-Hour Late Because Fish Bite Well.

MIDDLETOWN, CONN., May 3.—The Rev. George B. Gilbert, rector of Emmanuel Episcopal Church at Killingworth, went fishing last Sunday morning before church and the speckled beauties were so responsive he forgot about the passing moments, and it was half an hour after the time for the service to commence when he hurried into the church, armed with a fish pole and with an angler's basket thrown over his shoulder. He threw these into a rear pew and entered the pulpit mopping his brow.

A frank acknowledgment of his deed made, he proceeded with the sermon. After the service he allowed the vestrymen to peep into his basket, and some of them vowed his delinquency was excusable.

Checks Her Baby in Store and Deserts It

Child Is Fed by Sales Girls and Then Wheeled to Police Station by Members of Force.

NEW YORK, May 3.—William Gaynor, a youth employed to check the babies of women shoppers in a Bronx department store, reported at 6 o'clock last evening that baby No. 62 was still on his hands. He said he had paged the woman who had checked the infant, but got no response.

The store was closing and the saleswomen decided the infant was hungry. After it had been fed on a bottle Policeman Pickett wheeled it to the Morrisania Police Station. Later he carried it to Bellevue.

The child is a boy about two weeks old.

Called to Fire, Finds Own Family Dead

Policeman Is Unable to Save Wife and Three Children From Flames in His Home.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 3.—When Police Sergeant George H. Schall responded to an alarm in Tennessee Hollow to-night he found it was his own home that was in flames and that his wife and three children had been trapped and burned to death.

Mrs. Schall, who was a paralytic, had been left alone with the children. Two of them had the croup. The eldest, 8 years old, poured oil on the fire. An explosion followed.

Cat and Dog Start 2 Fires With Tails

Animals Knock Over Lamps In Different Houses Within Two City Squares.

CINCINNATI, May 3.—A cat and a dog imperiled a whole section of this city when with a sweep of their tails they overturned lamps in houses within two squares of each other and started fires.

The dog, a big Newfoundland, barked at two children. He knocked over a kerosene lamp with his tail.

Simultaneously the cat upset a lamp. The two fires which resulted grew rapidly and when the fire department reached the scenes the blazes had grown to threatening proportions.

FRIEDMANN TO TREAT 25,000 IN LABORATORY

Doctor Announces New York Will Have First of Turtle Vaccine Dispensaries.

WHY HE CHANGED HIS MIND

Berlin Savant Takes Precaution Against Possible Adverse Report by U. S. Experts.

NEW YORK, May 3.—Details pertaining to the establishment of Friedmann Institutes in several States for the administration of the turtle vaccine have been made public.

The vital fact of the news is that patients all over the United States can obtain treatment in a very few weeks. Twenty-five thousand letters have been received from consumptives anxious to try the remedy regardless of its merits or demerits, and these, Dr. Friedrich Franz Friedmann announces, will soon have their opportunity.

The Friedmann Institute in New York will be the first to open, the date being very soon after Friedmann returns from a trip to Canada this week to see patients there.

The original plans of Friedmann to establish headquarters here and go from one part of the country to another treating patients have been changed. Tests of the merits of the treatment are still unfinished by surgeons in the United States Marine Hospital Service of the Federal Government. If their report is adverse to Friedmann's methods the Federal law might prohibit interstate transportation of the vaccine. Thus the "State's rights" plan was adopted.

Dispatches from Washington say the Solicitor of the Treasury is looking up the legal aspects of the present plans.

Friedmann as yet has made no selections of physicians for the different institutes. He will give his vaccine to any physicians who apply for it, with instructions as to its application, and will give free treatment to patients who are poor.

LONDON, May 3.—The Star comments on Dr. Friedmann's sale of the American rights by saying that "he has chosen shrewdly his market, because America is richer and more credulous than most other countries."

Woman's Eye Worth $25,000, Says Jury

Husband Awarded $5,000 By Same Body For Loss Of Wife's Services.

NEW YORK, May 3.—A jury awarded $25,000 to Mrs. Mae I. Peterson in the Supreme Court before Justice Platzel. The verdict was against the Ocean Electric Railway Company, which operates cars between Rockaway Beach and Far Rockaway.

The same jury awarded to Ernest E. Peterson $5,000 for loss of his wife's services. Mrs. Peterson was run into by a car of the defendant company at Tent City on September 1, 1909. The sight of her right eye was destroyed. A deep dent in the side of her skull remained after the injury.

Princess Conquers Gunman With Fists

Member of Italian Royalty, Fired Upon Twice, Punches and Subdues Black Hander.

Special Cable to The American.

ROME, May 3.—Princess Hercolani had an exciting encounter to-day with an armed man at her residence in Bolongna.

An ex-soldier named Callerani, posing as a police officer, demanded money or jewelry for the Black Hand. On the Princess refusing, the man fired twice with a revolver, but missed the princess, who punched him on the chest, rang for help, then kept the man at bay until the police arrived.

WOMAN 89, TRAVELS 2,000 MILES IN ORDER TO VOTE

PORTLAND, ORE., May 3.—Mrs. Sarah Rust, formerly of Laporte, Ind., registered as a voter here. She is eighty-nine years old and left Laporte a year ago to become a voter before she died. She walked briskly to the polls declaring that at last the dream of her life, the right to vote, was about to be realized, although she had to travel over 2,00 miles for it.

INJURY MAKES MOTHER THINK SHE IS A CHILD

All Memory of Marriage, Her Husband and Five Children Blotted Out by Accident.

SEVERAL YEARS ARE BLANK

Woman Talks of Her School Days and of Events Back During Years of 1894 and 1895.

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., May 3.—Edward Ireland, of Bargaintown, a hamlet eight miles from this city, was admitted to a room in the City Hospital here to-day to see his wife, who about a month ago was knocked down by a Shore Line express near her home and sustained a fractured skull.

She hovered between life and death for three weeks, but several days ago began to improve.

"Who are you?" she inquired when her husband entered the room.

"Don't you know me?" inquired Mr. Ireland.

"No, I don't recall having met you," said the woman. "Was it at the party last week—the one after school closed?"

Mr. Ireland said nothing, but, heartbroken, went outside and told one of the physicians that his wife did not seem to recognize either him or her sons and daughters.

The husband, after his early grief had been quieted, sought other means to restore recollection of their marriage. He went about the neighborhood and brought to the hospital three or four persons who had been present at the wedding sixteen years ago.

Mrs. Ireland—although these folks had been her most intimate friends at the time of the ceremony and ever afterward—greeted them with the calm politeness he would have used upon meeting entire strangers. When they recovered from their surprise they spoke to her about her wedding.

"I—I married?" she responded, with a laugh. "Not I!"

Within a month or so, the doctors say, she will be able to leave the hospital and return to her home. But they hold forth no hope of her memory coming back. And that brings up the questions—

Will she go home? Believing that she is still 20 and unmarried, how is she to be induced to join a man who is, in her belief, an entire stranger? How will she be led to assume maternal relations toward her oldest child, who is 15—only five years less in age than she believes herself to be? Will she—despite the fact that she really is 35—conduct herself like a girl of 20?

Mr. Ireland does not know, and the physicians are unable to aid him in his quandary.

Sister of Madero Is Married

Romance of Terrible Days Ends

Honeymoon Trip Around World

SENORITA MERCEDES MADERO, sister of the murdered President of Mexico, and Senor Antonio Canaleza, a close friend of the family. The couple were married Thursday after a romance that began during the revolution.



Photo © by International News Service.

Ceremony Takes Place in New York Where Mexicans Are in Exile.

NEW YORK, May 3.—Senorita Mercedes Madero, sister of the slain President of Mexico, yesterday brought to a happy climax a romance dating back to peaceful days in her native land when she was joined in marriage to Senor Antonio G. Canalizo in the Church de la Esperanza.

None but members of the Madero family, who are in New York, attended the ceremony. Immediately after Senor Canalizo and his bride departed for an extended honeymoon in Europe.

Senor Canalizo, who is wealthy, was a member of the Mexico Congress from Lower California when Madero was President. He is a member of an old Mexican family, his grandfather having been President of Mexico three times before the rise of Porfirio Diaz. At present he is living in exile.

The romance had its beginning in the days before Madero took up his sword against President Porfirio Diaz. Senor Canalizo and his family joined the Madero revolt, and not long after Madero was inaugurated President the betrothal of his sister to Canalizo was announced.

Arrangements for the wedding were in progress when Felix Diaz and Huerto executed their coup. It was to have been celebrated in the Madero home in Mexico on April 12 and would have been one of the events of the year, as Senorita Madero, beautiful and talented, was one of the social leaders of Mexico City.

The downfall of the Madero Government, followed by the President's assassination, temporarily overthrew the plans of Cupid. It will be recalled that Senorita Madero on the afternoon of the fateful February 22 proved herself brave as well as beautiful, following her bereaved sister to the jail, outside of which her brother had been slain, and denouncing those who shot her brother as assassins.

After the wedding ceremony a wedding breakfast was served at which ninety members of the Madero family now exiled in New York gathered. The honeymoon will embrace an indefinite tour of the world.

Mental Baseball in Church on Sunday

Women Take Part in New Game at South Norwalk—Bible Questions Strike Them Out.

NEW YORK, May 3.—Mental baseball was the game played Sunday night by the Juniors and Seniors of the Baptist Church at South Norwalk, Conn. The new game is played with nine on a side. Bible questions are asked.

When a batter is up and fails to answer three questions, he is out. If he answers one question correctly before he makes three misses, he is on first base. He is forced to second by the next batter or left on first. When the bases are full a good batter brings in a run and a bad one may retire the side with the bases full.

The Rev. Dr. Hartley umpired. The players were women with two exceptions, and the Juniors won by a score of 8 to 5.

FARM STAYED IN SAME FAMILY FOR 150 YEARS

BLOOMSBURG, PA., May 3.—For the first time since it was claimed from the wilderness, the Hagenbuch Farm, near Hiday's Church, Columbia County, is without a Hagenbuch as an occupant. Elmer W. Hagenbuch, the last of his family to work the farm, moved away last week and a stranger for the first time holds possession. It was 150 years ago that Jacob Hagenbuch, a great-grandfather of the last occupant, took the land for his own and began to clear it off.

CHIEF POWDER MILL OF U. S. AT MERCY OF JAPS

Yellow Men Have Purchased 1,600 Acres, Including Four Hills Commanding the Largest Smokeless Powder Works in New Jersey.

INVADERS BEGAN BUYING AS WORK ON CANAL STARTED

NEW YORK, May 3.—Every pound of smokeless ordnance powder purchased by the United States Government for the army and navy is manufactured by the du Pont de Nemours Powder Company. The principal plant is located at Haskell, N. J., thirty-three miles from New York City. It is the biggest of its kind in America and extends over a tract five miles long.

A Japanese syndicate headed by Heitaro Fujita has purchased sixteen hundred acres adjoining the du Pont plant. He now owns five great hill tops, each one of which commands a different section of the powder works. Fujita is said by some to represent the Japanese Government.

With such caution did some of the agents of Fujita take title to these hills that the neighborhood did not become aroused until the present agitation in California against the alien ownership of land began to develop international proportions.

Commands Powder Works.

Purchase was made through Joshua Picker, of Haskell, acting for Lawrence H. Tasker, of No. 154 Nassau Street, New York.

"Why the Japanese have quietly settled here beside us is a puzzle," said an officer of the du Pont company, at Haskell, yesterday. "If they wanted to, they could mount a few guns and throw shells that would put us out of business. Of course I am not saying that they have any such thing in mind."

That the United States Government is wholly dependent upon the du Pont company for ordnance powder was shown by evidence in the Government's suit for the dissolution of the monopoly. It was shown that the du Pont company made 100 per cent of all the smokeless powder outside of the comparatively small amount manufactured by the Government itself.

Japs Appeared Years Ago.

Japanese began to investigate the country around Haskell shortly after the United States Government began work on the Panama Canal. One Japanese after another is said to have made fleeting visits to the valley of the Wanaque, so the residents of Haskell say. Direct overtures for the purchase were not made until about three years ago.

Nothing definite was known, however, until agents of Fujita entered into negotiations through local real estate agents for the purchase of the J. M. Sloat homestead, which includes a conical hill, commanding a wide-reaching view of the Haskell plant. The Sloat farm is to the north of the powder plant about two miles.

Other Hill Tops Bought.

The hills bordering the Wanaque River alternate with low valleys. In one of these valleys is located the powder house of the Haskell factory. About a mile to the south are the fuse and cap plants of the trust.

The cap factory is farthest south, being situated not far from Pompton Lakes. All of the factories are located only a short distance to the east of the Greenwood Lake division of the Erie Railroad.

Following the acquisition of the Sloat property the Japanese turned their attention to other hilltops which command the valleys in which the remaining buildings of the powder plants are hiding. One of the next purchases by the Japanese was the David farm, which comprises 300 acres.

In the last three years the Japanese holdings have increased little by little, until they now aggregate 1,000 acres. The names of all of the farms purchased could not be ascertained because of the quietness with which they have been acquired.

Land "For Bungalow Sites."

Arthur Romain, son of the proprietor of the Lakeside Hotel, said that he accompanied a Japanese on a three-day trip to the mountain top last spring.

"This Japanese told me he represented the Japanese Government," said young Romain. "He said Japan wanted some good farm land, and it was his business to find it. I thought it strange that he picked out mountain tops."

Sisson Defends States Rights of Californians

By JOHN TEMPLE GRAVES.

WASHINGTON, May 3.—Neither John C. Calhoun nor George McDuffie, of South Carolina, ever championed the doctrine of State's rights with greater fervor, at least, than did Thomas U. Sisson, Democrat, of Mississippi, on the floor of the House champion the right of the State of California to prohibit the Japanese from holding land in that State.

It was the old States's Right doctrine, the Democratic doctrine, the doctrine of the South, which is numerically the major factor in the national Democracy that was presented with real force and power by the Mississippian.

Mr. Sisson's eloquent speech would

FEARS CHINESE HORDES WILL FOLLOW THE JAPS

Continued From Page 1.

have had more effect if he himself had not been one of the most emphatic of the House members in voting against the larger navy, which is the only basis upon which this Government could possibly defend the rights of the State of California in case of war.

A Handicap.

As Representative Sisson was regarded less effective in his utterance by the handicap of his previous unpatriotic attitude toward the ample navy called for in the national platform of his party, so would Congressman Kent, of the First California District, be handicapped when he pleads for an aggressive support of California's State's rights and contentions.

And so will all those Representatives of the Far West and the Pacific Coast who did not have at that time the vision and the broad statesmanship to foresee the constantly recurring dangers to the Pacific Coast and the absolutely necessity for a navy to defend those rights and contentions.

It will be timely before this matter is over to call the roll of those Americans who preferred the pork barrel to the patriotic defense of the country. It is to be hoped that the present nearness of our country to a serious foreign complication will strike the scales from the eyes of this narrow statesmanship in the West and in the South and broaden the vision of the Sixty-third Congress to a comprehension of the absolute necessity of our country for preparedness against any warlike eventuality with Japan or with any other nation.

Vigorously Applauded.

Barring these limitations, Mr. Sisson's speech was emphatic and impressive and was vigorously applauded at its conclusion. Mr. Sisson's speech bristled with criticism of the Japanese Government. The Federal Government, he contended, had no right, by treaty or otherwise, to attempt to abrogate the land laws of any State.

"The highest obligation of the Federal Government is to protect the States in their rights," shouted the Mississippian. "No citizen of any other country has a right to own land in Japan. They lease it, but the title of land will never pass from a Japanese to a subject of another nation. It ill becomes Japan now to protest against the enactment of similar legislation by the people of California.

"The American farmer," said Mr. Sisson, "has the right of protection against the Asiatic, who can live on what our farmers throws away. Rather than surrender the rights involved in the California controversy," thundered Mr. Sisson with dramatic force, "I would be willing to vote the last dollar in the United States treasury for the defense of California's right to control her sacred soil. I would spend the last life in the Republic and the last drop of my own blood, and would rather impoverish our country for a hundred generations than surrender the right of a single State to the arrogant Japanese demand.

Alternative Presented.

"What would Washington say if he was confronted with this alternative of war or submission? Shall the Japanese enjoy our prosperity, the fruits of our land and the learning of our institutions, and yet not be forced to defend and sustain our institutions?

"The treaties of a nation," he continued, "should never interfere with the rights of a State, because the destruction of State rights by treaty means the destruction of the federated nation." Mr. Sisson declared that if the United States yielded to Japan it would have to yield to every other Government. "China would send her hordes here if this country is humiliated in acceding to the Japanese demands."

Said Mr. Sisson in conclusion: "It is the duty of every loyal citizen of all our States to stand for California and her rights in this fight for her own citizens and for their descendants. The coercion of the people of California in their rights would make a precedent on any coercion, however grasping, when in the future the demand may be made by a powerful Government.

"It will be a miserable piece of cringing cowardice for our Government to yield now and sacrifice California.

"If we must have war or submit to this indignity, then I am for war."

"UNCLE SAMURAI!"

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California Acting Right, Believes Speaker Clark

WASHINGTON, May 3.—"I am very strongly of the opinion that California or any other State has the right to regulate the ownership of property within its borders," was the answer of Champ Clark, Speaker of the House of Representatives, to a request from The Sunday American for a statement on the Japanese situation.

Mr. Clark was emphatic in defining his attitude. He put himself clearly on record as a believer in the right of the State to work out its own problems.

"My attitude is consistent with the policies I have always advocated," he said, "since I have always been in favor of reducing Asiatic immigration to a minimum. It was I who, perhaps more than any other, helped to shape the last Chinese exclusion law.

"I fought the fight of the Californians then and the belief I then held has not been changed. It is a delicate situation that now presents itself in California, and I should not be surprised if it became even more delicate.

"It is a question if the National Government has a right to negotiate treaties which interfere with the undeniable right of the State to regulate ownership of its land. That point depends on interpretation of the Consiuation, but to my mind California is within her rights in fixing whatever reasonable restrictions she deems necessary upon the ownership of land by aliens."

National Treaty Cannot Affect State, Says Works

WASHINGTON, May 3.—Asserting the rights of California to enact laws prohibiting aliens from holding lands, Senator Works, of California, issued a statement in which he said that if the National Government makes a treaty infringing upon this right the State is not bound thereby. He suggests that the treaty obstructing the rights of the States be abrogated as one solution of the difficulty which he maintains is now to be settled as a matter of policy.

Senator Work's statement follows:

"Every State in the Union has the right to provide by law who shall hold and own lands within the State and to except aliens from the right. A number of the States have already done so. The National Government has no right to enact any law or make any treaty that will deny or impair that right on the part of a State. Therefore, the Governor and the Legislature of the State of California are strictly within their rights when they insist upon enacting an alien law whether it excludes civilians of all or only of one foreign nation. If the National Government has made a treaty which infringes upon these rights the State is not bound by it and may enact such a law notwithstanding. On the other hand, the President is strictly within his rights in endeavoring to persuade the State to waive its rights and respect a treaty made with a foreign nation. Then it becomes a question of not one of right but of policy. I am sure the State of California has no disposition to do any act that will be a violation of such a treaty if done by the National Government.

"But neither our Government nor a foreign nation has any right to coerce a State to prevent lawful legislation by it, and no self-respecting State could submit to any such coercion or dictation from either source.

"The people of the country and the Japanese Government may just as well understand once for all that such subjects of that nation as are coming to California are extremely objectionable to our people, and that their permanent ownership of land in the State will not be allowed."

Former Californian Tells of Yellow Peril

Interesing information concerning the question of the ownership of land in California by aliens is given by a former resident of San Francisco, who is now living in Atlanta. He said:

"Residents of States east of the Sierras have not the least conception of the conditions which have arisen out on the Pacific Coast of late years, more particularly in California, as a result of Japanese immigration and settlement.

"The objection of residents of California and other Pacific Coast States to giving Japanese the legal right to own land is but one phase of a question which is so important and far reaching as to affect not only those States but every State in the Union. It is a matter which concerns not alone the commercial interests of American citizens but possibly may affect the future of the republic. It is a case of America for Americans, not America for Japanese.

"The present outcry against the Japanese in California is not new. It was about fifteen years or so ago that the danger which threatened California more immediately and the entire country indirectly first became apparent to residents of the State, although Japanese immigrants had been coming in for some years before then to a small extent. Gradually they began to crowd upon Caucasian residents and interests.

Farm Laborers.

"In the country they at first hired out as farm laborers. By degrees they rented small patches of land, which they cultivated, selling the produce to whites, but buying from Japanese only. Then they sought to lease plots of land for farming and other purposes and succeeded. Whatever was possible they bought from their fellow countrymen. They contributed nothing to the support and welfare of this country, but sent their American dollars to Japan. Like leeches, they sucked and are still sucking all possible from America and give nothing in return.

"Their willingness and their ability to live on a few cents a day—a handful of rice, some dried fish and tea in the majority of cases satisfying their demand for food—make it impossible for Caucasians, many of them having wives and children to support, to compete with them in the labor market. The labor unions and other laboring interests years ago set up a well justified protest.

"The labor unions realized that the Japanese were slowly but surely crowding them into a corner where destitution if not starvation faced all laboring men, union and non-union. The exclusion act passed many years before and aimed at the Chinese did not protect them from Japanese cheap labor competition because by treaty with Japan the United States permitted Japanese who came under the guise of 'students' to enter this country unhindered, with the result that shipload after shipload of Japanese 'students' landed at San Francisco, thus swelling the hordes which had preceded them.

Wormed Into Body Politic.

"Gradually, and in true Oriental fashion, they quietly and unostentatiously began to worm their way into the white body politic. At the University of California and at Stanford University Japanese students applied for admission and were accepted. Then, in pursuance of the deep laid plan of the Japanese Government to acquire a foothold for its subjects in this country, admission to the public schools was sought for Japanese children.

"Then the whites turned. In San Francisco, where the Japs decided to make the test, the whites determinely refused to accept Japanese children as pupils. The row which followed is history. The Government at Tokio protested to the Government at Washington, but in the end it was decided that the Federal Government could not interfere with the city's administration of its personal affairs, and the Japanese abandoned their efforts for the time being.

"Unfortunately for California this movement is not unanimous on the part of the whites. The reason for this is the selfishness and pecuniary greed of those who would suffer through retaliation on the part of the Japanese Government and people if California Legislation were adopted directed against Japanese in that State. Among this section of the white residents of the State are some manufacturers and other business men who have extensive commercial relations with Japan. If Japan sought retaliation California exports to Japan would fall off to the extent of millions of dollars a year.

Yellow Peril Here.

"The yellow peril we have heard so much about is not coming. It is here. It is in the Philippines, where it has been shown that the sinking of the great Government dock near Manila several years ago and the serious injury to the other dry dock in course of construction at Corregidor, near Manila, were due to Japanese spies. The yellow peril exists today in the Hawaiian Islands, where there are more than 10,000 Japanese trained soldiers who fought in the war with Russia. They wear their war medals constantly, and I am told by friends in Honolulu that while on their way to and from work in the sugar plantations and elsewhere on the island of Oahu and other islands in the Hawaiian group they keep up their military efficiency by drilling, using their tools in place of rifles.

"In San Francisco, in every city, town and village in the State, in Oregon, in the State of Washington, in every settlement, large or small, in every State in the Union where Japanese are, there are to be found Japanese spies.

"No, as I have said, the yellow peril is not coming. It has arrived, but if you venture to suggest that to certain men in the East, they will laugh at you. They are the same people who deride the suggestion that we need a larger army and navy, and our coast fortifications are insufficient or that there is danger of the United States being attacked by a foreign power.

"Well, time will show if they are right. Meanwhile the Japanese have got a foothold on the Pacific Coast."

War Certain to Find U. S. Unprepared, Say Experts

Army and Navy Heads Declare Nation Lacking in Many Respects if Hostilities Should Begin.

WASHINGTON, May 3.—Apprehension is felt in official circles over the woeful lack of readiness of the United States in the event of war with Japan. Secretary of War Garrison concedes, in a statement to-night, that the American army is so scattered into small units it would be difficult to mobilize it for coast defenses.

A New York high ranking officer of the army, going further, declared to The American that only 140,000 troops would be available for coast defense, and that these are so poorly organized that their efficiency is open to grave doubt.

One of the highest officers in the navy, who has achieved distinction as a sea fighter, told The American that the navy is ill equipped to face an attack by the Japanese. He explained that there are not enough battleships and not enough men for those we have.

The Plight of the Navy.

Here is the situation as respects the navy to-day, as explained by this official:

It will require not less than 66,000 men to man the ships on a war basis.

The enlisted strength of the navy is only 47,700 men.

These 47,700 men are merely sufficient to man the war vessels in commission.

The law allows the navy to have enlisted 51,500 men, and for various reasons the navy is still about 4,000 men short for the actual needs of the ships in commission on a full complement basis.

A great shortage of coal supplies exists in the Pacific Ocean territories or areas in which the operations against Japan would occur, especially in Manila Harbor, Pearl Harbor, in Hawaii, San Francisco, Puget Sound and Guantanamo.

The navy has not at its command enough coalers to send coal around the Horn in event of immediate necessity.

Coal of Highest Importance.

The problem of coal is of the first importance. At all of the coaling stations now under control of the United States there is a store of 280,000 tons. In each of these stations, according to this authority, there should be 100,000 tons of coal now, but instead there is but 40,000 tons in store.

It requires 200,000 tons of coal each month to keep the existing fleet moving. At the available Pacific stations there is hardly one month's supply of fuel.

"As a consequence of these conditions," said the naval officer," the navy will have to utilize one hundred colliers to keep in communication with a roving fleet in the Pacific.

"As there are only twenty colliers available, the railroads would have to be utilized, but even then the coal could be carried only to the coast.

"No one in the navy, however, believes an early success by Japan would give her a lasting foothold. If hostilities occur, Congress will be forced to spend money freely, if a little late."

Situation in the Army.

Here is the situation in the army, as outlined by one of its highest ranking officers:

"The United States holds the Philippines with 12,000 troops. The island of Corregidor, at the entrance to Manila Bay, is but partly fortified. In Owahu we have about 5,000 troops to protect Pearl Harbor and Honolulu. This island is but partly fortified, and the least number of troops that has ever been calculated could hold it against attack is one division of about 20,000 men.

"In the United States we have a partly trained militia of about 120,000 men of all arms and corps, a mobile regular army available of about 32,000 men, and a coast artillery force of about 15,000 men.

"This last would be needed in the seacoast defenses; so there would remain for defense about 140,000 mobile troops, all badly organized, the majority of which are half trained.

"Using vessels of small tonnage, escorted by her poorer vessels of war, Japan could in two weeks disembark on the island of Luzon, in the Philippines, 50,000 men, seize Manila and proceed to reduce Corrigidor, but twenty-eight miles away.

In Full Swing in Three Weeks.

"In two weeks her fleet could reach the Hawaiian Islands, into which we will have been unable to throw reinforcements, owing to the delays of concentration and the impossibility of obtaining transportation. In three weeks such troops as Japan may deem necessary will have landed, and her fleet will have a naval base and be free to harry our Pacific Coast and meet our fleet East or West."

In his statement to-night Secretary Garrison urged the importance of assembling brigades and divisions periodically in times of peace.

"As a result, in a large measure, of the necessities which in the past may be said to have been vital to the development of our country, the army is stationed in many posts and in many commands," said the Secretary. "This scattered condition prevents that practical training of brigades and divisions and their commanders and staffs which is so essential for war purposes."

"Until some such plan can be worked out, it will readily be seen how important it is that at times the larger units be assembled temporarily for the purpose of what may be called war training."

POCKETS DO NOT HELP BRAINS, SAY SOUTHERN WOMEN

Delegates to Southern Sociological Congress Scoff at Theory Advanced by Upton Sinclair.

ROT AND FOOLISHNESS

"Not a Suffragette, but He Is Wrong," Declares Mrs. E. W. Cole, of Nashville.

A woman who has no pockets in her clothes is not a competent person to exercise the ballot." She has not learned to think for herself, as opposed to the man who makes her clothes without pockets. The pocketless woman cannot concentrate very long on a subject. Thought of fear that she will lose the numerous things she is compelled to carry in her hand constantly haunts and taunts her mind—UPTON SINCLAIR, author of "The Jungle."

Thomas Carlyle, out of his Sartor Resartus, might well have prompted the debate on "Pockets and the Feminine Intellect" on which several prominent delegates to the sociological congress in Atlanta last week had something to say.

The debate was sprung by a widely published statement by Upton Sinclair, author of "The Jungle," that women are non-thinkers because they are pocketless.

With one accord the prominent Southerners whom the Sunday American interviewed on the subject said that the brilliant Mr. Sinclair was for once wrong, dead wrong, and even foolish.

Dr. McKelway Laughs.

Dr. A. J. McKelway of Washington, D. C., whose figure has been the most prominent in the Congress—if such a statement can be hazarded,—was certain that Sinclair's opinion in this instance was foolish. So much so, that when he was confronted with the author's utterance he merely laughed. That was his answer.

"Well, now, what in the world do pockets have to do with it?" asked Mrs. J. B. Chatfield, of Montgomery, Ala. "We get along very well without pockets. In fact, we don't want them."

She is one of the founders and former President of the Alabama W. C. T. U., one of the South's most prominent workers for home missions and charities, and a powerful force in her State. She was appointed a delegate to the Congress by Governor O'Neal, of Alabama.

Mrs. Chatfield made so bold as to say that the talks before the Congress by women were the most interesting of all, and the most significant.

"Women can think without pockets and with their hands full of things, too," she said. "Women are thinking and working every day here in the South, and along lines that really count. The world is hearing from them. The idea that pockets count!"

And Mrs. Chatfield laughed too, just as Dr. McKelway had laughed.

But Dr. W. D. Weatherford, of Nashville, Tenn., international Y. M. C. A. worker, did not laugh.

Rot and Foolishness.

"It is rot. It is foolish," he said. "People don't think with their hands. Mer don't have to stick their hands in their pockets to get along in this world. This proposition of a link between the hands and the pockets and the mind is about the most foolish statement I ever heard. It's silly."

Mrs. E. W. Cole, of Nashville, Tenn., whose brain inspired the Congress and who is directly responsible for its being, saw the statement of Upton Sinclair. The phrase about the woman and the ballot caught her eye.

"I'm no suffragette," she said, "but even at that I can say that I think he is wrong."

Like the two others, she smiled.

"What connection is there between the pockets and the intellect?" she asked.

And nobody else could be found to agree with the bold author.

So the very interesting theory of Mr. Sinclair could not achieve a serious audience among prominent Southern men and women. A poll of a dozen or more men and women revealed one opinion about it. If they had been of another stratum of life, they would have said simply:

"Forget it."

MISER LEAVES FORTUNE HIDDEN ABOUT HIS HOME

ROME, May 3.—Antonio Romeo, a miser, who has died at San Stefano, near Messina, has left a large fortune hidden about his home.

In a cupboard stuffed with rags were found large bundles of bank notes for $100 and $200; gold coins worth $60,000, and government stock representing $100,000 were found in old chairs. Bank notes and money were also found in boots, clothes and pots.

FRECKLE-FACE

Sun and Wind Bring Out Ugly Spots. How to Remove Easily.

Here's a chance, Miss Freckle-face, to try a new remedy for freckles with the guarantee of a reliable dealer that it will not cost you a penny unless it removes the freckles; while if it does give you a clear complexion the expense is trifling.

Simply get an ounce of othine—double strength—from Jacobs' Pharmacy and a few applications should show you how easy it is to rid yourself of the homely freckles and get a beautiful complexion. Rarely is more than one ounce needed for the worst case.

Be sure to ask the druggist for the double strength othine, as this is the prescription sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

ROMAN FARM UNEARTHED BY DORSET EXCAVATORS

Special Cable to The American.

LONDON, May 3.—Excavations at Rockbourne Down, Dorset, have brought to light the remains of a small Roman farm inside a low earthen inclosure.

The extent of the farm was 96 acres and the buildings were inclosed with a ditch, which surrounded a quadrangle 150 feet by 39 feet. There are a dwelling house, a bake house and a granary, with what remains of a good deal of corn.

JUNE WEDDINGS

Do not delay longer in placing orders for engraved invitations. Our samples represent the very latest shapes and forms that have been accepted by refined and fashionable society. We do not follow—we LEAD in originating artistic effects with fine material. Our prices are the lowest. Send for samples, which will be supplied free of charge. J. P. STEVENS ENGRAVING CO., Wedding Stationery Engravers, 47 Whitehall St., Atlanta, Ga.

Nemo WEEK — Tenth Anniversary

From May 5 to May 10

Introducing Latest Models in the

Nemo Hygienic Corset Specialties

Approved by the Nemo Hygienic-Fashion Institute, N. Y.



The *ONLY* ELASTIC FABRICS in existence that DON'T GIVE OUT

Original Patented Inventions Used *ONLY* in OUR CORSETS





Nemo Week Will Help You to Win Style and Health!

Practically every important store in the United States, in Canada, and in other countries, joins this year in the celebration of Nemo Week.

This annual fashion event brings together all the Nemo inventions and improvements of the past year.

It emphasizes more clearly than ever the important fact that—

Nemo Corsets are in a Class Alone, and Must be Considered Separately and Apart from All Other Makes

Millions of women now refuse to wear any corset but the Nemo. Millions more will do so when they learn that all Nemo Corsets have—

Exclusive Style and Health Features of Inestimable Value to Every Woman, Which Cannot be Obtained in Any Other Corsets, at Any Price, nor Under Any Other Trademark, in Any Store in the World

These are some of the Nemo inventions that have made "Nemo" a household word in every country where corsets are worn:

1. The ingenious Nemo construction that "bridges the diaphragm," gives plenty of *breathing* space and freedom from constriction over the stomach section, no matter how tightly the corset may be laced. *No woman wearing a Nemo ever feels that crushing, smothering pain that makes her rush home to get her corset off.*

2. Gores and bands of semi-elastic Nemo Lastikops Webbing and Lastikops Cloth, that *shape the corset closely to your form,* and give you, with perfect comfort, the *slender-hip* effect of the so-called "corsetless figure."

3. The new Nemo "Lasticurve-Back," which makes even the *longest* corset comfortable in any position, produces fashionable slender lines, prevents that ugly "corset-line," and holds the corset down where it belongs.

4. The famous "Lastikops Bandlet," made of Lastikops Webbing, which insures perfect and comfortable hygienic abdominal support, and has done more than medicine to preserve and restore the health of millions of women.

5. The Nemo Auto-Massage device and the Nemo "Limshaping Extensions," which *permanently* reduce the surplus flesh of abdomen and upper limbs.

Every Woman Can Enioy Up-to-Date Style, Improve Her Figure and Guard Her Health Through These Patented Nemo Inventions and Special Features —*Used Only in Nemo Corsets*

Here's just a hint of the splendid Nemo models you'll find at your favorite store Nemo Week:

With INCURVE-BACK and ELASTIC SKIRT GORES

No. 506—Self-Reducing, low bust
No. 508—Self-Reducing, medium
} $5.00

With LASTICURVE-BACK

No. 322—Self-Reducing, low bust
No. 324—Self-Reducing, medium
} $3.00

No. 326—"Nemo Week Special;" a new Self-Reducing model, for this event only; extremely long skirt, low bust; of our durable "Steel-tex" batiste—a wonderful value } $3.00

No. 510—Self-Reducing, low bust: of very fine white coutil } $5.00

With LASTIKOPS BANDLET

No. 523—Self-Reducing, low bust
No. 522—Self-Reducing, medium
} $5.00

This is only a suggestion—there's a Nemo model for *every* figure, and those for the slender have hygienic and style features just as indispensable as those in the famous Self-Reducing Corsets.

Study Nemo Corsets This Week and Learn True Corset Economy

WE GUARANTEE THAT every Nemo represents at least twice as much value in material and making as any other corsets sold at same prices.

WE GUARANTEE THAT if you are once correctly fitted in a Nemo you will never willingly wear any other corset, and that you will have more comfort, better health and better style than ever before.

DON'T MISS NEMO WEEK!

EVERYWHERE! Kops Bros., Mfrs., N. Y.

3 CARDINALS IN CONTROL DURING POPE'S ILLNESS

Merry del Val, Vives y Tutto and Cajetan de Lai Now Governing Church.

MUCH DISSATISFACTION

Other Dignitaries Not Allowed to See High Pontiff or Learn True Condition.

Special Cable to The American.

ROME, May 3.—Three powerful Cardinals are in control of the affairs of the Roman Catholic Church to-day during the illness of His Holiness, the Pope. This triumvirate of Cardipals is composed of Merry del Val Papal Secretary of State; Vives Tutto and Cajetan de Lai.

It is the general belief that the Sacred College of Cardinals manages affairs of the church in the event of the illness of the Pope, but this is not so. It has been the custom for the Pope to turn his authority into the hands of a triumvirate of which the Papal Secretary of State is usually a member. If the Pope should die, however, the authority of the triumvarite would cease instantly and pass to the College of Cardinals until the election of a successor to the Pontifical office.

For the present all must bow to the wishes of Cardinals Merry del Val, Tutto and de Lai. There has been considerable ill feeling aroused among the Cardinals since the ascendancy of these three members of the Sacred College. Most of the Cardinals are Italians and there was a tendency to resent the authority thus invested in Merry del Val, who is half Spanish and half English. It is said that the Cardinals feel that the triumvirite has exceeded its authority in some particulars, especially with regard to the secrecy with which the illness of the Pope has been surrounded. It has been practically impossible for any but his physicians to visit him in his rooms in the Vatican Palace. Even his own relatives have been excluded at times.

Succession Destroyed.

It is the general opinion in Rome that if any one of these three Cardinals ever was likely to election to the Papacy this likelihood has been destroyed since their control of the church.

It is not believed, however, that his Holiness would be inclined to interfere with Merry del Val even if informed that the latter had assumed an authority not his. It is well known that the Pope thinks a great deal of Merry del Val. The Secretary of State has been more powerful under Pope Pius X than was Cardinal Rampolla as Secretary under Pope Leo XIII. From the very moment of his election Pope Pius bestowed his favor upon Merry del Val.

When the Sacred College elected Cardinal Sarto to the Papacy the new Pope's first act was to drop his own red hat upon the head of Merry del Val, who was not then a Cardinal thus signifying that Merry del Val was soon to be raised to the Cardinalate. Shortly thereafter Merry del Val donned the scarlet cap and within a brief time was made Secretary of State.

Nursed By Sisters.

The Pope has insisted on being nursed by his sisters, who were continually at his bedside at the time it was feared his illness would be fatal, but it is contrary to the etiquette of the Vatican for women to spend a night in the Pope's apartment and Cardinal Merry del Val refused to allow the rule, which dates back to the seventeenth century to be broken. Every evening the two old women were compelled to leave the Vatican with heavy hearts and the fear that their brother would die during their absence. Their anxiety was increased by the fear that their brother would die suddenly and that in the confusion at the last moment a message summoning them to the Vatican would be forgotten.

The eldest sister, Maria, one evening refused to leave the Vatican and sent a telegram to her nephew, Mgr. Parolin, the parish priest at Passegno, who came here to spend the nights at the bedside of his uncle. He insisted that Pope should receive the vaiaticum, Cardinal Merry del aVl refused to allow this to be done on the ground that it would cause alarming reports. Mgr. Parolin assured his uncle that there was no imminent danger and the pontiff, although almost unconscious, is reported to have said that it would be strange indeed if he were to die surrounded by priests and yet be without spiritual comfort. He made his nephew promise to give him the last absolution instead of the Cardinal Penitentiary as soon as he thought the end was coming.

Clerk Steals Money to Assist Churches

Howard John Didn't Gamble, Didn't Drink, but Robbed Employers for Charity Work.

CAMDEN, N. J., May 3.—Howard John, formerly prominent in church work, pleaded guilty of embezzling $4,000 from a firm by which he had been employed, most of which, it is said, was applied to charitable uses. Although a representative of the firm asked that mercy be extended, John was sentenced to an imprisonment of not less than eighteen months nor more than seven years.

The representative of the firm said "the young man found it easy to get away with a small amount of money and finally he plunged deeply. He did not gamble and he did not drink. He, however, applied the money to help build temples of worship and to help his fellow men."

Junius S. Morgan Just Average Harvard Man

Financier's Heir No Prodigal; Very Modest

Rich Man's Grandson Has No Valet Nor Auto and Only Four Suits of Clothes—He Spends About $2000 a Year at College.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., May 3.—"Junius Spencer Morgan." Twenty times the name appeared in the will of the great American king of finance.

JUNIUS S. MORGAN, the modest. Grandson of the late financier snapped coming out of one of the Harvard College gates. He hid his face just in time to avoid the camera. At first he thought of thrashing the man behind it.



The last will and testament of J. Pierpont Morgan disposed of untold millions.

There were $20,000,000 of bequests. It will be fully a year before the world will know the value of the residue handed down to J. P. Morgan, Jr.

And "Junius Spencer Morgan, a student at Harvard," the press dispatches told, "is nominated in the will to take up certain duties in the event of the death of his father, J. P. Morgan II."

"So Morgan's grandson," people said, "is a student at Harvard! What sort of a chap is he? How has it happened that we have never heard of him before?"

This chronicle is an attempt to answer these suestions.

Junius Spencer Morgan, named for his great-grandfather, is a rich young man quite like other rich young men whose riches are not new to them. He shuns and abhors personal publicity, quite as his grandfather shunned and abhorred it. He inherits his father's dislike for the photographer. Only the other day he shook his fist at the young man who "took" the picture which accompanies this personal mention. "You're not wanted here!" this youngest of the Morgans cried out to the camera man.

The photographer expected a mix-up, when, suddenly Morgan checked himself. He grinned, pulled his hat down over his face and moved away. He may have had visions of the caption for another sort of picture:

"MORGAN'S GRANDSON WHIPS PHOTOGRAPHER."

Has No Automobile.

In Cambridge, they say that young Morgan—he is 21 years old—is "nothing out of the ordinary."

He gets along on $2,000 a year.

He has no automobile.

He pays $600 for his rooms in Beck Hall, one of the college dormitories.

He is a member of the Porcellian Club—sometimes called the "Pork"—the last word in the exclusiveness of Harvard selectness. Only twenty undergraduates, ten from the senior and ten from the junior class, can belong to the Porcellian.

He is not at all a snob, and yet he is not a "mixer." His rule is, apparently, that he knows nobody at Harvard whom he did not know before he came. This does not mean that he is either lonesome or lonely, for his mother was one of the Beacon Street Grews and the younger Morgan has several Harvard acquaintances among the Boston men.

He likes the theater, he loves the river and he "goes in" for tennis.

Like his grandfather, finally, Junius Spencer Morgan, who some day may be called upon to rule the greatest of American banking houses, is more or less a silent person. Some call him "Silent" Morgan.

Most of these things were related of the young men by other Harvard young men who do not pretend to intimacy with him. He fills no particular place in the little world of his college. He leads no "crowd." He has "made" the best of college societies. For the rest he appears to be rather a "lazy" young man!

Morgan is so lazy, in fact—and perhaps it is well that "Grandpa" did not know of this—that he has yet to pass off an entrance condition. This is why, in his junior year, he is still rated a member of the sophomore class.

Morgan came to college shy—of all things!—in mathematics.

One of these days, therefore, he will be called to the college "office" and told to "get busy."

It will not avail him then that his father is one of the Fellows of the Corporation. Instead—if he follows the course of other rich young men who have been prodded by the "office"—he will call upon the "Widow Nolan," a professional tutor and a Harvard institution, and, guided by the "widow" or one of his several first-aids-to-the-indolent, will be put through a course of sprouts at the flat rate of $5 an hour. He will leave the "Widow"—who isn't a widow at all, of course—fit to take any hurdle that Harvard mathematicians want to place before him.

Being of the Grew family of Beacon Street, young Mr. Morgan occasionally journeys into Boston. His uncle is Henry S. Grew, of Marlboro Street, in the Back Bay, president of the National Union Bank. The family is related to the Wigglesworths, another Boston family as old as the Puritan capital.

Mostly, these Boston visits are for the purpose of occupying a front row seat in one of the theaters, but Morgan Junior is unknown to Back Bay ball rooms.

Has No Valet.

He is tall and b.g, this young student who may yet be one of the financial powers of the Republic, with certain suggestions that physically he is inclined to the Morgan heaviness. Another note of the Morgan is his large nose.

There is no Morgan valet in Cambridge. The young man of many millions—in the prospective—is believed to be the possessor of not more than three or four suits of clothing. His accustomed attire may best be described by the well-worn phrase "neat but not gaudy." The cloth is usually dark. He shuns jewelry, except a watch chain, avoiding even a scarf pin, he wears a black tie and he affects a felt hat.

If it were not for his social successes he would pass unnoticed in the great crowd of Harvard men. But, one after another, he has "made" those Harvard clubs which the socially elect call forth while.

At the end of his freshman year, for instance, he had made the famous "Institute of 1770."

Election to the Institute marks the first upward step in a social career at Harvard.

Men do not seek the Institute, oldest of the social organizations at Harvard; they are "chosen." Ten at a time they are picked, from the freshman and the sophomore classes, until the limit of one hundred is reached.

So, Morgan was picked, and so later he was picked for the Porcellian.

The Porcellian twenty come ten each from the junior and the senior classes. Theodore Roosevelt was a Porcellian. So was Henry Cabot Lodge. So were J. P. Morgan, Jr., and August Belmont. The members are not only men of wealth, but men of families socially eminent. Some of the associates of young Morgan in the present club are E. D. Morgan, Jr., of New York; Percy Wendell, the athlete; "Ted" Frothingham, of the eleven; Morgan Belmont, Leverett Saltonstall and Charles P. Curtis, Jr., of a well known Boston family.

Hit Social Bull's-eye.

The home of the Porcellian Club is built on college land in Massachusetts Avenue. Here is the headquarters of this youngest of the Morgans. Here, every morning, he may be found at breakfast.

The club house is richly furnished. The surroundings are luxurious. A colored servitor in livery guards the portal. Other colored men are waiters and attendants.

Over the entrance—on either side are a famous book store and a furnishing goods shop—is carved in stone the club coat of arms, the head of a wild pig. Hence "The Pork."

On his society way from the Institute entrance to the Porcellian goal, Morgan became a member of the Signet Club, founded in '70, and the Phenix Club, now in its eleventh year. These are good clubs, but when Junius Spencer Morgan "made" the Porcellian—became one among twenty among 4,194—he had hit the social bull's-eye of college life and had rung the bell.

His time is largely divided between the Porcellian Club, where not more than nineteen others may enter, and his rooms in "Beck." If his failure to remove a "condition" is an indication of laziness it must yet be said of the wealthy student that he has passed his examinations with good marks even if he has never made a scholarship.

SOUTHERN ARMY POST JOY RIDES BARED IN SUIT

Wine Suppers and Other Frolics Told in Depositions for Captain Merriam.

WIFE CAN NOT JOIN HUSBAND

Woman's Actions at New Orleans Barracks Caused War Department Order.

SACRAMENTO, CAL., May 3.—Scandal in army post life, which echoed from Jackson Barracks, New Orleans, to the War Department at Washington, but was kept a secret in military circles, although it resulted in an order forbidding the return of Mrs. Bessie C. Merriam, wife of Captain Henry C. Merriam, now stationed at the Presidio, to the Louisiana post, where her husband was stationed, is revealed in the petitions filed in secret with the Supreme Court in connection with the suit for divorce instituted by Captain Merriam last November.

Hundreds of pages of sworn testimony by army officers and social leaders in the South, as well as the statements of soldiers, servants and friends at Jackson Barracks, New Orleans; Fort Banks, Mass.; Fort Moultrie, Fort Hancock, N. J.; Watervliet Arsenal, New York, and Fort Monroe, Va., are contained in the petitions. The tell of alleged indiscretions, naming Major Clarence Murphy, of New Orleans, as co-respondent; of an attempted suicide by Mrs. Merriam and an alleged attempt on her part to shoot her husband in their quarters, facing the Jackson Barracks parade grounds.

Southern Chivalry.

Southern chivalry also is brought to the fore by the appeals of Mrs. Merriam to men of social standing in New Orleans to come to her rescue and defend her character, which was attacked by her husband and his associate officers in the army.

The appeals are not in vain, for several, including Albert M. Andrews Stephens and Judge King, of the Civil District Court at New Orleans, furnish depositions in which they declare that, so far as their knowledge goes, Mrs. Merriam did not deserve the order made against her.

The papers under seal reveal that in May, June and July, 1911, Jackson Barracks was a boiling pot over the Merriam scandal, a part of which is alleged to have occurred during the absence of Captain Merriam, who was with a company of coast artillery on the Mexican border.

Automobile joy rides with Major Murphy, wine dinners in rooms he occupied at the Grunewald Hotel, in New Orleans, and conversations over the telephone between Major Murphy and Mrs. Merriam, listened to by soldiers attending to the post telephone switchboard, are told in detail.

Custody of Daughter.

The fight between Captain Merriam and his wife has narrowed down to the custody of their 9-year-old daughter, Charlotte, to whom the mother is alleged to have given poison at Jackson Barracks in 1911 when she herself took a draught of the same drug.

Mrs. Merriam admitted taking the poison and also giving it to her daughter, but says it was all a mistake. She says she administered the wrong medicine and had no intention of taking her own life or killing her daughter.

Captain Merriam has retained Attorneys Linforth and Herrington as his counsel, and Mrs. Merriam, who now is stopping with relatives at Noonan, N. Dak., has employed Willard P. Smith and Judson W. Reeves for her side.

The daughter, the only child of the couple, is with her mother, and Captain Merriam is seeking an order to recall her to his custody here.

Captain Merriam and his wife were married at Manila on August 29, 1900, while the husband was serving in the Spanish-American War.

Among the depositions filed is one by Mrs. M. L. Britt, wife of Captain Britt, U. S. A., now at Troy, N. Y. She is a close friend of Mrs. Merriam and lived beside her at army posts at Fort Banks, Mass., and Fort Moultrie. During all the years she knew her, she declares, Mrs. Merriam always was a loving mother and did her part to make the marital life a pleasant one.

This Bridegroom Has Just Got to Obey

He Promised When Magistrate Not Familiar With Job Mixed Up Lines in Ceremony.

NEW YORK, May 3.—Marrying a youthful couple in his chambers in Jefferson Market Court yesterday, Magistrate Levy made the bridegroom promise to "obey" the bride.

The bridegroom was Thomas Evans, twenty-three years old, of 142 East Twenty-second Street. He appeared before the Magistrate with Miss Margaret Cook, nineteen of 403 East Fifty-third Street. Magistrate Levy hasn't been marrying people very long, and asked Evans if he would "love, honor and obey" his wife. Evans solemnly said he would.

When the Magistrate's attention was called to the innovation, he said: "Well, if he keeps the promise, no harm will come of it."

Indian Steals Engine.

KLAMATH FALLS, ORE., May 3.—Inspired by several "shots" of Klamath Falls firewater, C. J. Stonecole, an Indian from Sacramento, Cal., captured a mogul locomotive engine in the Southern Pacific yards and held it for two hours against all comers.

CLASSIC ATHENS RENT ASUNDER BY CHICKEN WAR

Citizens of Georgia City Split by Ordinance Now Before Its Aldermanic Board.

DOMESTIC FOWLS MUST GO

Amateur Gardeners Aroused by Ravages of Industrious Seekers After Worms.

ATHENS, May 3.—The great heart of Athens is rent asunder in contemplation of a new and fretting problem.

Municipal bigwigs are sharply divided and families are at loggerheads over the question of whether chickens shall be allowed longer to run at large in the Classic City, or kept under lock and key from early morn till dewy eve, that they may neither be seen nor heard hereafter in proscribed places.

Thomasville, with its famous and everlasting pro and anti-cow agitation, is no less engaged in internecine war than is Athens in respect of the fowls that long have vexed a portion of its patience.

Councilman Hugh H. Gordon precipitated the disturbance when he proposed a new city ordinance requiring all owners of chickens within the limits of the city of Athens to keep said chickens securely confined and strictly under their own vine and fig tree.

Many Amateur Gardeners.

Athens is abundantly blessed with amateur gardeners. Its population is more or less old-fashioned, in a way, and loves the conservatism of bygone days. Its broad and untarnished escutcheon has been tainted little, if any, with despised modernism, and hence everybody who is anybody has a big back yard and a fine and dandy garden spot. Moreover, it is a sure mark of eminent respectability to work one's own garden in Athens and to raise one's own radishes, snap-beans, lettuce, cucumbers, spinach, carrots and the like for one's own table.

And it is a fact that the unrestrained liberty of the chickens in Athens has of late seemingly interfered much with the orderly procedure of this honorable garden custom. Hence the growing anti-chicken sentiment abroad in the Classic City nowadays.

Long-suffering citizens have complained that their neighbors' chickens get into gardens they have no business in, and there proceed to scratch up the young and tender vegetables, thus rendering the fruits of much labor vain, and even as that of the Dead Sea.

It took Athens a long time to make up its mind to harden its heart against its old friends, the chickens. Its habitual conservatism rebelled at the thought of doing something radical—and turning foe to the chickens in its midst was radicalism run riot in Athens!

Still, there was Athens, up against a choice of two evils—either to see its time-honored gardens go to wreck and ruin, or banish the chickens from the commons, the byways and hedges, and decree that no more should chickens in its vicinity roam wheresoever fancy led them and in their erstwhile unchallenged freedom.

Chickens Have Friends.

Let it not be understood, however, that the chickens have no friends in Athens. Far be it from such! There are brave citizens who rate chickens ahead of garden "sass," and who firmly aver that if either the chickens or the gardens must go, fare-you-well gardens! These doughty persons will fight to the bitter end Councilman Gordon's extraordinary proposal in re the suppression of the fowls.

These pro-chickenites have organized themselves into an aggressive legion of protest, and will go before the Council when the chicken ordinance comes up for final passage, then and there to mash it flat with weighty arguments and profound logic, if the mashing happens to be fair to middling good that evening.

Athens has this matter very much up in the air at present. Bookmakers incline to lay no odds either for or against the chickens, and only the best sports of the town offer to bet anything on the outcome of the dispute, one way or the other.

In the meantime, one-half of Athens is viewing Councilman Gordon with genuine alarm, while the other half is pointing to him with unalloyed pride.

Boy's Skull Removed to Strengthen Brain

Pre-Natal Injury by St. Louis Tornado May Be Corrected by Operation.

ST. LOUIS, MO., April 3.—Alfred Jones, sixteen years old, of 4878 Bircher Road, is no longer "the boy with a twisted brain." After noted specialists had tried in vain to restore his mentality a skillful surgical operation has relieved the pressure of the skull on the memory centers of his brain and he is beginning to see the light.

Alfred was born on Christmas day, 1896, seven months after the St. Louis tornado. His mother lived in the storm belt and received a severe nervous shock as a result of the tornado. Though she was not injured, the fright had a prenatal influence on him.

His mother, Mrs. Anna M. Jones, a widow, hopes that in time he may be like other boys. In performing the operation, Dr. F. W. Kirsch removed a section of the skull three inches in diameter.

BRONZE RELIEF MEDALLION designed by Roger Noble Burnham and presented to the Uncle Remus Association.



You Can't Escape Nature; Read This

Cat in Winsted, Conn., Closely Pressed for Honors by Texas Caterpillars.

WINSTED, CONN, May 3.—A cat which is nursing four kittens, owned by a Winsted liquor house, yesterday took one of her young, which was suffering with a badly inflamed eye, to the office of a veterinarian next door and left the afflicted kitten in a chair.

The doctor entered the office a few minutes later, observed the kitten with one eye closed and was bathing the patient's eye with a warm solution when the anxious mother returned.

The cat waited patiently until the optic was open and then took her kitten back home.

AUSTIN, TEXAS, May 3.—For several days myriads of caterpillars have seriously interfered with the operation of trains in this section.

An army of the larvae covers the railroad tracks in this section and a wide area of adjacent country.

Before the trains can pass through the caterpillar belt the larvae must be swept from the railroad tracks.

Railroad officials declare the caterpillars are so numerous that wheels going over the tracks are so greased that brakes do not work.

Wife May Search Husband's Pockets

Anything But Money May Be Removed by Spouse, Says Learned Judge.

LAKEWOOD, N. J., May 3.—The right of a woman to search her husband's pockets while the latter is asleep, and to retain anything excepting money which she may find in the pockets, was upheld by Magistrate Andrew J. Staring.

The decision was rendered in the case of Caleb McKelvey, a prominent merchant, whose wife swore out a warrant for his arrest because he used too strenuous methods in trying to force her to return a perfumed note which she found in his pocket.

Mrs. McKelvey told the Court that she had suspected her husband for some time of being friendly with a certain neighbor who is now in California, and that last night she determined to secure, if possible, some form of material evidence.

Mrs. McKelvey found the letter, read it and kept it. McKelvey was held for the Grand Jury.

Went to Slay Indians, Stayed Away 37 Yrs.

Brother and Sisters Hold Reunion To Welcome Home Cornelius Hauth.

PHILADELPHIA, May 3.—After an absence of thirty-seven years, Cornelius Hauth returned to Philadelphia and was the central figure in a happy reunion, which he shared with a brother and two sisters, three brothers having died while Hauth was far away from home. Hauth left his home in Manayunk in 1876, when he was twenty-five years old, filled with the desire to avenge the massacre of Custer by the Indians.

He managed to take part in numerous fights with the Indians and then he travelled through the South and West, finally locating at Portland Ore., where he prospered in the wholesale liquor business.

From time to time during his many years away from home Hauth communicated with his relatives here, and recently sent word that he was coming back home.

KISSING PROHIBITED IN SWISS RAILWAY DEPOTS

GENEVA, May 3.—A rich young Swiss architect recently kissed a pretty girl whom he did not know at the station platform of Sarnen, Canton of Unterwald, and on the complaint of the girl he was arrested. Later he was fined $4 and costs. To everyone's surprise the young lady walked out of court after the verdict with the architect arm in arm, and a marriage is to follow.

The local authorities, perturbed at the incident, have placed a placard at the station, stating that kissing on the platform is strictly forbidden.

ASTHMA
Cured Before You Pay
I want to cure every sufferer of this dreadful disease. I have such confidence in my newly discovered cure for Asthma I will send a large $1.00 bottle by express to any sufferer writing for it. When you are completely cured send me the dollar for this bottle. Otherwise not a cent. Address
D. J. LANE, 291 Lane Bldg., St. Marys, Kas.

BURNHAM BRONZE FOR WRENS NEST

Work of Famous Sculptor for Uncle Remus Association to Be Exhibited Here.

The handsomest gift as yet made the Uncle Remus Memorial Association is the low-relief bronze bust made by Roger Noble Burnham, of Boston, and presented by Mr. and Mrs. Burnham and a few members of the Boston Branch Folk Lore Society, and the Boston Author Club.

The medallion will be put on exhibition in a central location on Whitehall Street, early in the week, and will soon thereafter be installed with the autograph collection in the Wrens Nest Library at Snap Bean Farm.

When the Uncle Remus Memorial Association was organized, Mrs. Burnham was appointed chairman of the Boston auxiliary, and it is through her influence and effort that the money was raised to supply the material for the making of the bronze bust. The work is that of Mr. Burnham who is one of the foremost sculptors in the East.

During her young ladyhood, Mrs. Burnham was a frequent visitor in Atlanta, living at her father's home at Cement. As Eleanor Waring she was a belle and beauty, and descended from the first Governor, George Houston Waring, of Savannah.

Mr. Burnham has had several of his portraits on exhibition in the Spring Salon at Paris this year, and the bronze he has just contributed to the Wrens Nest collection of art treasures, has been favorably viewed at the Copley Galleries at Boston, the Boston City Club, and the Boston Agricultural Club.

During the past summer, a number of Atlantans visited the Burnhams' studio at Magnolia, Mass., among the number being Mr. and Mrs. Reuben Arnold, and Mrs. Richard Johnson, a cousin of Mrs. Burnham.

Recently Mr. Burnham has been invited to make an exhibition of low-relief portraits, which is the most difficult of all relief work, at the International Exposition of Ghent, to be held from May to November of 1913. Mr. Burnham will remain in Boston this year as he is engaged upon four colossal figures, Justice, Industry, Education, and Charity, which have been designed by him for the annex of the City Hall of Boston, and accepted by the Boston Art Commission. Mr. Burnham also designed the California University medal which is annually presented to the most distinguished graduates of the institution.

At the dedication of the Wrens Nest, Mr. and Mrs. Burnham will visit Atlanta as guests of the Uncle Remus Memorial Association.

BUST DEVELOPED ONE OUNCE A DAY

A New Simple Easy Home Method That Gives Quick And Permanent Success



Judge from my picture as to the truth of what I say to you—that the crowning feminine attribute is a bust of beautiful proportions, firmness and exquisite development. Then ask yourself how much you would like to have such a photograph of yourself, showing the glory of womanhood with its lines of infinite charm and grace. It would be worth far more than a two-cent stamp, would it not? Then let me give you my message—let me tell you of what I have learned and let me give you recent pictures of myself to prove what I say—for if you will write me to-day

I Will Tell You How---FREE

I will tell you gladly and willingly. Why should any woman neglect an opportunity to escape the pain and heartache of being skinny, scrawny, angular and unattractive in body? Misery is not our heritage. Nature planned that you—a woman—should have the rich, pulsing lines of warm, living flesh molded after the mother of us all, the description of whom perfumes our sacred literature with love and admiration for the divinity of woman's form. For why should there be that pitiful aspect—the face of a woman and the form of a man.

Write to Me To-day

I don't care how fallen, or flaccid, or undeveloped your bust now is—I want to tell you of a simple home method—I want to tell you how you can gain perfect development one ounce a day. No physical culture—no massage, foolish baths or paste—no plasters, masks or injurious injections—I want to tell you of an absolutely new method, never before offered or told about—insuring immediate success and permanent beauty.

Send No Money

Just write me a letter—address it to me personally—that's all. I will answer it by return mail—and you can develop your bust one ounce a day—you can be what you want to be. Believe me when I say that you will bless me through years of happiness for pointing the way to you and telling you what I know. Please send your letter to-day to the following address:

MRS. LOUISE INGRAM
Suite 287-408 Adams St., Toledo, O.

NEW LEADERS PROMINENT IN LEGISLATURE

Untried Material Makes Up the Greater Part of This Year's General Assembly.

PROMINENT FIGURES GONE

Joe Hill Hall and Hooper Alexander Will Be Missing When Body Convenes.

By JAMES B. NEVIN.

The Legislature that assembles in Atlanta in June will bring into notice in Georgia an entirely new lot of leaders of public thought and opinion.

Very few of those members who dominated the last General Assembly were returned to the new.

Eighty per cent of the new House either is untried legislative material, or from the ranks of that used two, three and four legislatures back.

Joe Hill Hall, of Bibb, for years the most commanding figure in the House, will not sit in the next one, and neither will Hooper Alexander, of DeKalb, for half a dozen Legislatures a leader of repute and force.

Besides these two familiar faces, there will be missing John N. Holder, of Jackson, Walter McElreath and George Brown, of Fulton, Mack Johnson, of Bartow, Emmett Cabaniss, of Oglethorpe, Carl Vinson, of Baldwin, Alex Lawrence, of Chatham, Byron Bower, of Decatur, and J. A. Ault, of Polk. All of these men played conspicuous parts in the last House.

Beyond Burwell, of Hancock, Fullbright, of Burke, Hardeman, of Jefferson, and one or two others who took an active and aggressive interest in legislation last summer, there are few of the "old guard" left to "keep the lid on" in the next.

Strong Men Not Lacking.

While all of the foregoing is true, however, it does not follow that the incoming House of Representatives will lack for strong men.

On the contrary, the shifted leadership will be found to have landed in capable hands. The veterans of the last House will be succeeded by strong men in the next, even if they are in a measure untried in legislative ways.

In the next house will be found such men of mark as Slater, of Bryan. Slater served a term once as Senator, and will take immediately a high stand in the next House. He is a fine floor debater, and a hard worker in committee.

Grover Edmondson, of Brooks, who likely will be the "baby" of the new House, is sure to be a live wire therein. He is only 22, but as he was admitted to the practice of law at the very early age of 17, and has grown to be one of South Georgia's most progressive young men, his standing seems a foregone conclusion. He will urge, among other important things, the calling of a constitutional convention for the revision of the State's fundamental law.

Barry Wright, who will represent Floyd in the new House, is a son of Seaborn Wright, father of much reform legislation in Georgia. Young Mr. Wright served a term in the House several years ago, and made a fine reputation for hard work and fighting ability then. He is loaded with a number of propositions calculated to create a stir.

The "talkingest" member of the new House likely will be H. B. Moore, of Cobb. He, like Wright, of Floyd, has served one term, and during that time is said to have made more speeches on the floor than any other five members put together. He is something of an orator, and has ideas upon all sorts of subjects.

Gower Will Show Strength.

O. Y. Gower, of Crisp, who comes to the Capitol for a second term, is the father of the present insurance legislation, recognized as among the finest work of the last House. He already has won his spurs, and will play a large part in forthcoming constructive legislation.

C. M. Methvin, of Dodge, is one of the best known newspaper men in Georgia. He is the president of the Georgia Weekly Press Association, and will wield an influence in the House that is certain to be wide and result getting. Personally he is very popular throughout the State.

Shelby Myrick, of Chatham, son of the late Bascombe and Louise Myrick, of American, will come to the House with all the political prestige of his father and mother's name, and a fine reputation as an attorney in Savannah. This young man's friends are predicting great things for him.

Joe McCarthy, of Chatham, comes back. He will be looked to lead in all legislation effecting organized labor, and he more directly represents that than anything else.

Pleasant A. Stovall, a veteran legislator, will not qualify as a member as he is to be appointed minister to Switzerland by President Wilson. Friends of Alexander A. Lawrence are urging him to stand for Mr. Stovall's place, but it is not yet known whether he will agree to. If he does, of course, he will take his old time stand among the directing forces in the House organization.

A. R. J. Stovall, of Elbert, will be a strong friend of all educational proposals in the next House. Educational matters make up his one big legislative hobby.

W. J. Nunnally, a new member, will come to the House with a reputation for common sense and high legal ability, established and unquestioned. He has served a term as Judge of the City Court of Rome, and is a man of large business interests.

Close to Being "Baby."

Lewis E. Wisdom, of Forsyth, who will push Edmondson hard for the honor of being known as the "baby" of the House, is a high class man, and likely to be heard from extensively.

"Bob" Blackburn, of Fulton, large in past legislative experience, will be one of the dominating forces in the new House. He is a ready debater, quick as lightning to see a point and press an advantage, and very popular. He is sure to be one of the floor leaders.

The business interests of the State, the larger business interests, probably will look to L. R. Akin, of Glynn, for leadership. He is a very wealthy man, conservative, and largely interested in various South Georgia enterprises. He is rated very level headed, fair minded and genuinely patriotic.

J. O. Adams, of Hall, one of the few old members to come back, already has a reputation for effectiveness that will stand him in good stead in the next House. He is a very substantial man and has been prominently mentioned for Speaker pro tem. His colleague, J. A. Palmour, is a new man, but is looked to as a comer.

Taking the place of Mack Johnson and Emmett Cabaniss, in a way, will be F. H. Kimbrough, of Harris. He is a firm friend of the farming interests and is expected to watch them carefully and jealously.

Judge J. B. Clements, of Irwin, and Robert Holtzclaw, of Houston, both are strong men, and Ed Cole, of Bartow, who started his business career less than ten years ago with something like $3.75 and is now worth well along toward $100,000 should not be long getting in evidence.

J. E. Sheppard and Crawford Wheatley will represent Sumter in the new House. Each is a man of force and character, and both will be among the front rank men.

Fosters School Tax Laws.

E. H. McMichael, of Marian, who passed the present law permitting local taxation for public school purposes, will take charge of kindred legislation in the next House and nurse it through all perils that beset it.

Ed Wohlwender, who comes back from Muscogee, likely will share floor leadership with "Bob" Blackburn, of Fulton. Wohlwender is one of the readiest speakers in the House and one of the most uncompromising fighters. J. J. Slade and Herman Swift will complete the Muscogee delegation—both fine legislative material.

Thomas E. Watson, the "red headed person" of McDuffie, will have two stanuch spokesmen in H. J. Strickland, of Pierce, and W. H. Collins, of Grady. These two members are strong for the agricultural interests, and are ardent Watson followers.

The doctors of the State will look generally to Dr. L. S. Ledbetter, of Polk, for leadership in all matters affecting their interests. He is one of Northwest Georgia's leading physicians, is very popular and has advanced ideas on legislative matters.

Charles A. Picquet, of Richmond, will be the newspaper boys' friend. He is certain to be a fine source of "copy" for he is very picturesque, indeed, and everybody likes him. If there are any "lids" that need kicking off, Picquet may be depended upon to kick them.

The traveling men of the State likely will pin their faith to Tinsley Ragsland, of Tolbert. He is one of them, and knows what they want in legislation. Moreover, he has been in the House before, and knows all the ropes.

Three other well known men who will come to the next House are Tom McRea, of Telfair, and Judge H. W. Hopkins, of Thomas, and Dr. J. M. Spence, of Mitchell.

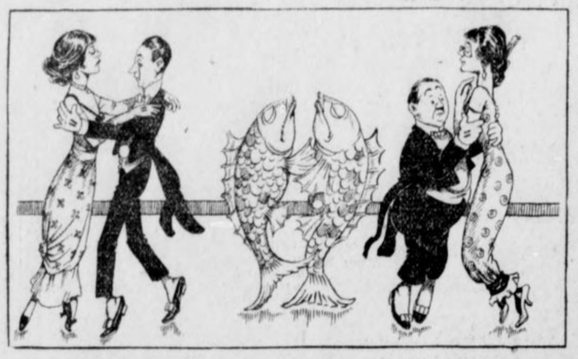
Of course, there likely will develop some surprises among others who come more or less as unknown quantities to the next House of Representatives, but the foregoing are some of those who will come with reputations well established in the beginning.

In many ways the incoming Legislature bids fair to be one of the most genuinely interesting ever elected in Georgia.

'Fish Walk' Latest Zoology Craze

'Aquarium Amble' Ballroom Fad

Atlanta Will Catch It Very Soon



New Wriggle Sponsored by Wife of German Diplomat at Washington Reception.

Close your eyes tight, and think. Hard. This particular bit of meditation will require all your concentration.

Because you must imagine yourself a fish—a regular fish, with a long tail. The fish, which is you, is standing on the tip of its tail, trying to walk.

Funny, isn't it? Ha, ha. And yet, not a bit of it, because they do say that the "fish walk," resembling very much the operation that you are trying to frame in your mind, is the latest thing in dances, and that it is on its way to Atlanta.

The "fish walk," being groomed as a successor to the moribund "bunny hug" and the late lamented "grizzly bear," has been auspiciously introduced to society. It first was produced at a party in Washington society the other day, and acquired an immediate and tremendous vogue.

And it was not introduced by an American.

Madame Von Herwarth, wife of the military attache of the German embassy, was hostess upon the occasion of the introduction of the "fish walk," and hence is known generally as its sponsor.

But as to the "fish walk" itself, here it is explained simply:

Face your partner. Stand erect, hold yourself rigid from the waist down, and dance on your toes. You see, you get the fish imagery plainer now, don't you?

Take sixteen quick steps forward on your toes, a la Adelaide Genee. They do say that the spectacle of a room full of "fish walkers" is wonderful.

At the end of the sixteen forward steps, skip four times sideways. Go forward again, and so on, until you have enough. It is all very simple.

The directions on the bottle say that it is danced quickly, about the same time as the "horse trot," whatever that is.

Atlanta dancers, always progressive, have framed for themselves a code of instruction in the "fish walk." Hence, if you would be an fait, follow these:

Forget the plebeian nature of the name. Call it, in the presence of the best families, the "piscatorial promenade," or the "aquarium amble," never the "fish walk."

Take a pride in Atlanta's collection of ballroom zoology, and learn to dance the new wrinkle.

Think, always, that you are a fish. It may be easy, maybe not

Kin of Napoleon in Federal Prison

Deserter From United States Army Claims to Be Relative of Emperor.

LEAVENWORTH, KAN., May 3.—Henry Bode, soldier of fortune, who says he is a grandnephew of Napoleon, is in the guard house at Fort Leavenworth awaiting the action of the department commander on the sentence of the court-martial, which recently tried him for desertion.

Bode closely resembles the pictures of the "little emperor," but refuses to tell how he is related until there is a disposition of his case.

Bode is a private in Company A, First Battalion of Engineers, and was sent from Fort Omaha in February, when the troops left for Galveston.

Born in Los Angeles, he speaks German, French and Spanish fluently and served honorably in the United States army from 1898 to 1912, when the desire to see active service was too strong and he deserted at Washington Barracks, D. C., going to Mexico, where he allied himself with the rebels.

He was promoted to lieutenant-colonel, which rank he held until last February, when he returned to the United States.

After visiting relatives in Los Angeles he went to Fort Omaha and surrendered himself as a deserter.

He begged for clemency on the grounds that he fully intended to return after he had seen active service in Mexico.

VANCOUVER WITHOUT ANY PLACE TO BURY ITS DEAD

VANCOUVER, WASH., May 3.—The most serious problem now facing Vancouver is "When will the city acquire another cemetery?"

Apparently there is no immediate relief in sight, and people are being taken elsewhere to be buried, as there are no family plots left for sale in the local cemetery, and even the roadway, in one section, is being staked off and sold for single graves.

The city council has made numerous attempts to remedy the situation, but each time an injunction has been forthcoming. One case is now in the Supreme Court of the State, in which Mayor Irwin refused to sign a warrant for $10,990 for the purchase of fifty-four acres to be used as a cemetery site.

The situation is becoming serious, and there is talk of calling for a special election to let the voters decide what shall be done.

WORKMEN FINDS PRECIOUS STONES IN OLD TIN TUBE

MONESSEN, PA., May 3.—Fifteen large diamonds, valued at $4,000, were found in an old dirty tin tube in the scrap heap of old iron and refuse at the Pittsburg Steel Company's plant here by an alien laborer. The man was sorting through the junk pile when he noticed the tin tube. Attracted by its peculiar shape and appearance, he investigated.

The diamonds are pronounced by a local jeweler to be of the first water and worth fully $1,000, and the mine gave evidence of having been carefully arranged so as to prevent damage to the stones. The diamonds reposed in soft plush and cotton, and were in splendid condition.

LAUNDRY NEEDED HERE TO REMOVE MONEY MICROBES

Paper Bills Greatest Carriers of Disease in County Says Bacteriologist.

OFTEN SPREAD SMALLPOX

Government Has Already Adopted System to Cleanse Old Paper.

Atlanta's need of a machine for the renovation and cleansing of paper money, or of some means of disinfecting, is revealed in a statement by Dr. Claude Smith, city bacteriologist, denouncing filthy paper money as a source of disease, and as a means of germ transmission. He pointed out a statement in the Journal of the American Medical Association, which declared:

It would be difficult to find anywhere in civilization a medium of exchange so filthy and so much a menace to the public health as is most of our paper money.

Numberless Bacteria.

The number of bacteria that a single attered and soiled bank note may carry is astounding, he said. Figures have been compiled showing that several billion bacteria have been found on one bill, an exceptionally dirty one.

Plans for the renovation of paper money have been adopted by the Federal Government. A machine in which the bills may be laundered has been devised, by which money is washed, starched and ironed much as are collars and cuffs. This machine is well described in an article published June 8, 1912, in the Scientific American Magazine, together with the announcement of a proposal to establish a similar device in each of the sub-treasuries, and the expression of a hope that nations banks install the machines. By the use of the one machine at Washington, it was estimated the Government will be saved $800,000 each year in the wear and destruction of paper money. None of the national banks in Atlanta yet have installed a money laundry.

The discussion was sprung by the circulation given a local theory that paper money might have been the source of transmission of smallpox cases. Several physicians, including Dr. Smith, were inclined to deride this theory, although declaring that the menace of paper money may apply in other cases. As to smallpox, they said they had no absolute knowledge that the germs of that disease may be transmitted by such means.

Smallpox Never Identified.

Although one of the most contagious of diseases, Dr. Smith explained, smallpox has never been identified with a specific micro-organism. In standard medical works the disease is set down as one of "unknown causation."

It is estimated that $500,000 daily, at least, is the aggregate amount of the bills handled by the banks of Atlanta, and that the sum total in daily circulation through the city is several millions.

Dr. Smith, outlining generally the work in the war for sanitation and against disease, said that the renovation of paper money should be a part in the whole scheme, but necessarily must be a small part.

"In this work constant and universal vigilance is necessary," he said. "Garbage removal is only a small part, for instance, though an important part. No one thing can be stressed as the most important, so in the case of the paper money. Cleaning would help. But it is not the only thing to do. General watchfulness is the price of health."

COLLEGE GIRLS THRONG BUREAU SEEKING WORK

CHICAGO, May 3.—College alumnae, all eager to find work in the lines of their individual specialties, most of them eager to begin at the top, thronged the Chicago Collegiate Bureau of Occupations the past week when it opened its new offices on the ninth floor of the Fine Arts Building.

There were girls who said they were past masters of domestic science; others who were sure they had qualified themselves for highly paid executive positions over women of lesser educational advantages, and still others, although they were not in the majority, who acknowledged that they wanted "any kind of a job to start."

LION RUNS AND LETS MOUSE EAT HIS MEAL

PHILADELPHIA, May 3.—A lion at the zoo to-day turned and ran from a mouse that had ventured into his cage. For two weeks the carnivora house has been infested with mice, and the big animals have been unhappy over the fact.

Suddenly to-day a roar came from the largest lion's cage. The cause was soon apparent. A mouse was lunching on the remains of the lion's meal. Occasionally the lion whimpered, and when the mouse sat up on its legs the big beast ran into a corner and stayed there until the mouse went away.

WHAT TEACHER TOLD BOY SAVES HIS SISTER'S LIFE

MUNCIE, IND., May 3.—Catherianas Runyan, eight years old, remembering the instructions he had received in school in regard to putting out fires in clothing, rushed to the aid of his sister, Thelma, aged five, and succeeded in saving the little girl's life, although she was severely burned.

The boy wrapped his sister in a heavy quilt and smothered the flames. The child had been playing with matches. Being complimented for his presence of mind, the boy said: "I didn't do nothin' 'cept what the teacher told me to do."

Mrs. 'Bat' Has Rules for Wives

Fighter's Spouse Bans Divorce

Here Is Advice on Happiness by the Bride Who Has "Made Up" With Nelson.



MRS. BATTLING NELSON.

RULES FOR WIVES.

1. Don't Talk of Old Loves.
2. Talk Baseball.
3. Feed Him Well.
4. Sew on His Buttons.
5. Keep Chip off Shoulder.
6. Make Home Everything.

BOSTON, May 3.—Mrs. Battling Nelson, wife of the former lightweight boxing champion, who has "made up" with her husband thinks trial divorces are nauseating. Happy again with her husband in their Huntington Avenue suite, after she separated from him and said she would never live with him again, Mrs Nelson to-day told what she thinks about divorces in general, about love and what wives should do to hold their husbands. She says that divorces are caused by "some one not giving in."

Here are some of the rules she lays down if married couples want to live happily:

Treat your helpmeet as a good companion.

Say "good-bye" and "Well, darling, are you back again?" to your husband when he goes and when he returns home.

Don't be grouchy or throw things around at the table.

Make everything of your home life. It is the best after all.

Always meet your husband coming back to the house with a warm greeting.

Don't say, "How do you do" in a whisper. Go up to your husband when he enters and just tell him that you are glad to see him and kiss him.

Forget Former Loves.

Don't talk to him about what happened during the day and what is disagreeable. Forget everything like that.

Then when your husband leaves in the morning, bid him the right kind of a good-bye. Don't shout all over the house, "If you don't bring home my suit to-night when you come, you'll not get any dinner." Don't do that.

Then the husband must show that he appreciates what the wife has been doing.

If the table looks well at dinner, just remark about it. The wife can also say something pleasant to her "hubby."

Don't fling things around at the table to show that you have a grouch on. Just stop that sort of thing.

Don't talk about former girls that you loved to your wife. The wife on the other hand should not mention how many beaus she had before marriage.

That's about the meanest fuel in conversation that I know about. It is bound to make a row before long.

Don't say anything about the past.

Don't forget to talk baseball with your boy. Read the sporting news in the newspapers.

Don't let your husband go to the club when he talks baseball. Let him talk to you, and then let him see that you know a thing or two about the game.

Make the home everything. If you are married expect to have children. Be happy that you can help to bring a human soul into the world. Oh! I've just changed it. my old ideas of life. When a woman is earning her living she gets independent ideas and forgets her happiness in other ways. That's just me.

I sat down and thought that I was a married woman, and then I fled back to "Bat."

I do not believe in divorce. All this business about trial divorce is simply nauseating. It makes you sick to read about it.

RECIPROCITY IS NOT UNTRIED, SAYS ARDREY

Continued From Page 1.

sions were authorized on practically the whole tariff.

The German system has been adopted in Europe by Austria-Hungary, Russia, Italy, Switzerland, Roumania, Bulgaria and Servia.

France, meantime, was not idle in this struggle for markets. After a disastrous tariff war with Italy, France adopted in 1892 the scheme of a general "maximum and minimum" tariff, in which two rates of duty are provided by law on each article.

The low rate is collected on articles imported from countries which have come to an understanding with France by granting concessions in their tariffs on French goods. In the end this system arrives at the same result as the German plan, and it has proved very successful in protecting the markets of France around the entire world.

The French system of a maximum and a minimum tariff has been adopted by Spain, Portugal, Norway and Greece.

Canada has turned the tables on us very cleverly. In 1854, a Democratic administration entered into a reciprocity treaty with Canada, which was very successful in promoting trade with that country. This treaty was abrogated by us in 1865, and Canada was rebuffed during the next thirty years in all attempts to negotiate a new treaty.

Fifteen years ago Canada turned to the idea of imperial federation and reciprocity. Her efforts have received the enthusiastic support of Australia, New Zealand, South Africa and other British colonies, and treaties are in the course of ratification which will elbow the United States out of the trade in the British West Indies, which heretofore we have controlled.

After sitting on our doorstep thirty years Canada is assisting European countries in the commercial isolation of the United States.

Since she adopted this policy nearly 200 American manufacturers have built plants in Canada to hold their trade in the Dominion and to obtain the advantages of doing their export business under the protection of the British flag.

Mr. Hearst, in proposing and advocating reciprocity, is not taking up a new and untried issue.

This policy, which has been adopted successfully and on so broad a scale by European countries and by Canada in the last twenty years, was enunciated and advocated by Thomas Jefferson, when he was Secretary of State in Washington's Cabinet, and was adopted by Washington and all the great Presidents who assisted in establishing the foreign policy of the United States in the period when we had a merchant marine and the American flag was respected in all the ports of the world.

Suffrage Lobbyist Wants Pay for Gum

Itemized Expense Account Listed by Woman Politician Startles Fellow Workers.

SPOKANE, WASH., May 3.—Woman suffrage brings strange things, but nothing quite so strange as a lobbying expense account presented to the Women's Democratic Club, of Spokane, by Mrs. Elizabeth D. Christian.

Mrs. Christion went to the capital to lobby for measures in which the women were interested particularly. On her return she upset all lobbying precedents by handing in an expense account, which featured "candy and gum, $1.95; tooth powder, 25 cents; osteopathic treatment, $2; fines in 'third house', $3.05; alcohol, 45 cents; shoe shines, 30 cents; pressing clothes, $2.25; luncheon for 'workers,' $3.50; theater, $1; stamps, paper and magazines, 95 cents."

These, with a few larger items for hotel, railroad, meals, laundry and telegrams, made a total bill of $170. It sets a new pace for lobbyists, who, as a rule, do not submit itemized statements.



COLLECTORSHIP KEPT UNFILLED TO BAR REPUBLICANS

Georgia Democrats Studying to Pass Examinations So as To Be Eligible.

MANY ARE LOOKING FOR JOBS

Henry S. Jackson's Resignation Already In, but Department Has Not Acted.

WASHINGTON, May 2.—The awarding of one of the fattest Federal plums in Georgia, the collectorship of internal revenue, now held by Henry S. Jackson, is being delayed temporarily for the curious reason that to appoint Jackson's successor now likely would perpetuate in office a long list of Republican deputies, whereas to hold it off a few weeks will afford prospective Democratic deputies an opportunity to qualify.

Mr. Jackson forwarded his resignation as Collector to the Secretary of the Treasury several weeks ago. It may be accepted at the Secretary's pleasure, although Mr. Jackson coupled a request with it that it be not accepted until June 30, the end of his fiscal year. It is very well known here that A. O. Blalock, of Fayetteville, is slated to get this job.

All Deputies Republicans.

Investigation of the situation in the Georgia Collector's office, however, disclosed the fact that practically every deputy now in service, and there are twenty-odd, is a Republican, and, while they all will go out automatically with the present Collector, unless there are waiting on the civil service list sufficient Democrats to fill their places, the law will require their immediate reappointment by the new Democratic Collector.

Once they are reappointed, however, they can not be removed except for cause—real cause, definitely made out and sustained.

The "tip" has been quietly slipped along, therefore, that Mr. Jackson's request that his resignation be not accepted until the end of his fiscal year will be agreed to, with the additional hint to his prospective successor that he cause his anticipated Democratic deputies to get busy, stand the required civil service examinations, and be in readiness to accept the deputy places when the tendering time comes.

This peculiar and more or less humorous situation will keep Mr. Blalock out of his job for two or three months longer than he might have been kept out in ordinary circumstances, but it will afford him an opportunity, nevertheless, to surround himself with Democratic deputies, rather than Republicans, when he does go in.

Makes Up Estimates.

Another interesting phase of this matter is that by holding on until the end of his fiscal year, Collector Jackson will make up the estimates and tentative salaries of the in-coming officials, a job which his successor probably would rather undertake for himself, but that circumstance is of relatively small consequence when weighed against the other. And Collector Jackson is not expected to make any radical departures from the usual run of things in his estimates and recommendation for the in-coming fiscal year, anyway.

The Treasury Department has unofficial information to the effect that a battalion or so of Georgia patriots is busy brushing up on its grammar, history and arithmetic nowadays, and that by the time Mr. Jackson's successor is named there will be three or four qualified Democrats ready for deputy collectorship honors to every Republican deputyship vacated.

Quick, Easy tnd Positive Cure for All Foot Torture

The following is said to be the surest and quickest cure known to science for all foot ailments: "Dissolve two tablespoonfuls of Calocide compound in a basin of warm water. Soak the feet in this for fully fifteen minutes, gently rubbing the sore parts." The effect is really wonderful. All soreness goes instantly; the feet feel delightful. Corns and callouses can be peeled right off. It gives immediate relief for sore bunions, sweaty, smelly and aching feet. A twenty-five cent box of Calocide is said to be sufficient to cure the worst feet. It works through the pores and removes the cause of the trouble. Don't waste time on uncertain remedies. Any druggist has Calocide compound in stock or he can get it in a few hours from his wholesale house.

This Dress By Mail

$5.95

(Parcel Post Prepaid on Cash Orders)



Our Mail Order Department, which has been greatly facilitated by the privileges of the parcel post, is this day introducing itself to far-away patrons with this splendid and special offering of this pretty and fashionable summer frock at $5.95.

In buying new models one often pays for style regardless of quality. You'd pay $10 for this chic dress if you considered either. With the purchase at $5.95 you get both.

Made of heavy quality, smoothly finished Union linen. Plain white skirt and colored jacket form a charming one-piece conception. Skirts are buttoned all the way and have scalloped embroidery edges. Jackets are eyelet embroidered all over and are done in dark blue, light blue, copenhagen, rose, pink, lavender and white.

Womens Sizes 34 to 42

Misses' Sizes 14, 16, 18

J. P. Allen & Co.

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HOT ROLLS BAKED THREE TIMES A DAY

MONTENEGRO CHECKS AUSTRIA

Allies Join Little Kingdom Defying World

Scutari Will Not Be Given to the Powers to Be Doled Out in Making Peace Between Balkans and Turkey.

King Nicholas and Prince Danilo Deliver Ultimatum and Their Subjects Are Ready to War With Combined Powers.

King Nicholas of Montenegro and his son, the Crown Prince Danilo. The photograph was taken just before the fall of Scutari.



Special Cable to The American.

LONDON, May 3.—Europe is standing in amazement at the remarkable spectacle of the tiniest kingdom fighting against the combined strength of the great powers of Europe. Repeated demands and threats have failed to move that old warrior, King Nicholas, who with his son, Prince Danilo, stands first in the ultimatum that Montenegro will stand or fall on the question of the retention of Scutari, the capture of which cost so many Montenegrin lives.

What makes the case more embarrassing to the great powers of Europe is the fact that they know that this is no idle boast of King Nicholas. They know that the indomitable spirit of centuries of war-like achievements is behind him.

It was thought that the first move on the part of Austria against Montenegro would bring about a complete back-down by Montenegro. But imagine the amazement of all when Prince Danilo, on the announcement of and Austrian advance, actually moved troops out of Scutari to meet and attempt to repulse it.

Fire of Heroism.

The fire of supreme heroism, lighting the whole world, burns brightly in the little European kingdom of Montenegro. The same fire has burned there for centuries, but within the last month has become a blaze of glory, kindled by the defiance which the tiny nation hurls in the face of the greatest powers, with the greatest armies and greatest navies on earth.

Montenegro's devoted army has captured Scutari, the last stronghold of the Turks in Europe. Montenegro, it is very plain, is going to keep Scutari, in spite of the fact that England, Germany, France, Austria, Russia and Italy are vowing by their sacred gun boats that Montenegro shall not keep Scutari.

Montenegro, with an area of 3,600 square miles, an army of 50,000 men, and no navy, thus is defying the great powers, whose total strength is 6,315,000 men, whose aggregate area is 13,882,659 miles, and whose navies are well-nigh omnipotent as navies go.

The great powers who have assumed the task of dividing amicably the spoils of the war between Turkey and the Bulgarian allies, declare that Scutari must go in the pot for the equal division. Conferences in London and elsewhere are being held daily by representatives of the powers, seeking means of dispossessing Montenegro. Some of them are for peacefully kicking out the Montenegrin heroes. Austria, however, is hotly for taking up arms against the men of the little mountain kingdom who have achieved Scutari after one of the most desperate sieges of history.

King Nicholas of Montenegro, typifies the spirit of his subjects. Dispatches from Cettinje, the Montenegrin capital, declare that news came to the palace telling of the approach of an Austrian squadron, possibly hostile. King Nicholas was taking his siesta. They awoke him with the telegram, and read it to him.

Sleeps On Austrians.

"Don't disturb my sleep," he remarked, turned over, and resumed his nap.

His men are as defiant. It matters not to them, apparently, that Austria alone has a population of 28,000,000 against their handful of 250,000, or an army of 850,000 to their 50,000. They are going to keep Scutari, they declare in mass meetings, in public rallies, in street demonstrations.

Montenegro won Scutari fairly. The task was allotted to them by the allies at the first of the war and they stuck stubbornly to it for months. They proved themselves heroes, fighting with desperate bravery, day after day. One man in eight or ten of their numbers fell, many of them courting death as nonchalantly as ever did the Light Horse Brigade. In the repeated attacks on the citadel of Tarabosch, the great fortress over which the crescent flaunted apparently invincible, the Montenegrin soldiers sacrificed their lives with a recklessness that commanded the admiration of all Europe.

Day after day they plunged nearer. The Turks sought to impede their advance on the fortress, and built wire fences to stem the charges. Two hundred young Montenegrins volunteered to cut the fences, which were strung under the very guns of the fort. Their fate was certain. None of them returned alive. None of them expected to return alive.

But they cut the wire fences and went nearer, daring death, to hurl bombs into the fortifications of the Turks. Following them came the army of the Montenegrins, led by their own King Nicholas, and his gallant son, Prince Danilo, and Scutari fell. The final assault, last Tuesday, cost the lives of 3,000 Montenegrins. But they killed 5,000 Turks, captured 22,000 prisoners, and displaced the crescent with the cross of their Christian nation.

Aided by Servians.

In the last rush the Montenegrins were aided by their Servian allies, whose artillery bombarded the city for forty-eight hours. But the brunt of the fighting and of the work belonged to the Montenegrins, devoted soldiers of the tiniest nation in the world. The keys of the city were turned over to Prince Danilo, it is said, and Battenburg of absolute capitulation of the Turks.

The last hope of the Ottoman Empire had fallen before the determined bravery of mountaineers who have always been fighters but never soldiers, and who in their mountain homes defy all of Europe.

And now the powers want to take Scutari from the Montenegrins, in the name of amicable settlement. Here is Montenegro's answer:

"Montenegro will sacrifice her national life before she will bow down at the knee of the powers."

This is the statement of Alexander Miuskevitch, a peace delegate from Montenegro to the assembly of the powers.

The allies are staunch confederates, Servia, Bulgaria and Greece, it is reported in dispatches to London, will stand back of Montenegro in defying the powers.

The little kingdom is a wild land. Rivers fully formed suddenly rise out of rocks and disappear as suddenly. Here they have scooped out wide valleys, and there they have merely produced sink holes into which they vanish. The large parts of the country, however, have no water, and the inhabitants use rain or snow. It is these free, natural people whom the powers think to crush.

The people are scattered over the lower grounds, and on the slopes of the hills their rude stone huts with one door, one window and roof of straw stand at intervals of about a quarter of a mile. Around them are little patches of wheat, barley and potatoes.

Physically the people are the largest and finest in Europe, and the conditions of their life have developed their temperaments. They are a race of warriors. They have the reputation of being quarrelsome and violent, but every man, even the poorest, has the bearing and dignity of a gentleman. Theft is unknown, and drunkenness is unheard of, according to chroniclers. A recent report from a town official said that the only persons who had been in prison for a half-year were five men who had told ghost stories that were prejudicial to the moral of the people. Women are universally respected. Elementary education is free and nominally compulsory, though many of the women cannot read.

And, strange to say, there is no standing army. Probably it would be hard to convince the Turks of that fact. All men physically able are liable to a call to arms.

Nicholas I, the reigning prince, is related, through the marriage of his children to the crowns of Italy, Servia and Battenburg.

Block Signal Plan for Use on Water

Wireless System Evolved to Prevent Collisions Between Ships at Sea.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 3.—A plan to avert collisions at sea during fog has been evolved by Captain Richard Zolling, skipper of the Union Oil Company's tanker Whittier."

Captain Zolling has perfected a wireless block signal system, the operation of which he believes will be simple and inexpensive.

"When fog sets in the navigator transfers his track to the fog chart and sends out wireless messages indicating his position on it," said Captain Zolling.

"Thus KA Wht, 9:30 p. m., block 16, section B, NW 6k, would mean 'Whittier entering block 15, section B, 9:30 p. m., steering northwest, making six knots.'"

WORKMEN FIND SHIP'S HULL UNDER NEW YORK STREET

NEW YORK, May 3.—Workmen excavating for a new building at Tenth Avenue and Fifteenth Street came upon the hull of a vessel about sixty feet long, buried about ten feet under the surface of the Street. The charred rib ends indicate she was burned and then sunk.

The spot is almost a block from the present water front, but old residents remember that less than fifty years ago the tide came in beyond what is now Tenth Avenue.

CHUM SAVES GIRL FALL OFF OF LIBERTY STATUE

NEW YORK, May 3.—Eighteen-year-old Margaret Donovan was saved from a 300-foot fall from the head of the statue of Liberty by her chum, Gladys Revere, who caught hold of her dress just as she was toppling from the window behind which surrounds Miss Liberty's crown. Screaming for help, Miss Revere held on to the dress with both hands until other sightseers came to the rescue and dragged the girl to safety. Miss Donovan ventured out on the ledge on a "dare" and became dizzy.

Woman Asks for Seventh Decree

Matrimony a Failure Three Times With One Man, According to Suit.

KALAMAZOO, MICH., May 3.—Mrs. Eliza Morse this afternoon made application for her seventh divorce. She first married Eugene Morse fifteen years ago. After several years she got her first decree and married Adelbert Latson. In two years he got a divorce. She remarried Eugene Morse, who soon divorced her. Then she married Will Keep, divorced him and married his brother, Milo Keep, whom she divorced when he was sent to prison for life. Next she married and divorced William McLaughlin, and remarried Morse and has lived with him for three months.

GIRL EVANGELIST SAYS SLANG REACHES PEOPLE

SAN FRANCISCO, May 3.—Miss Amy Stockton, girl preacher and San Jose normal student, is going to "pass up" the use of classic English in her addresses and use slang when that form of speech carries with it the "kick."

With modifications of "Billy" Sunday's grammatical curves and drives, she proposes, as an evangelist, to hew out a direct method of discourse all her own.

"You've got to get across to your hearers," said Miss Stockton. "Some of my friends have roasted me for the slang; others say it's the right stuff. Anyway, I'm for it."

WOMAN MARRIED TO MAIL 27 YEARS, REFUSES MALE

BOSTON, May 3.—Carrying Uncle Sam's mail is far preferable to matrimony, is the philosophy of Miss Florence Markham, of Interlaken, who traveled 27,601 miles on her mail route between Stockbridge and Interlaken in the heart of the Berkshires, during the last 24 years.

"If ever I gave serious consideration—and I can't say that I ever did—I always thought that I preferred a proposal by mail," said Miss Markham, with a laugh, "and it came—but I refused. Matrimony has no charms for me."

DIES IN TRYING TO ATONE FOR THEFT

"Pauper" Leaves Funds to Repay Woman for Deed Twenty-two Years Ago in Michigan.

CHICAGO, May 3.—The confession of Thomas Connelly, seventy-two, who died here supposedly a pauper, was admitted as a will in the Probate Court.

Connelly wrote to a parish priest in Escanaba, Mich., that twenty-two years ago he had robbed a woman, now living there, of $300. To make restitution was his last wish, and the old man, supposed to be penniless, had more than a thousand dollars sewn in his underclothing for that purpose.

The letter, written three days before his death, was addressed to Rev Father Francis J. aBrth, of Escanaba. The appeal to Father Barth to find the woman from whom Connelly stole the $300 worth of jewelry a quarter of a century ago, led to her discovery as Mrs. Anna Jane Gallagher McCauley. Her claim for $1,374, the value of the stolen property and accumulated interest, will be paid by the public administrator from Connelly's funds, which are ample to cover it.

Connelly's letter indicated that he could not die in peace without confessing the theft and obtaining absolution.

He wrote, in part:

Rev. Father Barth: I saw your name in a paper from Escanaba, and I ask you to help a poor dying sinner. I am looking for a lady named Anna Janes Gallagher, and I hear she married Patrick McCauley and moved to Escanaba.

I am seventy-two years of age, and I want to make myself right with God. I want to find this lady, because I stole about $300 worth of jewelry from her 20 years ago. Now I am dying and I want to pay back this money.

Father, for God's sake, try to find this lady. I have suffered for my sins and I am living like a pauper in a lodging house, and I have $1,500 sewed in my underclothing trying to keep it for this lady. I made every cent of the money out of her things I stole.

Reverend father, try to find this lady, and address me at the General Delivery, Chicago Postoffice. She often gave me a good meal when I was hungry, and that is the reason I want to pay her. God knows I am sorry for what I did.

I will send this money to you just as soon as I hear from you, and I will die a pauper and fast for my sins. I hope she will forgive me.

THOMAS CONNELLY.

Connelly did not live to get his reply. After his death the county authorities found $1,577 in his pockets and sewn to his underclothing. His letter caused Father Barth to believe that was all his estate, but the public administrator also found a safety deposit key, and examination of the box disclosed a bankbook with deposits of $2,437. The balance of the estate will escheat to the State after Mrs. McCauley receives her award.

"My jewels were stolen in May, 1891," she said to Judge Cutting. "I never had any idea who took them."

HAZARDOUS WORK CLAIMS 1 VICTIM OUT OF EVERY 8

OLYMPIA, WASH., May 3.—In the State of Washington one man in every eight who are engaged in hazardous or extra hazardous occupations, as defined by the industrial insurance law, is injured, and one in every fifty who are injured is injured fatally. These astounding figures are discovered in the report of the State commission for the first seventeen months of its work.

During that period 145,000 persons were engaged in hazardous work. The accidents brought before the commission totaled 19,226, and the deaths resulting 406.

An average of $2,000 per day is paid by the industries of the State to injured workers or their heirs. The gross amount collected in premiums during the seventeen months was $1,703,566, while the amount actually paid out in claims was $929,443.92.

SIXTH WIFE IS UNHAPPY; EASY DIVORCES SCORED

CHICAGO, May 3.—Judge Marcus A. Kavanaugh, foe of the easy divorce, found a striking illustration in his own divorce calendar—a case of a sixth wife seeking separate maintenance from Frederick W. Steeg.

Dr. Anna Blount's recent criticism of the divorce reform commission headed by the jurist evidently rankled in his mind. He called attention to the ease of divorce demonstrated by this case, and proceeded to relieve his mind by ordering the proficient husband to pay temporary alimony.

"I think this is a case where divorces were easy enough," was the statement made by the court.

Mrs. Steeg's appearance before Judge Kavanaugh was the occasion for the revelation of Steeg's matrimonial career, involving six wives and three sets of children.

FOSTER PARENTS FIGHT FOR CHILD

Chicago Couple Seek Injunction Restraining Real Mother From Taking Child Away.

CHICAGO, May 3.—The story of a mother's attempt to lure her child away from Morton T. Culver's home by offering her candy and kisses was told by Attorney Culver to Judge Foell. An injunction to restrain the mother from any further attempts of a similar sort was asked by Culver, who, with his wife, is fighting to retain the girl whom they have reared and whose mother, Mrs. Winifred E. White, has appeared to claim her maternal rights.

Culver appeared in court prepared to argue the case, which was continued. Culver's story of Dorothy's attempted kidnaping stirred Judge Foell into declaring he would issue an injunction if the parties in the suit did not respect their relative rights.

According to Culver, Mrs. Culver left her home in Glencoe for an hour. While she was gone Dorothy played in the street. Mrs. White, her mother, and a man named Andrew Strauch, an editor, of Chadwick, Ill., beckoned to her.

The girl would not go to them, and ran into a neighbor's house. The couple followed her and she ran into the Culver home. Here she hid herself in the basement while her mother begged her to come out "just for a minute."

"Dorothy refused," concluded Culver. "They have tried to steal her several times and she was afraid. I want the mother restrained from doing anything like that again."

The attorney was sent to find Mrs. White's attorney and the Court promised to take up the matter when both parties were present.

When the case is tried Dorothy will be in court. She has resisted the efforts of her mother, who asserts that the girl's mind has been poisoned against her. Mrs. Culver declared that no word concerning her mother had ever been said to the girl.

"She has grown up here, and she thinks of me as her mother," said the woman.

BUTTONING UP WIFE'S WAIST CAUSES DIVORCE

BALTIMORE, May 3.—John F. Groves sacrificed half an hour of his time one night in buttoning his wife's waist. As a reward he asked permission to go out with her and she refused. Then he became peeved. Today he asked for an absolute divorce. In reality his suit was in the nature of a cross bill, because Mrs. Groves beat him in the race to the courts with a petition against him. They were married in 1899.

In his papers Groves told of how he helped his wife to dress, and called the job of buttoning her waist an "office which he performed often."

STEPMOTHER DEPENDENT RELATIVE COURT RULES

WASHINGTON, May 3.—A stepmother is a relative of her step-children, according to a decision to-day by Comptroller of the Treasury Tracewell. The question arose in the case of Lieutenant Reginald W. Ludlow, of the United States Marine Corps, who died at Key West, Fla., in January, and who had designated Mrs. Margaret Ludlow, his stepmother, as a "dependent relative to receive the six months' gratuity allowed by the Government."

Child's "Twisted Brain" Untangled

Boy Without Reason Cured by Surgeon's Knife After Years of Blankness.

ST. LOUIS, May 3.—Alfred Jones, sixteen years old, is no longer "The Boy With a Twisted Brain." A skillful surgical operation has relieved the pressure of the skull on the memory centers of his brain, and after years of intellectual darkness he is beginning to see the light.

Alfred was born on Christmas Day, 1896, seven months after the St. Louis tornado. His mother lived in the storm belt and received a severe nervous shock as the result of the tornado, though she was not physically injured, but the fright had a parental influence on the child.

The operation was performed by Dr. Francis William Kirsch, at the Christian Hospital two weeks ago. In performing the operation Doctor Kirsch removed a section of the skull three inches in diameter. He found that the skull had been pressing on the memory center of the brain, which is the upper portion of the left lobe, and that this pressure has caused centers of the brain to adhere to the skull. He loosed these adhesions, and with delicate surgical instruments untwisted the nerves and put them back into normal position.

GARNER HEIRS ARE AFTER $76,000,000

Estate of Rich St. Louis Man Ready for Division—Tied Up for Many Years.

ST. LOUIS, May 3.—There'll be a raking and scraping of family records over the country in the next few weeks of heirs and near heirs to the estate of Henry Garner, pioneer of this city, whose estate is available to settlement by the expiration of a ninety-nine-year lease recently which had tied up all his property.

Henry Garner died many years ago. News reports from San Bernardino, Cal., say that T. F. Garner, cattleman, of Dodge City, aKns., is there to begin plans with other heirs for litigation for a share of the estate which was appraised at $76,000,000 in 1900 by St. Louis courts.

Heirs of the pioneer are said to be scattered in a score of States. The Dodge City Garner plans to go to Boise City, Idaho, to confer with heirs there.

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CENTENARY OF PEACE PLANS ON THIS WEEK

International Conference Committee Will Meet in New York To-morrow.

GHENT DELEGATE PRESIDES

Visitors Will Be Entertained by Prominent Americans During Their Stay.

NEW YORK, May 3.—Arrangements for the fitting and adequate celebration of the centenary of the signing of the treaty of Ghent which brought to a close the war of 1812 between the United States and England will be completed within the next few days. The International Conference Committee, which has the completion of these arrangements in hand, will meet in this city on Monday. According to the program the committee will assemble at the City Hall at 10 o'clock in the morning where an address of welcome will be made by Mayor Gaynor, after which a chairman for the first day will be chosen. In accordance with precedent this chairman will be chosen from one of the two delegates from Ghent. These are l'Echevin de Bruyne and Alphonse Van Werveke. This courtesy is extended to Ghent because a Burgomaster of Ghent presided at the opening session of the Joint High Commission which met in Ghent in August, 1814.

The address of welcome will be responded to by Lord Weardale, head of the British delegation and President of the Inter-parliamentary Union. The formal address of the day will be delivered by ex-President Taft. After these opening exercises the conferees will take luncheon at the Waldorf Astoria as the guests of the Pilgrim's Society.

While most of the work of the conference will be done by sub-committees, the delegates will meet as a committee of the whole every afternoon at 4 o'clock.

On Friday at 11 o'clock the American committee will hold its annual meeting at the Hotel Plaza. Andrew Carnegie will preside and speeches will be made by Congressman Flood, of Virginia and Professor W. A. Dunning of Columbia University.

On Friday afternoon the American committee and the Conference committee will hold a joint meeting at which the report of the conference will be read.

On the evening of May 9 the American Conference will give a banquet at the Hotel Astor in honor of the visitors. Prominent men from all the states in the Union will attend this banquet.

During the course of the conference the foreign guests will be entertained personally by Andrew Carnegie, Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., Dr. Louis Livingston Seaman and others.

Other features that have been arranged for the entertainment of the visitors include a trip up the Hudson, a visit to Boston, Philadelphia and Chicago, where the visitors will be welcomed by the respective mayors of those cities.

There will also be a visit made to Washington on the 12th where the conferees will be received by President Wilson, Secretary Bryan and others who are prominently identified with the administration, concluding with a banquet in the evening where the officially and socially elect of Washington will gather to do honor to the cause represented by the visitors. The principal address at this banquet will be delivered by Secretary of State William J. Bryan.

The main body of the visitors will sail for England on May 21.

AVIATOR DRAWS MAP AS HE FLIES OVER COUNTRY

WASHINGTON, May 3.—Second Lieut. Milling has been designated by Major-Gen. Carter as "one of the foremost aviators of the world."

This high praise followed a flight from Texas City to San Antonio, 224 miles and return, in which Lieut. Milling guided the aeroplane and Second Lieut. Sherman was pasenger and observer. Sherman made a rough map of the country passed over on the return trip. This map has been pronounced a positive demonstration of the possibilities of aeroplanes for scouting.

COW PLAYS PIANO FOR CALVES TO DANCE BY

Special Cable to The American.

LONDON, May 3.—An amusing joke by a Portland (Dorset) dairy farmer was perpetrated on the members of the sanitary committee. When the committee arrived to inspect the farm they found the cow house sumptuously furnished, including a piano, and with pictures on the wall. The farmer explained that the piano was for the cow to play while the calves danced. The committee was so amused by the farmer's satirical humor that they departed without making an official inspection.

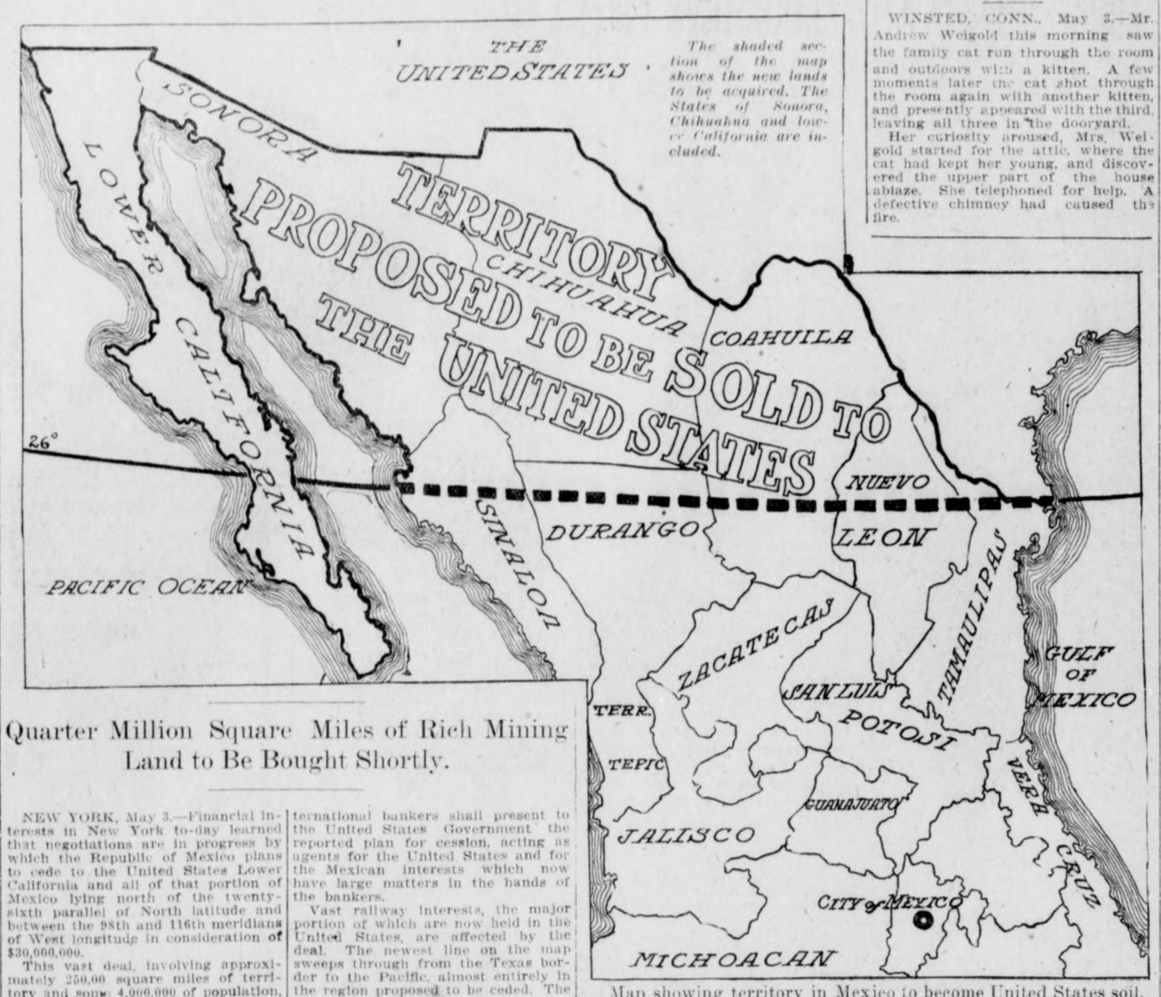
MAGNIFICENT VENUS IS FOUND IN OLD CELLAR

ROME, May 3.—The ground floor of a house in the Via Santa Sofia, at Capua, collapsed suddenly, revealing an ancient cellar containing a magnificent statue of Venus.

Professor Spinazzola, director of the Naples Museum, has examined the statue, which is of Parisian marble and belongs to the best period of Greco-Roman art.

United States to Buy Large Part of Mexico

Land Purchase Will Include Magdalena Bay



Map showing territory in Mexico to become United States soil.

Quarter Million Square Miles of Rich Mining Land to Be Bought Shortly.

NEW YORK, May 3.—Financial interests in New York to-day learned that negotiations are in progress by which the Republic of Mexico plans to cede to the United States Lower California and all of that portion of Mexico lying north of the twenty-sixth parallel of North latitude and between the 98th and 116th meridians of West longitude in consideration of $30,000,000.

This vast deal, involving approximately 250,00 square miles of territory and some 4,000,000 of population, is reported to be under the direction of Speyer & Co., bankers, of New York City, who have for a long time had extensive interests in Mexico, and which firm has previously financed a number of important matters pertaining to that country.

It is stated that the plan of action is not for the United States to recognize the Huerta Government and then deal with it, but for the Mexican authorities to deal primarily with Speyer & Co., who will, in turn, deal with the United States. No recognition of the Huerta Government, it is asserted, will be made pending the deal.

The territory in question takes with it the ownership of the Magdalena Bay region, considered so important as a naval base after the completion of the Panama Canal, and the vast mining properties in the Mexican States that skirt the States of California, Arizona, New Mexico and Texas to the south of the Rio Grande. The peculiar geography of the country makes the cession, in the event of its consummation, take with it both banks of the Rio Grande, as the 26th parallel slices off just enough of all the Mexican nation to place the entire river under the American flag.

Follow Precedent.

Not since the Louisiana Purchase of May, 1803, has any such international real estate deal been suggested. And to that purchase the reader must look for such information as may be used as a precedent by which the course of the negotiations may be followed.

Whatever constitutional objections might exist to the acquisition of foreign territory on this continent were settled by the Louisiana precedent, and the legal historians, speaking the views of the times, declared that "the right of territorial expansion, coupled with the equal participation of the annexed people in fundamental American rights, has since been firmly grafted on the Constitution in practice as incidental to the original powers."

At the very threshold of the consideration of the Mexican case this step must be crossed, and it is recalled that President Jefferson, at the outset of the Louisiana proposition, had grave doubts about the right of the Government to make such a purchase, and that he proposed a Constitutional amendment granting such right, which amendment, upon the advice of Gallatin and his other advisers, was allowed to drop under the suggestion "the least said about a Constitutional proposition the better." Therefore the right of the Government to take such a step is not now questioned in any direction.

The territory included in the proposed cession takes in:

All of Lower California, with the pearl fisheries in the bay and the valuable concessions on the peninsula.

All of Chihuahua, which is the most valuable mining State in the republic, and which includes gold, silver and copper mines, where American smelters have long been interested.

All of Sonora, which is of a piece with Chihuahua, as a matter of business interest.

Three-fourths of Coahuila.

Half of Nuevo Leon.

A small strip of Tamaulipas, taking in the control of the Rio Grande.

The top section of Durango.

The top section of Sinaloa.

Mexico Bankrupt.

Details of the financing of the gigantic deal are not known. It is known that the Huerta Government is absolutely bankrupt, and that in the absence of funds from some source the entire organized government of Mexico must shortly fall. There is no attempt to conceal the fact that all efforts at getting funds have been without avail, and that no banking group in the world will advance money without some guarantee of protection.

It is money or anarchy for Mexico. Money can only come under a system of protection indorsed by the United States.

It has been known for some time that Speyer & Co. have had under way a number of financial negotiations affecting Mexico. From these, it is now stated, the outlines of proposition has come that the firm of international bankers shall present to the United States Government the reported plan for cession, acting as agents for the United States and for the Mexican interests which now have large matters in the hands of the bankers.

Vast railway interests, the major portion of which are now held in the United States, are affected by the deal. The newest line on the map sweeps through from the Texas border to the Pacific, almost entirely in the region proposed to be ceded. The other railroads, leading from the Rio Grande into Mexico, have a substantial part of their holdings in the region.

Military Aspect.

One of the most important considerations presented in the negotiations is the military aspect. In the territory are many conflicting divisions of Mexican politics and many races, ranging from the native Indian to the American citizen. The country is mountainous and presents a difficult task for the military police.

In the event of the occupation of the territory under a treaty of cession the Government would be required to put into Mexico a large armed force for the restoration of peace and for the protection of the vast interests that are involved. Among these interests are extensive English these interests are extensive English holdings, to which the American Government would have to guarantee protection and enforce the guarantee. The number of troops required for this duty would be large and the service would be hard.

But the mountains of the territory that is now being held up as a possible acquisition to the nation's resources is a veritable mine. It holds stores of copper, gold, silver, lead, cobalt, sulphur and other deposits. The agricultural possibilities, while never as yet developed, are considerable. Oil wells have already been found to produce a wonderfully promising output, and the English Pearson and Standard Oil Companies have long fought for the mastery of the oil situation.

Authoritative denial was made today of a report that had been placed in circulation to the effect that the Mexican Government had been able to place a loan for $7,500,000, due in one year, with Coutts & Brothers, of London. The report had it that this loan was secured by the pledge of the Government's interest in the Tehuantepec Railroad, and that the basis of the deal was 88 1-2, with interest at the rate of 5 per cent.

It was not only stated that this loan had not been negotiated, but that efforts to make a loan in Paris for 20,000,000 francs had failed. The Mexican agent in Paris cabled that he had found it impossible to place the loan.

UNITED STATES SENATOR'S DAUGHTER IS A SOCIALIST

PORTLAND, ORE., May 3.—Friends of United States Senator Harry Lane, shocked at the conduct of his daughter, to-day sent him word that Mrs. Nina McBride had blossomed out as a Socialistic soap-box orator on one of the principal streets of Portland. Society friends of the wealthy young woman, whose father was recently elected to the United States Senate, were astonished at the "unheard-of" conduct of Mrs. McBride.

"You white-collared fellows!" shouted Mrs. McBride from her position on the soap box, "get wise to what is going on in society to-day. Wake up and vote the Socialist ticket."

NO CASES OF SMALLPOX NOW EXIST IN ALASKA

SEATTLE, May 3.—There is not a case of smallpox in Alaska so far as known by steamship company officers and the Federal Public Health Service.

It is said at the Public Health Service office here that the Washington order requiring vaccination of steerage passengers and crews of vessels bound for Alaska is intended to safeguard Alaska. A similar order two years ago was enforced so rigidly that it ruined the summer tourist business of the steamship companies.

It is said that no white person ever has died of smallpox in Alaska and only a few Indians.

HATPINS TOO LONG: ARRESTED.

BERLIN, May 3.—In accordance with a police order taking effect here recently, two ladies were arrested in a tramways car for wearing protruding and unprotected hatpins.

Cat Saves Kittens; Gives Fire Warning

Young Carried Out Into Yard. Owner Investigates and Finds Blaze in Attic.

WINSTED, CONN., May 3.—Mr. Andrew Weigold this morning saw the family cat run through the room and outdoors with a kitten. A few moments later the cat shot through the room again with another kitten, and presently appeared with the third, leaving all three in the dooryard.

Her curiosity aroused, Mrs. Weigold started for the attic, where the cat had kept her young, and discovered the upper part of the house ablaze. She telephoned for help. A defective chimney had caused the fire.

POULTRY.

Public Market a Big Help to Producer and Consumer, as It Cuts Out Profit of Middleman--Personal Patronage Better Than Any Other Method, of Course, but Goods Should Be Kept Up to High Standard.

By JUDGE F. J. MARSHALL.

In Germany and France, and in fact in many of the large cities of this country, the market place is the great rendezvous for all classes to trade in the products of the farm. It is specially the place for the farmer and market gardener and the poultry raiser to dispose of their goods. A good market place full of good market goods is a godsend to any community, as it brings the producer and the consumer together.

If the poultryman puts his eggs and dressed poultry into his market stall in the best possible condition he can readily command the top of the market. Buyers, as a rule, are looking for the nicest and most attractive things they can find for the money they have to spend. In this way, you see, the producer and the consumer are brought together and they do away with the middleman's profits. There are, however, many of our best Southern cities in which there are no public street market places, nor the other method of allowing all producers to back up and stand upon certain streets two or three days of the week, for a limited time during the morning hours.

Cities of the South owe it not only to themselves as a purchasing body of people to maintain a good public market, but also they owe it to the community of farmers and producers surrounding them. You need them and they need you. Supplies will be much more satisfactory, both quality and variety. Freshness is half the value in considering all kinds of green garden stuff, as it is in the line of poultry products. The next best thing for the poultryman to do in the absence of these market places is to use a small light delivery wagon, making regular runs certain days, getting in touch with the best hotels, restaurants and private families where they know a good thing when they see it and are willing to pay for it.

Cleanliness Keynote.

Cleanliness, which means attractiveness, is the keynote to success. Let every egg be spick and span, not a spot of any kind to prevent them from looking like they were surely intended to eat. People will stay with you on that class of goods, in spite of the fact that they think they want to buy as cheap as they can.

In the leading cities and larger towns good plump broilers weighing from 1 1-2 to 2 pounds are in good demand from January to June and command fancy prices. The bulk of such trade will usually be at the best hotels, although a good retail market can be worked up by perseverance and a little patience in canvassing the residents. Often those a little larger will take better with private families. Vigor, health and quick growth are the essentials for putting this product upon the market at top prices. Customers will not stand for scrawny, ill-kept looking specimens of this class.

Chicks weighing 2 1-2 to 3 pounds are not much in demand in the best city markets for the simple reason that they are neither broilers, fries nor roasters. Quick-growing, young, tender cockerels weighing from 3 to 4 pounds usually sell pretty well during July and August and bring fairly good prices. Then there is a demand for prime roasters weighing from 4 to 6 pounds at almost any season of the year. They must, however, be well fattened and in the pink of condition.

As a rule, the best time to dispose of old hens and cocks is during the Thanksgiving or Christmas holidays. There is usually at this time an enormous demand for all classes of roasters, consuming everything in sight.

Fine Goods; Best Prices.

The fine ones bring the best prices, so that it stand one in hand to have his product at the head of the list. Stock usually brings the best prices when nicely dressed and furnished in the pink of condition.

A fowl may be rather old, but if nicely handled will not show it so much when dressed as it does in its old scraggly plumage.

In fact, a good healthy fat fowl roasted to a turn is pretty good eating at any time during cold weather. As already indicated, where the poultryman raises stock in considerable numbers, it pays to look up markets for himself. It does not pay to deal in proxies. It requires personal effort inspired by personal interest to make it a go. A retail business of this kind is usually started with two or three good customers who, being well satisfied with the goods delivered, make good trade pullers for you. There must by all means be regularity in the delivery of the goods, as customers soon tire of an irresponsible party who fails to keep his word as to time of delivery. When the housewife is depending upon two dozen eggs at a certain time to do her cooking with she will not be in a very pleasant mood toward you if you fail to show until the next day and then with perhaps but one dozen for her in the place of the two promised.

Let everything go along like clockwork, with precision and system. Provide yourself with neat little packages of some kind holding one, two and three dozen that your delivery may not only be businesslike but more promptly executed, saving your own time and that of your customer.

It will insure confidence at the start if you will take the trouble to stamp each egg as fresh and guaranteed by "yours truly," telling your proposed customers that you will replace all eggs that are not strictly fresh and good.

UNCLE SAM WANTS TO RENT FARM 15 MILES LONG

PALISADE, COLO., May 3.—Your Uncle Samuel has 200 acres full producing in a fruit farm in the heart of the famous Grand Valley orchard district that he doesn't know what to do with. The chances are that he will soon advertise for a renter, but if he cannot find a satisfactory tenant, he may have to operate the place himself.

The fruit ranch is 150 feet wide and fifteen miles long, and some day will be the site of the big High Line Canal, which will be part of the Government's big reclamation scheme in the Grand Valley. The land cost the Government more than $200,000.

CONDUCTORS ON THIS LINE MUST SAY "THANK YOU"

DULUTH, May 3.—If you are on a Soo Line train, do not be surprised if the conductor asks you if you would care for some chilled grape juice, or whether your back is comfortable. Should he say "Thank you" when you hand him your ticket don't be alarmed. He is just carrying out the new order to be polite.

Engineers and firemen also have been cautioned not to allow their engines to "pop" while at a station. Rough stops and starts are to end. So is loud whistling.

Conductors must say, "Thank you" when they are handed tickets.

Get College Pennants



Old Gold and White.

From Your News Dealer

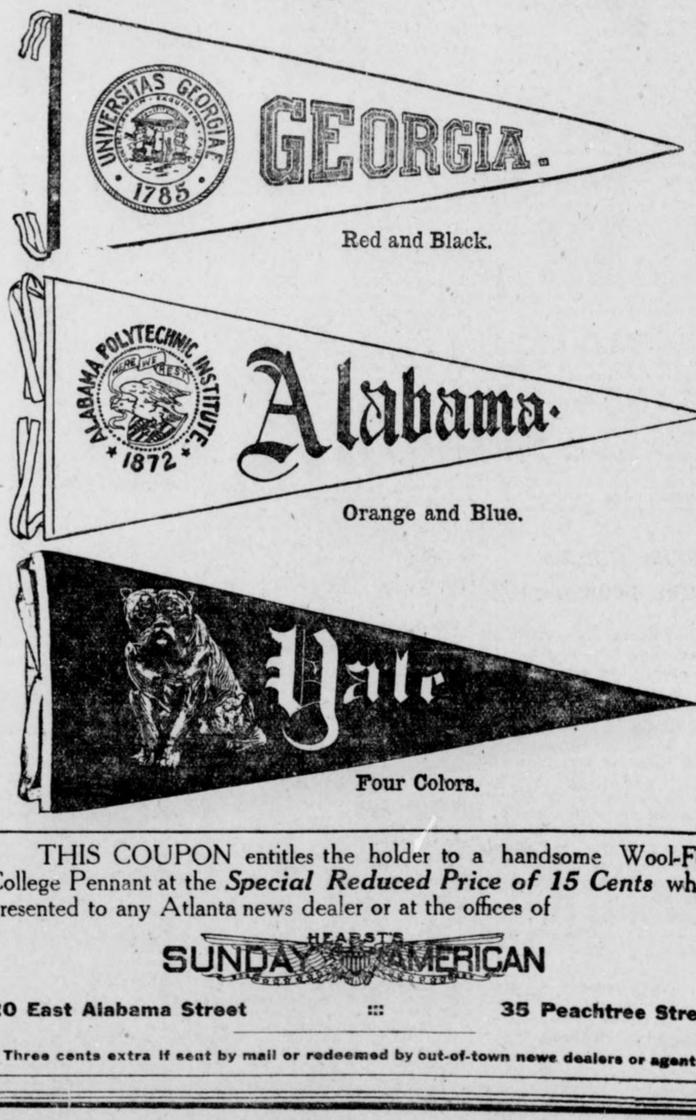
For the convenience of our readers we have arranged with the following news dealers to redeem Hearst's Sunday American Pennant Coupons:

JACKSON-WESSEL DRUG CO., Marietta and Broad Streets.
MARSHALL PHARMACY, Peachtree and Ivy Streets.
PALMER BRANCH, 389 Peachtree Street.
CRUICKSHANK CIGAR CO., Peachtree and Pryor Streets.
CRUICKSHANK CIGAR CO., Mitchell and Whitehall Streets.
HARBOUR'S SMOKE HOUSE, 41 N. Pryor Street.
WEINBERGER BROS. CIGAR STORE, Alabama and Pryor Streets.
BROWN & ALLEN, Alabama and Whitehall Streets.
STAR NEWS CO., Marietta and Broad Streets.
STAR NEWS CO., Peachtree and Walton Streets.
WORLD NEWS CO., Peachtree and Marietta Streets.
HAMES DRUG CO., 380 Whitehall Street.
ARAGON HOTEL NEWS STAND.
ATLANTA SODA CO., Broad and Marietta Streets.
ATLANTA SODA CO., Mitchell and Whitehall Streets.
MEDLOCK PHARMACY, Lee and Gordon Streets.
WEST END PHARMACY, Lee and Gordon Streets.
JOHNSON SODA CO., 441 Whitehall Street.
WHITEHALL ICE CREAM CO., 284 Whitehall Street.
T. J. STEWART, Cooper and Whitehall Streets.
GREATER ATLANTA SODA CO., 209 Peachtree Street.
ADAMS & WISE DRUG STORE, Peachtree and Linden Streets.
TAYLOR BROS. DRUG CO., Peachtree and Tenth Streets.
TAYLOR BROS. DRUG CO., West Peachtree and Howard Streets.
CRYSTAL SODA CO., Luckie and Broad Streets.
ELKIN DRUG CO., Peachtree and Marietta Streets.
ELKIN DRUG CO., Grand Theater Building.
JACOBS' PHARMACY, Alabama and Whitehall Streets.

Out-of-Town Dealers:

BENNETT BROS., 1409 Newcastle Street, Brunswick, Ga.
JOE N. BURNETT, 413-A King Street, Charleston, S. C.
THE GEORGIAN CAFE, East Clayton Street, Athens, Ga.
M. & W. CIGAR COMPANY, East Clayton Street, Athens, Ga.
COLLEGE CAFE, Broad and College Streets, Athens, Ga.
ORR DRUG CO., East Clayton Street, Athens, Ga.
BOSTON CAFE, North College Avenue, Athens, Ga.
SUNDAY AMERICAN BRANCH OFFICE, 165 East Clayton Street, Athens, Ga.

The Hearst's Sunday American Pennants are durably made in fast colors, with heavily embossed, felted letters. Each of them will artistically reproduce the colors and the seal or mascot of some great university or college.



THIS COUPON entitles the holder to a handsome Wool-Felt College Pennant at the ***Special Reduced Price of 15 Cents*** when presented to any Atlanta news dealer or at the offices of

HEARST'S SUNDAY AMERICAN

20 East Alabama Street ::: 35 Peachtree Street

Three cents extra if sent by mail or redeemed by out-of-town news dealers or agents

TORTURE USED BY THOSE WHO KILLED MADERO

President of Mexico's End Described Accurately by Two Different Men.

TESTIMONY OF SOLDIERS

Slain Men Met Their Fate With Extreme Bravery, Both Reports Declare.

WASHINGTON, April 3.—From two widely different sources come the first apparently authentic details of the tragedy and treachery which marked the overthrow of the Madero Government by Huerta and Felix Diaz in Mexico City. One of these reports was received in Washington to-day by a close personal friend of the man who submitted it. The writer is a Mexican who has held a high official position in Mexico for years. He was not identified with the Madero faction; in fact, he took no part in politics. He is at present a refugee in the United States because he took no pains while in Mexico City to conceal his opinion of the killing of President Madero.

The other informant is a warm personal friend of many of the Madero family, and was on most intimate terms with President Madero, although he held no official position. He has spent several days in Washington under an assumed name.

Both he and the ex-official had exceptional opportunities for discovering the facts. Each gained his information concerning the death of Gustavo Madero from soldiers who witnessed it.

The report submitted by the refugee official is laconically headed "Facts." While diction of the translation is imperfect, the meaning is clear.

"Facts" Submitted.

Concerning the death of Gustavo Madero the refugee said:

"Gustavo and I were not on particularly friendly terms. I might say that we disliked each other. But he certainly died like a caballero. One of the soldiers who was in the court yard when the murder took place told me all about it. They brought Gustavo out. He was blinking as the light struck his one eye. His glass eye had been jerked out by Huerta himself when he was arrested in the Gambrino restaurant.

"Gustavo demanded by what right they were treating him so roughly, and told the officer in charge that, if he would give him a gun or a sword he would send one or two of his captors to hell before he died. For answer one of the soldiers struck him in the eye with a bayonet and then gouged it out. Others of the soldiers thrust him in the groin with their bayonets and one man used a keen knife. And all the time Gustavo was shouting "Cowards!" and "Traitors!" and imploring some one to hand a sword, or even a machete.

"He wasn't tortured long. He was dragged over to the heavy wall, where he stood, still cursing his tormentors, weak from loss of blood, but still upright. Then they turned a machine gun on him and it was all over. His body was absolutely unrecognizable."

Francisco Madero Brave.

Of Francisco Madero the speaker said:

"The President had shown on many occasions absolute ignorance of the meaning of physical fear. He showed strong during his last days. The story of his riding at the head of his troops to the National Palace has already been published, but one incident, I think, has never been printed. During his approach to the palace his big gray horse was shot from under him. Madero drew his feet from the stirrups and slipped to the ground unhurt. He calmly walked over to a soldier who was riding near him and dragged the man from his horse and mounted again and rode on.

"Francisco knew that he was fighting against odds, but he wouldn't admit it by his manner. Of course he was suspicious of Huerta by that time. But he 'bluffed' his way through to his office in the palace. As he walked through the guard room, just inside the entrance of the palace, he noticed the expression on the faces of the soldiers on guard. He didn't hesitate. He faced them and said:

"'Here I am, Francisco Madero, lawful President of the Republic. If you are going to shoot me you have a chance to do it now.'

"Then, after a silence, the little man walked unconsciously out into the corridor and proceeded to his desk."

Washington to Welcome Heroine

Wife of Nevada's New Senator

Mrs. Pittman Drove Dog Team

Mrs. Key Pittman, a Senator's wife, who came out victorious from a strenuous life in the Arctic wilds.



As Miss Gates She Traveled Over Thousands of Miles of Snow—Met Husband in Dawson.

WASHINGTON, May 3.—Mrs. Key Pittman, wife of the new Senator from Nevada, will soon join her husband here.

The riding clubs are anticipating Mrs. Pittman as a member, as she was celebrated as a fine horsewoman. She will, no doubt, also join the Daughters of the American Revolution, being eligible as a direct descendant of General Horatio Gates, of Revolutionary fame. She is a native of California, her father, Edgar R. Gates, having been an extensive dealer in redwood timber of that State. The family is well known in social and financial circles. She attended a girls' seminary in Eureka, Cal., and later studied music in San Francisco.

Traveled in Klondike.

Mr. Pittman bears the distinction of being the only woman to enter Washington official life who has traveled through many thousand miles of Klondike snows.

A few years ago she went to Alaska with her brother, Edgar Gates, who was interested in mines near Dawson. They built boats at Linderman, which were placed on sleds and carried down to where the waters were open on the Yukon, and through floating ice they arrived at Dawson. It was here she first met Mr. Pittman and was soon after engaged to him.

Later she made the return trip to meet her fiance at Nome, since he was actively engaged in legal battles pending at Nome and it was impossible for him to leave. This momentous trip was made with two-dog-team drivers over the icy Yukon in midwinter. Mrs. Pittman is of vigorous physique and withstood the hardships of the cold and country with ease.

Senator Pittman in speaking of this said: "I think women, and especially the women of the Klondike, have greater powers of endurance than the men. Up there in the cold countries many times when the men were 'played out' the women had considerably the best of them as to energy.

Out-of-Door Health.

"We both have seen many deeds of daring there, and perhaps the health and vigor which Mrs. Pittman enjoys are due to the fact that she spends a great deal of her time out of doors. She is a fine companion and has taken a keen interest in riding, driving, fishing, hunting and motoring with me, though she has also had a literary training.

"While not a militant suffragette she believes with me that women should have the ballot. In truth, I included suffrage in all my speeches during the campaign in my State. I think the one fundamental reason of my efforts in behalf of suffrage in our State was our particular political field.

"The suffrage women of our State have been particularly active, and my wife is heartily in accord with them. She believes in the untiring energy and stability of women when they are healthy."

MARRIAGE BY LOT ALL WRONG, SAYS FORMER ADVOCATE

Reason: Exponent of Cupid's Lottery Weds and Forgets His Old Scheme.

"MY THEORY ALL WRONG"

Aged Theorist Finally Decides That the Good Old Way Is All Right.

LOS ANGELES, May 3.—George W. DaCunha, formerly of Montclair, N. J., who a few years ago came into national prominence through advocating a plan of compulsory marriage for all men over thirty and women over twenty-five, the soul-mating to be done by lot at the instance of the municipal or State Government, but completely repudiated his own pet scheme and retracted every statement he had made in exploiting it.

Now he admits and insists that the old-fashioned plan where romance is left untrammelled and little Cupid does the pairing is the best plan after all, everything being considered.

Why?

He's married now.

Theorist Breaks Rule.

Unknown to his friends, this theorist stole away like a modern Romeo and married the woman of his own individual choice on the 31st of December.

The now Mrs. DaGunha was formerly Miss Ellen I. Swain, of Santa Monica.

In two glaring respects DaCunha's marriage was contrary to his carefully worked out plan to put an end to the fear of race suicide and build up an American race. Lacking in the mechanical, arbitrary method of bringing husband and wife together, as he advocated, his marriage had the element of romance and it was a deliberate selection, on the part of both—for the two had been friends for over fifty years. He is seventy-six, and says it would be impertinent for any one to ask his wife's age.

And to cap the climax, the marriage was solemnized at the very place where the atmospheré is permeated with romance, where young, romantic couples flock from far and near—Santa Ana.

DaCunha, who made a good-sized fortune out of his profession as ar architect, having erected some of New York's first skyscrapers, and having doubled this amount several times through investments in New York real estate, thought he would wander about aimlessly over the world for a while. So he started for Panama, but when he reached New Orleans he had a cold, and therefore, thereupon, made up his mind that California was the place.

Here he came, and met his old friend, Miss Swain. That was on December 1. A short time afterwards he decided he would not depend on the God of Fortune in the matter of matrimony, that he would not take his chance at shaking up a number of names in a box and marrying according to the draw—he popped the question.

Secretly Married.

They were to be married in June but on the last day of the year, on a little visit to Santa Ana, they were walking along the street. "She pitied me," said DaCunha, laughingly, yesterday, in relating his story. "I am old and she pitied me, and pity is sometimes the kin of love."

"Do you still adhere to your scheme regarding compulsory marriages in the light of your own actions?" he was asked.

"No, the plan is all wrong. It never could have worked. It was impractical, and besides, happiness in married life cannot be secured that way."

DaCunha's systematic plan, which he discussed at great length a few years ago, was based on two premises. First that marriage, at best, was a lottery. Second that there would never be an American race, as such, unless immigration was stopped, and marriage was forced.

His theory was at once taken up and widely discussed by women's clubs and ministers in all sections of the country, and he received hundreds and hundreds of letters from all sections relative to his proposed plan. He even at one time stated that he was contemplating drafting a bill, to be introduced in the New Jersey Legislature, which absolutely prohibited single blessedness after a man had passed the age of thirty or the woman had arrived at the age of twenty-five.

HERE'S WHAT NEW CONGRESSMEN SAY ABOUT OWN LIVES

Write of Their Achievements for the Latest Issue of Congressional Directory.

LAFFERTY HOLDS RECORD

Some of the Budding Statesmen Predict They Have Brilliant Futures Before Them.

WASHINGTON, May 3.—Modesty does not predominate in the biographies of new members of Congress, as shown in the Congressional Directory just issued.

The new members have gone into great detail as to how they happened to come to Congress, and some of them predict considerable success for themselves. The biographical material for the directory is furnished by the Congressmen themselves.

Senator William Thompson, of Kansas, says, "his political success is almost without parallel in the history of the State." He further writes: "It is acknowledged by all who know him that as Senator he will not only bring credit and honor to himself, but to the State and nation as well."

The longest biography is that of Representative Lafferty, of Oregon. He tells where all his brothers and sisters were born and where he was born; where all the folks are living now; where his various forbears were born and what they did to distinguish themselves.

Lafferty's Record.

To show that success has not turned his head, Mr. Lafferty remarks that his full name is Abraham Walter Lafferty, that his friends call him Walter and that his signature is "simply" A. W. Lafferty.

Representative Kavanaugh, of Arkansas, says he has held every position on the Arkansas Gazette from reporter to editor and manager. Representative Keating was an active reporter and editor for twenty years in Colorado, before he decided to represent a district from that State. E'Engle, of Florida, says he has had considerable trouble running his papers.

Representative Hughes, of Idaho, says he served four years as president of the Georgia State Agricultural Society "with great ability."

Representative Fred Britten, of Chicago, makes mention of a unique event in the politics of the day. He is the only man in the Sixty-third Congress who defeated a sitting Representative. He is a Republican and beat Representative Evans, a Democrat. Representative William Henry Wlider, of Massachusetts, has taken out over fifty patents. Samuel W. Beaker, of Michigan, spent only ten days campaigning.

"Spoiler" Attorney.

Senator Key Pittman, of Nevada, was attorney in a lawsuit in Alaska which laid the foundation for Rex Beach's novel "The Spoilers." Representative Foss, of Ohio, tells in the directory where all his children are and what they are doing. The biography of Representative James Sanford, of Oklahoma, says he was once speaker of the Cherokee Legislature, the only intermarried white man who ever held that position.

Representative Allan B. Walsh, of Trenton, N. J., "has the distinction of representing the home district of President Wilson and also of being the first Democratic Congressman from Mercer County in fifty-seven years."

Representative Bremmer, of Passaic, N. J., says he was nominated against his will and Representative Clancy, of Syracuse, N. Y., says he was terribly surprised when elected because he thought his candidacy a joke and that he is looked on "as a political curiosity."

Representative Charles Manly Stedman, of North Carolina, is one of the twelve soldiers who were engaged in the first battle of Bethel, and who surrendered with Lee at Appomattox. Representative Difenderfer, of Pennsylvania, says he built and operated the first woolen mill in the Chinese Empire.

Murray's Nickname.

Representative Murray, of Oklahoma, has his nickname—"Alfalfa Bill"—beside his regular name in the book.

Lawyers, as usual, form the bulk of the legislators. Sixty-nine are in the Senate and 270 in the House. In the Senate there are eight editors, six farmers, five business men, five bankers, two doctors and one soldier. The House contains seventy-nine business men, thirty-three editors, ten teachers, eighteen farmers, nine mechanics and workmen, six bankers, six doctors, one author, one soldier, one preacher and one lecturer.

The directory lists in the Senate fifty-one Democrats, forty-four Republicans and one Progressive. In the House there are 290 Democrats, 127 Republicans, seven Progressive Republicans, nine Progressives and one Independent, with a vacant seat caused by the death of Representative Lagare, of South Carolina. The House roll call, which for several Congresses has been led by Representative Adair, of Indiana, will be led in this Congress by a new Representative, John W. Abercrombie, of Alabama.

ARE WE COMING TO THIS?

Here is the latest creation from Paris which is causing a sensation and reflects the olden styles. It is composed of an ample gown of white silk muslin, embroidered with gold, and of a small short tunic, embroidered with gilt "pastilles" finished by a high gilt fringe. The edge is held up by a feather-whale circle. A high embroidered galon and three emerald stones makes the girdle. The bodice deeply decollete in V is made of silk muslin embroidered with strass. This is an original model worn by Madame Cora Laparcerie, in "La Minaret" the Persian play now being produced in Paris.



CLEVER TRICK WORKED BY FRENCH DESERTERS

PARIS, May 3.—Four soldiers deserted from the barracks of Riom recently by an amusing trick.

They had evening leave, and went to a public dance in a hall in the town. During an intervals they proposed to four civilians that it would be good fun to change clothes and puzzle their partners.

The civilians put on the uniforms, and the soldiers put on the civilians' clothes. Later the four civilians went to the barracks to give up their uniforms and report what had happened. The soldiers are still missing.

WOMAN SLEUTHS TO SAVE GIRLS

Los Angeles Puts Two Female Detectives at Work to Guard Delinquents.

LOS ANGELES, May 3.—Aiming to protect young women and avoid delinquency among them as far as possible, two women plainclothes officers have been appointed to commence work in this city May 1. Mrs. Alice Stebbins Wells, the first policewoman ever appointed, and Mrs. Rachel Shatto, who has been a police matron, will be the new team of women plainclothes patrolwomen.

The two women officers are to operate in the same manner as do detectives and plainclothes officers. They are to be on duty from 4 o'clock in the afternoon until nearly midnight.

They are to patrol the downtown streets just as policemen do, only they will wear street clothes, and will visit dance halls, skating rinks, motion picture theaters, cafes, penny arcades and amusement places in general where juveniles are in need of protection. While they are expected in a general way to see that all laws and ordinances regulating these amusement places are obeyed and prosecute the offenders, their particular work will be to act as protective officers to young girls who are roaming about the streets or who are conducting themselves in an improper manner.

Wherever they see the conduct of young people to be such that it should be reported to their parents, they are to escort them home and inform their parents of what they have learned, and then make a report to the juvenile department.

22 BIRTHS ON FARM ALL ON THE SAME DAY

GRAND JUNCTION, COLO., May 3.—Joseph Harrison, a rancher, was awakened by the doctor at 4 o'clock this morning to rock his new-born twin boys to sleep. When he went out to the barn to do his early chores he stumbled over a new-born calf, and just after sunrise his blooded brood sow gave birth to a litter of six pigs. Not to be outdone, a setting hen hatched out eleven little chicks, and a pigeon hatched out two squabs.

$3.50 Recipe Free, For Weak Men

Send Name and Address Today —You Can Have It Free and Be Strong and Vigorous

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains, or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So I have determined to send a copy of the prescription free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellowmen to send them a copy in confidence so that any man anywhere who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what I believe is the quickest-acting restorative, upbuilding, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and so cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 3614 Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid recipe in a plain ordinary envelope free of charge. A great many doctor would charge $3 to $5 for merely writing out a prescription like this—but I send it entirely free.

Piles BO-SAN-KO'S PILE REMEDY Gives instant relief in Itching, Bleeding or Protruding Piles. 60c. DR. BOSANKO 224 N. 10th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

TOBACCO HABIT You can conquer it easily in 3 days, improve your health, prolong your life. No more stomach trouble, no foul breath, no heart weakness. Regain manly vigor, calm nerves, clear eyes and superior mental strength. Whether you chew or smoke pipe, cigarettes, cigars, get my interesting Tobacco Book. Worth its weight in gold. Mailed free. E. J. WOODS, 534 Sixth Ave., A 339 New York, N. Y.

LADIES $1000 Reward! I positively guarantee my great, Successful "Monthly" Compound. Safely relieves the longest, most obstinate, abnormal cases in 3 to 5 days. No harm, pain or interference with work. Mail $1.50. Double Strength $2.00. Booklet FREE. Write to-day. Address Dr. A. I. Southington Remedy Co., 515 Main St., Kansas City, Mo.





THE man who provides best for his family, makes some provision for the future, as well as for their present needs.

The wage-earner should reserve a part (however small it may be) out of each pay envelope and deposit it regularly on his bank account.

These savings will be a 'friend in need' and a 'friend indeed.'

100% Safety
4% Interest

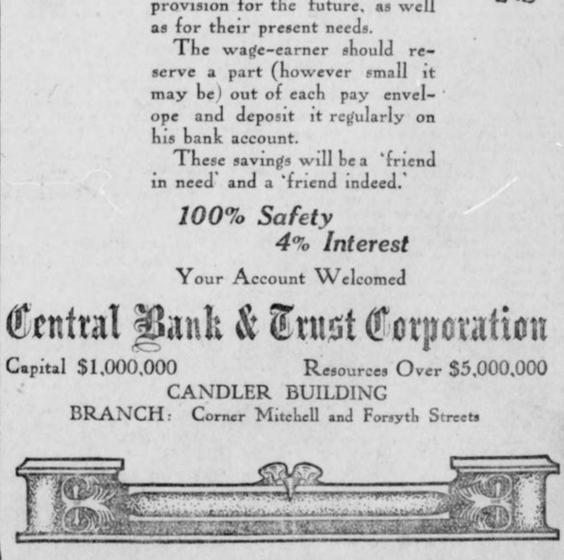
Your Account Welcomed

Central Bank & Trust Corporation

Capital $1,000,000 Resources Over $5,000,000

CANDLER BUILDING

BRANCH: Corner Mitchell and Forsyth Streets



Special 30-day cut price on **STRAIGHT WHISKEY**

Made to Secure 5,000 New Customers

Send for 2 gallons of this whiskey at the CUT PRICE of $2.95 and compare the quality with 2 gallons of any other kind advertised in this paper at $4.00 or $5.00 for 2 gallons, and if our Straight Whiskey is not better—you be the judge—send ours back on first train and we will return your $2.95 and a dollar bill extra for your time.

The above is an iron-clad offer, never before printed in any paper by any whiskey house—so it's up to you to test it out! Return this ad with remittance and state if you wish Rye or Corn Whiskey.

SPECIAL The Webb Bill is not intended to and does not interfere in the slightest manner with shipments of whiskey intended or personal use. We guarantee delivery to you of above described 2 gallons Straight Whiskey on receipt of $2.95. We refer to Atlantic National Bank, Jacksonville, Fla.

Uncle Sam Distilling Company
JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

Poorhouse Inmate Stages Book of Job

Pauper Then Recites Own Work in Finished Style for His Companions in Poverty.

BANGOR, ME., May 3.—Samuel W. Ingalls, an inmate of the Auburn City Farm, has dramatized the Book of Job and committed it to memory. Mr. Ingalls is said to be one of the finest elocutionists in the State, and his reading of this work gives the hearer a new idea and grander conception of the Bible than ever before. Some who have heard him in this reading compare his work to that of Booth in his best days.

Mr. Ingalls has been unfortunate in many ways, as he has just lost one leg while standing by the bedside of a dying wife. Over-exertion in his devotion to duty brought on gangrene, and the limb had to be removed. His only son died while serving his flag in the Philippines, and in his old age he has been left practically alone to battle with fate. His only daughter is a wife of a college professor in Massachusetts.

Character Revealed by Nose, Says Expert

Professor H. J. Atkins Also Declares Bonehead Is Reality Not Merely Slang Phrase.

CHICAGO, May 3.—If you are in doubt about the character of any person, look at his nose. You can read it there, even though the rest of his head is concealed. At least that is the way Professor H. J. Atkins, efficiency expert, declared that he read character, before the Western Efficiency Club. Professor Atkins has been engaged during the past few months in reading character for the large department stores on State Street.

"A person's nose shows by its shape all the main characteristics of his nature," professor Atkins stated. "I can read his character just as plainly by the shape of his nose and head as though it was written in a book." This was not the only startling theory advanced.

"The bonehead is not merely a slang phrase; it is a real type."

"Look out for a man with a head that is narrow at the top. He'll work a bunco game on you if he gets a chance."

"People with full, red lips are of the kissing nature. They like to kiss and to be kissed."

Thanks Given for Rescue Years Ago

"Baby" Dragged From Under Engine Meets Fireman Who Saved It for First Time.

BLOOMINGTON, ILL., May 3.—A tall young man walked into the office of J. J. Butler, trainmaster of the Chicago & Alton, and introduced himself as John Bott, of Godfrey.

"You saved my life seventeen years ago and I want to thank you," Bott said. "This is the first opportunity I have had."

In 1896 Butler was a fireman on the same road, running between Bloomington and St. Louis. One morning he and his engineer were horrified to see a baby standing between the rails. The engineer applied the air brakes, but it was plain that he could not stop in time.

Fireman Butler, like a flash, went through the window of the cab and along the running board, dropping to the pilot. Standing upon the lower step of the pilot and holding on with one hand, he reached out with the other and lifted the baby up and out of danger.

Years passed and the fireman, later engineer and trainmaster, heard nothing from the incident, until Bott walked in and introduced himself as the baby of seventeen years ago.

Legless Man Proves Wonderful Farmer

Missouri Man Overcomes Physical Handicap and Makes Success of Life.

PARIS, MO., May 3.—A young man with no legs, yet who can traverse a county at pleasure, getting about almost as well as those who do have legs, and who manages and does his part of the actual work on a farm of 240 acres, is one of the prodigies Monroe county has given the world. His name is Earl Craft.

He is a son of Charles E. Craft, living near Paris, and he was born on a Monroe County farm 25 years ago. In good looks, manners and general demeanor he might pass for Sir Richard Calmady, the legless hero of Lucas Malet's novel of that name. At the age of twelve years Earl was taken with necrosis of the bone, for which there is no specific, and both his legs were amputated at the hips.

He can hook or unhook a team, ride a horse, drive a gang plow, cultivator or binder, and do almost anything else to be done on a farm, save gather corn, at which he is not very handy. Last week he built and roofed a hen house without assistance, and is one of the most efficient men in the County.

SEN. WARREN, MILLIONAIRE, STILL AFTER $16 PENSION

The Gentleman From Wyoming States Why He Wants It in Reply to a Letter of Protest.

APPLIED FOR IT SECRETLY

W. H. Harvey Carries on Some Interesting Correspondence With Rich Sheep Owner.

The surprising defense of Senator Francis E. Warren, the richest man in Wyoming and one of the most influential men in the Senate, when asked why he applied for a $16 a month pension is:

First. That he wants to have his army record established.

Second. That he intends to give the money to some deserving soldier unable to get a pension. The defense is made in a reply to Warren H. Harvey, author of "Coin's Financial School," who wrote a remonstrance when he heard what Warren had done.

Not only is Warren a great banker and landowner in Wyoming, but he is one of the biggest sheep owners in the world, and his penchant for fencing in Government land on which to harbor his sheep has several times got him into disfavor. There has been talk among Warren's Democratic colleagues of trying to dispossess him of his Senatorial seat, but it has as yet not come to anything.

When Warren applied for a pension he did it secretly. When his application was discovered and the news became known his brother Senators were aghast, for he is among the richest men in that body of millionaires.

No one, until he explained, had the slightest idea of what he intended to do with that $16 a month. And few of his brethren took great deal of stock in his explanation. The correspondence in part follows:

Mr. Harvey's Letter.

Monte Ne, Ark., March 14, 1913.
Senator F. E. Warren, Washington, D. C.:

Dear Sir—The papers report you as applying for a pension. I want to know if this is true.

General George Washington served his country, in the army, for eight years without pay, and never asked for a pension. You are now receiving a handsome salary for your services as a United States Senator, and I learned that you are well fixed financially otherwise.

That so many people are now trying to pluck the Government, which, when injured, helps to tear down the common good, is a sad phase to our present civilization, foreboding worse evil to come, and I hope this report is not true of you, and that you will write me to that effect. Should I get no reply I will take it that it is true.

But hoping that you will set it at rest by your contradiction, I am

Yours very truly,
W. H. HARVEY,
Author of Coin's Financial School

Senator Warren's Answer.

To this Senator Warren replied as follows:

Washington, D. C., March 20, 1913.
Mr. W. H. Harvey, Monte Ne, Ark.:

Dear Sir—Your letter of the 14th instant is at hand, and in reply I beg to state that it is true I have applied for a pension, to which I am entitled under the law for honorable service in the so-called "Civil War." All the money which I shall derive from my pension when granted will be placed in a trust company at interest, to be used only in assisting indigent soldiers and their families.

However, in addition to my desire to create a charitable fund as above, I wished to preserve my military record in the archives of the Pension Bureau so that my descendants might have no trouble in locating my record of service many years hence.

I might have applied for a pension several years ago, as I was entitled to it, but I postponed doing so and finally determined upon it only when I found a growing me so many old and decrepit men who had served their country in its time of need and whose regular pension is insufficient to furnish themselves and their families the necessities of life.

You may be one of those who believe that every surviving Union soldier of the Civil War should be shot. If so, of course you and I could not agree.

Very truly yours,
F. E. WARREN.

To this Mr. Harvey replied, in part:

Monte Ne, Ark.,
March 26, 1913.

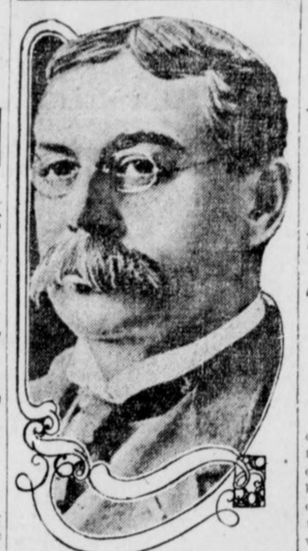
Senator F. E. Warren, Washington, D. C.:

Dear Sir—I have your letter and regret to learn that it is true that you have applied for a pension. I note what you say as the reason for doing so, and, after giving you the full benefit of such intentions, submit the following reasons why you should withdraw your application:

The War Office is supposed to have the roster of its soldiers, and if your name is not on it, on proper evidence, I feel sure they would place it there. Your right to give charity out of your personal income is unquestioned, but not so with the Government.

It would be necessary for you to first legally acquire the pension before it is rightfully yours to

SENATOR WARREN, who seeks a pension, though he is one of the richest men in the country.



give. The object of the Government is not charity, but justice. The pension law was originally designed to aid those who in war had been disabled by disease or wounds and by reason of which are unable to support themselves. It was not intended to go further than this * * * * * * *

No Senator, the policy you are advocating by teaching an example, will tend to impoverishing the Government, enervating our citizenship and making the surviving, brave and deserving soldiers ashamed of the class their names are associated with on the pension roll.

I would defend them against being enrolled with aimstakers and grafters. You, a rich man, have no right morally or constitutionally, our highest law, to receive a pension and no matter what you expect to do with it when obtained, it is not rightfully yours to dispose of.

I regret the use, by you, of the closing sentence in your letter: "You may be one of those who believe that every surviving Union soldier of the Civil War should be shot, etc." It is a bad ear mark, Senator to use that language. Had your cause been just, I think, you would have expressed yourself in courteous language. Every grafter, when assailed, seeks to create prejudice against his accuser. You can not win respect for a monument of fraud by waving a shirt over it dyed with the blood of an honest soldier.

I am one of millions who congratulate the Union on its having been preserved and who wish to still preserve it from vandal hands. And every deserving pensioner, having once before bravely defended the integrity of his country, will join me in the views I am expressing.

Hoping that you will attach due importance to the illustrious example set by Washington, be influenced by the many cogent reasons therefore, and withdrew your application for a pension, I am,

Yours very truly,
W. H. HARVEY.

HUSBAND A PUPIL OF SCHOOL TEACHER-WIFE

FORT WORTH, TEXAS, May 3.—After marrying his teacher, Miss Alice Dunlop, here, Edwin Crowling, age 18, is on his way back to Chataqua, Texas, with his bride. When they arrive she will reopen her school and he will again take his place as her pupil.

The teacher, who is 26, and her youthful admirer eloped because of the objections of the boy's parents, and after refusals at other points a license was granted here. The now Mrs. Crowling intends to send her husband to an academy later and expects to train him to become a leader of men.

GIRLS AT WELLESLEY COLLEGE LIVE HIGH

WELLESLEY, MASS., May 3.—Wellesley College girls average $200 a year for pin money. This does not include college expenses, dress or railroad fare. Dinners, luncheons and parties are a favorite form of entertainment which costs heavily. Then there is the theater and the opera, private dances at the Inn and week-end parties at the shore. From $50 to $75 is spent on candies and ice cream annually. And there are flowers, hairdressing and manicuring service, class and club dues and countless other small expenses.

DOMESTIC UNION ASKS FOR TWO AFTERNOONS OFF

CHICAGO, May 3.—Two afternoons a week off and the right to entertain company in the parlor are among the demands to be made by domestic servants who have just organized a union, to be known as the Household Workers Association. The new union obtained a charter from the American Federation of Labor.

As soon as the organization is of sufficient strength to control the situation better working conditions will be demanded, together with regular hours of work. Wednesday and Sunday afternoons will be the free time demanded.

COURT RULES GUM SLOT MACHINE GAMING DEVICE

KANSAS CITY, MO., May 3.—The court of appeals to-day decided that a gum slot machine is a gambling device, and its use is rightfully prohibited by city ordinance and State law. Judge Jackson, in his opinion, defined gambling as "whenever the player hazards his money on a chance that he may return money or property of greater value than he hazards." Admission of the lower court assessing a fine against a merchant is affirmed.

FLIGHT OVER SEA IN DAY POSSIBLE, SAYS DR. BELL

Telephone Inventor Is Enthusiastic Over the Likelihood of the Test.

72 HOURS ARE PLENTY

"Trip Ought to Be Made at a Single Spurt," Declares the Famous Expert.

NEW YORK, May 3.—Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, inventor of the telephone and a pioneer in the use of heavier-than-air flying machines, believes that Lord Northcliffe's offer of $50,000 for the first flight across the Atlantic in a hydro-aeroplane within seventy-two consecutive hours will be soon claimed.

While certain modifications in existing machines ought to be effected, Dr. Bell repeatedly said that as aerial science stood to-day the English publisher's offer is a good sporting chance for airmen.

"There are machines existing now," said Dr. Bell, "which, if they can continue doing for twenty hours what they have done already for shorter periods, will make the flight possible in a single day. The seventy-two hours is a much longer time than will be needed. If the ocean is to be traversed in an airship at all, it will be in far less time than Lord Northcliffe allows.

"If I were to make the flight," went on the veteran inventor with boyish enthusiasm, "I wouldn't make any allowances for lightning at sea and replenishing my fuel. To make the trip at all, it ought to be done in a single spurt."

Chances Against Landing.

While hydro-aeroplanes can take to the water and rise again into the air the chances are against their doing anything of the sort. There is also very little likelihood of their finding the supply ship from which to replenish their tanks. Even if the wings of the airship are not injured by the descent, the chances are that once on the water it would remain there until picked up, or until, under the buffetings of the sea, it went lower still and disappeared."

Dr. Bell referred to his laboratory notes and stenographic reports of conversations with the Canadian inventor, F. W. Baldwin, in 1909, looking to long flights by aeroplanes through high altitudes.

Dr. Bell's ideas, based on his investigations made with Mr. Baldwin, is that the greatest service will be got from the aeroplanes flying at great heights. Mr. Baldwin advanced the idea, which Dr. Bell at once accepted, that the resistance to the forward rush of an airship diminishes in exact ratio with the density of the air.

Flight in High Altitude.

Therefore, at that height a machine capable with sufficient propeller revolutions or driving forty miles an hour at sea level—and much greater speed had actually been attained—would go at a rate of 120 miles an hour.

Mr. Baldwin saw in his plan, said Dr. Bell, the objection that the suffering of the aviator for want of air would be too great at thits altitude for any prolonged effort. But Dr. Bell at once met the objection by saying that obviously, even if the atmosphere were thinned to one-third its normal density, a speed of three times the normal rate would project the aviator against exactly the same number of particles of oxygen as if he went forty miles an hour on sea level.

In other words, the onward rush of the machine, increasing in precise ratio with the diminishing density of the air would automatically condense the air and preserve a normal atmosphere.

At the same time the higher speed would give the lighter air precisely the supporting power of heavier air at sea level with the lower speed that would be the best attainable in that density.

"Go up as high as you like," said Dr. Bell, "and your speed will go up with you. We used to think a balloon or dirigible the best for high flying. But now we know that is not true. A balloon in the rare atmosphere of the high skies would need to be expanded to triple its size to carry the weight with which it started. And, once aloft, it could not descend without letting off gas. The airship, however, adjusts all this automatically by variations in its speed. It is precisely as if by seeking the rarer airs it reefed its sails for a gale and then scudded along.

Adjustable Gearing.

Dr. Bell said that the chief improvement needed in modern motors, aside from certainty of endurance, was an engine with adjustable gearing, so that as the air grew rarer the same amount of fuel would produce an increasing number of revolutions. This device was already in use on automobiles.

The passengers would be inclosed in a car, into the forward end of which air would be introduced through a funnel and held there under compression by the forward rush.

This air could be heated without the use of additional fuel by encircling car with the exhaust pipe, so that the passengers at any altitude, which theoretically might be increased indefinitely with a corresponding indefinite increase in speed, would sit in a normal atmosphere at a normal temperature, and devote their energies to picking out their way to whatever goal they might have in view.

"Starting at Halifax," said one passage in Dr. Bell's notebook, "in the early morning by daylight, we should reach the coast of Ireland in time for a late dinner. This is assuming that the distance is 2,000 miles."

Dr. Bell's calculations were based on an airship capable of forty miles an hour at normal elevations. He proposed for it to fly actually five miles high in our third the atmosphere with a triple speed.

DEATH OF PRINCE VIVIDLY TOLD BY COURT INTIMATE

Autobiography of Countess Marie Larisch, Published in London, Full of Interest.

MANY SECRETS REVEALED

Author Thinks the Austrian Heir Feared Discovery of Deep Plot for Throne.

Special Cable to The American.

LONDON, May 3.—Countess Marie Larisch, in her autobiography, "My Past," fully satisfies the expectation that the niece and one-time confidant of Elizabeth, the murdered Empress of Austria, would reveal many court secrets which hitherto have been suppressed. The book is written spicily and with no end of detail.

It is for the most part an intimate story of the "tragedy of Meyerling"—the love affair of the Crown Prince Rudolph, only son of Emperor Francis Joseph, and the Baroness Marie Vetsera and their strange death in Rudolph's hunting lodge near Vienna on January 30, 1889. Countess Larisch was one of the last persons to see Rudolph alive and her own part in the intrigue whose climax has been a mystery for 24 years caused the Empress to cast her off. The countess says that what actually happened in the hunting lodge is a matter for conjecture, but she has every reason to believe that Rudolph shot his sweetheart and himself—that all theories of avenging murder by an uncle or a brother of Marie Vetsera are wrong.

Several Love Affairs.

Marie Vetsera had had several love affairs, according to the autobiographer, when she returned to the Austrian court in 1888 and told Countess Larisch that she was infatuated with Prince Rudolph and how she had met him for the first time at midnight in a carriage which he sent for her. The countess says she did not approve of the affair, but kept her friend's secret.

A few days later Rudolph called on the countess, his cousin, announced that Marie Vetsera was being spied upon and begged the countess to prevent Marie from causing a scandal.

The Crown Prince wasn't getting on well with his wife, Princess Stephanie of Belgium. He was sick of court intrigue and he said to Countess Larisch: "O my God, why was I born? All the best what am I? A poor creature cused with the sins of my progenitors."

The countess took Marie Vetsera to a rendezvous where Prince Rudolph said he wanted merely a ten-minute interview. On their arrival Rudolph amazed the countess by putting Marie in an inner room, locking all the doors and threatening to kill the countess when she threatened to tell the Empress. The countess called him "a devil." He replied that he stood "on the brink of a precipice," and pleaded that he must keep Marie two days in order to come to an understanding with her mother. He persuaded the countess to say nothing, and she returned to the palace. On January 31 she heard from Dr. Wiederhofer that the Crown Prince and Marie Vetsera were dead—both shot through the head. Rudolph's body had been found on the floor with a revolver in his hand and Marie lay on a bed.

Empress Deeply Grieved.

The Empress was like a woman turned to stone when she heard the news. To Baroness Vetsera, Marie's mother, she coldly said: "It is too bad. Both of them are dead." When the Emperor arrived at Meyerling the scene was "agonizing." He "leaned against a wall and cried as if his heart would break." Dr. Wiederhofer refused to certify the cause of death as apoplexy, saying the people should not be kept in the dark. The Crown Prince had a royal funeral, but the burial of Marie Vetsera was attended by dreadful scenes. Her uncles had to dress the body and remove it from the lodge in such a way that she should seem to be alive. In a closed carriage it was taken at night to the Cistercian Abbey of Heiligenkreuz and buried in a rough coffin without a shroud.

Three weeks later Countess Larisch received a delayed note in which Marie Vetsera asked forgiveness for the troubles she had caused and advising her to "follow us" if life became too hard.

There is no doubt that politics had something to do with the tragedy, Countess Larisch says. The Crown Prince and the Archduke John of Tsucany had been plotting together for the throne of Hungary and the countess thinks he may have feared discovery. She doubts if his motives will ever be revealed. She denies that the Crown Prince and Marie Vetesera were brother and sister, who resolved on death when they discovered the fact, and she says all other theories except that they died together willingly have been disproved.

DAY OF WEEPING WOMEN IN THEATERS HAS PASSED

Special Cable to The American.

LONDON, May 3.—A constant theater-goer writes to a London paper that he has come to the conclusion that the day of weeping women has passed.

"It seems only a few years ago," he writes, "that women wept on the slightest provocation. Now seems which would move the heart of the most cynical do not bring a tear to the eye of the modern woman.

"My experience is that men in the audience more often give vent to their emotions. If they do not weep, they sniff and use their handkerchiefs."

WOMAN SEEKS FRANCHISE FOR BIG STREET RAILWAY

VANCOUVER, WASH., May 3.—Dr. Isabel Sedgwick Putnam, representing unknown capital, to-night made application before the City Council at its regular meeting for a fifty-year franchise to build and operate a streetcar line in this city. Dr. Putnam is a well-known practicing physician and surgeon in this city. She owns a two-story brick block on one of the business streets.

DROPSY TREATED. Quick relief. Dropsy, swelling, short breath soon removed, often entire relief in 15 to 30 days. Trial treatment sent FREE. Write Dr. H. H. Green's Sons, Box B, Atlanta, Ga.

He Phoned News of His Own "Suicide"

Foxy Trick Attempted by a Fugitive to Throw Policemen Off Track Proves Unavailing.

NEW YORK, May 3.—"Morris Wolf has committed suicide," said someone over the telephone to Sergeant Moore at the Paterson Police Station late Sunday night, and then cut off connection.

The sergean was perplexed. The only Morris Wolf of whom he knew was a man wanted by the authorities of New Jersey on a charge of conducting a "fence" for the disposal of stolen goods. An hour later Detective Lord, on a street car, arrested the Morris Wolf for whom they had been looking. The police say he telephoned that he had killed himself hoping they would discontinue their search.

Dictagraph to Bar Spooning in Parks

Police Can Overhear All Conversation by Means of New Invention.

MILWAUKEE, May 3.—This season's prospects for park spooners are threatened. An inventor has offered the city a dictagraph, which he guarantees will record every word of conversation carried on in the parks.

When it is installed police will be able to listen to the tete-a-tetes of every couple within several hundred feet of them.

The invention consists of numerous sound receivers connected by wires which lead to the central station. These receivers are placed in trees overhanging the haunts of spooners.

Gold Braid Given Convicts of Merit

All Forms of Punishment in the Indiana Penitentiary Are Abolished.

MICHIGAN CITY, IND., May 3.—The "hole", otherwise known as "the solitary," has been abolished at the Indiana State Penitentiary. So have prison stripes.

The announcement was made today by Warden E. J. Fogarty. Prisoners in the future will wear light blue and plaids. Although the changes remove unruly prisoners, Warden Fogarty declares the prison will continue to maintain excellent discipline."

Warden Fogarty said the abolishing of "the solitary" and stripes puts the Indiana prison ahead of any similar institution in the world.

There is nothing in Goodrich Advertising that isn't in Goodrich Tires

Best in the long run—
Goodrich Tires

The tread of a Goodrich Tire, instead of being a separate piece or part, is actually the outside of the tire.

It is *of* the tire—not merely put *on* it.

This is one reason why the thick, tough Goodrich tread does not peel or strip.

Unit molding is the great principle of construction in Goodrich Tires. It was the way we made the first American clincher tire, sixteen years ago. We have never changed the method, because it is a principle proven over and over in our forty-three years of successful rubber manufacturing.

The whole Goodrich Tire—layers of rubber-impregnated fabric, strips of pure rubber, extra strips thickening and reinforcing the sides and eliminating chances for rim injury, beads and thick, tough tread—is converted into a single, strong, lively, integral structure—a *unit*.

No weak places—no dead spots because of over vulcanizing.

The result is long, satisfactory, uniform service and wear.

We'll send you free our folders telling you how to get the most service from your tires.

Your tire dealer will supply you with whatever style of Goodrich Tire is best for your needs. They are all the same *kind and quality*.

The B. F. Goodrich Co
ATLANTA BRANCH.
25 Houston Street.

Factories: Akron, Ohio.
Branches and Service Stations in All Principal Cities. Dealers Everywhere.



Write for Goodrich Route Book covering the auto tour you select. These books are sent free on request.

RICH WOMEN AID NEW CANCER WAR

Mrs. Russell Sage and Others Unite With Physicians in Fighting Disease.

NEW YORK, May 3.—Under the leadership of Dr. Clement Cleveland, cancer expert, a nation-wide movement for combating the ravages of cancer was inaugurated yesterday at a meeting at 925 Park Avenue.

The conference was attended by Drs. Henry E. Coe, Robert Abbe, Joseph D. Bryant, Charles E. Gibson, Joseph Erattauer and Le Roy Broun, James Speyer, V. Everitt Macy, George C. Clark, Mrs. Frederick W. Vanderbilt, Mrs. Russell Sage, Mrs. Robert W. de Forest, Mrs. Robert G. Mead, Mrs. E. R. Hewitt, Mrs. James Speyer, Mrs. Robert C. Black, Mrs. George C. Clark, Mrs. H. Winthrop Gray and Mrs. F. F. Thompson.

A committee on organization was named by Dr. Cleveland, to consist of Dr. Broun, James Speyer, V. Everitt Macy, George C. Clark and Frederick L. Hoffman. Hoffman is the statistician of the Equitable Life Assurance Association, and in that capacity has assembled much data on cancer in the United States.

The committee will outline an active organization and will submit its report to the meeting in Washington in May of the American Medical Association. Until the subject has been acted upon there no details of the plans of the crusade against cancer will be given out for publication.

It is known, however, that the cancer problem will be attacked after the methods employed by the society that for years has been fighting tuberculosis. A main feature of the work will be educational and sanitary. As it has been determined by statistics that women are more subject to the malady than are men, physicians, nurses, housewives, mothers, etc., will be particularly instructed in special hygienic courses as a means of avoiding cancer.

The country will be covered with books and pamphlets on the subject, and exhibitions like those given by the anti-tuberculosis societies will be established in the large centers.

PURE FOOD CLUB HAS BEEN FOUNDED IN LONDON

Special Cable to The American.

LONDON, May 3.—A new West End club is projected, and it is one of a distinctly original kind. Its members are to be drawn from among the fashionable food reformers. Food reform has made great headway among society people, but as yet no club has been found for their exclusive use.

Many of the features of the Continental "nature cure" which is reputed to bring health, beauty and long life, notably sun and air baths are to be used. These will be taken on the roof, hidden from passers-by and overlookers by greenery. Membership of the club is to be open to both sexes.

PROGRESSIVE MEDICINE, MODERN EQUIPMENT and VAST EXPERIENCE

Are the Keynotes of Success With the Up-to-Date Specialist in Nervous and Chronic Diseases

Dr. Hughes Tells Why His Improved German-American Methods CURE When Others Fail

Any person in need of skilled medical attention should consult Dr. Hughes, Atlanta's skilled Reliable Specialist, because he shows by the way he examines you and the manner in which he is satisfying his patients, that his methods are **Different, Quicker** and far **Better** than those of the average doctor.

His Methods Are Painless---His Cures Are Quick and Lasting



Consultation, Examination and Advice FREE!

I Advertise What I Do
I Do What I Advertise

Are you a Sick, Diseased, Worn-Out, Run-Down Man? Have you the dread Blood Poison? Are you suffering Nerve, Blood and Skin Diseases, STRICTURE, Prostatic Troubles, Varicocele, Hydrocele, Kidney, Bladder and Urinary Diseases? I successfully treat all nervous, deep seated and serious ailments of women and men.

I NEVER DISAPPOINT MY PATIENTS
I FULFILL MY EVERY PROMISE
I NEVER HOLD OUT FALSE HOPES

MY GRATEFUL PATIENTS SPEAK FOR ME
READ THE FOLLOWING TESTIMONIALS

Atlanta, Ga., April 16, 1913.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:—

This is to show that about four years ago, after having been treated by numerous doctors and after taking various treatments, without success, I went to Dr. Hughes, after having suffered more than eight months with Kidney and Bladder troubles and other complications, among them a frequent desire to urinate without being able to do so with any degree of success. Every time I had a desire to urinate the pain and misery were almost unbearable.

After Dr. Hughes examined me, he readily told me that he could completely cure my case. The first bottle of his medicine relieved me to such an extent that I was able to sleep the first night; something I had not been able to do in eight months.

Dr. Hughes, in my opinion, will treat every one fairly and honestly. I found him a gentleman who can be relied upon. After a little over four years since taking his treatment, I write this letter to show him my appreciation, because he is the only physician who ever gave me the slightest relief and after the four years have passed I feel and know I am completely cured, as I have never been bothered with this trouble since consulting Dr. Hughes.

(Signed) W. L. DAVIDSON.
301 Crew Street, Atlanta, Ga.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this the 16th day of April, 1913.

C. H. GROOVER,
Notary Public, Fulton County, Ga.

Atlanta, Ga., April 16, 1913.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:—

This is to certify that for about two years I had been afflicted with Hemorrhoids and Bleeding Piles and tried various treatments and consulted various physicians without receiving any permanent relief. After making a thorough investigation of Dr. J. D. Hughes, of 16½ North Broad Street, Atlanta, Ga., I decided to place my case in his hands, which I did a short time ago. I will be say that after taking two local treatments in the office of Dr. Hughes, that I have been completely cured of my troubles. Before taking treatment from Dr. Hughes my trouble had reached a stage where the disease caused me great pain and suffering. The piles itching and bleeding to such an extent that life was almost unbearable. I have had no pain or suffering whatever since consulting Dr. Hughes and it is with pleasure that I write this letter and have told Dr. Hughes that he may publish same, if he so wishes. I gladly recommend Dr. Hughes to any one suffering from diseases of this nature. I found Dr. Hughes to be a gentleman in every respect and I know that he will keep any promise which he makes to his patients.

(Signed) S. S. LESTER.
Loganville, Ga.

Sworn and subscribed to before me this 16th day of April, 1913.

A. H. EIDSON,
Notary Public, Fulton County, Ga.

You can consult me with positive assurance that your trouble will be held sacredly confidential. I never show or publish any testimonial unless my patient requests me to do so. I have permission to publish hundreds of sworn testimonials, such as the above. You may see them by calling at my office.

Specific Blood Poison

SALVARSAN "606," NEOSALVARSAN "914" and Such Newly Discovered Remedies Are the Latest Treatment for This Dreaded Disease

The medical profession on both sides of the Atlantic have become a unit regarding its use and its power to absolutely exterminate the scourge. It is my custom to keep abreast of the times in everything that is for the good of my patients, accordingly I am thoroughly prepared to administer this scientific treatment according to the most approved methods of its discoverer.

In the majority of cases it is only necessary for the patient to remain under my direct personal care for a few hours, after which he can go to his hotel, business or home with a feeling of relief such as sufferers from this disease never dreamed.

I invite you to come and have a heart-to-heart talk with me. I assure you in advance of satisfactory results. My fee will not be one cent more than you are willing to pay for a complete cure.

Do not allow yourself to be experimented on by those inexperienced in the administration of this remedy and by all means see that substitution is avoided. I have given this remedy by the intravenous Method (the only way it should be given) in several hundred cases and have been eminently successful in every case. I can assure you that it will positively cure you.

STRICTURE---VARICOCELE

Urethral Stricture and Scrotal Varicocele are two of the most painful and dangerous diseases mankind is subject to. Stricture, if neglected or improperly treated, will completely derange the entire Genito-Urinary System, causing sore kidney and bladder diseases. Varicocele will bring about nervous exhaustion or lost vitality. Both require expert treatment.

My method of treatment for these diseases is absolutely the most skillful and scientific known to medical science. I do not use the knife unnecessarily or other harsh means in either case. I have cured some of the most severe and difficult cases. My wide experience has given me a thorough knowledge of these diseases and I can understand a case and treat it correctly from the beginning, and I can assure you of prompt results.

Kidney, Bladder and Urinary Diseases

Any disorders of the kidneys or bladder, no matter how slight, should be treated by an expert specialist. Patent medicines and treatment of inexperienced doctors can not be depended upon to cure them, which you no doubt have found out, if you have been afflicted for any length of time.

Too frequent desire, retention of or too profuse, sediment or brick dust, burning, scalding sensation, highly colored, pains in the back, dry, pale, waxy skin, etc., are symptoms that should not be neglected for a moment. If you call I will make a careful, expert chemical and microscopical examination—an absolute test—without charge and give you information and advice of value.

NERVOUS EXHAUSTION and DEBILITY

Also known as Nervo-Vital Debility, Neurasthenia, etc. If you have any symptoms of this disease, such as loss of energy and ambition, virility, easily fatigued, dull, listless feeling, nervousness and other symptoms, I want you to be sure and call. I have given this condition of men special study and I unhesitatingly say that my treatment is not excelled by any other specialist, regardless of what they claim. I point to what I have accomplished in even the most severe cases—letters of indorsement on file—and there is no reason to believe that I can not cure YOU also. REMEMBER, by calling you do not obligate yourself to take treatment.

PILES---DISEASES OF THE RECTUM

I find a very close relationship of the Rectum to the entire Pelvic region and this close relationship has particular reference to the nerve distribution and vascular structures. This being the case, a sympathetic affection of these parts is a frequent accompanying symptom. I have for years protested against the barbarous practice of cutting (operating) for the cure of Piles, since an operation seldom produces a permanent cure. Neither do I use strong acid injection, which often proves deleterious to the general health and in many cases deranges the entire system.

I am exceedingly successful in Diseases of the Rectum. I cure Piles by a safe, sure and painless method, and the cure is permanent. Come to see me and no doubt I can refer you to some of your neighbors whom I have cured.

MY METHODS ARE MY OWN

The result has been that I have perfected a system of treatment for chronic diseases, which is superior to that of any others.

I know this by results, and by this I mean CURES effected. I keep pace with scientific research and I am always among the first to introduce its latest discoveries.

I employ no old-time, painful, slow and unsatisfactory methods.

All dealings strictly confidential. Call to-day and let us talk the matter over.

REMEMBER—That if you place your case with me it will cost ABSOLUTELY NOTHING if I fail to effect a cure. Don't you think it would be well worth your while to INVESTIGATE what I am doing for others suffering possibly just as you are?

PAY ME FOR CURES ONLY

I successfully treat by my German-American methods the following diseases.

Asthma	Diseases of the Nervous System	Emaciation	Rheumatism
Biliousness	Diseases of the Prostate Gland	Headache	Rupture
Bladder Diseases	Diseases of the Rectum	Insomnia	Skin Disease
Bronchitis	Diseases of Women	Kidney Disease	Stomach Diseases
Catarrh	Dyspepsia	Liver Disease	Stricture
Constipation	Eczema	Neurasthenia	Tumors
		Obesity	Varicocele

To the afflicted I especially urge that you call at my office immediately for Free Consultation and Advice. If your condition is incurable, I will honestly and frankly tell you so and save you useless expense and waste of time. However, I assure you that I have cured many cases which were pronounced incurable by other doctors and I may be able to accomplish the same happy results for you. At any rate, it will cost you nothing and you will absolutely be under no obligations to me for Consultation, Examination or Advice.

WRITE—If you can not call, write for my symptoms chart and full information regarding my Treatments.

No detention from Business. Treatment and Advice confidential. Hours: 9 a. m. to 7 p. m. Sundays, 9 to 1. Address

DR. J. D. HUGHES, Opposite Third National Bk., 16½ North Broad Street, ATLANTA, GA.

LONDON W. Orton Tewson, Chester Overton — PARIS Paul Pierre Rignaux, Marquis de Castellane — BERLIN C. de Vidal-Hundt, Fritz Jacobsohn — ROME J. M. E. D'Aquin, George M. Bruce

SUNDAY AMERICAN'S SPECIAL CABLE LETTERS RECEIVED FROM ALL THE GREAT CAPITALS OF EUROPE

PICTURES ARE DARING IN NEW PARIS SOLON

Critics See 4,000 Works at Societe des Artistes Francais Exhibition.

"WOULD SHOCK CHICAGO"

Woman With Bronze Hair in "Idleness" Is Cited as One Thriller.

Special Cable to The American.
By CHARLES HENRY MELTZER.

PARIS, May 3.—The art critics have admitted to a private view of the new Salon of the Societe des Artistes Francais. So far at least as the pictures are concerned the exhibition is in many ways inferior to the rival show of the Societe Nationale, next door. It is inferior not only in its general character, but also as to technical achievement. The sculpture, on the other hand, as usual, is of genuine interest, for French sculptors of the day are still imaginative.

All told more than 4,000 works are shown. They fill the corridors and garden besides more than forty rooms. Unlike their rivals, the painters represented have endeavored to perpetuate the fast-dying taste of Frenchmen for the historic and the allegoric styles. Their efforts are, however, not triumphant nor are the decorative works on view of special merit.

Splendid Portraits.

In the fields of genre landscape and portrait painting the exhibits are more happy.

The largest and most pretentious picture is by Rochegrosse, an extremely bold and flamboyant attempt to suggest the destruction of "Persepolis."

The most attractive is perhaps our own Richard Miller's "Woman with the Red Hair," seated before a mirror which is as delightful in a very similar way as the "Before the Performance" of Frieseke in the adjoining salon.

The most important work displayed is, in my judgment, the "Dregs of London," of the late Robert MacCameron, showing four sad old men and a tired woman with a Madonna face sitting on a somber night on the Thames Embankment.

Among the portraits is one of "Mrs. Kahn," by Francois Flameng. It is not flattering, and the model seems too obviously posed.

The portraits of two gentlemen by Baschet, of "Cardinal Merry Del Val," by Laparra; of "Princess Marie Clotilde," by Brouillet; of "Prince of Wales," by Cope, with another of a lady unnamed and her bull pup, by Leon Comere, will find admirers.

By far the finest portrait in the salon is that of a rather faded but still charming lady by Roybet.

Landon Parker contributes a daring and effective nude study of a woman with brone hair, reclining on a couch, which he calls "Idleness," it would shock Chicago. Miss Copeland is represented by an agreeable composition entitled "Gold Fish;" Martin Borgord sends a "Dutch Landscape;" Louis Aston Knight does rather well with a picture, "Old Mill," while pleasing works of various styles are shown by Yves Muller, by Charpentier and Bewley.

Some Other Features.

The Egyptian souvenirs of Clairin, like the "Wreckers," by Boutigny, are survivals of romanticism. Vastly more impressive, and quite different, is the bright "Beach at Biarritz," of Dupuy, with its crowds of happy children bathed in sunlight.

The purely decorative pictures include a restful triptych, "Plains of Gascony," by Calve; the "Fructidor" and "Messidor," of Gervais. One of the most beautiful genre exhibits is an exquisitely painted "Lady Admiring Herself in a Hand Mirror," of Leon Glaize.

Of many admirable sculpture exhibits I may mention the heroic "Victor Hugo," of Jean Boucher, hewn out of granite; a bronze "Dancing Faun," by Moulin; a charming "Peasant Girl Caressing a Calf," by Gregoire; the "Franklin," of Bartlett; the "Dead Lion of Dresca," a "Hero," of La Monaca; the too chaste "Bacchante," of Antoine; a lovely "Woman and Butterfly," by Battaille; a monumental "Murat Rilau," showing Napolean's marshal charging at the head of his hussars, and the allegorical "Aviation," of Michel.

Many of the works shown by sculptors would distress our Puritans, for they are very nude and very unabashed.

American Exhibitors.

Among the more celebrated American exhibitors this year are: F. A. Bridgman, Ridgway Knight, Louis Ritman, Lester Rosenfeld, Max Bahm. Mr. Buehr is represented by "Conseil de Soeur."

"L'Echarpe Verte," by F. W. Simmons, is admirable. Raymond P. R. Neilson shows a portrait of his wife.

Marquise Cecile de Wentworth in "Eminences" pictures cardinals in a Roman villa. G. B. Coale, a pupil of Richard Miller, shows "Harmonie en Vert." Mrs. Catherine Wentworth is also represented.

Mr. Landeau shows "Portrait d'un Capitaine de Scouts Americans," a splendid portrait.

Other notable works are Frank Linton's "Portrait de Samuel Myer," Mr. Skinner's "Danseuse Espagnole," and Miss Shotwell's study.

Acton Knight shows two fine landscapes. Oscar Miller contributes a picturesque "Marche aux Poissons en Bretagne," and Albert Glion exhibits a nude.

King of Spain Is Thorough Fatalist

Alfonso Believes That He Is Sure To Die a Sudden Death.

Special Cable to The American.

LONDON, May 3.—Many curious stories are being told regarding the attempted assassination of the King of Spain. When the news of the murder of the King of Greece was conveyed to King Alfonso, the latter quietly remarked that he was not in the least surprised, and that in all probability he would be the next monarch to meet his death in similar fashion. He was then counselled to ride abroad only when attended by a strong escort. His reply was thoroughly characteristic. "If I am not to be allowed to go about as I choose" he said, "then I don't mind how soon my end comes." Those who stayed at Eaton Hall when the King of Spain was there some little time back recall that he then declared that he had no intention of dying in his bed, and that whenever the end came, it would come very suddenly. King Alfonso is a fatalist and makes no secret of the fact.

Fine Silk Kimono Bought By Loubet

Ex-President Of France Bids In Embroidered Gown at Auction.

Special Cable to The American.

PARIS, May 3.—M. Loubet, the former President of the Republic, is now the owner of a Japanese kimono. What he intends to do with it is still a secret. A few days ago there was an auction at the Hotel Drouot of various odds and ends of Oriental curios. Among the things held up by the auctioneer was a handsome Japanese kimono covered with beautiful embroideries, representing strange animals in a variety of colors.

The kimono was at once hotly disputed. From $10.00 the bids rose up to $60.00 and more. "One hundred and fifty," said a quiet voice in the corner. The auctioneer looked round to see who made the bid. It was the former President, M. Loubet, who had edged his way in behind the crowd and seemed a little confused at the excitement he caused.

There were no further bids, and slowly, after the auctioneer had repeated three times the sacred formula, the hammer went down. M. Loubet was awarded the kimono. He smilingly thanked the other would-be purchasers for having left the kimono to him without further competition. When he saw the garment at his leisure he admired its beauty, and went away quite delighted.

Married 3 Times; Had 34 Children

Englishman Thinking of Another Wife—Five Born Within Year to Proud Father.

Special Cable to The American.

LONDON, May 3.—A man who has been married three times, has had 34 children and still hopes to marry again, has just been discovered in York.

This wonderful husband and father is William Bonnett, aged 65, who has worked as a ganger in various parts of England for over 40 years.

His marital adventures are as follows:

First Marriage—Hepsy Suderby, who died in 1372; four children, two living.

Second Marriage—1873; Caroline Tuck; died about 1890; 26 children, including triplets and twine (the latter on more than one occasion); six children living.

Third Marriage—1899; Liza Page, who died in 1908; four children, two living.

This, in brief, is the record of Bonnett's family.

"I can not think of the names of my children that died," said Bonnett. "Within a year my wife Caroline had five children—triplets and twins. We got the Queen's bounty of $13. All these five children died, however.

"I've seen many funerals in my time—just 27, to be exact—in my own family.

"It may not be very long before I am married again. My advice to bachelors is that to marry is the best thing a man can do."

$120,000 CARPET.

Special Cable to The American.

LONDON, May 3.—An offer of $120,000 has been refused by Johan Kermowsky, of Prague, for a carpet which, he claims, he can prove was used by the Prophet Mahomet when at prayer.

King's Daughter Is a Typist

George Dictates to Princess

She Becomes Britain's Idol

A royal stenographer. Only daughter of England's ruler, who at sixteen is learning shorthand and typewriting.



Royal Stenographer Is a Good Housekeeper Also as Well as an Athletic Girl.

Special Cable to The American.

LONDON, May 3.—Princess Mary, the King's only daughter, who has just turned sixteen, is exciting more than the usual amount of court gossip because of her decided announcement that she wishes to learn typewriting and shorthand. She has long nursed the ambition and has been numbered in it by her father, the King, who on occasions dictates his private letters to her.

Princess Mary is rapidly becoming a popular idol. She is one of the most unaffected girls in the land. She is pretty and charming, not quite so old as her years. The whole tendency of her education, which is controlled by the Queen, has been to preserve her youth. The Queen believes firmly in home training for her daughter, so the Princess has never been at school.

She can mend her brothers' socks, bake dainties for their tea, and, with equal enthusiasm, she swims, rides, drives, dances, cycles, golfs and plays hockey.

Princess Mary is a born horsewoman, and has been familiar with the saddle from her very early years. She frequently rides with the King in Rotten Row in the early morning.

Her great ambition during King Edward's lifetime was to drive a motor car. She begged her grandfather to allow her to drive one of his in Windsor Forest.

"Certainly," was his smiling reply; "only you must wait a bit, until we have time to clear the trees away."

Princess Mary is said to be the most determined lady in the royal household. Her Royal Highness, is forming her own circle of friends and her own manner of life.

The one point of dispute between her and the Queen is her hair. Princess Mary dislikes to have to failing about. The Queen will not allow it up. Now a compromise has been made. Princess Mary usually ties it back in a small thick plait doubled up at the neck with a ribbon.

The King is amused at his daughter's strong will, which seems likely to overrule even that of the Queen's.

3 Injured During Duel in Argentina

Father Dead, Son Fatally Wounded, and Two Others Badly Hurt.

Special Cable to The American.

BUENOS AYRES, May 3.—A triangular fatal duel took place at Buenos Ayres recently.

Senores Carlos Juarez Celman and Oscar Posse were fighting, and the latter was wounded by his adversary's sword, and was about to be removed from the dueling ground when his father, Senor Francisco Posse, arrived.

He attacked Senor Celman, wounding him, and also one of the witnesses, severely. Senor Celman then shot Senor Francisco Posse dead with a revolver.

French Actresses Insuring Persons

Feet, Eyes, Bust and Voice Covered by Large Policies Against Loss.

Special Cable to The American.

PARIS, May 3.—Several well-known French actresses have insured themselves for large sums, and some of the policies contain peculiar clauses.

The famous dancer, Mlle. Napierskowska, insured her feet for $50,000. The eyes of Mlle. Friel are valued at $10,000, and the long and beautiful hair of Mlle. Vallandri is insured for $20,000.

Mlle. Maude Harry insured her shoulders for $50,000, while Mlle. Regina Badet has taken out a policy for $100,000 against any injury to her bust, and another of $200,000 on her voice.

STATE VISITS ABANDONED BY ENGLISH KING

George of England Will Not Make Any Formal Trips to Other Courts.

ROYAL MARRIAGES PLANNED

Princess Mary Not Allowed to Take Much Outdoor Exercise by the Queen.

BY HERBERT TEMPLE.
Special Cable to The American.

LONDON, May 3.—I have very reliable information that King George has formally notified the various courts of Europe that he intends to give up the old international custom that requires a king to make a series of State visits to the various courts of Europe as soon as possible after his coronation and the excuse given is that this custom is nothing but an empty formality, which does not repay the enormous expenses it imposes upon visitors as well as hosts.

Of course, everybody who knows how England, far more than any continental country, absolutely regardless of expense upholds solemnly all kinds of mediaeval ceremonies, will hardly understand this explanation.

It will surprise no one if King George gives very little thought to matrimonial plans for his nearest relatives. The question of finding suitable mates for his own children he leaves entirely to Queen Mary, while Queen Alexandra will look after the future of those who are nearer related by blood to her than to the present Queen. As I cabled last week Queen Alexandra has entirely given in to Queen Mary's favorite plan of a marriage between the Prince of Wales and the oldest daughter of the Czar, to which she objected so strongly at first.

Two Granddaughters.

At present her activities are centered about her two granddaughters the Duchess of Fife and Princess Maude. It is practically settled by her that the former is to be Crown Princess of Greece, but as this young lady is a very obstinate young lady full of romantic ideas of marrying only for love, she may yet upset royal grandmother's plans unless she happens to fall in love with the young Crown Prince of the Hellenes, who is a very handsome and charming young fellow.

Whom Queen Alexandra has in view as the prospective husband of Princess Maude is still a mystery, though it is whispered that she thinks that either Prince Axel or Prince Aage, sons of her youngest brother Prince Valdemar of Denmark, and the late Princess Marie of Orleans, would make an ideal husband for the young English Princess.

As soon as her daughters have been provided for matrimonially the Princess Royal will retire absolutely from social life and stay with Queen Alexandra residing most of the time on the Queen's charming "Villa Hvidre" on the Danish Sound.

Princess Rides Horse.

Princess Mary may now be seen almost every morning in Rotten Row with her father King George, and riding a rather spirited horse besides which the peaceful nag of her father looks like the favorite mount of an elderly country physician. While the King's face always wears a rather strained expression Princess Mary handles her capricious mount with perfect calm and promises to become an excellent equestrienne. Her only sorrows are first that her father will not allow her to canter at full speed and second that her mother sternly refused to let her ride astride although Princess Mary asserted that this was the only natural and safe way. Although horror stricken with her daughter's idea the Queen had to admit that riding astride naturally must be safer she could not possibly consent to give the lookers on on the chairs along Rotten Row ocular proof that her daughter was an ordinary biped.

Riding is, however, the only outdoor exercise Princess Mary indulges in. She rides a wheel occasionally, and would ride it with considerable more enthusiasm, if she were allowed to use it like other English girls but to pedal continually inside the private Royal Parks and garden walks she considers entirely too tame. Golf she considers silly, and she is not quick enough on her feet to play tennis, but occasionally she plays a game or two of croquet.

WISE OWL PLAYS PIANO; NOW HOOT, WILL YOU!

Special Cable to The American.

PARIS, May 3.—Hearing the notes of his piano struck, first up the keys and then down, Mr. Ernest Lemmy, of Peterborough, peeked through the open door and discovered that the player was his pet owl. The owl would step on a key and then listen attentively to the sound.

It tried another and another, and seemed highly pleased with the noise it was making. When it got to the upper end of the piano and found it was only the black and white keys which sounded it started back again and sounded all the notes until it reached the last in the bass.

FRANCE EAGER FOR THREE-YEAR MILITARY LAW

Volunteers Enlisting From All Parts of Country for Service in the Army.

MOREAU INVENTION SECRET

Discoverer of New System for Areoplanes Guards Details Closely.

GEORGE DUFRESNE.
Special Cable to The American.

PARIS, May 3.—While the subjects of the Kaiser are opposing their imperial Lord and master's enormously expensive military and naval schemes which are apt to prove the last straw to break the camel's back, France has responded to the Government's appeal for the reintroduction of the three years' compulsory military service. The rush of young men eager to devote three whole years of their life to the service of their country has exceeded even the most sanguine expectations.

In particular, there has been a great rush of volunteers in the North and West of France. The result is that two army corps, the first at Lille, and the tenth at Rennes, cannot accept any more men for the infantry regiments.

The other army corps, the second at Amiens and the third at Rouen, are almost in the same condition; the majority of their regiments are complete. There are similar reports concerning the Paris regiments; the infantry, the cavalry, artillery, and engineers regiments are full up, and no more volunteers can be received.

Volunteer Privileges.

According to standing military regulations, recruits liable to be called to serve in any year have, if they enlist as volunteers, a certain number of privileges, among others that I believe, of the extra pay of volunteers, as well as other advantages.

Ever since the Government announced its intention of re-establishing the three years' service the recruiting stations have been overrun by young men liable to service this year who offered to enlist at once and the majority of these volunteers are students.

The number so enlisted seems to run into tens of thousands and it was pointed to as evidence of a remarkable enthusiasm on their part. The military authorities now declare they can receive no more applications in many of the recruiting stations. All the regiments are now complete.

The military governor of Paris states that he can accept no further voluntary enlistments, either in the infantry, cavalry, artillery, or engineering corps. The ranks are full, and the maximum has already been reached.

This state of things constitutes an eloquent reply to the Socialists who are opposing the Government proposals tooth and nail. It shows that any influence they may exert will have small effect in the country as a whole. Frenchmen in the mass, and particularly the young men who have to put in their military service, are anxious that the country shall give a fitting reply to the efforts made on the other side of the Rhine for increasing armaments. The reincarnation, as Dr. von Bethmann-Holweg called it, of the military spirit in France is no myth, but a stern reality.

Moreau Invention.

Coming so shortly after the Zeppelin's involuntary landing in the very midst of French troops it is exceedingly gratifying to the French military authorities that the French airman M. Moreau after a number of secret experiments near Melun has perfected an invention which makes the stability of aeroplanes quite automatic even under the most difficult conditions. A patriotic millionaire immediately sent him a check for $10,000 to continue his experiments, while he has heretofore been obliged to work ahead without any other financial resources than his own slender savings as a compositor.

He is jealously guarding the details of his invention for which he knows the Government, after thoroughly testing it, will pay him what to him will be a fortune.

ROTHSCHILD COMPLETES BUTTERFLY COLLECTION

Special Cable to The American.

BERLIN, May 3.—Baron Charles Rothschild, of the Vienna branch, is now acknowledged to be the owner of the greatest butter fly collection in the world.

The Baron's collection has been famous for many years, but it is now unquestionably the most complete, as the Baron has at last succeeded in securing the only specimen which was missing in his wonderful collection. This very rare butterfly is found only in Siberia.

The Baron has made uncountable efforts to secure the insect, but he only succeeded several days ago, while on a "butterfly hunt" in southern Siberia.

83. MARRIES FOURTH HUSBAND.

Special Cable to The American.

LONDON, May 3.—At the age of 83, Mrs. Jane Evans, of Llangarog, Carmanthenshire, has married as her fourth husband a bachelor of 33, David Jones.

Wife May Steal if Husband Looks On

Queer Provision in Old English Law Frees Woman Accused of Theft.

Special Cable to The American.

LONDON, May 3.—When Egerton Philbrick, a Stratford estate agent, and his wife were accused of theft at the London Sessions, Mr. Allen Lawrie said the woman must be acquitted.

"When a married woman committed a felony in the presence of her husband," he remarked, "she is assumed to be under his coercion, and, not being responsible, is entitled to acquittal. Little is heard nowadays of this provision in English law in favor of women. It does not form the subject of conversation at certain meetings which have become prevalent of late."

"Philbrick's wife is worse than he is, for she has six convictions to his three," said Detective Sergeant Redcliffe.

"That may be," said Mr. Lawrie, "but she is not worse in the eyes of the law. It may be altered in the days of equal rights."

Philbrick was given 21 months' hard labor.

China May Adopt 'Pidgin-English'

Parliamentarians Find Difficulty in Selecting Universal Language for Debate.

Special Cable to The American.

HONGKONG, May 3.—It will be interesting to see how the new Chinese Parliament grapples with the language difficulty. The committee appointed in 1906, under the presidency of Prince Ching, to report on the best means of introducing parliamentary institutions into China, found that one great obstacle to the successful working would be the difficulty of finding a common tongue.

The Chinese have so many dialects that delegates not of the mandarin class gathered from all parts of the country would find it impossible to carry on debates. It was held that if a Parliament were established it would be necessary to draw up a new grammar and vocabulary for the use of its members. Commenting on this, the Japanese review, "Keizai," suggested that pidgin-English, which the progress of railway construction has spread over a wider area than any other dialect in China, might perhaps serve the desired purpose.

DEATH DOESN'T SEPARATE FRIENDS FOR 80 YEARS

Special Cable to The American.

LONDON, May 3.—A romance of life-long friendship has been disclosed in the death of William Becker, of Norfolk, at the age of eighty-three.

When they were boys Mr. Becker, with a comrade named Charles Silver, went to America. There in time they made fortunes and married, but it was as widowers that they returned together to England twelve years ago. They then both married again, their wives being widowed sisters. The four had been children together.

Mr. Silver died five weeks ago at eighty-one, and grief at his loss hastened the death of his life-long friend.

POOR FEWER THIS YEAR, SAYS ENGLISH REPORT

Special Cable to The American.

LONDON, May 3.—A substantial decline in pauperism in England and Wales is shown in a paper issued recently.

In 1912 the total number of paupers was 780,329, which is equal to 21.6 per 1,000 of the population. The figures for 1911 were 886,177, or 24.8 per 1,000.

Last year's figures were the lowest on record.

The cost per head of the population of the relief of the poor was $2 in 1912, compared with $2.50 in 1911.

WEDDING PLANS OF GERMAN PRINCESS ALMOST FINISHED

Last Cooking Lessons Being Given Kaiser's Daughter by French Chef.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE TAUGHT

Trousseau Very Elaborate and All Evening Gowns Coming From Paris.

BY STEVEN BURNETT.
Special Cable to The American.

BERLIN, May 3.—With the wedding of the Kaiser's daughter only three weeks off everything is bustling within the imperial castle. The young princess herself is getting her last lessons in the culinary art from a famous French chef, and when her time is not taken up with cooking she gets lessons in domestic economy, bookkeeping and the management of servants from the Kaiserin personally. The princess' first establishment in a comparatively small garrison town will be on a rather small scale and her associates will principally consist of the wives of her husband's brother officers, and her social success will largely depend on her own ability to manage her home, as she will have very few servants.

But she is determined that the small dinner parties and suppers to which she will have to invite her husband's friends and their wives shall be able to pass the criticism to which they will be exposed. There is absolutely no snobbery among German officers and no mercy will be shown the wife of a junior officer because she happens to be the Kaiser's daughter. So she will have every reason to congratulate herself on the sensible education she has received from her mother.

A certain part of each day is set aside for the shopping, for the Princess herself selects and buys every article of her trousseau that is to be bought in Berlin. She is very often accompanied on her shopping expeditions by Crown Princess Cecile and the latter's factotum and bosom friend, Miss Geraldine Farrar.

It speaks well for the tact of the Berliners that although there is not one among the shopping crowd who does not know their favorite Princess Victoria Louise, nobody for a moment thinks of running after her to see what she buys, as the women of most countries would do. And she is permitted to do her shopping at Wertheim's or any of the other large stores as undisturbed as if she were a mere nobody.

The Kaiserin was very much impressed by an article in a Berlin paper by the author Karin Michaelis Stangeland on the subject of the trousseaus of princesses in which she stated that it was certainly the duty of royalty to support the industry of real hand-made lace, and not a single inch of the machine article will be used in Princess Victoria Louise's trousseau.

All the evening gowns of the princess as well as her wedding gown will come from Paris.

The guests at the wedding will be a very imposing crowd. The King and Queen of England have already announced their coming. The Czar and Czarina have almost promised to come, and beside we shall see the King and Queen of Italy, the heir apparent of Austria, the King and consort of Denmark, and possibly the Kaiser's sister, the new Queen, and her consort, King Constantine of Greece.

"Row the Boat, Row the Boat, Up and Down the Stream"

That is the song of the jolly jack tar boys of the Riverside Naval Academy as they bend to their oars and cleave the placid waters of Lake Warner. Under direction of a graduate naval instructor, every boy is taught to swim, dive, row and man a boat. All of the aquatic sports are indulged in. Constant water patrol robs these sports of all danger. Tennis courts, baseball games, trap shooting and mountain climbing offer additional attractions. Your boy's vacation is here planned in advance. Duties of camp life, healthful athletics and study are so intermingled as to produce the best results mentally, morally and physically.



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GOLF IN SOUTH IS FAR BEHIND OTHER SECTIONS

By Tick Tichenor.

THE question no doubt has often been asked why have Southern players never made any showing in the Amateur Championship of the United States?

There is but one answer to this question and that is that our players are not yet in the class of the Northern and Western golfers. If you take the handicap list of the United States Golf Association of those who are eligible to enter this event you will readily see that this is a fact. On this list there are four hundred and forty-two names. If you will examine it carefully you will find that of this number only twenty-five are Southern players. Thus there are nearly twenty players from other parts of the country to one from the South.

If you will look further you will see that Nelson Whitney, of New Orleans, is the only player from the South ranked as good as four, while there are twenty-four players rated better than four and forty-four at this figure. There are one hundred and two players rated at five and of this number the South has six. Rated at six are one hundred and seventy-two men of which number eighteen are Southerners.

Whitney Only Southerner.

Thus it will be seen that in the first sixty-eight players as ranked by the U. S. G. A. Nelson Whitney is the only one from the S. G. A. In the first one hundred and seventy players in addition to Nelson Whitney are found R. G. Bush, Jr., F. G. Byrd, J. P. Edrington, N. A. Hargie, Ellis Knowles, W. P. Stewart.

The other eighteen Southerners, whose names appear on this list and who are handicapped at six are George W. Adair, G. N. Aldridge, J. B. Bush, Douglas Call, Leigh Carroll, R. H. Connerly, E. W. Daley, K. L. Dalglish, Charles Dexter, Jr., Bryan Heard, Lewis Jacoby, F. M. Lewis, C. H. Munger, George C. Oliver, W. E. Stauffer, J. F. Turner, Milby Porter, and the writer. In some way the name of Albert Schwartz, of New Orleans, has been omitted from the list. This is very evidently an oversight as he was included last year and is one of the very best golfers in the South as he showed last year, when he won the low score medal in the qualifying round of the Southern championship.

It is therefore easily seen that there are few players in the South who have much of a chance to qualify in the amateur championship and therefore few of them care to make the attempt with such little chance of success attending their efforts.

Only Two Have Qualified.

Last year the South sent a team of four to this event, three of whom had been Southern Champions and one twice runner-up, and it was hoped that some of them would at least qualify, but not a one of them did. Only twice, if my memory serves me right, have Southern players ever qualified in this event. In 1908 Nelson Whitney was successful and in 1910 Ellis Knowles was one of the elect.

But no doubt you ask—why is it our players are inferior? If this condition exists what are the reasons which cause it to be so?

I am of the opinion that there are several answers to this question.

In the first place the number of our players are far smaller than in the East and West. In fact, if we exclude the winter resort courses, which are used practically entirely by players from other sections, you will find that there are only about a dozen eighteen-hole courses in the South, while around Chicago alone there are more than this number.

In the next place we have not been playing the game long enough. No country or people can take up a new athletic game and at once become proficient in it. It takes time to develop golfers just as it takes times to develop topnotch players in any other line of sport.

Lack Professional Teaching.

But it may be argued that we have been playing golf in the South for ten years or more. This is quite true but it has only been within the last six years that the game has really become popular. Then too those who took up the game ten years ago had no opportunity to secure professional coaching and they therefore fell into habits which have handicapped them ever since. Most of the topnotch golfers of to-day began to play when they were kids, when their muscles were pliable and when it was easy for them to acquire a free and easy swing.

Take the case of Nelson Whitney and Ellis Knowles, who are generally accepted as the best players in the South, and both of them began to play when they were in their teens.

No where can better evidence be produced that it requires time to become proficient in golf than in the case of the American professional, who until two years ago had practically no showing against the Scotchmen, who had come to this country to teach the game. But in the last two years the home-bred pro has come into his own and three of the team of four, which will represent America in the British open tournament as well as the French open are boys who learned the game on this side of the Atlantic.

Our Courses Are Too Easy.

Then there is another reason. Our courses are too easy. They are not properly trapped and there are too many parallel fairgreens. This gives the player an opportunity to make a really bad shot and suffer no penalty. We have not put a premium on direction by having sufficient hazards to catch the player who is off the line with his shots.

Take any course of any club, which is a member of the Southern Golf Association, and see how many parallel fairgreens there are on it and see how many chances there are for a man to slice or pull his shot far off the line to the hole and yet have as good a chance to reach the green as the player who was on the direct line to the hole. Think of the number of chances there are to play a second shot wide of the green and yet have an easy unobstructed run in shot for the green.

We must tighten up our courses so that a shot which is bad in direction will be punished and we must develop our young players before we can expect to have a chance to capture the Amateur Championship.

Brooklyn's 'Big Four'; Manager and Players Who Are Relied Upon to Advance the Dodgers to First Division Berth in National League



Jake Daubert, the brilliant first baseman, is here pictured taking a wide throw. At the extreme left is shown Zach Wheat, the star left fielder. In the center panel is the gritty leader of the Dodgers, Bill Dahlen, and at the right is portrayed Nap Rucker, Brooklyn's great southpaw pitcher. Daubert, Wheat and Rucker are all former Southern League performers.

Armor Boxing to Encourage Sport

School Boys Can Engage in Bouts

NEW YORK, May 3.—The latest thing in the boxing line is armor protection. This novel appliance is the invention of Guy Otis Brewster, Physical Director of the Dover (N. J.) High School, and is intended to protect boys and girls from injury or disfiguration when engaged in a boxing contest. Six schoolboys from the Dover and Wharton High Schools gave a demonstration of armor boxing at the monthly entertainment of the Physical Education Department at Thompson's Gymnasium, Teachers' College of Columbia University, which was witnessed by a number of men and women connected with the department.

Parents of children have been strong in tehir opposition to boxing. Many young men have received several fatal, injuries when engaged in the sport. It was to remove this objection and demonstrate that under his method of conducting boxing contests Mr. Brewster could entirely eliminate all possibility of accidents and restore the confidence of parents in the exercise.

Land Many Hard Blows.

In order to afford a practical illustration of the efficiency of his protector six school boys were introduced to the spectators fully equipped for the competition which was arranged on the round robin plan, each boy boxing one minute with the other five boys. The entertainment lasted nearly half an hour. During that time many hard blows were delivered, but not a boy suffered the slightest inconvenience from the mauling he received from his oppoients. Nor did there appear to be any chance of injury resulting from a blow, as the face, head and body is incased in an arrangement resembling a baseball catcher's mask, only fitting closer to the face and body.

The boys faced their opponents smiling and showed the greatest good humor throughout their bouts. The blows failing to reach a vital or tender spot did not cause the youngsters to lose their tempers and attempt retaliation or revenge. At the end of each bout they returned to their corners, still smiling, and rested until the time arrived for them to engage in another bout.

Protector in Two Parts.

The youthful boxers presented an amusing appearance equipped with the protector, but as the entertainment progressed the utility of the apparatus was evident and the effect disappeared. The protector is in two parts, hinged just below the chin. It is of woven steel wire about like the mesh of a catcher's mask. The upper part covers the face, sides of the head, and neck, while the lower portion protects the heart, liver, and stomach, ending at the waist line. Felt pads are used where the protector comes into contact with the head or body in order to absorb the shock of the blow. The protector is fastened with strap and specially made clasps in order to prevent any part of it being torn away or loosened from blows. It is set close to the body in order to afford perfect freedom of action for the shoulders and arms. Straps of webbing cross the top of the head, and in order to give greater security a wide band of webbing is brought under the chin, which helps to keep the headpiece firm and not interfere with the head movements. The straps of webbing hold the lower section of the protector close to the body.

Object to Encourage Lads.

In describing his principle to the spectators after the exhibition Mr. Brewster said his object was to encourage boys and girls to take up boxing for the benefit of its exercise. His protector was designed to enable the youngsters to learn to box quicker, hit freely, and enter the friendly bouts without fear. He explained that there was no possibility of injury to the contestants, and very little shock, even from the hardest blows. It offers opportunities to engage in a deal of exercise in the shortest possible time.

Boxing, he said, should be encouraged to teach boys and girls self-control, discipline, tactics, and with the protector the fine points of the art could be acquired with all danger eliminated. The mask removes the sense of fighting and brutality and teaches the youngsters the co-ordination of striking hard blows and fearless defense. The rules governing boxing with the new protector follows:

A regulation twenty-four-foot ring shall be erected, and eight-ounce gloves used.

There shall be five men on a team, and each man shall box twice with every other man on the opposing team. Each round shall consist of one minute and each man's rest period shall consist of the time between rounds averaging about four minutes.

There shall be no cessation of the game from the opening bell to the closing one. As one couple leaves the ring another pair enters and the boxing is continuous. The contestants shall be scored on the six cardinal points of boxing, viz.: 1, footwork; 2, correct leads; 3, correct parrying and blocking; 3, correct ducking; 5, correct sequence of leads; 6, self-control and strategical work.

There shall be a referee to judge the points, and a scorer to record them.

The contestant winning the most points in each round scores one point for his team, (a draw may be given) and the team scoring the most points in the two halves wins the game.

A five-minute intermission is given between halves.

All-Filipino Team On Way to America

Foreigners Will Arrive in San Francisco About June 25—To Tour Country.

MANILA, P. I., May 3.—A crack all-Filipino baseball team composed of fourteen of the fastest players in the Philippines, have left Manila for a tour of Japan and the United States. The team expects to arrive at San Francisco about June 25. The aggregation of athletes is under the management of Director Alejandro Albert, Manager E. F. Willets and Advance Agent Arthur E. McCann.

The program calls for about twelve games in Japan with the leading colleges. One game in Hawaii, en route, and about fifty games in the United States with class "C" and "D" league teams, the fastest semi-pros and college teams.

The natives here have made wonderful strides in the progress of the national game and the managers of this team are confident that their boys will make a creditable showing.

Although the members of this team are all Filipinos no two of them speak the same language, so they are obliged to speak in a tongue other than their own in order to carry on a conversation among themselves.

BOOE MAY SUPPLANT HOFFMAN.

PITTSBURG, May 3.—If Artie Hoffman, now covering center field for the Pirates, falls off in his work Fred Clarke will supplant him with a youngster named Everett Booe, who is said to be a speed merchant and a corking good hitter. Smoky City critics seem to think that Booe will displace Hoffman before Decoration Day.

Sox-Giants World Tour Is Mapped Out

Both Teams Complete Arrangements at Conference; Tourists Will Leave Chicago Oct. 14.

NEW YORK, May 3.—The world's tour of the baseball teams representing the Giants and the White Sox was arranged this week at a conference between Manager John J. McGraw and a representative of Charles A. Comiskey, owner of the White Sox.

The tourists will leave from Chicago on October 14, and will play through to the coast. Honolulu will be the first stop after the players embark on their long sea journey. The outfit will then p[ass] its way to Japan, and will give exhibitions in four of the biggest cities in the land of the slant-eyed inhabitants—Tokio, Yokohama, Hakodate and another large city.

Two games will be played in China, at Pekin and one in Hong Kong. Manila will be the next destination of the pilgrims, and then they will show the natives of India how the American game is played. Then will come a trip through Europe. Exhibition games will be played at the capitals of the various nations. The junket to Australia has been abandoned.

The sojourn will consume four months, the players getting back to the states in time to go South for spring training. They will have to become acclimated again.

GIANTS AFTER JAMES.

NEW YORK, May 3.—McGraw, of the Giants, is said to have offered Ames, Crandall and Groh for Pitcher "Bill" James of the Boston Braves. But Boston intends keeping James, who looks like a real find.

Operation Beat Wolgast-Naughton

Coghill Is New Australian Hope

By W. W. Naughton.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 3.—As a rule there is little sympathy for a dethroned idol. For that matter the wildest tumult a boxing arena knows is that which arises when a titleholder is being humbled.

And its all very human. A new king of the ring is welcomed with shouts and yells and pains of joy and a similar demonstration jars his eardrums when he is being counted out later in his career. No one wants to see a champion go on forever.

It can hardly be said, however that there was any gloating over the passing of Wolgast. There was a pathetic angle to Ad Wolgast's most recent showings, in fact. In his affair with Tommy Murphy, Wolgast's actions from first to last were those of a fighter who recognized all too well that his old-time strength had dwindled and that it was necessary for him to make the best use of what little was left.

The Wolgast of a couple of years ago was a wasp. The Wolgast of April 19—in comparison—was a butterfly. He knew his physical limitations and instead of cutting loose with his old-time abandon, he behaved as though doubtful as to how far his condition would carry him.

This means that he was an entirely different Wolgast.

Ad Keeps Own Counsel.

Before the battle he kept his own counsel for obvious reasons. For one thing it would never do for a whisper that all was not well to reach the opposition camp. When it was all over, Ad told how dog tired he was. His right side—where the knife slit was made—felt as though the muscles were tightly drawn. His right leg felt at times as though it would double under him.

Wolgast went the entire distance on his grit, and this is no reflection on Tommy Murphy, who fought a heady, clever battle and who in the minds of Western sports, is the equal of any man in his class to-day.

But Wolgast's is a sad case. It was not really Ritchie or Murphy who relieved him of his prestige. It was the surgeon who operated on him. When they took out Ad's appendix his championship came away with it.

McVea Finds Ewers.

Even as far as Australia the crash of a toppling white hope is heard occasionally.

They are sorting out the heavyweights down yonder just now and Sam McVea has taken a hand in the hunt for a white champion. Recently in Western Australia McVea, located a fellow named Harold Ewers. Harold stands six feet four inches and has been known as McVea's protege.

Ewers had his first contest in Sydney early in March and McVea's protege knocked out another giant named Alf. Pooley in three rounds. Then Ewers and Gordon Coghill, Australia's most promising heavyweight at present, were matched. Coghill, by the way, is the fellow who knocked out Syd Fitzsimmons, a nephew of old Bob a couple of months ago.

Ewers and Coghill met at the Sydney Stadium on the night of March 12, and McVea's giant bit the dust in the opening round. It was a smashing right hander which caused him to stretch his "listless length upon the carpet" and now McVea is minus a protege. It was a hard blow to Sam as he had visions of bringing Ewers to America for the purpose of polishing off the white hopes of this country.

Willard a Sky Scraper.

Talking of sky scrapers, Jesse Willard is highly commended for the strict manner in which he has attended to business since his arrival on the coast. Directly he felt far enough recovered from the operation on his nose, to suffer the caress of a boxing glove. Jesse went into camp at the Ocean Beach and trained as seriously as though he had a match in sight.

Since arrangements were entered into for a May bout between Willard and Gunboat Smith, the Kansas City hope, has put in his time in the mountains around Harbin Springs. There is a fully equipped gymnasium there, a monument to Jim Jeffries' championship days, and Willard makes good use of it, in addition to taking advantage of the exceptional opportunities for healthful outdoor work.

Willard will be back at his camp at the Beach early in May. Judging him from the seriousness with which he has attended to his preparation so far, he will be in first class condition when he faces Gunboat Smith.

Smith to Meet Willard.

In view of the approaching heavyweight contest, comparisons of the records of Smith and Willard are in order. In a disclussion which took place a few days ago it was instanced that Willard's great range had stood him in need when he boxed Luther McCarty back East.

"Well, Willard's stature will not prevent Gunboat from reaching him," said a sport who had witnessed the Smith-McKay bout in New York. "This fellow, McKay is even taller than Willard, I believe but Gunboat found his jaw with little difficulty."

"Yes, but McKay's straight left is much easier to work past than Willard's," said another.

This early season talk is an intimation that the Willard-Smith match is one that will lend itself readily to argument. It is possible that Gunboat, on the strength of his deadening punch, will be a slight favorite when betting begins but Willard will have a big following.

NEAT UNIFORMS IS NOW CRY OF BAN JOHNSON

By Bill Bailey.

CHICAGO, ILL., May 3.—Buck Weaver, demon shortstop of the White Sox, must change his pants of course. Morris Rath already has done so.

Other athletes in the American League who have been in the habit of concentrating some eighteen or twenty square yards of real estate on their trousers' legs must do the same.

President Johnson of the American League is out with a demand for cleanliness and neatness. He can't figure why an athlete should try to take on the appearance of his surroundings. The President of the league is quite a hunter. He understands why nature gave to some wild animals the color of its surroundings. So that it would be better able to conceal itself from its enemies. But the league executive doesn't figure a ball player in the role of the hunter and he thinks there should be some contrast between a baseball uniform and the ground.

The President is on a still hunt in this instance. He hasn't reached the demanding stage, but that will follow, if his peaceful representations are not followed. Here is the way he is going about it.

Orders Uniforms Washed.

Silk O'Loughlin, umpire, strolls to the field and sees Morris Rath. Morris' uniform was once as white as the driven snow. Once is correct. But that was a long time ago.

"Morris, I would have that uniform scraped and then washed," says Silk.

"What for?" queries Rath.

"So that you could remain in the game. It would pain me like everything, Morris, to come out here some afternoon and be compelled to inform you that you couldn't get in the game until you had changed your pants."

Of course Silk laughed as he delivered this oration. But it wasn't exactly a friendly laugh. One of those mirthless laughs in which you are tipped to be on your guard as there's something likely to happen to you.

Players Should Look Neat.

"Why shouldn't the players be neat?" queried President Johnson. Then he proceeded to answer his own question. "President Comiskey's team has two home uniforms. Two were purchased so that it would always be possible to have a clean one.

"I understand perfectly well that athletes can't be spick and span and I don't expect them to. But there is no occasion for a man allowing his uniform to lose all semblance of its original color. Men must slide and that means that his uniform must get soiled. But the fellows I am after, the fellows who have the worst appearing uniforms, do not accumulate the dirt that way.

"They chew tobacco and spit upon their gloves and then they wipe their gloves on their trousers. They become unsightly and many of the fans do not like that, especially the female enthusiasts. With two uniforms there is no reason why a fellow shouldn't be neat and tidy, with no more dirt on him than he picks up in the natural course of the game."

ENGLISHMEN NOT ASKED TO YALE-HARVARD MEET

OXFORD, ENGLAND, May 3.—The athletic authorities of the universities of Oxford and Cambridge have not yet received any formal invitation from Harvard and Yale to participate in a track meet at Harvard stadium in June or July this year.

The secretary of the Oxford Athletic Union, however, expressed the opinion yesterday that it would be impossible to send a team from the English universities in June, as examination would then be in progress, while the month of July would, he thought, be too hot.

No action will be taken by the English universities on the invitation to take part in the American Olympic games at Chicago from June 28 to July 6 until the Harvard-Yale matter has been settled.

EXPERT SAYS MARATHON RUNNING IS BENEFICIAL

BOSTON, May 3.—Marathon races are beneficial to young athletes rather than injurious, in the opinion of Dr. J. H. Cunningham, Jr., an expert examiner of the Boston Athletic Association, as given in the current issue of the association's official organ.

Dr. Cunningham says that during the seventeen years he has had medical supervision of the contestants in the association's annual Marathon he has not had a single case of even slight injurious effects resulting from the race.

"The best physical condition is essential," said Dr. Cunningham. "In fact, the conditions of the runners finishing this 25-mile race are quite as good as usually seen in runners after a quarter, half or mile run."

CHANCE TO TAKE REST ON TRAINER'S ORDERS

NEW YORK, May 3.—Manager Frank Chance of the New York American League team, after several days of active service at first base, is laying off again. Hal Chase has returned to first base.

Chance has been ordered by Trainer Barrett to rest until his injured leg is in good shape again. He had not fully recovered from the wrench he gave it in Brooklyn just before the season opened.

Lelivelt is booked to succeed Chase in center field, and Derrick, who has been nursing a spiked hand, to get back into the game at short.

DE ORO WILL SUE FOR TITLE BILLIARD TROPHY

NEW YORK, May 3.—Alfredo De Oro is again national champion at three cushion carrom billiards. John W. Horgan, who won the title and accompanying John W. Lambert trophy from James Carney at Denver on March 14, last year, refused to accept a challenge by De Oro on March 1 of the present year and refuses to surrender the emblem. Legal action will be taken to compel a transfer of the trophy to De Oro.

HARD ROAD LIES BEFORE GIANTS, ASSERTS CRANE

By Sam Crane.

NEW YORK, May 3.—There are some pretty stiff contests ahead of the Giants just now and very few cinches, if any, at this time of the year. Some of the Giants' opponents will crash sooner or later, and so might the Giants, but in the meantime it is the safest way to consider all their opposing teams as being worthy of their best efforts.

That the Giants are fully 20 per cent stronger now than they were last season at the same time is my firm belief, but it must be taken into consideration by them that several other clubs in their own league have improved in strength and ability in like proportion. Consequently they must play up to their own improved standard to hold their prestige as National League champions.

The championship season is, of course, in an embryo state, and the games being played now are perhaps try-outs more or less, but there seems to be nothing shown by the Dodgers and Phillies to prove that they are not fully up to the Giants in ability just now.

Where the Giants have it on most of their rivals—possibly all—is in their secondary line. No team is better or stronger fortified with substitutes—or understudies, perhaps, would be the better word. And that, in the long run, is bound to tell to the champions' advantage. It will probably win them the pennant again. But that should not make them overconfident. Victories gained over the weaker sisters, so-called, count fully as much as those over the clubs generally considered as contenders.

Dodgers Among "Big Four."

And, by the way, what are the clubs now that can rightfully be included in the "Big Four?"

Is not Brooklyn entitled to a seat up in the first division?

I am going to give the Dodgers that honor, anyhow. In the games I have seen them play they have put up a smooth, classy game, with good pitching and with the recuperative powers that go with the punch—and the punch in baseball signifies the wallop. It makes no difference to me that they have been beaten so often by a one-run margin. I can only talk of them as I have seen them, and I can not conceive that the Phillies or Bostons have any stronger pitching staff than the Dodgers.

Anyhow, the Dodgers have gone along swimmingly so far, and are sure to give the Western teams fully as much trouble as they have the Eastern teams of the league.

The Giants can not afford to play otherwise than at their very best. That they will win out eventually I feel confident, but they must eliminate that little taint of "ivory" that has cropped out occasionally with them this spring. Still, I am free to acknowledge that the "bone" business has not been as prominent this year as last. They have certainly shown improvement in that regard, but it wants to be eradicated completely to make the team look absolutely safe.

Team Must Take Chances.

Chances must be taken on the bases—and long ones, too. That is something McGraw insists on. If the manager did not have the strength of mind and fortitude to take a baseball gamble in directing his players what plays to make, he would not be the successful general he is, for his team would make many less runs. But in following their manager's directions his players should always be prepared, on their mental and physical tiptoes, to offset the many pitfalls the opposition tries to spring on them to counteract McGraw's scheming.

McGraw is known to give most of the signs that start his players off on their at times irresistible rushes around the base paths. Consequently, every move, every motion he makes while squatted on his haunches in the coachers' box is watched by argus-eyed opponents in the field and from the bench.

Lobert Was Puzzled.

It was funny to see Hans Lobert, of the Phillies, watch McGraw out of the corners of his eyes to detect some signal made to a base runner. Hans would imagine he had "got wise," would "wireless" to his catcher, and a pitch-out would be the result; but I failed to see that Hans ever got the right dope, even once.

McGraw was "on" to Lobert, too, and he would make many extra motions to throw the would-be detective off.

And that will be the sleuth system that will be worked by the Giants' opponents all the season. On McGraw will be focused all the spare "lamps" that can be concentrated on him.

Well, if they get wise they will be altogether smarter than I think they are.

Rube Marquard is ill at his home on Riverside Drive with an attack of tonsilitis. It is said to be quite a serious case. Rube was to have pitched in Brooklyn on Saturday but for his illness.

SAVANNAH WILL HAVE BIG BREEDING FARM

SAVANNAH, GA., May 3.—That Savannah is to have a stock farm where race horses will be bred, is the announcement of A. P. Doyle and Charles J. Odell, who are interested in the "sport of kings." The Doyle Park at Thunderbolt, where the late Captain M. J. Doyle always kept a string of trotters, and where he bred numbers of classy horses, will house the plant.

Odell has commissioned Tom Buckley, who is now at the Havre de Grace track, in Maryland, to purchase several thoroughbred mares for him.

In this connection it is interesting to note that a race track is about to be built in South Carolina within easy reach of the Savannah-Beaufort Ferry. It is understood that the money for this venture has already been put up. The idea will be to have the horses shipped through Savannah and taken by ferry to the proposed track.

Although Doyle, Odell and Charles H. Levin are interested in the plan for the new racing plant in South Carolina, the proposed breeding farm for thoroughbreds at Thunderbolt will not be dependent upon the establishment of the race track on the Caro-

AL DEMAREE, former Southern Leaguer, having just recovered from Umpire Klem's decision, herewith depicts the humorous effect of that ruling in various phases. The declaration of the umpire that McCormick's hit, which scored the winning run for the Giants, was null and void, proved a thunderbolt to the Giant players as well as to the fans. Klem based his decision on the rule that a player must be announced before he can go to the plate. In other words, Klem did not see the play. Demaree is the first to conceive the idea of the "Klem alibi."



'PHILLIES WERE LUCKY AGAINST DODGERS'-LOCKE

By L. R. Murdoch.

BOSTON, May 3.—William Locke, who left the post of secretary for the Pirates to assume. Horace Fogel's chair in Philadelphia, admits that his team has been overburdened with good luck this far.

"We have had a lot of luck," Locke confessed. "But we're playing good baseball, too, and we're geting the best and most uniformly good pitching in either league.

"The Phillies won four games from Brooklyn by one run, which were the greatest games ever staged so early in the season. Allen, Rucker and Stack all pitched good ball, but we managed to nose them out. Three of the battle we copped, 1 to 4 ,and the other 2 to 1. Luck followed us in a couple of the games, but we had it coming.

"Seaton, Alexander and Rixley should win many games for us this season. All are good realiable twirlers and have been under fire before. Also don't forget we have Chalmers and Brennan. Yet, I look for the Phillies to either win the pennant or finish very near the top, which means one, two or three."

The Phillies' pitchers say the hole tested against the Giants. The Quakers intend to show that on April 23 and 24, when they were beaten at the Polo Grounds, there was a hole three inches deep back of the pitchers' slab and they declare that this is clearly against the rules and sufficient justification for the annullment of the two games.

The Phillies' pitchers say that the bothered them exceedingly because they were in constant fear of stepping into it and injuring themselves. Consequently they were unable to devote their attentions and their energies exclusively to flinging the horsehide. They do not care whether the same hole bothered the New York pitchers or not. That was the Giants' own business, they say. If the excavation troubled them, they could easily have had it filled.

Not being possessed of phychological penetration, or the gift of reading minds, we will not attempt to say what have happened if the Phillies had won the two games mentioned. Did we possess the guileless illusions of youth we could imagine Mr. Locke and his colleagues presenting themselves before President Lynch of the National League and saying:

Dear Mr. Lynch, we want to call your attention to something about the two games we won in New York. The field was not laid out according to rules, which may have accounted for much of the adversities of the Giants. We scorn to take advantage of our competitors. We are sportsmen. Moreover, we believe what we were taught in early youth—that honesty is the best policy. Therefore, we decline to accept those victories and we leave your august presence, firmly convinced that by reason of this honorable course, fate will ordain that we win the pennant. We are convinced, too, that if we did not take this course, fate would frown upon us and we would suffer in consequence.

Or, in the event of Philadalphia having won, we might imagine Johnny McGraw saying: "What? Take advantage of that technicality? Not on your life! If we can't win a pennant without doing that, we refuse to win."

It would be just like McGraw.

WILLARD TO BE IN GREAT CONDITION FOR SMITH

HARBIN SPRINGS, CAL., May 3.—Tom Jones, the veteran fight-manager, is working hard over his new charge, Jess Willard, in the expectation of putting Willard in such shape that he will score a decisive win over "Gunboat" Smith, when they meet on May 17, in Goffroth's arena, San Francisco. Wolgast, the former lightweight champion, is with Willard and Jones, and occasionally puts on the gloves with the big fellow.

Jones declares Willard is the only white man in the world at the present time, possessing world's championship calibre, and as he has already handled two world's champions, Wolgast and Billy Papke, he ought to know.

Baseball Investigation Is Feared

Reverse Clause May Cause Trouble

By W. J. McBeth.

NEW YORK, May 3.—Organized baseball's trail is stalked by a real "bugaboo." It may simply be the late spring, the downward revision or the direct result of an age of rabid reform. But we have the word of Representative Gallagher, of Illinois, that a stringent investigation will be forthcoming—with an ultimate view toward dissolution—of that most "audacious monopoly"—the National pastime as embodied in the hands of the National Commission.

All on account of Tyrus Raymond Cobb, like the pastime a national institution. Some ball player, too, this bird, though he may set himself up for the little tin Moses to fight the oppression of the magnates and to lead his fraternity out of the house of bondage.

Speaking seriously a Federal investigation of organized baseball is far more to be feared than the "yellow peril." Baseball, as conducted, is all that its traducers have alleged. It is monopoly or trust, but through force of circumstances, not through any designs upon restraint of trade. That organized baseball cares nothing for opposition was shown in the attitude toward the United States circuit a year ago. This league was permitted to linger out its brief existence without interference—doubtless because there was nothing in its ranks worthy of interference. Organized baseball is one great happy family, working in harmony and unison toward a certain end, financial success. It has passed through its stages of strife and discord, and learned its lesson at a cost.

Baseball a Business Firm.

But organized baseball is not the octopus that the radical element would have us believe. It is a pretty good business firm that looks after its employees' financial interests with every bounty that success bestows. That is just what organized baseball has done for the great playing fraternity. Biased opinions doubtless prevail because of the many steel and concrete grandstands that have been built within the past few seasons. In many cases the edifices represent no more than the owners' faith in the future of the game. Still these same magnates have not been backward in endorsing more modern scales of wages with modern equipment. Within the past fifteen years ball players' salaries have more than trebled. In what other profession is this true?

Representative Gallagher, of Illinois, seems bent upon making a point of the reserve clause in professional baseball contracts. Every one familiar with baseball knows that this reserve clause is an injustice so far as government of the great game has evoluted to date. A baseball contract would never stand the test of a civil court let alone a Federal probe. It is not equitable to begin with. The club reserves the right to bind the player indefinitely. His alternative is disbarment or the "black list." But the club reserves the right to cast off this same player on ten days' notice. It can hold him forever; but he cannot better himself if the opportunity arises.

Players Get Fair Treatment.

On the face of it such a contract appears preposterous. It would be, too, if the administration of organized baseball were not every bit as square and above board as the playing end of the game. Not one instance in the history of the National Commission—the Supreme Court of organized baseball—may be cited where the player did not receive fair and unbiased treatment. Organized baseball may be fortunate in having such an honest board but the fact remains that this contention at least is true.

So fair has been the National Commission that it courts Federal investigation and in its attitude it is backed by the Baseball Players Fraternity. This latter body embraces practically every major league athlete outside of the playing managers. This fraternity was indirectly fathered by this same Tyrus Raymond Cobb, who indirectly, too, threatens to precipitate an investigation as a trust of the profession from which he earns a most lucrative livelihood. It was the direct outcome of the strike of the Detroit players following the suspension of Cobb for assaulting an obstreperous fan at the Hilltop last spring. The great majority of baseball players are content with the present form of contract. They know that so long as they are deserving their services will be properly rewarded. Few have been the cases where magnates have taken advantage of their power to dismiss players incapacitated through illness or injury.

Without a doubt organized baseball would survive Federal investigation. The reserve clause is the only vulnerable point of attack. To date it has been a necessary evil. In a pinch the organization might pursue its trameled course along present lines of procedure regardless of dictates from the United States Government. It would not be hard for the club owners to cut out the reserve clause in the contracts but to regard in secret such obligations, with a National Commission acting as general attorneys for the two big circuits.

Star Players Hurt.

Where so much smoke there is bound to be a little fire. Organized baseball might do well to heed the agitation with a view toward bettering present conditions. The reserve clause doubtless works an injustice on the star player unfortunate enough to be associated with a poor club in a poor paying town. He can not hope ever to secure remuneration equal to his worth to a strong team. Heretofore Nap Rucker, of Brooklyn, and Walter Johnson, of Washington, have belonged to that class. Fortunately both Washington and Brooklyn are now on the upward trend and those wonderful stars may yet find themselves associated with winners. Ty Cobb is being exceptionally well paid in Detroit. New York could afford to pay perhaps double the sum. Thus the reserve clause is an injustice to Cobb in a way; but it is by the same token a protection to Detroit. And after all the Detroit promoters hold the greater risk of the two interested parties.

But for the reserve clause baseball would not survive its present high type for one season. The clubs with the money would corral all the stars. There would be no competition. None would become disgusted sooner than the fans. It strikes the writer, however, that organized baseball might operate under just a trifle more favorable privileges toward the player, who after all is the real backbone of the organization. The reserve must be maintained or chaotic conditions would prevail in less than no time.

Fultz on Commission.

Here then is a suggestion. Why not allow the playing fraternity some representation on the National Commission? It is no more than fair. It is the principle on which George Washington organized his independent league away back in 1776. A mighty good commissioner would be the level headed Davy Fultz President of the Baseball Players' Fraternity. At least such should be a man disinterested in the playing or financial end of the national pastime yet versed well on both sides—capital and labor. Then in case of a disagreement like the late Cobb episode the matter could be settled fairly by arbitration.

Cobb, the national hero, appears to have brought some good out of his troubles in 1912 in the formation of a players' fraternity. There is a possibility that greater good will arise from the widespread publicity of his latest differences with his employers. We sincerely hope, however, that our Illinois friend does not pull all the tentacles off the octopus for it is likely to be a cold, long winter.

Johnny Ward sized up the situation: "Organized baseball may be a trust, but it's a pretty popular trust. I'd hate to be the man who would take it away from the public. Any one who tries to break up the organization will find himself in a hornet's nest. Say, honestly, who do you think will win the pennant?"

BOYS HIGH TO MEET MARIST IN BIG GAME

By Jim Glover.

LAST Tuesday afternoon Peacock sprung the surprise of the local Prep League baseball season by defeating Tech High, 9 to 8. Previous to that game Peacock had won but one game and had proved easy against all comers in the Prep League. Various excuses have been offered by Tech High players but the real reasons for their defeat were overconfidence and lack of practice. It is hoped that the result will be a lesson to them and that in the future the team will be ready at all times to go in to do its best.

On the other hand great credit is due the Peacock boys for winning the game. They went into the contest with the feeling that they did not have much of a chance to win, but at the same time they were determined to make a fight for it and by sheer nerve and slugging ability were able to come out ahead.

Callahan Back in Form.

Callahan, of Marist, appears to be back in his early season form again. For a while "Cally" was not pitching his usual game, especially in the Tech High affair when he was touched up for a number of hits. That he is going well again there can be no doubt, as he pitched a no-hit contest against G. M. A. at College Park Tuesday. Marist and Boys High will meet on the Marist diamond next Saturday in their second game of the season and the Prep championship may be decided then and there. The previous meeting of the two nines resulted in a ten-inning tie and there is little to choose between them at this stage of the season.

The local Prep schools are looking forward anxiously to the annual track and field meet next Friday. It has not yet been definitely decided where this meet will be held, but Marist wants it held on their Ivy Street campus and no doubt that will be the scene of activities.

50 Athletes to Compete.

There will be at least fifty well trained athletes entered in this meet and there will be plenty of competition for first place in each event. Some new local Prep records will no doubt be made and some new 'finds' discovered. The following are some pretty sure point winners in this meet. Allen, of Marist, Bedell, of Tech High, Parks, of Tech High and Johnson, of Boys High in the 100-yard dash; Allen, Lockridge and Bedell in the hurdles; Holtzendorff, of Boys High, in the pole vault and Fowler, Bedell and Meyers in the weight events. Cheeves, Downing and Covington look good for points in the distance runs.

Everything points to the most successful meet ever held. Numerous prizes have been offered and a cup will be given to the school winning the greatest total number of points. The odds favor Marist, but it is not at all certain that Marist will cop. At any rate the event will be worth witnessing.

East Meets West in Big Leagues

Games to Furnish Line on Teams

By Monty.

NEW YORK, May 3.—The first lap of the baseball season is nearing its end. At the conclusion of the present series in the two big leagues, round number two will be ushered in with first batch of intersectional clashes. The National League will launch the second stage of its season on Tuesday with the Western clubs in the East, and the following day the Eastern clubs of the American League will play in the West. The old argument of "our part of the country is better than yours" will proceed until settlement.

Judging from what has been seen already, the East possesses a trifle edge over the Occidentals, taken from all-around angles, but there is every indication of a number of surprises being sprung. The first set of East-West combats does not put any pair of the prime quality pennant favorites together. The National League presents Cincinnati at New York, Chicago at Brooklyn, Pittsburg at Boston and St. Louis at Philadelphia, and the American League offers New York at Detroit, Boston at Cleveland, Philadelphia at St. Louis and Washington at Chicago.

In the case of almost every one of the first batch of intersectional games, it looks as if the underdog is certain to win at least one game of each series, due to the possession of a particular star pitcher who can be banked upon to keep the opposition scoring low, and therein lies the likelihood that the mighty are not going to make any clean sweep.

The Reds have George Suggs in great trim to stymie the Giants. Nap Rucker is a two to one bet to stave off the rush of the Cubs in Brooklyn. Hub Perdue should keep the Pirate from walking all over his Hub teammates and Slim Sallee, of the Cardinals, ought to make the Phillies hustle.

This last mentioned series is likely to produce the smallest grand total of runs of the week, for neither team has been batting very hard and both have their flinging corps in grand fettle. The Cardinals, besides Sallee have Steele, Harmon and Griner doing top-notch work, while the Phillies have a great staff of shut-out and one-run twirlers, ready, including Seaton, Alexander, Chalmers, and the youngster Mayer.

Earl Hamilton, of the Browns, one of the best young southpaws of recent years, will beat the Athletics if he gets real assistance from his coworkers in batting and fielding. The great young Keating will give the Tigers, even with Cobb, a ragged run of it to down the Yankees, while Dubuc seems certain to win one game of the series for the Detroits. Unless Ed Walsh and Walter Johnson should pitch against each other in the White Sox-Senators series, each is sure of a victory. If they meet, it should produce the best pitchers' battle of the season to date. Vean Gregg, now called Cleveland's iron man, is more than a worthy foeman of the Red Sox.

* * *

IT'S great to hear how well the national pastime of Uncle Sam is taking hold abroad. Half a dozen countries now are going into the game on a fair scale, and it seems likely that maybe a few years hence it will be regarded as on a par with the chief sports in those lands. The latest place to take up the game extensively is the Philippines Islands, where a league has been developed that ranks about on a par with our class C or D organizations. The champion team of the circuit, which won the pennant with a percentage of .540 for 62 games in the winter season, is to pay us a visit the coming summer, when we will get an opportunity to see just what has been accomplished by the soldier boys who introduced the sport to the islanders.

The Filipinos will make a tour of the country, upon their arrival about June 25, and will play college, semi-professional and minor league teams in all sections. The Filipinos are reported to have made wonderful strides in the progress of the game since the American occupation, and are said to be remarkable base runners and fielders.

* * *

OTHER countries that have taken to the game with avidity are: France, Sweden, Japan, China, Cuba and Australia. The French Lycees, which wield a powerful influence in their country, have undertaken the fostering of the sport in the land of the lily. With a number of American students and visitors in the fore, the game has been brought along to such a point that the ebullient Alphonses and Gastons are much wrought up over it. The Frenchman rapidly is becoming conversant with the ins and outs of the game and enjoys the exciting situations that arise in it.

Baseball has been played by half a dozen regularly formed teams in Sweden ever since the members of the American Olympic team gave the Scandanavians a look at a contest last summer. Ernie Hjertberg, the trainer of the Swedish national track and field athletes, has done much toward popularizing the game there. In Japan the game has progressed to a point where all the large college teams make it their most important athletic activity. Cuba for several years has had teams that rank up with the best of our minor leagues, and as eevrybody knows several first-rate players have come to our majors from the island.

BALL TEAM OF BROTHERS.

BOYNE CITY, MICH., May 3.—Milton Porkorney, third sacker with the Boyne City Michigan State League club last season and formerly with Kalamazoo in the Southern Michigan League, has organized a team among his brothers at Lawton, Okla. The club bears the family name. Several of the Porkorney brothers played professional ball last season, while the others are semi-pro stars of the little Oklahoma city.

HANS WAGNER HAS A HEART OF PURE GOLD

CINCINNATI, May 3.—Hans Wagner, the wonderful star, of him is this story told—a tale that shows how the German had a heart that was purest gold:

Four years ago Hans Wagner, rich in this world's goods, and, even then, weary of the game, announced his retirement. No holdout, no demand for money or privilege—just determined to quit and take things easy, that was all. Panic prevailed in Pittsburg—and Harry Pulliam, now dead, came up to see the German. He found Wagner obdurate, immutable, immovable. "I'm through, that's all," growled Hans. "I've got money—and sore muscles. I need no more money—I can't stand much more ball playing. I'm done."

"Hans," said Pulliam, "this old smoky town is full of hard-working, honest toilers, men of the mills. Little pleasure is theirs in life—mighty little. A Saturday afternoon—a few hours under the blue sky—and the chance to see Hans Wagner play ball. They go out there to that field by thousands, just to see you. That's a joy and a real delight to those poor fellows—and you don't want to take that pleasure away from them?"

"Give me that pen," growled Wagner—"I'll sign it, Harry, and I'll stay as long as they want me to!"

No holdup, no holdout—only a sacrifice of the strained body that yearned for rest and ease—only a sacrifice to please a gentleman and to please the smoke-grimed thousands that made Wagner the idol of their leisure hours! That was all—but it showed the golden weave of Wagner's heart and soul.

BRITTON TO START FOR COAST; AFTER JOE RIVERS

NEW YORK, May 3.—In response to a telegram from Manager "Dumb Dan" Morgan, Jack Britton, the Chicago lightweight who has been cleaning up around these parts of late, will soon start for the coast to meet his talkative business man in Los Angeles.

Britton declares that he is unable to get a match with any more of the Eastern lightweights, because, he says, they are afraid to get in a ring with him. Such being the case, his manager has decided to bring him across the Continent in the hope of matching him up with the best of the Western crop of lightweight championship aspirants. Britton declares that Morgan expects to either coax or force Joe Rivers into a match with him.

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News of Finance, Industry, Crops and Commerce

RETAIL BUSINESS SHOWING GAINS OVER LAST YEAR

Big Stores Increase Sales Each Month, but Buy Less, Thus Decreasing Stocks.

FEEL NO PINCH AS YET

Surprised When They Talk to Bankers—Spot Cotton Dull. Crop Prospects Good.

By M. A. ROSE.

"Small retailers come in here for conferences, and are amazed when we tell them times are not of the best and that money is scarce," said a down town banker.

This means, of course, that retail trade, strangely enough, is above that of last year at this time, with every indication of its staying at present levels.

Big and little retailers tell the same story, except, of course, that the big fellows study general conditions more closely.

With all the talk of caution, of retrenchment, and of decreased buying power, the retailers, who get quickest intelligence of changed conditions, declare business exceeds expectations.

Whitehall Street stores say their balance sheets show increases over last year, that March was one of the best months they ever had and that April will exceed March.

Gains Every Month.

"Every month this year has shown a gain over the same months of the preceding year," said the head of one of the largest department stores, "and I believe this is the case all along the street in the retail district. Increases are not phenomenal, but healthy.

"We know, of course, that money will be more or less scarce until after the new crop comes in. We are buying cautiously from jobbers. My purchases in April were nearly $10,000 under my purchases for April last year. At the same time, sales for April show a gain over the same month of 1912. That means, of course, that I am eating into my stock. This is what I want. I want stock down to the lowest it has ever headed. Then I shall buy to supply actual needs, in small quantities and often. purchases of woolens. We do not purcahses of woolens. We do not want to be caught with a big stock of them when free wool goes into effect.

Order Novelties Freely.

"The only lines we are ordering with any freedom are novelties. This is necessary. Manufacturers have ceased building up stocks in such lines. They produce only what is ordered in advance of production.

"With our stocks down, and our finances in healthy shape, we will be ready to jump in and buy to the limit of our ability if the crop outlook in the fall warrants expectations of a highly prosperous season."

In general, the week has been uneventful. Clearings are not so large, but deposits hold their own.

Demand for money continues lively, but bankers have not changed their policy of conservatism, and loans are made to cover only pressing needs. New enterprises or extensions are frowned upon.

Farmers Not Hampered.

Farm work progressed well for the week, with fair weather. It was too cold, however, for the cotton plant in many parts of the belt, including the Atlantic States, and seed is not germinating. In general, however, the ground is in excellent shape. Authoritative reports show the cotton and grain prospects to be excellent.

Spot cotton seems to be in little or no demand. The tone in the Atlanta market is merely nominal, with prices shaded somewhat from recent levels. Holders do not want to sell; spinners do not want to buy. In this deadlock, there is no profit for the dealers. What few sales there are for the most part supply foreign needs. Domestic spinners consistently refuse to show any interest. Warehouse stocks remain about the same.

The week has seen queer doings in the New York futures market. Tuesday, in particular, was an inexplicable mess, closing with April down ten points, May up twelve points, and the rest of the positions from one to a dozen points off from the close of the day before.

New York Futures.

Everything, it is said, has been discounted save the weather. Futures are selling at a big discount under the actual cotton. Liverpool is said to intend taking up big batches of New York cotton on May contracts. New York is not anxious to have this happen, as a depleted stock would leave July shorts in a precarious condition. So the war goes merrily on with the Southern farmer holding the balance of power, and refusing steadily to unload.

Interest in fall lines of dry goods is beginning. Some of the more important houses opened their fall lines May 1. A few buyers are in town, but not many. Country retail stocks are not moving so rapidly. Warm weather will improve trade.

Wholesale grocers have little to say of the week's business. They are satisfied, but claim they have not cast up the figures for April as yet, even roughly, though they think the totals will be satisfactory.

SOUTHERN IMPROVEMENTS.

During the five years from 1908 to 1912 eight railroads operating in Southern States have spent $122,230,000 on improvements. During the same period only three of the roads included paid dividends, the total amounting to $24,164,000. The expenditures for improvements, as compiled by the Manufacturers Record, include $55,241,000 for Norfolk & Western, $20,910,000 for 'Frisco, $14,658,000 for Seaboard Air Line, $19,726,000 for Florida East Coast, $6,951,000 for Carolina, Clinchfield & Ohio, and less than $2,000,000 each for three small roads.

SUDAN PRODUING GREATER AMOUNTS OF COTTON YEARLY

The culture of cotton in the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan is making rapid strides under the direction and assistance of the British Government, according to Arno Schmidt, of Manchester, England. Mr. Schmidt, at the meeting of the National Association of Cotton Manufacturers in Boston, gave an interesting and detailed account of the methods used to increase the production of the white staple in the Sudan.

As a result of the extension of the railway system, large areas of great fertility have been tapped, and Mr. Schmidt says an enormous quantity of cotton could be produced, but the drawback is that the natives must be educated in order to get the best value from the land.

The Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, he said, extends from 22 degrees to 5 degrees northern latitude. The area of the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan is about 1,000,000 square miles. North Sudan has very little rainfall, indeed, the climate there being almost identical with that of the south of Egypt. Farther south the rainfall increases.

Wise Law in Force.

Great praise is due to the department of agriculture and to the various governors of the respective cotton growing provinces who have elaborated the Sudan Cotton Ordinance of 1912. This ordinance regulates the importation of cotton seed; the supply of cotton seed by the director of agriculture; provides for special licenses for ginning factories, and enables the government inspectors to visit the ginning factories; it insists upon the clean picking of cotton, the separation of cotton seed of different qualities, and gives special powers to the governors of the provinces to establish such regulations as may be requisite according to special local conditions. If similar acts were in existence in Egypt, India and some of the African colonies less deterioration of quality and the other evils resulting from the mixing of seed in the ginneries would follow.

Moisture Supply.

The cotton-growing districts of the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan are best dealt with in the following divisions:

1. Flood Irrigation—Tokar, with a cultivated area of 50,000 feddans, watered by the flood of the Khor Baraka, Kassala, with a cultivated area of 4,000 feddans, watered by the flood of the River Gash.

2. Pump Irrigation—North of Khartoum, principal places, Zeidab, Fadlab, Darmali in the Berber Province, and several plantations in the neighborhood of North Khartoum, viz., Kadro, Sagai, etc.

3. The Gezira—The Tayiba Test Farm, at present irrigated by pumps The final scheme provides perennial irrigation by means of a barrage and canals.

4. Rain-Grown Cotton—South of the Gezira, Singa, Renk, Mellut and Kodok; some rain-grown cotton is raised in the Gezira.

Deep Silt Deposit.

It has been ascertained that the silt deposit on the lower points of the delta, around Tokar, is in places 40 feet deep. These floods carry the crop to the rainy seasons, which may begin towards the end of October. The only additional moisture which the plants receive is from the heavy dews, which set in about the middle of September. The air generally is humid. Throughout the winter months there are many cloudy days. The Kohr Baraka has a habit of flowing into different districts from year to year, and this alteration of its course is an enormous drawback, as the cultivators, not knowing whether the flood will come on their land seldom prepare it in advance for cultivation. As the farmers are never sure whether the flood will reach certain lands, they are careless and refrain from preparing for the flood, and do not weed nor hoe the ground.

Hoeing Pays Well.

It has been proved by the inspector of agriculture on the Government farm at Tokar that hoeing prior to the flood, gives increased yields. The uncertainty of the river reaching the land makes the cultivation an element of chance. Attempts in a small way at directing the flood into certain courses have been fairly successful. There has been elaborated a flood controling scheme, whereby an area of at least 70,000 or even 80,000 feddans will be flooded sufficiently every year.

The land in the Tokar district is owned by the Government, which hires it out on a yearly tenancy, the native paying land taxes in lieu of rent.

The average yield of cotton per feddan is very small, viz., about 400 pounds seed-cotton giving about 31.5 per cent of lint. The quality and the color of the cotton are satisfactory. Owing to the unsatisfactory method of cultivation, the yield is small and the staple is somewhat irregular. That the yield can be increased has been proved by a Greek farmer, who had last year an average crop of 700 pounds of seed-cotton per feddan. This was entirely due to slightly better cultivation than the natives adopted; even on this plantation no ploughing or preparing of the land prior to the flood was undertaken.

Buyers Upset Plans.

According to the new cotton ordinance, no mixing of the different grades is allowed, the intention being to establish a reputation for Tokar cotton. As, however, several Alexandria firms buy the cotton on the spot and have it ginned, partly in Egypt and partly in Suakin, it is evident that the good intentions of the Sudan Government are frustrated by their action. The owner of the ginnery at Suakin told me repeatedly that the Alexandria houses insist upon mixing the grades. The cotton ordinance will have, however, this advantage that each class must be ginned separately, and therefore the seed of the first-grade cotton which must be kept apart should be useful for sowing purposes.

Business Is Lively In Light Linens

Fine Dress Goods and Towelings To Be Rushed in by Importers Ahead of Higher Tariff.

NEW YORK, May 3.—As predicted, when the latest change in the proposed linen schedules were announced importers have begun to get inquiries on lightweight dress linen and towelings. These goods, which come in under the present tariff at 30 per cent, are to be advanced to 35 per cent, if the new schedules as they now stand go through. Large buyers are apparently of the opinion that the bill will be passed practically as it stands, and are making inquiries as to prices on goods which will be needed later on. Importers in the New York market, when they learned of the proposed change in the duties on lightweight dress linens and towelings, stated that there would undoubtedly be a rush for goods, and their predictions bid fair to be realized.

The changes made in the schedules have been widely discussed throughout the trade, and the general opinion seems to be that imports of linens will increase, if the bill passes as it is outlined now. With regards to lightweight dress fabrics, it is believed that the imports of these will not be greatly hurt by a 5 per cent increase in the duty. Buyers will not be able to lose any time if they want to get goods in ahead of the passing of the tariff, as it has been generally intimated that the bill will go into effect as soon as it is passed. The mills abroad are already pretty well under order for the balance of this year, and it will be a question of whether the goods can be turned out in time to get them here before the tariff goes into effect.

Retailers are moving out dress linens steadily, and stocks are by no means as large as they would like to see them. Solid colors in the popular shades are in excellent demand, with some houses reporting good sales of what are termed "high colors," such as reds, purples and bright greens. Cream shades and white are also good property, especially in the finely woven goods. Crashes are in very short supply, and prices continue to show an upward tendency. Domestic mills are well sold ahead and buyers are still complaining of the slow shipments from abroad.

Advices received from Belfast state that manufacturers there are keenly interested in the pending tariff changes, and believe that if the bill goes through a larger business will be done in this country.

DARTMOUTH ADDS EFFICIENCY.

HANOVER, N. H., May 3.—Dartmouth College will offer a course next year in scientific management as part of the second year work in the Amos Tuck School of Administration and Finance. At their last meeting the trustees of the college appointed Professor Henry W. Shelton, Yale '04, to the faculty and he will conduct the courses in the application of scientific management to manufacturing and merchandizing. In taking this step Dartmouth perhaps becomes the first college to offer a course in the "Taylor System."

Bend All Efforts to Crop Movement

Banks Prefer Short Loans to Mature in Time to Give Funds for Harvest Days.

Bankers do not discuss freely the prospects of money next fall, yet it is plainly evident that their policy is one of caution. The rate for six months' collateral loans in Wall Street has been lowered to 4 1-2 at 4 1-2 per cent., but even at that level it compares with 3 1-2 per cent, quoted for similar loans at thits time last year, and 2 3-4 per cent, two years ago. Time loans least difficult to obtain are those which run as nearly as possible for periods terminating at the time next autumn when the West will begin to call for funds to finance the crop movements. Not only at New York, but at Chicago and St. Louis it is testified that while six months' loans are the limit, the banks prefer not to go beyond four months on time-loan accommodations. What the demands for crop movements will amount to cannot even be guessed at, but if the exceedingly favorable winter wheat indication is later on reflected in spring wheat, corn and oats, there will be little question concerning the extent of the fall demands for money.

Commenting on these precautions, a banker of wide experience at the West and South pointed out that if many of the banks adopted such a policy there would be a far more comfortable money market in the fall than is now anticipated. One factor which has helped the situation so far has been the reduced borrowings by railroads and industrial concerns. Requests from such sources have been light compared with the broad borrowings that were looked for a few weeks ago. Some roads have deferred fresh financing until the investment outlook is more settled and the new tariff law is on the statute books.

NEW WALL STREET BOGIE.

Physical valuation of the railroads of the country is the next bogie Wall Street has to confront. The new law requiring the Interstate Commerce Commission to make a physical valuation goes into effect this week, on the first of May. After the commission makes a tentative valuation it must submit it to the railroads, to the Department of Justice, to the Governors of the States in which the railroad properties are located and to others whom the commission may prescribe. A protest against the valuation placed upon a railroad by the commission can be filed within 30 days, but if none is filed, that valuation becomes final. In case of protest, findings of the commission will be reviewed at a hearing at which testimony will be heard. There is no doubt that the recent decline in stocks, more especially of rails, is due to the impending valuation of these properties. The railroads do not consider that fair valuation can thus be placed upon their properties. Many elements entered into the construction of railroads in the early days when pioneer work had to be done which a physical valuation made to-day might not reflect.

ISSUING BONDS NO SIMPLE TRICK

Investment Bankers Consider Many Questions Before a Move Is Made.

MANY CHANCES REFUSED

Efforts Made Not to Glut the Market, Also to Prevent Continual Re-selling.

How does a banker know the price is safe to fix for a great bond issue? How does he know what is the most opportune time to bring out an important loan? How can he tell when he negotiates with the corporation, whether it will be possible for it to secure its money at a guaranteed price in a money market which may be governed by wholly different conditions from those prevailing at the time the loan was contracted for?

Every new loan brings up so many perplexing questions for the investment banker to consider that the head of a great international banking house was heard to remark that "nothing but brains and a life-time experience equipped one to deal with the problems of a difficult bond market." He added: "Even then we all make bad blunders. No one can guard fully against mishaps for the reason that no one man is big enough to invariably judge the money market correctly. The price of money is of all things the most sensitive. We all do the best we can and let it go at that."

This was the testimony of a man who has put through some of the largest international loans. When the president of a large railroad asks a banker to bring out a bond issue he is put through a running fire of questions. These have to do with the condition of the property itself; its mortgage indebtedness, note issues and outstanding stock; whether the new money is wanted to pay off maturing obligations, to finance new construction work, to purchase equipment, or to buy into some other road; how soon the money will be required, whether or not it is to be used all at once or at stated intervals, and what rate of interest the road is willing to pay; and how long the loan is to run, what provision is to be made for paying it off, and the terms of the mortgages.

This questioning may take two hours or two weeks. When Paris bankers took Pennsylvania's $50,000,000 issue of 3 3-4 per cent, 15-year bonds in 1906, the borrower, according to one of its representatives, "had to prove that it had a road."

There are often occasions when bankers refuse flatly to bring out a large loan at any terms. Since 1909 every prominent banking house in the Street has probably turned down a dozen such propositions. Their refusals have been based generally on a determination not to glut the bond market or to cause embarrassment through loading up weak holders with bonds. The St. Paul loan bankers could have sold the entire $30,000,000 issue with ease had they accepted bids from smaller syndicates. Instead of doing that they made a special effort to place the bonds with insurance companies, savings banks, and rich estates, which would hold the securities for income-producing purposes. That prevented the unsettlement which was caused two years ago by the constant reselling of bonds by weak holders, who had bid for new loans only to sell again as soon as the market had advanced fractionally.

Each banking house has its own experts, private accountants, and sometimes its own engineers to make special reports on railroad or industrial concerns which seek to put out large loans.

Whence Will Come German War Hoard?

Reichsbank Has Amassed Huge Sum in Gold, but Hardly Enough for Kaiser's Demands.

Where will the German Government procure the 12,000,000 marks of gold coin which, it is announced, is to be added as "war treasure" to the similar amount of 12,000,000 marks taken from the French indemnity payment after 1871, and locked up since then in the castle of Spandau? The Berlin Tageblatt answers the question, after pointing out that Imperial Treasury bonds will be issued in payment:

"How is the gold to be obtained? It must either be withdrawn from the Reichsbank or from circulation. It is not possible for the Reichsbank to hand over so much. It is known that the gold currency is more important in Germany than in other countries, and the Reichsbank for a considerable time has been endeavoring to attract gold from circulation to the bank, first of all by the issue of banknotes, especially of smaller banknotes, and also by increasing the amount of silver in circulation.

"The efforts of the Reichsbank have been successful. At present the return is nearly 200,000,000 marks more unfavorable than at this time last year, but the gold has increased by almost 50,000,000 marks. The Reichsbank hopes to have concentrated in its vaults about one milliard marks in gold in May of this year, which would be a record amount."

Whether this is enough to provide the extra 12,000,000 marks, or $30,000,000, for the Emperor's war chest, is not yet apparent. The bank regarded its own gold reserve as none too strong a year ago, and it now holds less than $18,000,000 in excess of April, 1912.

TWO STATES NOW DOMINATE RICE

Louisiana and Texas Crowd to Front in Production of Irrigated Crop.

THE ATLANTIC STATES QUIT

Acreage in the East Generally Abounded in Favor of Other Farm Products.

WASHINGTON, May 3.—Statistics of the rice cleaning and polishing industry of the United States for the year 1909 are given in a bulletin soon to be issued by Director Durand, Bureau of the Census, Department of Commerce. It was prepared under the direction of William M. Steuart, chief statistician for manufactures.

In 1909 there were 71 establishments engaged in cleaning and polishing rice. In these establishments 1,777 persons were employed, 1,239 being wage earners. The value of products was $22,371,457, but the value added by manufacture was only $2,879,377, the cost of materials being equal to 87.2 per cent of the total value of products.

In 1909 Louisiana reported 56 per cent of the total value of products, and Texas 36.4 per cent, leaving only 7.6 per cent for all other States combined. These two States employed 90.6 per cent of the average number of wage earners. Louisiana reported 55.7 per cent of the total value of products in 1899, South Carolina 11.2 per cent, while Texas, with one establishment, was included under "All other States."

Between 1899 and 1900 there was considerable change in the relative importance of the different States in the industry. The number of establishments in Georgia, North Carolina, and South Carolina decreased greatly, while Alabama, California, Florida, Mississippi and New York, each of which reported one or more establishments in 1899, returned none in 1909. The number of establishments in Texas increased from one in 1899 to 19 in 1909 and Arkansas, which had none in 1899, had 5 establishments in 1909.

This shift in the industry was due to the very general abandonment of rice growing on the lowlands near the Atlantic and Gulf coasts, and to its introduction with irrigation on the level prairie lands of Louisiana, Texas and Arkansas, where machinery can be used in planting and harvesting.

The proportion of clean rice obtained varies considerably in different States. In Arkansas the proportion in 1909 was 62.7 per cent; in Louisiana, 65.1 per cent; in South Carolina, 55.1 per cent; in Texas, 63.5 per cent, and in Washington, 90.4 per cent. The rice treated in Washington, however, was imported hulled rice, and the rice was not polished by the mills, the only substance removed being the bran. The proportions of clean rice for the several States in 1904 were as follows: Louisiana, 62.2 per cent; South Carolina, 62.4 per cent; Texas, 62.4 per cent, and Washington, 90.5 per cent.

Estimates Expense of General War

Paris Statistician Say European Conflict Would Cost Close to $55,000,000 Per Day.

If war were actually to break out when Austria and Servia were quarrelling, and if Germany, England, France, Russia, Italy, Austria, and Rumania were to have been drawn in, what would it have cost? Dr. Charles Richet, a statistician of the University of Paris, has published detailed and elaborate estimates. From them he concludes that the daily expense of the actual campaign would be something like $55,000,000 per day.

He bases his estimate on the assumption that, roughly, twenty million men would be called to arms, of whom at least half would be sent to the front. On this basis, he works out the daily expenditure for the seven Powers, as follows—the figures being here rendered into dollars:

Provisioning of troops	$12,500,000
Feeding of horses	1,000,000
Pay	4,250,000
Wages, arsenals, and harbors	1,000,000
Mobilization	2,000,000
Transport of foodstuffs, weapons, etc.	4,000,000
Ammunition—	
Infantry	4,000,000
Artillery	1,250,000
Ship artillery	375,000
Fitting out of army	4,000,000
Ambulance service	500,000
Movement of ships	500,000
Deficit in taxes	10,000,000
Support for population without means	6,750,000
Requisitions, damage to towns, bridges, etc.	2,000,000
Total	$54,125,000

If such a war lasted only as long as the brief Franco-Prussian conflict of 1870; the outlay on this basis would exceed $5,000,000,000 irrespective of war indemnities.

NO EXTENSIVE FINANCING.

Frederick J. Lisman, a director of the Alabama, Tennessee & Northern Railroad, says the merger of the Tombigbee Valley Railroad and the Mobile Terminal & Railway Co. with the former company, represents the extension of the Alabama, Tennessee & Northern by something more than 100 miles of line and involves ownership of valuable terminal property at Mobile, including a large frontage on the harbor. Present needs do not call for larg financing, and the only thing in this line that will be done at the present is an issue of $1,000,000 in bonds, which already have been taken up. Ultimately, of course, the development of the Mobile terminal will be attempted upon an extensive scale.

Cattle Tick Incubus Is No Obstacle to New Stockman

Dipping Vat and Sprays Take Care of Ticks—Progressive Stockmen Welcome Severe Restrictions—Tick Continuance Inexcusable, if Thorough Safeguards Will Be Taken in Every Instance Tick Appears.

By CHARLES A. WHITTLE.
(Georgia State College of Agriculture.)

MORE than 180,000 miles of territory has been freed of cattle tick since 1906—a territory that would cover Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia and slightly more. Pretty good work that!

And what is more, his pudgy nibs is on the way to oblivion at a faster pace than ever. The street would put it more expressively by saying that he was being put on the "blink," for that is about what happens when he receives a deluge of the arsenic solution in the "dip."

For a long time the Margaropus Annulatus—none other than the cattle tick—gorged and gorged good blood of Southern cattle, but at last a scientific sleuth trapped and convicted him of cattle raiding computing his outrages at millions and millions of dollars a year.

Forthwith the federal authorities located the van of the tick's far flung lines, set up a quarantine and stopped crossing from infected to uninfected territory until a clean bill of health was shown. It was discovered that the tick had fixed itself upon the cattle industry of the South and Southwest, that cattle reared in uninfected territory when taken into infected territory died when the tick got in its work. Indeed the cattle tick fever is to the cow what yellow fever is to man.

Farmers Do Not Appreciate Damage.

A CURIOUS feature about it is that the Southern farmers did not know that the cattle tick had anything to do with the development of their herds. In fact, a great many Southern farmers to-day will hoot the claims that the cattle tick amounts to anything, averring that it is all a fuss about nothing.

The explanation is that Southern born and reared cattle receive a touch of the tick fever very early in life with comparatively slight effect, but enough to make them immune from serious effects afterwards. Though Southern cattle thus early go through the tick ordeal, as a matter of fact, they are never afterwards what they might have been. Their growth is permanently stunted. They are, in fact, predestined bovine failures.

The Southern farmer faces his poor cattle with an "Oh, well the South is no place to grow them!" He has been placing the blame on the country and climate when it belonged to him.

Every intelligent farmer now knows that the South is a territory suited to cattle growing, indeed, wonderfully adapted to it—the tick, of course, eliminated as a factor. The long grazing season, the great variety of crops maturing at desirable intervals, the possibility of double cropping, the generally favorable climatic conditions, have all been made to show prime beef and dairy results where the tick has been driven out.

How Tick Does Damage.

THE charges against the cattle tick have been well briefed by Dr. W. M. Burson, professor of Veterinary Science of the Georgia State College of Agriculture in the following way:

1—Sucks blood thereby causing loss of vitality.
2—Stunts the growth of calves.
3—Lessens milk production.
4—Increases expense of fattening cattle.
5—Interferes with the improvement of breeds.
6—Causes commercial damage to hides.
7—Restricts commerce in cattle.
8—Lowers the market value of cattle in tick infested territory.
9—Causes death of many cattle.
10—Prevents to a large extent the proper use of cotton seed meal thereby reducing soil fertility.
11—Prevents the exhibition of Southern cattle at northern fairs and stock shows.
12—Prevents sale of breeding and feeding cattle to northern farmers.

How to Eradicate the Tick.

THE two general methods of eradicating the tick are pasture rotation and spraying or dipping with arsenic solution. If one had only a small herd and time he could resort to hand picking and currying being sure to remove once a week every tick before it grows sufficiently to lay eggs. For a small herd he could also apply with brush or sponge a tick destroying wash or oil, such as crude petroleum, tick oil, cotton seed oil and kerosene mixed equal parts; lard and kerosene mixed equal parts or other disinfectant.

Spraying these oils, disinfectants, and stock dips or what is cheapest, arsenic solution, upon the cattle seeing that all parts of their skin is thoroughly dampened, is also practical for small herds.

But the most effective and the practical way for large herds is the "dip." It is the most economical for a community that is willing to co-operate in its construction, and is adapted to the treatment of a large number of cattle. The "dip" consists of passing the cattle through a vat full of tick destroying liquid, the liquid being so deep that when the animal is forced to plunge into it, complete immersion is the consequence.

Concrete is generally used in the construction of the dipping vats and plans and specifications for their construction can be had from any college of agriculture, from the Department of Animal Husbandry of the United States Bureau of Agriculture, from industrial departments of railroads, etc.

In the South much interest has been taken by railroads and cotton seed crushers interested in fostering the cattle industry, and at their own expense, community dips have been constructed for the benefit of any farmer who would join the crusade against the tick.

The arsenic solution which has given such excellent results and is most generally used in dipping vats, can be made from the following formula: sodium carbonate (sal soda), 24 pounds; arsenic trioxid (white arsenic), 8 pounds; pine tar, one gallon; water sufficient to make 500 gallons. To prepare this mixture for use, 25 gallons of water are brought to a boil, the sal soda is added and stirred till it dissolves. The arsenic is added and again stirred until it in turn dissolves. The solution is then allowed to cool to 140 degrees fahrenheit. One pound of concentrated lye is dissolved in one quart of water and stirred into the pine tar. The pine tar is then added slowly in a thin stream to the solution of soda and arsenic, the whole being stirred thoroughly. The volume is then increased by the addition of water to make the total 50 gallons. This 50 gallons of substance is known as "stock" solution. In this condition it is entirely too strong for application. Previous to use it must be diluted with water at the rate of nine gallons of water to one gallon of "stock" solution.

Arsenic is, of course, a deadly poison and care must be exercised in handling it. Cattle should be watered before dipping and should be allowed to drip off throughly in the dripping pen to make sure that none will drip off on grass or pasture and be eaten by cattle. When the liquid has become too feul for further use, it should be drained off into a pit where it will not run out on pasture land or find access to the water supply.

A single dipping of a cow, of course, destroys all ticks on the animal at the time. Other ticks might crawl on her the next day and if they are allowed to remain there long enough would develop and be ready to perpetuate the race of ticks. Until the ticks have been completely eradicated it is, therefore, necessary to put the cattle through the dipping vat about every two weeks.

How Ticks Reproduce.

OBSERVATIONS made by government experts concerning the habits of the cattle tick reveal that ticks average from 350 to over 5,000 eggs, the average being nearer 3,000. These eggs are laid in greatest abundance in November with January and February next in order. The incubation period varies greatly from 19 to 188 days with October and February as hatching periods. The tick's longest life time as observed by scientists is 249 days.

The life history of the cattle tick may start with the female tick after reaching its full development on a cow. It then drops to the ground and immediately hunts a hiding place on moist earth under litter that will protect her from the sun and her numerous enemies. Egg laying may then begin in ten days and continue for a period of five months. From 19 to 188 days after the eggs have been laid, they begin to hatch. The small seed tick may live eight months after hatching. After hatching they fasten themselves to the nearest vegetation and attach themselves to cattle as they pass by of when they lie down.

As soon as a seed tick attaches itself to a cow it begins to draw blood and to grow. It molts twice and may mate, mature and drop to the ground in from one to three months.

Thousands of Isolated Farms Free of Ticks.

THE quarantine line established by the Federal Government does not mean by any means that all territory south of the line is infested with ticks. As a matter of fact whole counties below the quarantine line have been clean of ticks and hold a clean bill of health to this effect from Federal inspectors. Wherever a progressive farmer has taken the pains, he has been able to eradicate the tick from his farm without trouble and much to his profit in increasing the development of his live stock business.

For a long time the Southern States did not support the Federal Government in its efforts to eradicate this cattle pest. But now most Southern States have entered heartily into the fight and have established intra-State regulations as stringent as may that the Federal Government ever established in protection of the cattle industry north of the line.

A great deal of fuss has been encountered within the States and no small opposition. In fact, at times, it would appear that the worthy crusade would have to fall back from gained ground and give up hope, but good advice has prevailed and practically all that has been won has been held.

The meaning of it all is that the man who will permit his cattle to be infested with ticks will have to stand to lose a market for them. At least his market will be so constricted by reason of quarantine measures as at times to amount to no market at all. He must get rid of the ticks if he is going to stay in the cattle raising business. Such is about the significance of the Georgia State law which is one of the strictest and therefore one that is accomplishing most and putting Georgia more rapidly on the cattle growing map than others.

Each year the number of kickers against cattle tick regulations become smaller. The kickers have "come across," joined the ranks of those who have eradicated the tick and have become the most exacting in their demands that the law be enforced upon the other fellow. The veterinary department of Georgia deserves much credit for the rapidly growing area it is wresting from the tick.

If the farmers of Georgia would co-operate, the cattle tick could be eradicated from the State in two years. The Georgia farmer with his excellent Georgia market for his products could quarantine against all other Southern territory not free from ticks and feel a great impetus in live stock growing.

There is nothing else in Georgia in the way of developing a cattle industry on a vast scale than the tick. The same may be said of any other Southern State which has been afflicted with the trouble.

The eradication of the tick is a direct contribution of science to the welfare of the farmer. Had the habits and harm of the tick not been discovered through scientific research, the South might have gone on for ever as a failure at cattle raising without ever suspecting the correct reason.

Stock Raisers Do Not Fear Tick.

A FEW years ago no Northern stock raiser would have thought of moving his herd to the South because he believed that it mean certain death for his cattle from tick fever. Now, however, with full knowledge of how to eradicate the tick and keep cattle free from it, stockmen everywhere recognize no drawback in the South to cattle raising.

An incident of this can be found at Kensington, Georgia, in Walker County, where last fall one of the most noted Jersey herds of the country was brought from New Hampshire and is now being very successfully used to conduct an immense dairy business. In passing it is well worth mentioning, that Mr. Dow who is in charge and a recognized cattle expert, claims that the South has great opportunities and advantages for dairying and live stock growing. He is, in fact, enthusiastic over conditions as he has found them.

Not a few farmers, stock dealers and business men are now buying cattle in the West or in parts of the South unaffected by the tick, in order that they may feed for a season and sell in the market. Depending upon the sources of feed from which they have drawn they have succeeded. None of them have had to contend with the tick, for they have gone about the tick eradicating in a business like way.

These are only examples or slight indications of possibilities. When farmers go into live stock raising in the tick infested regions raise their own herds and fatten them for the market, from beginning to end keeping the tick out of the proposition, they will find far greater advantages than many of them now think.

Business Is Above Spring 1912 Level

Great Lakes and Pacific Coast Regions Fare Best; the Southeast Lags Behind.

"The best business conditions are still in the States touching the great lakes and on the Pacific Coast. The poorest conditions are in the Southeastern States, not including Florida, and in the recently flooded districts. The average of all business is far above the situation at this time in 1912," says the Fulton National Bank in its April trade letter.

"With business generally so active and money so well employed that none is available for the financing of new concerns or for stock exchange operations, there should be little room for complaint in manufacturing and mercantile lines. Prospective tariff reduction is holding back some lines but the total volume of business is far above the average for this season. Some decline in imports and in manufactures will be apparent until the tariff bill has been disposed of. If the matter is properly handled by Congress, there need be no upsetting of business and the effect of such tariff reduction as may be made will soon be dissipated in the increasing business which will naturally result.

"Approximately one-third of the cotton, one-fourth of the corn, and one-third of the oats are in the ground. Too much water in the Southeast and Northwest has delayed planting and a considerable part of the recently flooded district is not yet in shape to plant.

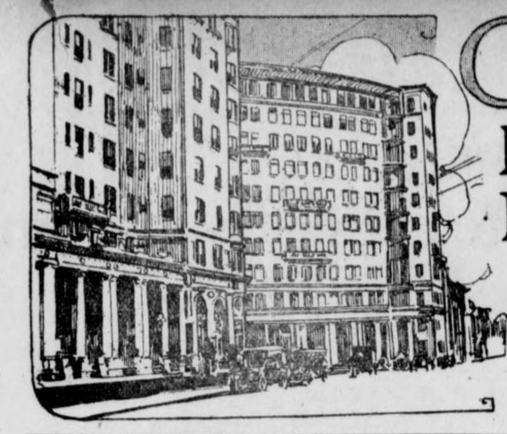
"The average price of all commodities has steadily decreased since December and is now only a shade higher than it was a year ago. Low prices for all foodstuffs except meats and lower pig iron quotations helped to bring down the average. Present prices on staple crops average 25 per cent lower than a year ago, 3.7 per cent lower than two years ago and 18 per cent lower than three years ago.

"Bonds average 5 points below a year ago and stocks average 15 points below the quotations at this time last year. So far for April, the Exchange has been more active and trading for the month should show a considerable increase over March but will hardly equal April of last year."

MONEY SCARCE IN FRANCE.

PARIS, May 3.—"Scarcity of currency" is a common complaint, even among individuals in their daily affairs. Many of them find difficulty in getting the gold coins which they want for their ordinary needs. The Bank of France is giving less gold than ever to ordinary banks for payments at their wickets, and the heavy five-franc silver pieces still have to be accepted. A foreign bank, whose tourist customers insist on having gold, has lately been sending out its men to waylay bank runners and buy up the gold they have collected in their morning route at a premium of 75 centimes per 1,000 francs—just enough, as one runner informed me, to pay his lunch. Another told me that out of 10,000 francs he had collected, he had only 60 francs in gold—all of which shows that everybody, including Bank of France and little tradesmen together, is "hoarding." That is, everybody with money is waiting.

MONEY
LOANED TO SALARIED MEN AT LAWFUL RATES
ON PROMISSORY NOTES
Without Endorsement
Without Collateral Security
Without Real Estate Security
NATIONAL DISCOUNT CO.
1211-12 Fourth National Bank Bldg.



CITY LIFE SECTION

BEST HUMOR, MOVING PICTURES, VAUDEVILLE.

HEARST'S SUNDAY AMERICAN

ATLANTA, GA., SUNDAY, MAY 4, 1913.



Ponies and Carts!

Where is the boy or girl who wouldn't like to drive one of them. The Sunday American and the Georgian are

Giving Them Away

A Suggestion—

If You Can't Attend to Work and See the National Game, Move Your Place of Business Into the Grand Stand

By T. E. POWERS, the Famous Cartoonist



Rhymes Without Reason

By J. J. Leibson.

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SING a song of sixpence,
A pocket full of oats;
Four and twenty women
Clamoring for votes.
When Parliament was opened
They didn't do a thing—
It isn't such an easy job
These days to be a King;
The King was in his counting house,
They blew up all his money;
The Queen she wept because they mixed
Some mustard with her honey.
The maids were in the garden
And—what do you suppose?—
They grabbed the old Prime Minister
And dragged him by the nose.

* * *

LITTLE BO-PEEP has lost her sleep,
And would you know the reason?
She turkey-trots throughout the night,
Both in and out of season.

* * *

SOLOMON GRUNDY;
Born on a Monday;
Christened on Tuesday;
Married on Wednesday;
Still wed on Thursday;
The same on Friday;
Ditto on Saturday;
No change on Sunday.
Well, THAT was the end
Of Solomon Grundy.

* * *

THERE was a young woman who lived in a shoe
Of black patent leather and size number two.
She looked most unhappy; she couldn't walk straight;
And neither could you, with a foot number eight.

* * *

PETER, Peter, lunch-house eater,
Had a wife and thought he'd treat her;
He took her to the Automat,
Where nickels buy you this and that.

* * *

MARY had a little lamb,
With French peas on the side;
But when the waiter brought the check
Poor Mary nearly died.

Lew Dockstader's Merry Minstrel Monologue

Just a Few of the Great Blackfaced Comedian's Fund of Stories.

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FOR the sake of all fair-minded poultry—be they hens, chickens or squabs—that may be in the audience, let me say at the start that my Uncle Jawge is not against marriage. He's up against it.

So you'll all bear with me when I confide to you that Uncle Jawge is inclined to drink—especially after he's had a dozen or so. His wife makes Emmy Pankhurst look as gentle as the plaintive bulbul bird. Uncle Jawge is a good mixer. He's stood and watched bartenders for hours at a time, and although he may drink, I don't want you to think that he drinks all the time. I've seen him sleep.

Now Luther Burbank is supposed to be the greatest grafter in the world. He can squeeze a bunch of grapes together and make a grape fruit out of 'em. Well, believe me, Uncle Jawge can make a lemon out of Luther Burbank. The New York cops will never control the graft trust while Uncle is alive. He calls himself Municipal Booze Sampler, and he wears five stars to show his authority. Then he goes around and tests the bottles to see whether they've been refilled. And when Uncle Jawge gets his foot on the third rail and gets set for his day's work it takes as many as five bouncers to get him out of the place by 1 a. m.

The day before Uncle Jawge got back from the war he buried his left leg. He said he lost it in the cannon's mouth. The artillery boys had busted their ramrod, and as they were in pressing need for another, Uncle Jawge volunteered his leg. Well, to make a long story exciting, the cannon ball had a premature birth, and Uncle Jawge went away from there! But I think that's an exploded idea. My opinion is that somebody had just bought a drink, and when the time came for the re-treat, Uncle was shot trying to escape so he wouldn't have to buy.

Anyhow, Uncle Jawge came right t[illegible] soon as he got back and asked me if I knew [illegible]thing about legs. As soon as I saw that he was serious I agreed to get a good leg for him. He wondered if I'd know a good leg if I saw one. I said I'd go and saw, anyway. So I sawed the leg off a baby—grand piano and strapped it onto Uncle. He was delighted with the shape cause it matched his other leg so well.

Now right here I must say a word about Uncle Jawge's teeth. Of course you know all teeth are divided into two classes, born teeth and teeth by proxy. Most of Uncle's born teeth have gone to rest, and on this particular morning when I strapped on Uncle's new-made leg he just happened to have the entire wreath of his would-be teeth in his hip pocket. Well, I forgot to saw the castor off that black walnut piano leg, the floor was slippery, and Uncle never was at home on roller skates anyhow. It's pretty hard luck if Uncle Jawge gets hydrophobia because his own teeth snapped at him.

So I had to get Uncle Jawge another leg. I made it out of sugar maple. Oh, but it was a handsome leg. I showed it to a manager of a burlesque theatre, and he said of all the shows he had ever put on he had never, in all his experience, seen a better, more fascinating—well, that just shows you what a good leg it was. But alas! (you know, alas is what you say when sump'n's busted) no sooner had poor Uncle Jawge started to walk around with the best leg he ever had in his life, than some mean man, utterly devoid of all sympathy, drove a nail into that sugar-maple leg, hung a bucket on it, and drew out all the sap! Now I ask you, what can any leg do with its very life-blood drawn out. The only thing left for me to do was to buy an automobile, because poor Uncle Jawge was stumped and he just had to have his exercise.

So I took the hundred dollars Uncle Jawge had saved up from his pension. We paid $100 down and a dollar a week as long as Uncle Jawge lives. You see that proposition works all right because the company made Uncle Jawge make over his life insurance policy in their favor.

Well, they sold us a car, gave us a 70-page book, and told us to go ahead. That book had two pages of instructions on how to run the machine and 68 pages on first aid to the injured. I looked at the rules and they said first push down lever A and then lever be.

Uncle Jawge grew impatient while I was reading the rules. He leaned over and pushed down all the levers, and WE WENT AWAY FROM THERE! The speedometer went all the way around the indicator until it registered a hundred and twenty-five miles an hour, and then started on the second lap. Uncle Jawge bounced up into the air, and when he came down I saw he had his whole leg wrapped around the tail-light. The portion of his partial leg that still remained he just let wave.

We must have hit a Little Rock in Arkansaw and traveled through the air for a few hundred miles, because I never knew where we were after that until we struck Lousyanna. I wouldn't have known it was Lousyanna except that we nearly got stuck in molasses going through New Orleans. I saw then that we were headed for the Gulf of Mexico. I was afraid of getting a chill if we were engulfed, because I felt rather warm just then, so I turned her aside. In a few minutes we had knocked the top off Pike's Peak. We went through the horizon twice.

Well, we never stopped until we landed on a mud flat near the State House in Albany. They've been throwing a lot of mud up there lately and that's what stopped us. I looked at my watch and it was just nineteen minutes and thirty-seven seconds since we had left Chicago. I figured that we rode about a thousand miles a second because we beat our shadow by three hours.

TRULY RURAL YARNS—

By KATE WATSON, "Truly Rural Girl" in Vaudeville

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A YOUNG man proposed marriage one day, while on a straw ride, to a very charming farmer's daughter.

"Minnie," he said, "would ye like to marry me an' be Missus Ruben Rountree?"

"No, sir, I won't be Missus Rountree or any other neither. I ain't never goin' to be married," she said seriously.

"Ha! ha! Never goin' to be married! Huh, that's what they all say, but you'll notice they're STILL building school houses," said Ruben, with some force.

* * *

A GENTLEMAN was walking through the negro portion of an American town, when he came across a woman unmercifully beating a little boy.

"Here, my good woman," he said, seizing her by the arm, "you must not do that. What has he done, anyway?"

"Mustn't do that! What has he done?" ejaculated the enraged negress. "If you want to know, he's been and lef' de chicken hous' do' open, an' all dim chickens got out."

"Well, that is not so serious," said the gentleman, soothingly; "chickens always come home to roost."

"Come home!" snorted the woman; "dem chickens will all go home!"

* * *

THE colonel came down to breakfast New Year's morning with a bandaged hand.

"Why, colonel, what's the matter?" they asked.

"Confound it all!" the colonel answered, "we had a little party last night, and one of the younger men got intoxicated and stepped on my hand."

* * *

RUNNING from the Mexican border to San Antonio is a railroad known as the International and Gulf Northern. At a way station, when the train arrived, stood a group of plainsmen, who gazed admiringly at the new locomotive with its bright gold letters, I. & G. N., printed on the tender.

"Say, Bill," said a tall fellow, turning to a companion, "ain't that a durned funny way tuh spell injun?"



A YOUNG lady from the corn belt was advised that she had all the qualities of a great voice. Of course these good friends had only heard her call the chickens, cows and the farm hands to dinner, but there was something there they said that bespoke a "grand opree career."

So Tillie took lessons every Saturday morning from the district piano tuner. Then she came on to the big city. She was given a spot on a vaudeville bill—about No. 8.

How she "went" will not be chronicled right here. It is enough to say that the manager of the house came back and said:

"I'm sorry, Miss Sprout, but I'll have to cancel your engagement."

"What's the matter?" asked our heroine, "didn't my natural-born contralto fill the theatre?"

"Yes, my dear lady," he said, sadly, "and ALSO the lobby!"

* * *

THE teacher had written on the blackboard the sentence: "The toast was drank in silence," and turned to her class for them to discover the mistake.

Little Bennie Sheridan waved his hand frantically, and, going to the board, scrawled the correction: "The toast was ate in silence."

* * *

A MAN with a very red face met a friend on the street and the following conversation took place:

"You look warm."

"Yes, been chasing a hat."

"Did your hat blow off?"

"It wasn't my hat, it belonged to someone else—there was a pretty girl under it."

"Did you catch it?"

"I should say I DID, My WIFE saw me chasing it!"

LAUGHTER ON A SEA BREEZE with 'The Girl From Out Yonder'

Lines and Situations From the Play Which Comes to the Atlanta Theater This Week.

ALL is excitement at Terry's Harbor Club House owing to the heroic rescue from drowning of Mrs. Elmer, a New York society matron. Who has rescued her, Mrs. Elmer herself does not know, for the lad, as she describes him, has disappeared. The city people who frequent the club are in direct contrast to the plain, everyday fisher-folk who make their homes on the nearby islands and frequently visit the mainland.

Mrs. Elmer's nephew, Edward, is very much concerned about his aunt's health, while Clarice, a distant cousin, cannot hide her snobbishness even at such a time. Hubert, another of the party, is always to be found in Clarice's wake, although he admits he doesn't know why he should love one of whom he so thoroughly disapproves.

Such is the situation when Flotsam steps into the picture. Flotsam is the daughter of Captain Amos Barton, who keeps the lighthouse. She is a dainty girl of seventeen, but has been brought up very much like a boy. In her oil-skin breeches and coat, her sweater and high rubber boots and her curls tucked under an old sou'wester, she might easily be taken for a boy of twelve. Her manner, however, is not rough nor boyish, but is child-like and sweet. The rescue is under discussion and Flotsam comes on the scene.

CLARICE—And when you were overturned, I suppose you thought of all the mean and disgraceful things you ever did in your life?

MRS. ELMER—Clarice, I've been in society for 20 years. How could I think of them all? Fancy, Edward, I was going down for the fourth time—actually for the fourth time—— Why, there is the child now who rescued me! Come here, my boy.

FLOTSAM—Boy? You don't mean you took me for a boy! Well, I guess not. Boy? Ha, ha, ha!

ELMER—Mistake quite unintentional. We beg your pardon.

FLOTSAM—Oh, that's all right; it's the breeches. I wear them because skirts are such a thundering nuisance when I'm hauling in the fish. Besides, I like the pockets.

MRS. ELMER—Then it's even more remarkable! To think of a young girl like that saving my life! I was going down for the fourth time—I insist upon it—for the fourth time, sinking silently to my doom.

FLOTSAM—Silently? Not much! You yelled like a Southwest gale and wiggled like a—say, I thought I'd have to give you one under the ear to keep you quiet—honest, I did. You look water-soaked yet. How do you feel?

MRS. ELMER—Well, slightly—er—

FLOTSAM—Didn't any one hold you up by the heels?

MRS. ELMER (Shocked)—By the heels?

FLOTSAM (Seriously)—Why, of course. That's the first thing we do when you're drowned.

MRS. ELMER—And who is "we?" You haven't told me your name yet, my dear.

FLOTSAM—Oh, I'm just Cap'n Barton's daughter, Flotsam. I come from out yonder.

ELMER—And where is out yonder?

FLOTSAM—Why, out to Great Reef Light House. That's where I lived always.

MRS. ELMER—Let me introduce you to my friends, child. This is Miss Stapleton, a cousin of mine.

FLOTSAM (Bows rather awkwardly)—How's your health? You're dressed so pretty I feel awful queer alongside of you in my fishing clothes. Hope you'll excuse 'em. If I'd known I was going to come ashore and be introduced to folks——

HUBERT I say, me next, please.

MRS. ELMER—Mr. J. Hubert Hughes, of New York, and the laziest man on earth.

FLOTSAM—How's your health?

HUBERT—Don't you believe I'm lazy. Walked down to the postoffice for Mrs. Elmer this morning—half a mile. Won't do it again. But I'm charmed, Miss—er—Flot—Flotsam. (To Clarice) I say, did you notice her eyes? They're deep enough to drown in.

MRS. ELMER—My nephew and adopted son, Mr. Edward Elmer, who foolishly insists upon earning his living by the sweat of his brow.

FLOTSAM—It's too bad to make you sweat.

MRS. ELMER—He's a civil engineer.

FLOTSAM—Oh, are you? I knew a fireman once, but I never knew an engineer.

ELMER—Very proud to meet you, Miss Flotsam.

FLOTSAM—How's your health?

ELMER—We're all proud to meet such a little heroine.

HUBERT—Do you mean to say that you live over there at that lonesome lighthouse all the time?

FLOTSAM—But the lighthouse isn't lonesome. And anyhow, I've lots of company. Dad, and Cousin Simonson, and Melchizedek. He's a snapping turtle. I'll show him to you. (Produces turtle from pocket of oil skins.)

CLARICE (Hysterically)—Oh, take him away, do! The awful—oh!

FLOTSAM (Fondling turtle)—I'm afraid you've hurt his feelings, saying that. (Addressing the turtle.) Of course she's not acquainted with you, and doesn't know how sensitive you are, Melchizedek.

ELMER (Amused)—You don't honestly believe that turtle understands what you say to him?

FLOTSAM—I think he does. But of course nobody knows what a turtle knows but a turtle. Isn't that so, Melchizedek? He follows me all around the island. But I must signal to dad. He thinks I'm after blackfish yet, I calculate. I've been out in my boat for hours and hours.

HUBERT—I say, what a strenuous life!

FLOTSAM—Oh, I can manage a boat, all kinds of boats. Dad says he'd trust me to manage the crew of a sailing vessel around Cape Horn if I was put to it.

ELMER—And what would you do, for instance, in a tornado, with the sails blown down, the vessel rolling in the trough of the sea, and the crew rushing for the lifeboats?

FLOTSAM—I'd line the devilish landlubbers up in front of me, and tell 'em to bring her head to wind, close reef all sails from mainsheet to jib, batter down the hatches, and let her rip under bare poles. And if they didn't I'd knock out their cussed brains with a belaying pin. (Suddenly embarrassed.) Or something like that. Excuse me, please, I've lost something.

HUBERT—What is it?

ELMER—Your handkerchief?

FLOTSAM—I'm sure I laid it down here somewhere. Miss Stapleton, aren't you sitting on something?

CLARICE—No, I hardly think so.

FLOTSAM—But I think you are.

CLARICE—Can't you wait until I go into the house?

FLOTSAM—Oh, yes, of course I can. Only Melchizedek gets awfully smothery, and he bites when you sit on him too long.

CLARICE—That dreadful turtle. Oh, the very idea of such a thing. Oh!

FLOTSAM—He says he's breathing. It's all right. But you can thank your landlubber's boots I didn't get mad at you for sitting on him.

MRS. ELMER—But, my dear, you've too sweet a nature—

FLOTSAM—Oh, no, no, you mustn't think that. I'm not a bit sweet. Oh, dear, I hate owning up, but I get ripping mad at Cousin Simonson sometimes. Once when she nagged me I threw the dishcloth at her. Oh, I've got a hell of a temper.

MRS. ELMER (shocked)—Good heavens!

FLOTSAM (innocently misunderstanding her)—Wasn't it awful? It struck her right in the face, and it was all soapy, too.

While Flotsam is visiting her newly-found city friends and is keeping them well entertained by her quaint remarks, Joey Clarke, a fisher lad very much in love with Flotsam, has been hovering about listening to the conversation and growing more and more jealous because of the attentions paid the girl by Elmer.

Cap'n Amos Barton, too, has been looking for Flotsam, and with his faithful shipmate, Ben Cooke, in tow, appears at the club house. Cap'n Amos for twenty years has been trying to live down a crime which he has been led to believe he committed on shipboard. As the man killed at the time was the father of young Elmer this tragedy, when finally revealed by Joey, naturally comes between Flotsam and Elmer. Flotsam's great love for her Dad is at all times evident, and she introduces him to Mrs. Elmer proudly.

FLOTSAM—Oh, Mrs. Elmer, this is my Dad, Captain Barton. He keeps the brightest light on the Maine coast, don't you Dad? And he's awful smart, too. He knows latitude and longitude, and the compass, don't you, Dad? And I love him like a turtle does his shell, and this is Mr. Hughes and Miss Stapleton—and I know they're both proud to meet you.

AMOS—Here's hopin'.

FLOTSAM—Dip your colors, Dad. And here comes some of our folks. This is Dad's Cousin Simonson.

SIMONSON—Fine day, ain't it?

FLOTSAM—And this is Ben Cooke. Ben plays jackstones more than any man on Potato Island, and he's in love with Cousin Simonson, only she won't marry him because——

BEN—Thunder, Flotsom, you needn't tell all you know an' more too.

SIMONSON—No, she needn't. But I'm willing to say, I won't marry him because I'm a widder, an' know when I'm well off, although men is handy to pilot you around. You needn't stray too far long shore, Ben Cooke. 'Twon't take me more'n a minute to do my marketin'.

MRS. ELMER—Captain Barton, how can I ever express my gratitude? Your little girl here saved me from drowning. I was positively at my last gasp. You keep the lighthouse, she tells me. Do you find it interesting?

AMOS—It might be worse—same time I'm a fisherman an' if my right arm hadn't gone back on me, 'count of bein' frozen in a haddockin' trip, I'd rather taken my chances fightin' the old sea till I died.

MRS. ELMER—I don't wonder. For any human being to be shut up in a lighthouse, especially in the winter time, with only one's past sins to think about——

FLOTSAM—But my Daddy hasn't any past sins—have you, Daddy? If you open your mouth to say you have, Daddy, I'll put my fist way down your throat. Oh, Mrs. Elmer, you don't know, you just can't imagine how good my Dad is.

AMOS—And here comes Ben and Simonson workin' their jaw tackle for all they're worth.

BEN—Come, now, Simonson. Here I be a proposin' to you——

SIMONSON—For the seventeenth time. An' I'm going to refuse you now, same as I have the other sixteen time before.

BEN—What for, I like to know?

SIMONSON—Because there's nothin' like bein' a widder. An' if I married you, no tellin' when I'd git a chance to be a widder the second time. But so long as your mind is set on me, Ben, my advice is, not to git discouraged. Jest keep on proposin'.

BEN—I swow, all I believe you're actin' this way fur is to keep me a danglin' like a fish, an' I don't like it. I'm gittin' sore in the gills! Men have their rights, that's what I say.

SIMONSON—They have, have they? Well, what about women's rights? We don't have none when we're young girls. We're a-spendin' all our days an' nights a-studyin' out how to catch a man, an' if we do catch him we have to wait on him hand an' foot the rest of our lives, an' if we don't catch him, we're a miser'ble, looked-down-on old maid; an' one state is as bad as the other an' worse. The only chance we women have of leadin' a free, independent, joyful existence is when we've caught a husband and killed him off. We're widders after that, Ben Cooke, with the right to make a man dangle as long as he'll stay on the hook. An' for the sake of my sex, that's what I'm goin' to do.

* * * * * * * * *

Finding that Elmer really loves Flotsam and is not likely to fall into the net she has spread for him, Clarice turns to Hubert, who even surprises himself by waking up and taking Clarice by storm. Simonson, having told Clarice's future by the teagrounds in her cup, has by no means been flattering to her.

SIMONSON—And you wind up by never marryin' no one. You're an old maid. You never git no husband at all, extinct or otherwise.

HUBERT—Oh, yes, she will, although she doesn't deserve one. She's going to marry me.

CLARICE—Not in a thousand years!

HUBERT—Of course not to-day—right off—soon as we can get back to the mainland and find a minister.

CLARICE—I—Clarice Stapleton—marry you? You, with not enough money to support one persons comfortably, let alone two?



When Flotsam (Miss Billy Long), meets the young New Yorker, Edward Elmer (Edwin Vail).

HUBERT—More when real estate in Dakota rises, but we won't wait for that. I'm marryin' you to improve your disposition, you know, and mustn't lose time.

CLARICE—How can you imagine, that, under my circumstances, I would ever consent to marry you?

HUBERT—You'd marry any fellow that took you by storm. You simply couldn't resist.

CLARICE—Hubert Hughes, the lazy veranda ornament, taking a woman's heart by storm. The idea is too ridiculous. Ha, ha, ha!

HUBERT—Oh, I know I'm lazy sometimes, but when I get waked up I'm a terror. Now I'm waked up. I'm going to put my arms around you.

CLARICE—Really? And what do you expect to gain by such an unconventional proceeding?

HUBERT—You'll fall in a heap.

CLARICE—Insulting!

HUBERT—Get ready.

CLARICE—Absurd!

HUBERT (suddenly seizing Clarice in his arms)—I've got you in my arms and you like it. It's the proper thing. We can get back to the mainland in half an hour. Quarter of an hour more to find a minister. Three minutes for the ceremony and all the rest of our lives to regret it. Will you marry me?

CLARICE (faintly)—Oh, what has come over me?

HUBERT—Love. Old-fashoned article. Knew it was waiting to grab you all the time. I can hear your heart beat. Do you love me? Will you marry me?

CLARICE (breaking away)—Oh, wait, wait. Give me time.

HUBERT—You don't need any. Will you marry me?

CLARICE—Oh, but Simonson hasn't brought my umbrella!

HUBERT—Confound the umbrella! (Pulls her back into his arms.) Kiss me.

CLARICE (struggling)—I won't.

HUBERT—You can't help yourself. (Kisses her.) Will you marry me?

CLARICE—I'm afraid I will. (Hubert kisses her again. Clarice pulls away and looks at Hubert with deep reproach.) Oh, why didn't you wake up before?

* * * * * * * * *

With Clarice married to Hubert and Simonson obliged to turn about and propose to Ben, there remains little to do except to straighten out the love affairs of Elmer and Flotsam, which the captain's past has badly complicated. Flotsam, although sincerely in love with Elmer, never falters in her love for her father, and even when he is believed to be guilty of a crime she stands by him and becomes keeper of the light during his enforced imprisonment. Her reward comes, however, when it finally comes to light that her father was wrongly accused. Then it is that she is free to marry and the dream of happiness of these two young people comes true.

DON'T DO THAT—A FEW IDEAS ON ETIQUETTE, BY WILLIAM COLLIER

Now Playing In "NEVER SAY DIE."

DON'TS FOR AUTHORS

DON'T forget that the pen is mightier than the sword—except in romantic plays.

* * *

Don't think that because a play reads well it will act well; the Declaration of Independence reads well, but it doesn't act as well as a prize fight.

* * *

Don't think that because you are a playwright you always write a play right.

* * *

Don't ever admit that you wrote a bad play—always blame failures on the manager, company or production.

* * *

Don't forget that stage dinners do not fill the actors or the house.

* * *

No matter how gross the play, you get your share of the gross. Don't do that.

* * *

DON'TS FOR ACTORS

Don't take liberties with the author's lines; always respect royalty.

* * *

Don't think because you hold the center of the stage you are the center of attraction.

* * *

Don't overlook the fact that while you support the star, he supports you.

* * *

Don't forget that, although Cleveland was a great President, it's a bad shown town.

* * *

Don't bank too much on a good newspaper notice; just try to buy a pair of shoes with one.

* * *

Don't ignore the fact that, although an actor needs good lines, he also needs a good situation.

Don't try to raise your salary; the manager has a hard enough time trying to do it.

* * *

The Koran says, "To lend is to lose one's money and one's friends." The Koran is right; don't have friends who haven't any money.

* * *

Don't go on the stage from the argument, "Come with us and see the world;" The only scenery the actor sees is in the baggage car.

* * *

Don't forget when you make up your face to play, make your mind to work.

* * *

count too much on quiet scenes—beware of the ind the drum.

Don't strive to wear another man's mantle, make one of your own.

* * *

Don't laugh at your audience, no matter how funny they look.

* * *

Don't wear all your good clothes on the stage; you may be asked out to dinner.

* * *

Don't tell your friends or manager how much you could do with the star's part; do something with your own.

* * *

Never play in two performances a day—work in both of them.

* * *

Never ask the advance man or the manager for the route—ask the property man or first old woman.

* * *

Why should anybody else be "featured" when your features are just as good as the ones featured? Don't do that.

* * *

"If business permits," we will give up two; if it doesn't, you give us two. Don't do that.

* * *

Never suggest a change in the cast—you may be out of work. Don't do that.

* * *

Don't put too much of your own "stuff" in a performance—let the backer do that.

* * *

Remember a three-sheet never made an actor—a third shirt may. Don't do that.

* * *

Never tell your "real" salary—get it. Don't do that.

* * *

DON'TS FOR AUDIENCE

Don't mistake a small house for an author's shortcomings.

* * *

Don't think because you are sitting in the gallery you are above suspicion.

* * *

Remember that when you are sitting in the theater with another man's wife, there are ladies in the cast. Don't do that.

* * *

Don't come to the theater late. Remember that the early bird catches the plot.

* * *

Don't ignore the proper function of the theater, mothers; when baby cries, bring it to the theater so that everybody can hear it.

Women forget that when they say they "saw her fifteen years ago," they make themselves fifteen years older than they like to be thought. Don't do that.

* * *

When you buy theater tickets, don't ask, "Can I see from there?" A ticket seller is not necessarily an oculist. Don't do that.

* * *

Don't get discouraged if you fail at your real trade: plumbing or manicuring. Go on the stage; all the world's a stage.

* * *

Don't come late and know it all; come early and see it all.

* * *

Don't believe all you hear of actors—we read the papers also.

* * *

Don't shudder at the villain's cruelty to the heroine—she may be his mother.

* * *

Don't tell funny stories to one another during the play—let us amuse you.

* * *

Don't overlook the fact that the theater is yet to be built in which all the seats are on an aisle, and all the tickets for only five rows from the stage.

* * *

Don't complain when you are told that children under five are not admitted to the theater and that ladies over forty never admit it.

* * *

If you have had a falling out with your husband, don't spoil his dinner. Keep it to yourself and come and spoil the play. Don't do that.

DON'TS FOR MANAGERS

Don't try to get away from the fact that while good plays make good actors, they also make good managers.

* * *

Don't be so fooled by curtain calls, applause, bravos, slaps on the back or glowing accounts of your production Tuesday morning; wait for Tuesday night's box office receipts.

* * *

Don't try to educate the public; we have public schools for that purpose.

Don't lose sight of the fact that, although "the play's the thing," the playing of the play's the thing also.

* * *

Don't put any dressing rooms in the theater you build. Make the actors dress in the public park—you can save all "fixtures" that way.

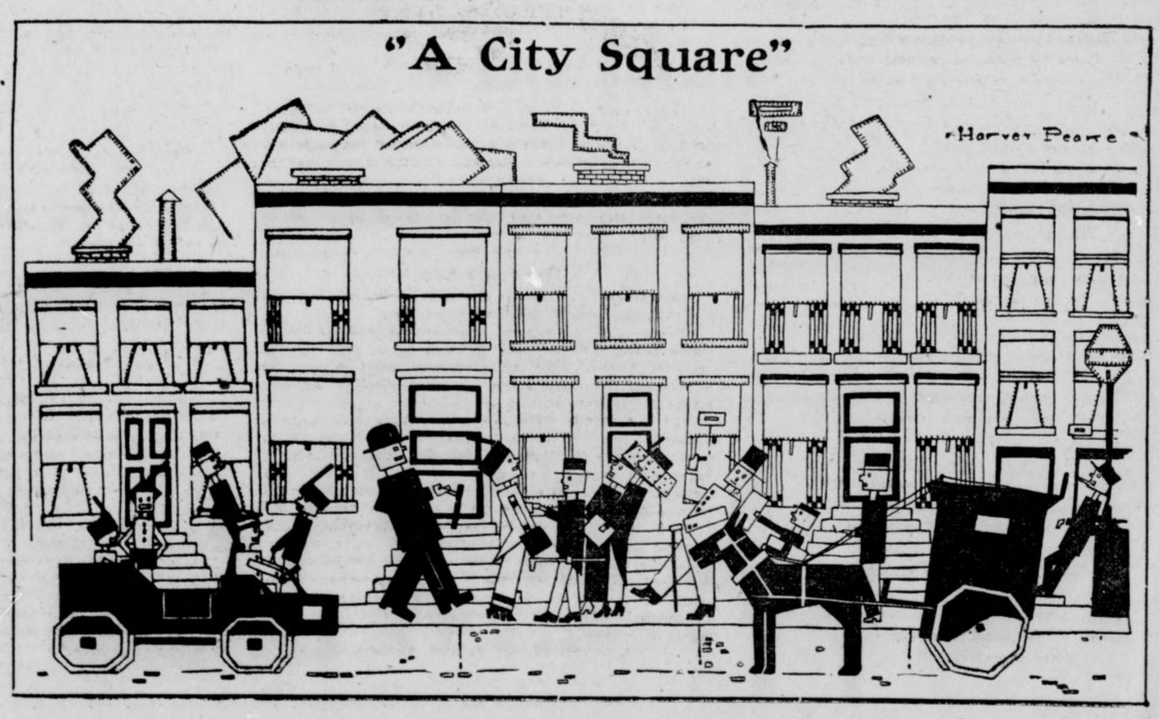
* * *

Don't overlook the fact that you can substitute paste for diamonds, tea for whisky, candy for food, but you can not substitute a blacksmith for an actor.

* * *

The purpose of the theater is to hold the mirror up to nature, but first clean the mirror and be careful it isn't cracked.

"A City Square"



Sam the Drummer—

By T. E. POWERS, the Famous Cartoonist

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SMILES!

Henry Was Useful.

"Henry," said his father-in-law, as he called his daughter's spouse into the library and locked the door, "you have lived with me now for over two years."

"Yes, father."

"In all that time I haven't asked you a penny for board."

"No, sir"—wonderingly.

"In all your little family quarrels I have always taken your part and decided in your favor."

"Always, sir."

"I have even paid some of your bills."

"A good many, father."

"And in every way helped you to get along."

"You have been very kind, sir."

"I have tried to be, my boy, and I hope you appreciate it."

"I do, sir."

"Then the small favor I am about to ask of you will no doubt be granted?"

"Most certainly, sir."

"Thanks. When I want you to tell your mother-in-law that these tickets for the French dance which she picked up in my room this morning must have accidentally fallen out of your pocket, and we'll call it square!"

Then Someone Prayed.

A number of clergymen were discussing the character of a venerable woman whom they esteemed to be wise in her generation, but a young man who was present said it struck him that she showed great lack of wisdom in one respect.

"What is that, pray?" inquired an elderly gentleman.

"Why," said the young man, "she always puts out her tubs to catch soft water when it is raining hard."

And silence fell upon the assembly.

No Chance to Win.

"I couldn't get out of marrying her," Henpeck explained. "When she proposed she said, 'Will you marry me? Have you any objection?' You see, no matter whether I said 'Yes' or 'No,' she had me."

"Why didn't you just keep silent then?" inquired his friend.

"That's what I did, and she said, 'Silence gives consent,' and that ended it."

'Not Necessarily'

One of the Songs in "PANAMANIA," the Annual Show of the Harvard Hasty Pudding Club.

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I'SE the victim of an argument,
And ev'ry time I try
To prove my theory to somebody
I get five fingers in the eye.
I was sweepin' here the other day,
When a gemman come by me,
I swop him wif a broom like this,
And he turned round angrily.
That fellow got real mad at me,
Punch'd me in the beak!
Then I just did chastise that man,
The dog-gone little sneak.
Should I have stood right up to him
And turned the other cheek?
Not necessarily.

I was in a tight place jes' las' week,
But really 'twan't ma fault;
You can't considah me respons'ble
Cause I'd lapped up so much malt.
I was standin' outside the boozery
When I had had ma fill—
An' a sporty dame walked by an' dropped
A twenty dollah bill.
I put ma foot down on that bill
As quickly as I might.
I couldn't hardly wait to see
That gal get out of sight.
Now, should I have followed her to do
The thing you all think right?
Not necessarily.

Ma wife, she is a deep brunette,
(Jes' bear that fact in mind.
Because 'twill be important in
The verdict you must find);
I went to see a little gal,
With a lighter shade of hair,
And when wife found one on ma coat,
She had me then fo' fair.
She asked me point-blank to explain
Jes' where I'd been that night.
I hemmed an' hawed an' hemmed again,
But kep' ma mouth shut tight.
Now, should I by tellin' her have risked
Ma chance to health an' sight?
Not necessarily.

WILD INSECTS I HAVE MET

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By I. M. STUNG, the Eminent Social Entomologist.

The Bottle Fly.

THE bottle-fly, ladies and gentlemen, is one of our common insects. It might be classed with the pests. A full grown bottle fly covers a wide range, but may be found in larger numbers around cafes, buffets, bar rooms, sideboards and similar fields. It belongs to the "Sousium" family. It is not an aquatic insect, water being something it generally avoids, although in its younger days it sometimes takes a little water on the side.

When the bottle fly first appears it has no marks to distinguish it from other social flies, except, perhaps, it clings to the bottle in infancy in a rather prophetic manner. The full-fledged bottle fly, however, is easily distinguished by means of its bright red proboscis, mottled appearance, erratic movements, and irregular habits.

The fully developed bottle fly takes little solid food, but possesses a chronic thirst and drinks practically everything containing spirits and malt except, perhaps, perfumes and gasoline. The perfectly developed and mature bottle fly may be detected by its constant aversion to water.



The average bottle fly is received in society for a considerable period, but they are ultimately cast out because of their unsociable habits and their habit of kicking in windows or smashing hats or chucking strange ladies under the chin.

Some bottle flies, it has been said, are poured back in the bottle after they die. This is a stage joke, however. They seldom have such luck.

The Lady-Bug.

HIS insect is as varied as the feminine sex can vary, and that, of course, is the limit of variation.

The genuine lady-bug, so-called because they call themselves ladies, may be found in large numbers at teas, receptions, parties, tours, bridge parties, etc. In fact, the lady-bug of this social variety is found almost everywhere except in her home or with her children.

She is a strictly social insect, covering a wide range of countries. She is of the genus called "Vanium." She is the most violent in the United States, but more aggressive in Europe. In England the lady-bugs are fast dying out. The lady-bug, although attractive, is really a vicious little insect without the least mother instinct or a soul for domestic life.

Long ago, one of our best known poets wrote a most touching lyric concerning a lady-bug who was chattering at a rose tea while her home burned up and her children were destroyed. She had not become a lady-bug early enough, which accounts for the children. You will doubtless remember the wonderful and soul-stirring poem, my friends, as it begins as follows:

"Lady-bug, lady-bug, fly away home" ——

The lady-bug is a great chatterer, saying vain nothings at teas and receptions, but talking most viciously about her acquaintances behind their backs. The lady-bug of ancient and proud family is not so vicious, and vulgar, and vindictive as the lady-bug developed from sudden riches. Lady-



bugs cause envy, jealousies and dissatisfaction in life and are a menace to our entomological social world.

The Blow Fly.

YOU all have heard, ladies and gentlemen, of the blow fly. There are both male and female blow flies, but doubtless the male species exceed. They are common everywhere. Frequently they are more than common, being plentiful. They belong to that social insect family, the "Swelled-headium."

The blow fly is not really a dangerous social insect; he is a bit of a pest and quite bothersome. During working hours he is not so bad, but during social hours he's the limit.

One blow fly has been known to innoculate an entire club room with ennui for an hour. This popular (with himself) social insect can always be spotted by a loud buzzing sound. Frequently his buzzing gets to be something like this:

"My-auto-is-the-bestzzzzzzz."

"The-boss-said-I-was-the-smartest-man-in-the-officezzzzzzz."

"I-can-drink-more-and-keep-soberer-than-any-other-man-in-Americazzzzzzzz."

"She-told-everyone-I-was-a-perfect-Adoniszzzzzzz!"

This buzzing sound varies to almost every shade of topic known to conversation.



A blow fly never allows any other social insect to approach him without telling him what a great man he (the blow fly) is, how wealthy he is, how smart he is, what a gay dog he is, how smart his children are, how handsome his stenographer is, or something like that. But a full-fledged blow fly never praises his wife or gives her any credit—he buzzes only concerning himself.

Sometimes these pests may be exterminated with a magic sentence, such as, "Well, pay me that $30 you have owed me for three years," or, "Yes, I saw you sweeping out the office as I stepped in to collect that $10,000 your boss owes me," or, "Europe? You were never out of Cocheco County until you came here!"

JUST FOR FUN

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REMINISCENT PARROT.

A GENTLE and pious old tailor
Bought a parrot once owned by a sailor.
When the dominie called
He was really appalled,
And the tailor grew paler and paler.

WITH SITTING.

TEACHER—John, give me a sentence containing the word "notwithstanding."

John—"The man's trousers were worn out, not with standing."

OH, MERSEY!

THERE was once a young fellow named Kersey,
Who went for a walk in New Jersey,
But he never returned,
And they afterward learned
That mosquitoes like meat in New Jersey.

ODE

BY A CONFESSED PESSIMIST

SOME folks have cattle on a hundred hills,
And some folks don't.
Some folks start fires with hundred dollar bills,
And some folks don't.
Prosperitee its's plain to see is very much on hand—i.e.
Some folks have all they want—but ME—
I don't.

SHORT STORY WITH HAPPY ENDING.

MISER JONES climbed into bed.

"To-morrow," he chuckled, "I'll turn Widder Smith out of her cottage, and serve eviction papers on Henry Johnson, and hev that Ransom boy sent to the Reformatory for stealing my apples, and git Lawyer Hicks to draw up a will cutting off my daughter with ten cents and leaving the rest of the money to the Society for Killing Stray Cats. Ever since I took to that mushroom diet I been saving an awful lot on my eating expenses, though, of course, I suppose I don't gather all they is on the place. But I wouldn't throw away my money buying a mushroom book. Them mushrooms I et to-night tasted awful funny, but I guess if I just go to sleep I'll be feeling all right to-morrow."

HENRIETTA'S OFFENSE.

A TIFFIN, OHIO, man once discovered in ambush a sad-faced little girl with a fistful of mud. She was standing in a sheltered corner of a grocery store and was from to time peering around down the street.

"Who are you waiting for, little girl?" asked the man.

"Henrietta."

"What's Henrietta done?" asked the man, with a significant glance at the mud in the child's hand.

"Nothin'. Don't you know she's Queen of the May?"

NOSE BETTER NOW.

AN amateur dramatic club put on the play of "Caste." In the last act old man Eckles is supposed to be a hopeless drunkard, with a big red nose. This chap, not having a papier-mache nose, built one up of cotton and spirit gum. Spirit gum is made of ether. When old Eckles went to light his pipe he also lighted his nose.

"Oh, doctor!"

AT BAY—OVER THE BAY.

HE was returning from an evening at the Authors' and Actors' Club. The hour was late and, possibly because of weariness, his legs seemed somewhat unsteady.

With difficulty he made his way inside and had just succeeded in crowding his hat under the sofa and hanging his shoes upon the halltree, when a voice from above called, "Arthur!"

"Yesh, m'dear!"

"Are you not ashamed to come home in this condition?"

"Whish condishon?"

"You know well enough. You are intoxicated."

"Thatsh a libel, woman. Never more sober-ber-ber in m' life."

"Arthur, say 'chrysanthemum.'"

(Prolonged pause.)

"M'dear—I'm drunk."

NO USE FOR QUININE.

HOWSO—What are you doing for your cold?

Soso—Taking the open-air treatment. Breathing lots of oxygen during the day.

Howso—What do you breathe at night?

Soso—Nightrogen.

THESE FUNNY WORLDS.

THIS is an aggravating world,
'Tis neither sound nor nice;
It's either hot as—hot can be—
Or else it's cold as ice.

And should we try another one,
No more in peace we'd dwell;
'Twould either be as cold as ice,
Or else as hot as—hot can be.

COUNTS HIM OUT.

ANY father knows that it's the little things that count.

The Red Corpuscle—A Magazine That Tingles

After Tartar Sauce

A Story of the Red-Blooded Side of the Department of Agriculture

By Wellington Smack, M. L. R.

FEW Americans know of the great research work done in wild parts of the world by agents of the Department of Agriculture.

How few know how Tartar sauce was brought to the United States!

James Macjink was one of the unknown agents who went to Wales, and after almost incredible hardships brought back the pair of Welsh rabbits from which every Welsh rabbit in this country is descended. Macjink had to learn the Welsh language and pass himself off as Lloyd Llongbow of Llangollen, a native of Wales who had lived a long time in Llexington, before they would let him have one of the precious rodents.

Another daring worker for the department was David Doughboy. It is to Doughboy's daring that America owes canary seed. Doughboy stole a fast torpedo boat from the Navy Department, landed in the Canary Islands at night, loaded up with the seed from which they grow canaries and was back in the United States before any one knew he had gone.

But the story of the Tartar sauce is even more thrilling. As most people know, Tartary is the most savage country in the world, but Willie O'Hicks cared naught for that. His mission was to bring Tartar sauce back to the United States, and he did it. Twice he was shot, four times he was hanged and once he was drowned, but he never gave up the quest. So remember the name of Willie O'Hicks in future when you daily with steak and Tartar sauce.

Is your blood red? Read the Red Corpuscle, it's made or you. Is your blood pale and thin? Read the Red Corpuscle until your heart sends red blood boiling through your veins.

The Fight in the Air

Fiction*

By Whyte C. Gull, M. L. R.

PAUL OBAN was a daring aviator, but even his iron nerve failed him when a great golden eagle sank its claws into his neck as he whizzed over the Rocky Mountains.

How to get rid of the aerial monster?

The easiest way appeared to be by falling suddenly the 2,000 feet. If the eagle did not relax its hold and fly away it would be killed amid the ruins of the machine. Of course, Oban would be killed, too, but he never bothered much about his own fate.

He had another plan.

Throwing on full speed, he drove his 'plane so rapidly through the air that the intense heat engendered by the friction set fire to the bird's feathers and the smoke quickly suffocated it.

*(*This incident occurred, but the bird was a swallow, not an eagle. Hence we label it "fiction." Accuracy above red blood, even.—Ed.)*



Around the Ripsnorters' Campfire.

THE spread of the Legion of Ripsnorters has been amazing.

Already the famous button of the organization may be seen stuck with walrus fat to the fur coat of an Eskimo Ripsnorter who is swimming through the ice floes in pursuit of a wounded bull whale.

The traveller in the dense jungles of Central Africa may see the emblematic rhinoceros upon the breast of a chief engaged in landing a five-ton hippopotamus with a trout rod.

The passer-by may see it worn by a colonel at Oyster Bay as he drives a plough with one hand and writes an essay on the Dik-Dik with the other.

On the wide reaches of the Amazon the diver who is about to cleave the muddy water to tackle, single-handed, the mighty boa constrictor, may have the M. L. R. button hung around his neck with a string of mahogany fibre.

Indeed there is no spot on the globe where one may not find a wearer of the button. The daring pathfinder in Brooklyn, the wandering adventurer in the Arabian desert, the rash intruder into the fastnesses of Oshkosh—all are Ripsnorters.

Among the latest names to be added to the list are:

King Alfonso of Spain.

George Bernard Shaw.

Vive la Ripsnort!

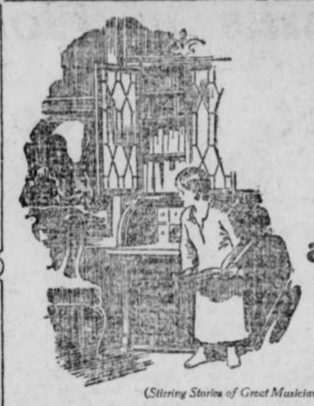
M. L. R. MEN LOOKING FOR FUN

M. L. R. BUTTON, NO. 8761—Thirty years old. Sailor in whalers since 1881. Harpoons whales single-handed. Can shake dice skilfully. Also good at cooking flapjacks. Like to head prospecting party in Arizona.

M. L. R. BUTTON, NO. 934.—Professional rhinoceros hunter in Nigeria until chased out by Colonial Government for burning a native village to get light to read "Punch" by. Any job combining gold and gore.

M. L. R. BUTTON NO. 27—Ten years a tango tea dancer and still alive, showing strong constitution. Would like light work as coal shoveller or iron worker.

M. L. R. BUTTON, NO. 639—Crossed the Amazon on foot twice and swam thrice across the Sahara. What jobs have you?



Toil In Darkness Stole a Genius's Sight

(Stirring Stories of Great Musicians. No. 5.)

AN old library, in old Germany, a forbidden book, a little lad who looked, and sighed, and hoped.

For to him it was a book of wonder and white delight. His soul thrilled to the glory that it conjured up. It was a book of Music.

One night the moonlight streamed through his room and it tempted him. He crept down stairs, and in the secret of the night took down the book. Its graven melodies stood out before him in a mist of sound.

Night after moonlight night he came thus, bending, poring over it, copying its figured radiances that were immortal sound.

And then one night his task was done. For six months he had worked, and he stood there riven by a triumph poignant as pain. The beauty of the book was his. He had wrung from it the secret of its immortal message.

Years afterwards that boy was great—and a rumor stirred the world regarding him. Men whispered his name. Great women prayed and wept, prayed and waited till the final day. Then the stolen moonlight hours laid their fingers upon him.

Sebastian Bach was blind. * * * * * *

Have you a child who hums as he plays, who has the beginnings of musical talent—who *might* have even *genius*? How can you know, till you've found out by giving him a chance with a few music lessons and a *good piano*?

Beware of the kind of pianos that are "good enough to practise on." They deprave the musical taste. They have spoilt thousands of careers.

The ear, or rather the delicate brain cells that connect with it, get bad "sound habits," like a boy who "talks tough," or an English cockney with his misplaced "h." Each is the victim of *sound environment*. Their *sound judgments* have been ruined, and they *can't come back*. The

HALLET & DAVIS PIANO

develops a true musical taste through *true sound*—the one standard of the beautiful in music. If not tried *too late*, it can save the musical ear—perhaps a career. The great Franz Liszt and Johann Strauss recommended the Hallet & Davis Piano. Pope Pius X honored it with a Papal medal.

Give your boy a chance. And let us show you *how*, and how you can afford it too. That's our business and we like it. We'll call on you if you like it. Anyhow, fill out the attached coupon and send for catalog. Mail the coupon *today*—so you won't put it off and forget.

HALLET & DAVIS PIANO CO.
(Established 1839)
50 N. Pryor St., Atlanta.

COUPON

Send me full information about the Hallet & Davis Piano, and your Easy Buying Plan. Name _____ Address _____

N-9

New Fables in Slang—By George Ade

The Dream That Came Out with Much to Boot. Published by Permission of Cosmopolitan Magazine.

(Copyrighted by the International Magazine Co)

ONCE there was a provincial Tradesman who gave his Yokemate a Christmas Present. It was a kind of Dingus formerly exhibited on the What-Not in almost every polite Home.

By peering through at the twin Photographs and working it like a Slide Trombone, one could get ravishing glimpses of Trafalgar Square, Lake Como, and the Birthplace of Bobby Burns.

Nearly every evening the Tradesman would back up to the Student Lamp and put in a delirious half-hour with the Views.

While gazing up the Rue de Rivoli or across the rice-paddies at the snowy cap of Fuji, his Blood would become het by the old boyhood Desire to sail across the Blue to Foreign Parts.

Those who saw him mowing the Lawn little suspected that he was being inwardly eaten by the Wanderlust.

The Tradesman, Edwin by name, and his Managing Director, Selena, formed the magic-lantern Habit away back in the days of Stoddard. They never missed a chance to take in Burton Holmes. Sitting in the darkness, they would hold hands and simply eat those Colored Slides.

Selena belonged to a Club that was trying to get a side-hold on the Art and Architecture of the Old World. She had a smouldering Ambition to ride a Camel in the Orient and then come home and put it all over a certain proud Hen who had spent six weeks in Europe.

She had to wait patiently until Edwin was threatened with a nervous Break-Down. At last the Happy Day arrived when the Specialist told him he must make his choice between a long Sea Voyage and a slow ride to the Family Lot.

A few days later they were curled up in a Cabin de Luxe about the size of a Telephone Booth, waiting for the Ocean Greyhound to recover from an attack of Hydrophobia.

When they tottered down the Gang-Plank, after six days on the playful North Atlantic, their only Comfort was derived from the knowledge that, as soon as they had rested up, they could write home and quote the Second Officer as saying it was the roughest Passage he had ever Known.

After spending a few days in London, trying to get warm, they moved on to Paris, which they remembered long afterward on account of Napoleon's Tomb and the price of Strawberries.

Selena pulled her tall-grass French on a Hackman, but there was nothing doing. He had taken it from a different Teacher.

So they employed a Guide who knew all the Shops. If Selena happened to admire a Trinket or some outre Confection with Lace slathered on it, a perfumed Apache in a Frock Coat would take Edwin into a side room, give him the sleeve across the Wind-Pipe, and bite a piece out of his Letter of Credit.

Edwin did a little quick work with the Pencil and said they could either hurry on or else hie back to the Home Town and begin Life all over again.

Three weeks after saying good-by to Griddle Cakes they were in Naples, which they had seen pictured on so many Calendars.

Once in a while they would venture from the Hotel to run foot-races with the yelping Lazzaroni or try to look at Vesuve without paying seven or eight members of the Camorra for the Privilege.

After being chased back into the Hotel, they would sit down and address Post-Cards by the Hour, telling how much they were enjoying their stay in Napoli, home of Song and Laughter.

Next we see them in Egypt, still addressing Post-Cards, and offering anything within reason for a good Cup of Coffee.



Not that they would own up to being home-sick. No, indeed! They kept writing back that they enjoyed every minute of their sail up the Nile, and Edwin was holding up wonderfully, for an invalid.

Not that they would own up to being Home-Sick. No, indeed! They kept writing back that they enjoyed every Minute spent among the Cemeteries and Ruins, or sailing up the Nile, and Edwin was holding up wonderfully, for an Invalid.

Only, when either of them spoke of the Children, or Corned-Beef Hash, or the Canary, a long Silence would ensue, and then the Nervous Wreck would cheer her by computing that they would be in God's Country within four months, if they escaped Shipwreck, Sunstroke, and Bubonic Plague.

While parboiling themselves down the Red Sea it began to soak in on them that, east of Suez, the Yank has about as much standing as the Ten Commandments.

The Congressman at home had assured them, on numerous occasions, that Columbia was the Jim of the Ocean and the most upholstered portion of the entire Foot-Stool.

Consequently, it was somewhat disconcerting to meet British Subjects who never had heard of Quincy, Illinois, and who moved their Deck Chairs every time they were given a chance to hear about it.

They would arrive in a New Town, fly to the Hotel, unpack, go out and buy their colored Post-Cards, come back to the Dump (usually called the Grand Hotel Victoria), address Cards to all the Names on the list, then pack up, pay the Overcharges, and ride to the Railway Station, accompanied by a small regiment of Bashi-Bazouks who were looking for Theirs.

Selena was still buying Souvenirs, but doing it mechanically, as if in a Trance.

They had been stung with so many Oriental Phoneys and stuck up so often that they had gone Yellow and lost their Nerve.

When they saw an outstretched Mitt, they came across without a Whimper.

Often, while riding in the dusty Cattle Cars and looking out at the parched Plains, they would think of the shaded Front Porch, only five minutes from Barclay's Drug Store, where they sold the Ice Cream Soda. Moaning feebly, they would return to the italicized Guide Book.

Each day they would purchase a Newspaper about the size of a Bed-Spread and search eagerly for American News. Once in a while they would learn that Congress had met or another Colored Person had been burned at the Stake. It cheered them immensely to know that the Land of the Free was still wiggling.

At Rangoon they met a locoed Countryman headed in the opposite direction. He was a hard-faced Customer who was fighting the Climate with Gin and Bitters, but they fell upon him and wanted to Kiss him when they learned that he had once met Selena's Uncle at Colorado Springs.

The told him how to save time in getting across India, and he gave them a list of Places in China and Japan that might be dodged to advantage.

Their principal Occupation, when not setting down Expressions of Delight on the Post-Cards, was to study Time-Tables and cable ahead for Reservations.

The Invalid's one desire was to get home and take a regular Bath before being laid out.

Hong Kong pleased them exceedingly because they learned, by consulting Mr. Mercator's Projection, that they were on the Home Stretch and, with Luck in their favor, might live to see another Piece of Pie.

As soon as they were on the Pacific and headed for a refined Vaudeville Show, they began to recover the brave Spirit of Travel and blow about what they had seen.

The Towns and Temples and Tombs and Treasures of Art were all jumbled together, but by daily reference to Baedeker and Murray, they were enabled to find out where they had been and what they had seen with their own Eyes and how it impressed them, at the time.

Before touching at Honolulu they were real enthusiastic about India. They advised the awe-stricken Listener who had not been all the way around to be sure and take in Penang and Johore, and, if necessary, they would give him Letters of Introduction.

They said it had been a wonderful Experience. Yes, indeed. And broadening. Very. Then Edwin would wander to the front end of the Ship and want to climb out on the Bowsprit so as to be in Frisco ahead of anybody else.

He convalesced rapidly as they approached the Golden Gate, for he knew that in a few days he could unpack for good and gallop down to the office and not have to worry about Travelling.

Two hours after landing, Edwin saw a Porter-House Steak and burst into tears.

They sped eastward by the first Train, still busy with the little Red Books, for they knew they would have to answer a lot of Questions.

"Shall we own up and tell them the Awful Truth?" asked Selena.

"Not on your Esoteric Buddhism," replied Edwin. "We never will be rewarded for our sufferings unless we convince the Neighbors that we had a run for our Money. It was a troubled Nightmare, in Spots, but when I lecture in the Church Parlor I am going to burn Joss Sticks and pull every variety of Bunk made famous by Sir Edwin Arnold and Lafcadio Hearn."

On the following Tuesday, Selena appeared at the Club with her Mandarin Coat and the long Hindoo Ear-Rings. She had them frozen in their Chairs.

MORAL: Be it ever so Hard to Take, there is no place like away from Home.

General Grouch Says—

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THERE'S more danger of getting stung by a busybody than by a busy bee.

Of course matches are made in heaven; they're not needed in the other place.

The same man who wouldn't hunt more than three minutes for a screwdriver with which to put on a screen door will tear around two hours hunting for a corkscrew.

We begin to do right about the time we get too old to do wrong, but we don't begin to think right until they call in the lawyer and the minister.

Woman is the natural "rib" roast.

If everyone could do as he pleased this would be the craziest planet in the solar system.

Men run quicker to aid a fallen horse than a fallen man because they know it isn't the horse's fault.

Poverty isn't the only thing coming in at the door that makes love fly out the window.

Some men would have to give an excuse if they got home ahead of time.

Remember that every peach has a stony heart.

If all we had to cover us was our religion most of us would have to stay in the water.

Did you ever notice that 99 per cent. of the patients in the rest cure establishments are married?

Just for Fun

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"Look Out for the Paint!"

SHE—In Turkey a man never sees the face of his wife until after they are married.

He—Great Scott! Do they use paint and powder over there, too!

"Going Down!"

THERE was a young maid of sixteen,
Who took three baths a day to keep clean;
She had washed quite away,
When the drain pipe one day
Gulped her down. She was never more seen!

Henry's Value.



LATE yesterday afternoon Henry T. Oatman sought Judge Spinx for an injunction restraining the chickens at home. Ever since last Tuesday Henry's chickens have adopted toward Henry an exclusive attitude that amounts to the "cut direct." They say they are the real aristocracy on the farm because they are worth eleven and a half cents a pound while Henry wouldn't fetch ten.

The neighbors are inclined to side with the chickens.

Bound to Disagree.

BROWNE—I saw a funny thing in court to-day. The first panel drawn consisted of twelve Hebrews.

Greene—Gee; That was sure some Jewry.

A Failure.

"HOW can I induce a suffragette to believe that she doesn't want to vote?"

"Marry her."

"I've been married to her ten years."

"Then divorce her and give some one else a chance."

The Snique.

A MAN with a vision oblique
By accident jostles a Grique;
But each time that he tries
To explain his crossed eyes
The Grique takes a crack at his bique!

The Office Girl Who Snickered Out Loud.



OH, a rag and a bone and a hank of hair, and a shaghaired man with a 'phone stood there. Oh, a wag in the room had a pin on the chair and the man so fat with the 'phone sat square on the seat but flopped and began to swear. And the rag and the bone and the hank of hair, chewed her gum, chewed the rag, and she giggled for fair. So the mutt with the fat shook her then and there, to the rag and the bone and the hank's despair.

So she's single yet, and a quiet wench is the wife of the fat man on the bench. Now she who laughs last laughs the best, but to he-haw wrongly proves no jest; so grin with gusto when you can, but best at a joke than at some man. It's a durn long lane that's got no turn, and a book-keep girl's got her wage to earn; and it's no good sense to snicker at the boss, lest, maybe, a diamond ring's her loss. So if in the office why giggle you must, buy a copy of Biff and snicker till you bust. You can read till you're tired, till you're tickled, till you wiggle, you can sit there for hours while you laugh, cry and giggle. And a neat glad-rag with her hair in a hank, may still win a chap with a book at the bank.

A woman seldom tells a good story. She never hears the really good ones.

Give Yourself a Chance



Are you sickly in any way? Are you below par? Then you are not living right. You are not getting what might be yours. Postponement is the price of your birthright.

Life has untold blessings if you will reach out and grasp them. Great obstacles recede before the onrushing enthusiasm of the man or woman who is vigorous and happy. The world smiles when you are **well.** Health tinges everything with beauty.

Strong words, you say—yet true. To the man or woman who will not be denied, who demands the right of being healthy and happy, Nature—yes, and man—hold out new hope. The ebbing spark may be renewed. The sluggish blood stream may be quickened. The weakened nerves and muscles may be brought to new life and strength.

And you wish to know what will do these things for you? Electricity. **Electricity is**

Nature's Greatest Health Builder

When old Ben Franklin drew the spark down the silken cord, he brought to man a wondrous power—an agent to do his bidding and to strengthen the very vitals and sinews of the man who used it.

The greatest achievement of the last decade has been to bring electricity to suffering humans in a form safe, convenient and **economical.**

Many there are to-day, healthy and happy, who ascribe their well being to the curative, strengthening power of electricity.

Be you young or old, male or female, there is new beauty, new life, new power, new happiness for you in this wonderful modern invention.



The "Home" Health and Beauty Battery

A few minutes each day will give wonderful results.

Constitutional headaches grow less and finally disappear under the tonic effect of the electric current.

Lame backs and lumbago lose their terrors. Rheumatism is relieved. Neuralgia alike, and physical weaknesses of nearly every description.

Thin faces and thin arms become plump. The skin becomes soft and velvety, free from unsightly eruptions.

The electric current from the Home Battery, gentle or forcible, according to your requirements, stimulates and strengthens the whole system, giving Nature the power to so perform her functions as to keep all parts healthy.

Price $5.00, all complete in a handsome, satin-lined box, with Hair Brush, Electrode, Sponge, Massage Roller, Metal Foot Plate, connecting cord for these accessories, and Instruction Manual, giving explicit directions for all kinds of treatments.

The Home Battery is complete in itself, no outside batteries or connections, nothing to get out of order, current easily regulated. We use a standard dry cell which you can easily renew when required.

Special Offer: For a limited time only, we will give three extra dry cells—practically a year's supply—free with each battery, upon receipt of coupon printed below.

You will enjoy the delightful effect of the electrical current, whether you use the battery for face massaging—with the electric hair brush to correct scalp troubles and promote beautiful hair—as a general tonic treatment—or in any of the many ways described in our Instruction Manual for specific needs.

Life will take on new beauties when you feel the vital blood of health coursing strongly through your veins.

Send in your order for the "Home" Battery to-day. Don't wait a minute. You can't afford to delay.

This is your opportunity to renew your strength and vigor, your opportunity to become physically fit, to step out from the weakling class, and be a winner.

Give yourself a chance. Act now. Only $5.00 for the complete outfit—your passport to health.

Western Merchandise & Supply Co.
326 West Madison St., Near Market St. CHICAGO

Money Back—10 Day Trial Coupon

This coupon, with $5.00, entitles you to one Home Health and Beauty Battery, complete, (including three extra dry cells free) shipped prepaid. Try it ten days. If not entirely satisfied at the end of that time, your $5.00 will be promptly refunded upon return of machine.

This offer is made for a limited time only. Use coupon to-day.

Name.....

Address.....

Atlanta Joins in Honoring Heroes of the Maine

Monument Is Nearly Ready for Unveiling

While Fund for Great Memorial Is Increasing, Commander of Spanish War Veterans Here Issues Another Appeal.

Spanish War Veterans of Atlanta, aided by other citizens of patriotic minds, dispatched to New York City last week substantial evidence of their interest in the handsome Maine Memorial Monument which has been erected at the entrance to Central Park in the metropolis.

The evidence was in the form of checks for subscriptions toward the $183,000 that the monument cost.

George Niles Watson, commander of General Henry W. Lawton Camp, No. 6, the Atlanta branch of the Spanish War Veterans, yesterday repeated his former appeal to the public for help toward paying the expenses of the monument.

The monument has been erected by public subscription, nation-wide in scope, in honor of the American sailors and soldiers who died with the Maine. It was erected at Central Park, New York, because that site was considered the most auspicious available in the United States.

"The heroes of the Spanish-American war were national heroes, and not of any one section," said Commander Watson yesterday, voicing again his appeal. "Although stationed at the entrance to the nation, it is as much the possession of the South as of New York, and, symbolizing the heroism of the nation's men, it is worthy of contributions from every one."

Appeals to Veterans.

To members of his camp and to the public Commander Watson has addressed a formal appeal for contributions, specifying that if only 50 cents were donated by each veteran the desired amount of $20,000 easily would be raised.

Only $20,000 is necessary of all the $183,000 that the monument committee set out to attain. Before the completion of the monument only $143,000 was believed necessary, according to the specifications. But with the selection of the Central Park site additions to the original plans were found necessary, and, at the suggestion of the Municipal Art Commission, gates were placed on each side of the central pile. An expense of $40,000 was added, to raise which the committee set about as loyally as at first.

The National Maine Monument Committee is composed of General James Grant Wilson, chairman; William Randolph Hearst and John W. Keller. Mr. Hearst promised that for each dollar of the $40,000 raised otherwise he would donate a dollar, making the amount necessary to raise by public subscription only $20,000. It is for this that the nation-wide appeal of the committee of the central officers of the Spanish War Veterans and the local appeal of Commander Watson have gone out.

D. A. R. Aids the Fund.

Dispatches that came to Atlanta yesterday from New York indicated that subscriptions have been made to a large extent by members of other patriotic organizations than the Spanish War Veterans. Daughters of the Revolution in many sections have been foremost with subscriptions. The movement has not been limited.

In many States the United States War Veterans are vieing with each other in efforts to raise funds. Even from Cuba, the cause of all the strife, comes assurances that many of the faithful are there. One dispatch from New York tells of a message received by Maurice Simmons, past commander-in-chief of the Spanish War Veterans, from Dr. Aristides Agramonte, commander of Havana Camp, No. 1, Havana, Cuba. Dr. Agramonte, with expressions of regard for the cause, and of a remembrance of the old days, sends along $100, the contribution from his camp.

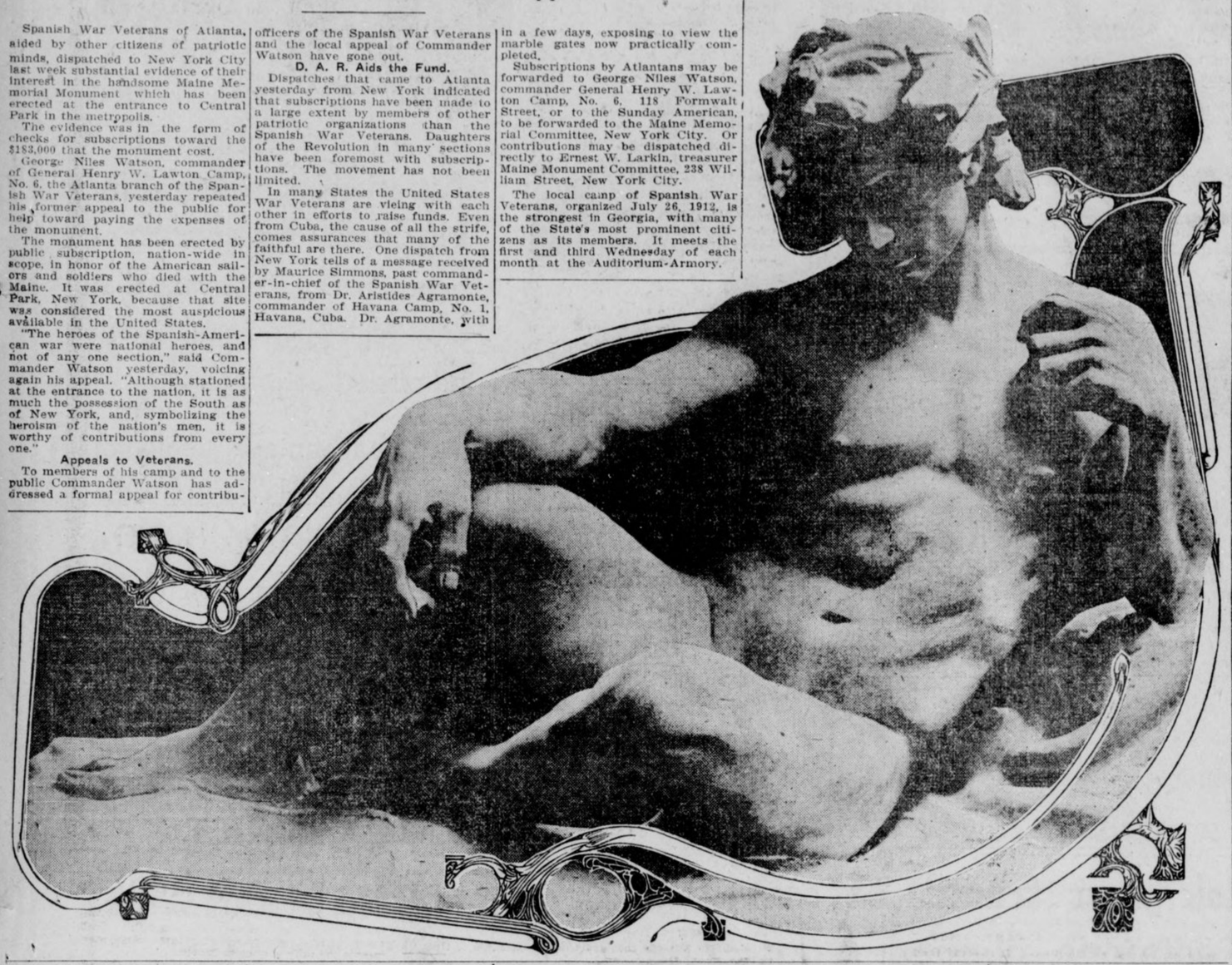
Finishing touches on the monument at the Broadway and Fifty-ninth Street entrance to Central Park have been applied. Its unveiling will come May 30, when dignitaries of the foremost rank will attend. Several members of President Wilson's Cabinet and probably the President himself will be present, and thousands of soldiers and sailors will be assigned to the ceremony, besides brigades of National Guard torops.

Statuary Is All Ready.

Attilio Piccrilli, the sculptor, notified the monument committee yesterday that the transportation of the last groups of statuary from his studio in the Bronx had begun. One figure that represents the Pacific Ocean already is on the ground, and a second colossal figure typifying the Atlantic Ocean was placed on a truck yesterday at his studio, say dispatches. The fences that surround the monument will be taken down in a few days, exposing to view the marble gates now practically completed.

Subscriptions by Atlantans may be forwarded to George Niles Watson, commander General Henry W. Lawton Camp, No. 6, 118 Formwalt Street, or to the Sunday American, to be forwarded to the Maine Memorial Committee, New York City. Or contributions may be dispatched directly to Ernest W. Larkin, treasurer Maine Monument Committee, 238 William Street, New York City.

The local camp of Spanish War Veterans, organized July 26, 1912, is the strongest in Georgia, with many of the State's most prominent citizens as its members. It meets the first and third Wednesday of each month at the Auditorium-Armory.



Part of the Maine monument—"Atlantic Ocean"—a figure of a fourteen-foot man. It is one of the largest pieces of carved marble in the world.

Maine Memorial Subscription

GEORGE NILES WATSON, Commander General Henry W. Lawton Camp, No. 6, Atlanta, Ga., or

MR. ERNEST W. LARKIN, Treasurer Maine Monument Committee, 238 William Street, New York City:

Inclosed herewith please find $....., my subscription to the National Maine Memorial Fund.

Name.....

Address .....

YOUTH OF 19 GETS LICENSE TO MARRY A GRANDMOTHER

Sparks of Love Kindled While Mrs. Flora Beers Nursed Clifford Altomose to Health.

BOARDING HOUSE ROMANCE

Bride-to-Be Is Only Thirty, However, and Wedding Will Take Place Immediately.

NEW YORK, May 3.—"Hello Phillipsburg, N. J., correspondent. You report that Clifford Altmose, aged 19, report that Clifford Altomose, aged 19, Beers, a grandmother, to-day. Details, please."

"Well, I tell you, it's a pretty romance."

"It must be."

"Grandma Beers has got a boarding house here, and Young Clifford boarded with her. Cliff took sick with diphtheria and Mrs. Beers nursed him back to life."

"He was dead?"

"No, how could he be dead if he got nursed back to life?"

"That's so. How?"

"While he was convalescing, the spark of love was kindled and he proposed."

"The mark of love was swindled?"

"No! The spark, s-p-a-r-k, of love was kindled, k-i-n-d-l-e-d. Get it? That's right."

"Anything else important?"

"Well, Mrs. Beers says it's a love match."

"That's new."

"And she says she don't see anything about her marriage that ought to be so out of the ordinary as folks think. 'His father came down from near Bangor,' she says, and 'he went with us when we got the license and he signs it,' because Clifford, she says, 'is a minor.'"

"Anything else you think of?"

"No, guess not."

"Do you know the age of the bride?"

"She told Clerk Kneedler she was thirty years old."

"Sixty years old?"

"I said THIRTY—T-H-I-R-T-Y!"

"And she is a grandmother?"

"Yes."

"Good night!"

Special Advice for Men

Vitality Restored by New Method

The little book described below (which I gladly send free, sealed by mail, to any young or elderly man anywhere) contains in its 86 beautifully illustrated pages everything a man need know with regard to certain strictly personal subjects, and as a guide through his entire life, from the delicate period of youth, when wholesome advice is most needed, on through early manhood to a ripe, vigorous, healthy old age. Over a million of these books have been thus distributed by me all over the world. Therefore, please use coupon below and get YOUR free copy by return mail. SANDEN CO., DISTRIBUTERS.

Do you know, my friend, that there is a wonderful new way to apply a certain, great, natural FORCE to your body, and by which you may, without effort, trouble or inconvenience, treat your own self in the privacy of your home for debility and lost vitality, without using a single drug or medicine? This great FORCE, as a restorer of vitality and as a means to overcome those weaknesses which result from indiscretions and unnatural practices, is to-day being used all over the civilized world, and I give it as my honest opinion, based upon a vast observation and study, that any man anywhere, who leads a decent, manly life and who applies this marvelous FORCE in a scientific and rational way, can, without employing a single drug, be restored again to a state of perfect, rugged health and vigor, without a remaining ache, pain or weakness.



Manly Men Are the World's Power To-day

As we all know, these various debilitating weaknesses handicap a man in every condition of life, while, on the other hand, a perfect specimen of vigorous, robust, lusty manhood is ever admired by both women and men alike, while, of course, it is certainly only such a man who can attain the really great successes of life. Therefore, I say to you, no matter what your size, whether you are small or large, no matter what your occupation, no matter whether you are a college graduate or working on the farm or in the factory, no matter whether you are young or elderly, it is all a question of your vigor and your vitality, and if I can give you a good, abundant supply of this same great power or VITAL FORCE, then it is easy to believe that I can completely restore your vigorous health, can overcome the evil effects of past indiscretions so you will be exactly the same in your influence over people, exactly the same in your manly bearing as other manly, strong-nerved, warm-blooded fellows, of your acquaintance.

With an idea of attaining all this for you, I recommend you to investigate a simple little VITALIZING APPLIANCE of my invention, which I am now sending out in great numbers for use by men everywhere who need new manly strength. This little VITALIZER is very light, weighing only several ounces, and can be worn without any one suspecting that you are wearing it. You buckle it on your body upon going to bed and take it off mornings. Thus, while you sleep it sends its wonderful power, which I call VITALITY or VITAL FORCE, into your blood, nerves and organs. Users say it takes pain and weakness out of the back from one application, and further say 60 to 90 days' time is sufficient to restore a state of health, strength and vigor. I am not offering this VITALIZER here for sale, but want you to first send for my book that you may learn all about the whole wonderful subject, and why I get such quantities of testimonials from users everywhere telling of results after drugs completely and utterly fail.

NOTE—With special attachments my VITALIZER is used by women as well as men for rheumatism, kidney, liver, stomach, bladder disorders, nervousness and general ill health. Please write for book to-day, or, if near by, I should like you to call. Hours—9 to 6. Sundays excepted.

Use Coupon; Get Free Book

Remember, the little illustrated book, which I send free, sealed, by mail, as per coupon below, not only fully describes my VITALIZER, telling of a special offer by which you may get one on special terms for use in your own case, but contains a great fund of private advice for man, some good, wholesome cautions, and a lot of general information that might be of value to you to the end of your days. Therefore, please write or call.

B. G. SANDEN CO., 1261 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
Dear Sirs—Please forward me your book, as advertised, free, sealed.



NAME.....

Address.....



G.B.S.

on the Love Affairs of the Married

Whenever Bernard Shaw hurls his bolts of satire at "respectability," convention is set on its head and mock modesty and false morality blush at his daring. But the truth is there, and, like the great surgeon of social ills that he is, Shaw lays bare the truth, though he cuts to the bone. In "Overruled"—he strikes at his dearest enemy—the sham and fraud of the smugly respectable, conventionally moral marriages of modern life. It's brilliant, witty, clever; in a word, it's Shaw at his best. In it, he says:

"Oh, you never gave me the faintest hint that you had a wife."

"I did, indeed. I discussed things with you that only married people really understand. I thought it the most delicate way of letting you know."

"Danger is delicious. But death isn't. We court the danger; but the real delight is in escaping, after all."

"As long as I have a want, I have a reason for living. Satisfaction is death."

"To my English mind, passion is not real passion without guilt. I am a red-blooded man, Mrs. Lunn; I can't help it. The tragedy of my life is that I married, when quite young, a woman whom I couldn't help being very fond of."

"I longed for a guilty passion—for the real thing—the wicked thing; and yet I couldn't care twopence for any other woman when my wife was about."

"Year after year went by; I felt my youth slipping away without ever having had a romance in my life; for marriage is all very well; but it isn't romance. There's nothing wrong in it, you see."

Yet under the shock of his audacity and the veneer of his wit lies the deep-rooted truth of it all—for "G. B. S." never writes without a purpose. Splendidly illustrated with four of the best drawings Charles Dana Gibson has ever made, "Overruled" appears in the May number of Hearst's Magazine, a number doubly noted for its wealth of good reading because in it "The Woman Thou Gavest Me," that masterpiece of Hall Caine's, reaches its most exciting climax.

At All Newsstands 15c the Copy

HEARST'S MAGAZINE

381 Fourth Avenue New York City

A Garden of Associations; Delightful Memories Fill It

If you want a garden of associations it is time to plan it now. It is not the kind of garden which can be perfected in a single year—every garden worth the having is the outgrowth of much time and attention—so the sooner you get to work the better.

It can be a garden devoted to American plants or it can include foreign plants as well. Your own opportunities for travelling and the good nature of your friends will determine this point. If you want help from your friends who are travelling and do not object to asking for it you must plan your garden immediately before they start forth on their summer travels.

There is a certain garden of associations planted with flowers and trees and plants by its owner and her friends in the course of many years. It is now beautiful, but when it began six or eight years ago it was nothing more than the corner of an old fashioned garden with a brick wall on one side and an apple orchard on the other.

Kenilworth Ivy.

To begin with the owner of the garden planted a root of ivy brought from Kenilworth. She called it Amy Robsart. There is another ivy vine sprawling over the brick wall which she calls Windsor, as it came from Windsor Castle.

There is a bed of tulips named for the little Dutch Princess Juliana. These flowers in a sheltered spot blossom early every spring. The bulbs were brought from Holland.

A grapevine grows over a small trellis. It is called Champagne, for it comes from the wine region of the south of France. This vine nearly refused to live in the climate of its new home, but after much coaxing and care it sent forth roots and is now hardy and strong.

A bright spot of color in the garden is made by Hall Caine, a huge fuchsia bush. It came from one of the little whitewashed cottages in the Isle of Man, the birthplace of the novelist, not very far from his home.

There is a big patch of Kentucky blue grass brought from the mountains there. There are ferns from the Catskills and the Berkshires and the Adirondacks and the Rockies and some from the warm valleys of the Alps.

George Washington.

George Washington is represented by a clump of daises. The owner of the garden dug one up just outside the gates of Mount Vernon. Unlike the grapevine from France, the daisy liked its new home from the first and only vigorous pulling and pruning keep it within bounds.

One of the most interesting things in the garden is a rose bush named for the wife of a President. The rose, a single blossom, came from the White House grounds, a gift from the woman for whom it is named. The owner of the garden put it in water. In a few days she was surprised to see that a little root was coming from the stem of the rose, which had been carelessly broken off. She carefully placed the rose in a vase filled with water, with sand and vegetable fibre at the bottom. The rose, after much care, took root and was planted in the garden. It is healthy and strong and is covered with blossoms each summer.

Of course every one could not have such an interesting garden. But any one could gather roots or bulbs or plants or seeds from different places, if only from the points of interest about her home. The interest attaching to this simpler sort of garden would increase from year to year and would prove an incentive for outdoor life and work.

The owner of the garden described has an interesting rockery in her garden. Every time she takes a motor trip—and she is a devotee of motoring—she brings home a stone. On it she scratches the date and original home of the stone.

The Maclaine Sees Trot Gets a Fit of Malauneys

NEW YORK, April 26.—The Maclaine of Lochbuie, godson of the Duke of Argyll, who is in America trying to make enough money to lift the mortgages on his ancestral estates on the Isle of Mull, has been doing New York. Here are his views after trailing the turkey trot to its various lairs:

By the Maclaine of Lochbuie.

Well, I've been to see it and I think if we attempted it at home in any of our restaurants in the afternoon, or I might say at any other time, we should be tried at the Old Bailey and get a long term of imprisonment in Wormwood Scrubs.

Give me baseball every time and none of this turkey-trotting tango-hopping, one-stepping, Bostoning and other St. Vitus dances. But perhaps it's jealousy on my part because I can't do it—you are right I can't, and upon my word I don't think I want to although my figure, to tell the truth, needs reducing. But still I don't think it is very difficult, for as far as I can see all you have to do is to grab hold of the nearest lady, be she dark, fair, gray-haired, with toppee or without; grasp her very tightly, push her shoulders down a bit, and then wriggle about as much like a slippery slush as you possibly can.

When the music stops steer to the nearest table and quickly ask the waiter for a whiskey and soda, not tea, remember, because although advertised we never serve it at the best dansantes, but only at those where you have to be so smart-set-tish and select that it is necessary to give three weeks' notice of your coming and full details of your family tree. These were the orders sprung on me by the lady in charge after I had mounted twenty-four flights in the Hotel McAlpin, my second stopping place, yesterday afternoon in my tour of the Turkey Roosts.

Asks the Merry Widow.

Here I was informed that many of your nicest people dance there, and asking the merry widow at the door for their names she said:

"Ah, no, we must not tell that as they would not come here any more. And think what that would mean to us! Disaster!"

She also told me that ladies were not allowed to smoke or make a noise while drinking their "tea," and if any of them were seen moving their shoulders they were swiftly ushered from the ball-tea-room. I asked her if they were allowed to breathe and she told me that if the pedigrees in De Brett were found to be correct she gave them special permission. Au revoir, McAlpin, and the divinity in the black hat and black dress, who, to my mind, absolutely took the biscuit.

My first call was at 4 o'clock at Martin's, but I found I was half an hour before kicking-off time. However, there were already anaemic, sleek-haired young men sitting in rows sucking their thumbs waiting tfor the doors to open. Naughty lads!

Then I went to Bustanoby's. Well, Bustanoby, you certainly have a very smart man on the door. I like his white breeches and his well-shaped calves—they remind me so much of home. This young man told me I could not be admitted without a lady, but my American friend slipped me in and I was placed at a table in the balcony, one table away from a tall brunette, who to my way of thinking was not so dusty.

On the floor below the St. Vitus dancing is at its height. A man old enough to be my father is capering around with a saucy bit, and my heart bleeds for her, because she herself is having a dash at it and doing it in some style, but he, I thought, would be better placed in a field howking turnips. But he's not the only grandfather who finds Bustanoby's a good place to sip the elixir of youth from a champagne glass instead of being at home drinking vichy water for his gout, for I'm sure he had it the way he was dancing. I saw another one who certainly seemed to fancy his chance, and he, too, without a hair on his head. Shame on you, grandpa! Go home and take the children some toys, for from what I see around you it will save you money in the end.

"Waiter, why have all those tea cups never been used?" I asked.

"Oh, sir, we seldom serve tea," said he. "They wiggle much better on whisky."

I asked him then if they ever drank so much that they copped the brewer, but he didn't seem to know; so I left.

It's getting late. I must take a taxi to Reisenweber's. Clickety-click-click-click.

"Lor' love a duck, how much do you say, taxi driver? Four shillings and eightpence? Surely you mean eightpence without the four shillings because I've only been a mile, and I could ride all around London for the four bob."

"Can't help it, sir. You're in New York, not London, and if you don't shell out I'll call a cop." And I should like to have dotted him one on the snitch. I think he took me for a bit of noodle. No more taxis for me while I'm in New York.

What a change I find here at Reisenweber's. Printed slips on each table telling me by order of His Honor, the Mayor, no spirits can be served in the tea room. Mr. Mayor, you must have some power, because the Lord Mayor of London couldn't do this and I don't think he would if he could.

She Loses 30 Pounds.

There was one woman who wriggled more energetically than any of the others. I was told she had lost thirty pounds in a month, and I thought if she kept on pegging at it for a couple of years she might become normal.

Who are those two who look like two cats on hot bricks? Oh, that's a special step and consists of dislocating both knee joints, spraining the left ankle and fracturing the big toe. Really, is it? I should call it a Hospital Hug! Goodby, I must go back to Martin's.

There were certainly topping good wrigglers at Martin's—the best (and the worst) I've seen this afternoon.

The pick of the bunch was a young thing in a sponge bag dress with a man who I was told was Mr. Flo Ziegfeld, and they certainly knew the wriggly-wrig. They made me feel quite nervous the way they dashed around the floor like a couple of lamplighters, and I had to shout for a strong drop of my Hieland mountain dew. Still, I think I deserved it because the whole afternoon gave me a bad fit of the malauneys.

What got on my nerves were the young men, and worse still, the old who instead of being out in the country playing gowf or some other healthly game, prefer to go to these tea parties and be what we call at home poodle-fakers.

Give me baseball and not turkey trot.

PONY OUTFITS FREE!

Boy and Girl Readers

of

HEARST'S

SUNDAY AMERICAN

AND

THE ATLANTA GEORGIAN

are offered an unusual chance to win a complete Shetland pony outfit consisting of

Shetland Pony, Cart and Harness

10 Pony Outfits to School Boys and Girls

2 Pony Outfits to AMERICAN-GEORGIAN Carriers, Newsboys, and Out-of-Town Agents.

Twelve Ponies Like This One

with a pony cart and harness for each, will be given away to boys and girls. ∴ ∵ ∴



Every Pony

a sound, healthy, serviceable pet. Every one broken to drive. All of them gentle, kind and safe for a child to drive

These ponies are selected by an expert for The **American** and **Georgian.** His knowledge and experience make it certain that only high-grade ponies will be offered as prizes.

This advantage should not be overlooked, even by the parent intending to buy a pony for his child. No purchaser of a single pony could have the assurance of safety and service that comes with The American-Georgian ponies.

Hearst's Sunday American and Atlanta Georgian

Pony Contest Vote Coupon, Sunday, May 4, 1913.

GOOD FOR 15 VOTES.

Voted For .....

Address .....

Voted By .....

Carriers' and Agents' Ballot.

Ask your friends to save the vote coupons clipped from *The Georgian* and *Hearst's Sunday American.* They will help you to win one of these dandy outfits.

Hearst's Sunday American and Atlanta Georgian

Pony Contest Vote Coupon, Sunday, May 4, 1913.

GOOD FOR 15 VOTES.

Voted For .....

Address .....

Voted By .....

School Boys' and Girls' Ballot.

Subscription blanks and printed instructions for the use of contestants are now ready. Ask for them at our office, 20 East Alabama St. Sent by mail or postpaid on request.

Contest Rules

Nominations for contestants will be received during the period beginning Monday, April 28th, and concluding at midnight, Saturday, May 31st.

Voting coupons will appear daily in THE GEORGIAN and in every issue of HEARST'S SUNDAY AMERICAN, beginning with THE GEORGIAN'S issue of Thursday, May 1st, and concluding with THE GEORGIAN'S issue of Thursday, July 31st. The contest will close at midnight July 31st.

THE GEORGIAN'S Daily vote coupons will count for five votes each, and THE SUNDAY AMERICAN vote coupons for fifteen votes each in favor of the contestant whose name they bear.

Votes will be credited for paid-in-advance subscriptions received, according to the following table:

	Subscriptions Delivered by City Carrier.	By Mail or Delivered by Out-of-town Agt.	Votes.
Daily and Sunday, 1 year	$6.20	$7.00	3,500
Daily and Sunday, 6 months	3.10	3.50	1,700
Daily and Sunday 3 months	1.56	1.75	800
Daily and Sunday, 1 month	.55	.60	250
Daily only, 1 year	5.20	5.00	2,000
Daily only, 6 months	2.60	2.50	950
Daily only, 3 months	1.30	1.30	450
Daily only, 1 month	.45	.45	150
Sunday only, 1 year	2.00	2.00	1,300
Sunday only, 6 months	1.00	1.00	650
Sunday only, 3 months	.50	.50	300
Sunday only, 1 month	.20	.20	100

The above vote credits will apply to old subscribers who pay subscription arrearages or for a term in advance as well as to new subscribers.

No vote credit will be issued for subscriptions for less than one month nor more than two years.

In the event of a tie vote for any of the pony outfit prizes, the contestants so tying will each receive a pony outfit.

Vote coupons clipped from THE GEORGIAN and SUNDAY AMERICAN must be voted within fifteen days from date of issue. Coupons that are more than fifteen days old will not be credited to any contestant.

Except for the separate prizes offered to THE GEORGIAN and HEARST'S SUNDAY AMERICAN carriers, newsboys and out-of-town agents, no employee of these newspapers, nor any member of an employee's family, will be eligible as a contestant.

This nomination blank starts you with a thousand votes.

MAIL IT TO-DAY.

I nominate, as a candidate in **The Hearst's Sunday American** and **Atlanta Georgian** Pony Outfit Contest:

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Nominated by.....

Address .....

GOOD FOR 1,000 VOTES

Only one nomination blank can be voted for any contestant.

PRIZE DISTRIBUTION

—Eight pony outfits will be given away to white boys and girls in Atlanta and suburbs.

The distribution will be made as follows:

One pony outfit to the boy or girl receiving the greatest number of votes in each of the following districts:

District No. 1—East of Marietta Street and West of Edgewood Avenue, from Georgia Railroad right-of-way to city limits.

District No. 2—East of Piedmont Avenue and West of Edgewood Avenue, from Georgia Railroad right-of-way to city limits. Includes Druid Hills, Edgewood, Kirkwood and Decatur.

District No. 3—South of Edgewood Avenue and East of South Boulevard to city limits, East and South. Includes South Kirkwood and Ormewood.

District No. 4—West of South Boulevard and East of South Pryor from Georgia Railroad right-of-way to city limits. Includes South Atlanta and Lakewood Heights.

District No. 5—West of South Pryor to Central of Georgia right-of-way. West of railroad to include Oakland City, Fort McPherson, East Point, College Park, Egan and Hapewell.

District No. 6—West of Central of Georgia right-of-way to city limits, from West Hunter Street South to Oakland City.

District No. 7—North of West Hunter Street and West of Marietta Street to city limits, North and West.

One pony outfit to the carrier or newsboy employed by THE GEORGIAN and HEARST'S SUNDAY AMERICAN receiving the greatest number of votes cast for newsboys and carriers.

Four prize pony outfits will be given to Out-of-town boys and girls. They will be distributed as follows:

Two pony outfits will be given to the white boys or girls in the State of Georgia, outside of Atlanta and suburbs, who receive the greatest number of votes and next greatest number, respectively.

One outfit will be given to the white boy or girl receiving the greatest number of votes cast for contestants outside of the State of Georgia, anywhere that THE GEORGIAN and HEARST'S SUNDAY AMERICAN are sold.

One outfit will be given to the out-of-town agent employed by THE GEORGIAN and HEARST'S SUNDAY AMERICAN who receives the greatest number of votes cast for agents.

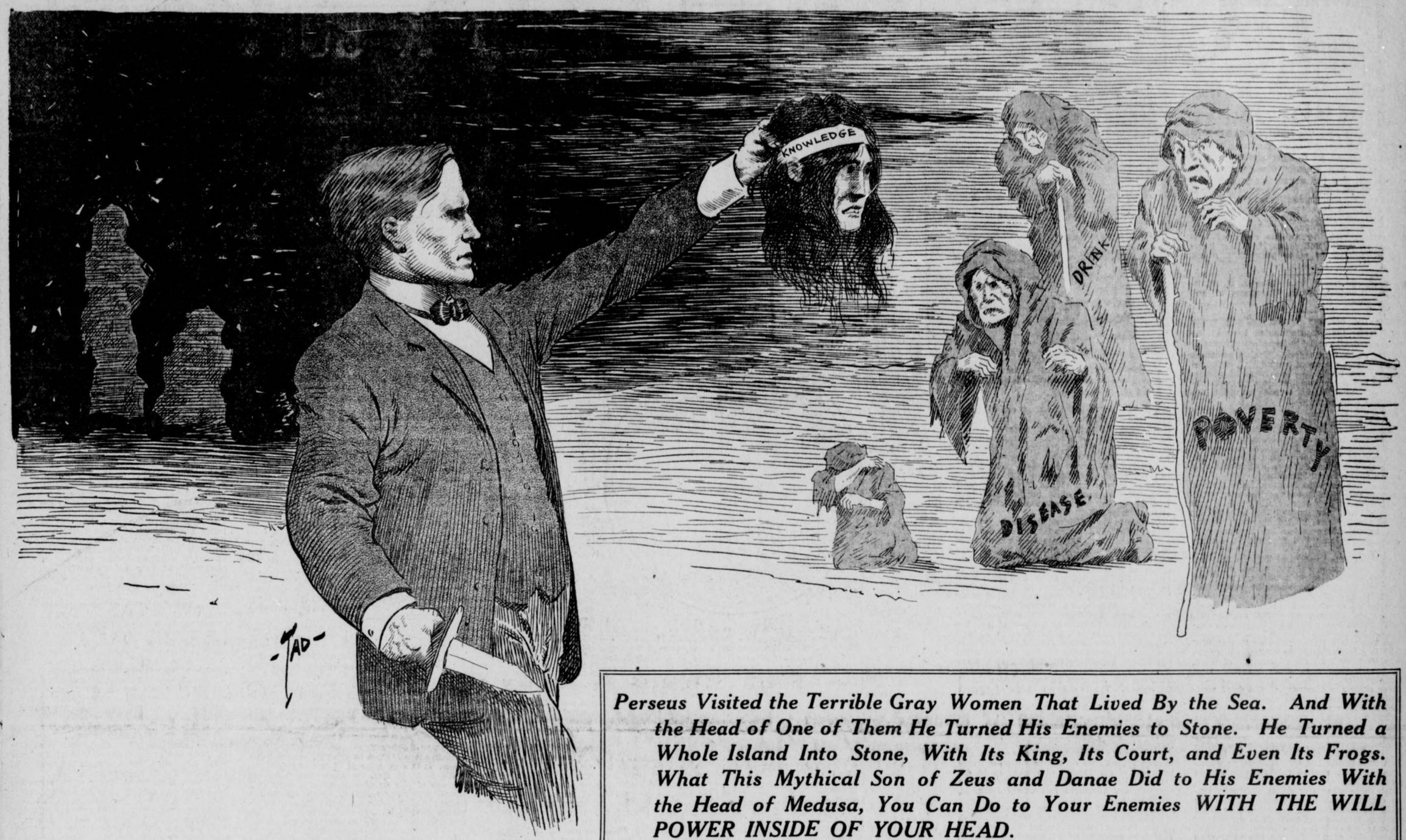
For further information address

PONY CONTEST EDITOR,

Hearst's Sunday American and Atlanta Georgian

20 E. Alabama Street **ATLANTA, GA.** **35 Peachtree Street**

In YOUR Head Is the Gorgon's Head



Perseus Visited the Terrible Gray Women That Lived By the Sea. And With the Head of One of Them He Turned His Enemies to Stone. He Turned a Whole Island Into Stone, With Its King, Its Court, and Even Its Frogs. What This Mythical Son of Zeus and Danae Did to His Enemies With the Head of Medusa, You Can Do to Your Enemies WITH THE WILL POWER INSIDE OF YOUR HEAD.

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THE Gorgon sisters—the dreadful gray women—lived by the great ocean far away in the West.

That was the story that the old Greeks believed, the story that was written in the days when no man had sailed on the Atlantic Ocean, unless driven by accident from the shore to death.

Fearful old women were those three monster sisters. And a hard task it was when Perseus was told by the wicked King of Seriphus that he must go and bring back the head of Medusa.

The other two sisters could not be separated from their heads, for they were immortal. Only Medusa was mortal and could be killed. And her head Perseus must bring back.

♠ ♠ ♠

This is the kind of a story that in these days we tell to children about fairies. It is a story that the simple Greeks believed, just as simple minded people in our day, believe in similar stories of a little different kind.

Perseus DID find the gray women, miraculously guided by Hermes and Athene.

He did not like the look of them when he saw them, sitting together on the ocean's edge.

Dreadful hags they were, and among them the whole three had only one eye and one tooth.

The eye and the tooth they handed from one to the other. If one hag wanted to bite she got the tooth and used it to bite.

Or if a hag wanted to see she got the eye and looked with it.

Perseus—just exactly how we do not know—stole the eye and the tooth, and then the three Gorgon ladies were in a very bad condition. It is no exaggeration to say that with their only eye and their only tooth gone they were as helpless as the woman of to-day who hasn't any vote.

With the eye in one hand and the tooth in the other, Perseus defied the gray women. And he said, "You can get back the eye and the tooth if you will guide me to the Nymphs."

So the gray women guided him to the Nymphs—how they managed to do that without their eye to see the way the story does not tell.

The stories of religion are sometimes lacking in detail.

Perseus found the Nymphs. And he got from them the winged sandals, the wallet, and the cap of invisibility.

He put these on, and with Hermes still guiding him, and with a sharp sword in his hand, crept upon the gray women as they slept—rather an ungrateful thing to do—and cut off Medusa's head.

You must remember that he had to cut off the head very carefully. For if you looked straight at these Gorgon ladies you were immediately turned into stone.

Perseus had a plan of his own. He kept looking at the image on the shield while he was chopping off the Gorgon's woman's head.

Having cut off the head, he put it in the wallet he had got from the Nymphs, made himself invisible once more, and with the winged sandals he hurried home at high speed, to be very much praised.

♠ ♠ ♠

That is the interesting story of the old Greeks—the story that men and women of old days told to their children, and that they themselves believed.

Poets have told the story, artists have painted it, and shown it in marble, and in bronze.

Here, on this page, you see the story brought up to date—AND YOU, THE READER, ARE MR. PERSEUS IN THIS MODERN CARTOON, HOLDING OUT YOUR GORGON HEAD, WHICH YOU ACTUALLY POSSESS, AND TURNING YOUR SPIRITUAL ENEMIES TO STONE.

You must know that after Perseus got home with the Gorgon head in his wallet—history does not say whether he let the other two remaining sisters have the use of their tooth and the eye, or brought the tooth and the eye with him—when Perseus got home with that Gorgon head, everything was easy for him.

The King was unfriendly. And the court of Seriphus was very unfriendly, also.

Perseus rescued his mother, and then holding up the Gorgon's head, turned the King to stone, his whole court, and the island upon which the court lived "remained still and lonely ever afterward," and the frogs remained forever dumb.

Perseus, as a reward to Athene for being his guide, gave her the head, which she put on her shield—then he hastened off to continue his interest in life, which included the rescuing of Andromeda from the monster.

♠ ♠ ♠

The idea of this editorial, and in this picture, where YOU ARE SHOWN AS PERSEUS UP TO DATE, holding up the Gorgon head, is to remind you that what Perseus was supposed to do, but didn't do, THE RIGHT KIND OF A MAN ACTUALLY CAN DO.

In order to possess the Gorgon head now and use it, you don't have to steal an eye or a tooth from any old, gray woman at the ocean's edge. And you don't have to do miraculous things.

YOU SIMPLY HAVE TO USE YOUR WILL. The will is the Gorgon head for the man who knows how to use it.

♠ ♠ ♠

Tad, our artist, shows young Perseus of the brand of 1913, holding up a head labelled knowledge.

Knowledge is part of the Gorgon head that the wise man uses in his own defense. BUT WILL POWER IS MORE IMPORTANT EVEN THAN KNOWLEDGE.

You have got in you only one real force, which is your intelligence. And in that intelligence the first and most important power is THE POWER OF THE WILL.

If you WILL, you can control yourself and defy the enemies that oppose you.

We do not say that you can turn into stone the man you don't like.

Human beings of to-day no longer WANT to turn their enemies into stone. What they want is to forget them and think of something else.

With the Gorgon head of WILL POWER you can turn into stone the spiritual enemy, the enemies of your success, and of your usefulness, the enemies that really OUGHT TO TURN TO STONE.

In planning your own life, whether to make yourself successful or to prevent defeat which threatens, or to overcome some particular difficulty, WILL POWER is the force and IMAGINATION is the guide.

Your imagination makes you see that which is not actually in your presence.

With it, you see the success that may be yours if the will does its work.

And you see miserable failure, the monotony, dullness, humiliation, disappointed old age that stretch ahead of you, if your will sleeps and fails to do its work.

♠ ♠ ♠

There is no Perseus, miraculously born of Jupiter and a goddess in our day.

There are no three gray women living by the ocean with one eye and one tooth among them.

There is no head that you can hold aloft, to turn islands and kings and frogs into solid stone.

But the story of Perseus still lives, and the imaginary things that he was supposed to do are, in another form, the realities, the necessary things that the average mortal, the Perseus of to-day, actually can do.

Poverty, drink and disease are not actual old, gray women, hags living on the Western ocean's edge. But they are actual monsters, Gorgons of to-day. And with your imagination you can see them, as the imagination of the old Greek story teller saw the three gray women on the edge of the ocean.

You can imagine these things Gorgons of to-day—DRINK, DISEASE AND POVERTY, with one eye and one tooth, which they hand to each other and use.

They are not sisters, but mother and daughters. Sometimes drink is the mother of poverty and disease.

And sometimes poverty is the mother of drink and disease.

And sometimes disease gives birth to poverty and to drink.

But in every case the man of will power can destroy them.

♠ ♠ ♠

Don't look at this picture as simply a feature—more or less curious—in a big Sunday newspaper.

And don't read this editorial merely as a sort of sermon to be looked through.

Skip it entirely, or say to yourself that you will make it USEFUL TO YOURSELF.

Ask yourself whether or not it is true that with the power inside of yourself, WILL POWER, you can turn your most dangerous enemy to stone.

AND THEN USE THE POWER.

You can do it. If with real WILL you can say NO to drink, you can turn that particular Gorgon to stone, to trouble you no more.

If you can meet with strength of character and will that will not bend to the temptations and follies in your path, you can turn them into stone and render them harmless, just as the mythical Perseus held up the ghastly head, toothless, with no eyes in the sockets, and making the King look upon it turned him into a block of marble.

The old mythology and the old miracles in the fairy stories disappear.

But every story that the human race has told has been a story of truth. Every religion, with its miraculous birth from Jupiter or the other gods, every childish tale to hold and control childish human beings, has had its solid foundation of truth.

Lucky for you if you can find in the Gorgon story which Tad selects for his cartoon the foundation of truth, and make up your mind to be the Perseus in an up-to-date story of Gorgon and of conquest.

When Are We Really Dead? A New Problem of Science

New Discoveries in the Mysterious Phenomena of Latent Life and Suspended Animation That Raise Doubts as to When Vitality Actually Is Destroyed in Us.

WHEN ARE WE TRULY DEAD?

THE fact that life in many animals may be suspended by freezing and other processes was recently discussed in this newspaper, and the extraordinary plan of a doctor to resuscitate the bodies of Captain Scott and his companions, frozen on their way from the South Pole, was mentioned.

The distinguished Professor Harris, of the University of Birmingham, England, here enumerates many remarkable cases of suspended animation and shows that there is an infinite number of steps between life and death.

By Professor David Fraser Harris, M. D., B. Sc. (London), of the University of Birmingham.

TO the ordinary person nothing seems easier than to distinguish between life and death, or, to be more exact, between a living and a dead animal. Such a person at once thinks of the warm, breathing, moving organism, with its beating heart and its perceptions of the outer world, in contrast with the cold, still unconscious corpse in which the heart has stopped forever.

But there may exist theoretically, and there do exist actually, certain degrees of partial livingness or apparent death—phases of depressed vitality so closely resembling death as to be indistinguishable from it, at any rate by one's unaided senses, or without the assistance of the elaborate and delicate instruments of a modern physiological laboratory.

The corpse putrefies because, being lifeless, it cannot resist the inroads of bacteria, which it did more or less successfully while it was alive. It has no longer any affectability toward the bacteria, no longer reacts toward them by preparing anti-bodies for their poisons, bacteriolysms, and so forth, to destroy them.

Affectability is the sign of life, the first and the last, the alpha and the omega of livingness: even the electric manifestation is but one result of bioplasm possessing affectability at all; if the affectability were gone there could be no development of electric current. But the egg albumen never had affectability, and therefore never had life: it gives no electric current.

But there is a state known as "latent life" which is a particularly interesting one, for the organism having all the appearance of death can nevertheless once again manifest vital characteristics.

Ever since the discovery of the dried rotifers by the diligent Dutch histologist Leeuwenhoek, in 1719, we have known that animal organisms can exist for years in a dried up state in dust or mud and "come to life again," as it is said, on being moistened. Of course, they have never been dead, for death is the permanent impossibility of manifesting life in that which once lived. Not only rotifers, or wheel-animalcula, can survive this extreme degree of desiccation.

Both these classes of animals actually possess digestive and nervous systems, for they are by no means of the most primitive type; they take from twenty minutes to an hour or two to revive on being moistened. Other animals capable of withstanding the abstraction of water are the Anguillulidae, or paste-eels, and certain Infusoria. Seeds in a dry state for as long a time as two hundred years have produced seedlings—in other words, have been alive all the time.

Bacteria, the lowest plant organisms, have enormous powers or resisting conditions that tend to death. The late Professor MacFayden showed that the bacteria of certain diseases frozen at a temperature of liquid aid (about minus 360)Fahr. were not killed, but could survive so extremely drastic a procedure as this and yet retain their specific vital pathogenic characteristics. When frozen they were so brittle that they could be powdered in a mortar, yet they were nevertheless still in the state of "latent life."

Coming to the cold-blooded animals, we have many instances of suspended animation among such creatures as snails, water-beetles, frogs and fish. The best instances are of fish when frozen. Sir John Franklin, in his Polar expedition of 1820, reported carp fish frozen so solid that the intestines of some of them could be taken out en masse, yet on being thawed before a fire they "revived and moved about actively." Preyer, the German physiologist, had evidence that frogs frozen solid could be revived. Fishes frozen in a block of ice have been known to revive, although some of their companions were frozen so hard they could be powdered up along with the ice. According to the French experimenter, Raoul Pictet, frogs endured a temperature of minus 22 Fahrenheit, and fish a degree or two below minus 5 Fahrenheit. These are all cases of "latent life" at low temperatures.

Sir Ernest Shackleton reports that in the South Polar seas there are marine organisms frozen up in the ice for ten months in the year: they move about only during the other two.

Ascending to the warm-blooded animals and to man himself, we do not find such extreme instances of suppression of vitality as in the case of lower organisms—creatures with more sluggish, and therefore less easily deranged, metabolism.

All states of trance or narcolepsy—extremely deep, prolonged apparent sleep—such as the famous case of Colonel Townsend, reported on carefully by Dr. Cheyne, of Dublin, belong to this category. This case is very well known to medical men, but is, perhaps, not so familiar to others that the following quotations of Dr. Cheyne's words will be superfluous: "He could die or expire when he pleased and yet . . . by an effort he could come to life again. . . . He composed himself on his back and lay in a still posture for some time. I found his pulse sink gradually, till at last I could not feel any by the most exact and nice touch. Dr. Baynard could not feel the least motion in the heart, nor Mr. Skrine perceive the least soil on the bright mirror he held to his mouth . . . could not discover the least symptom of life in him. We began to conclude he had carried the experiment too far; and at last we were satisfied that he was actually dead and were just ready to leave him. . . . By nine in the morning, as we were going away, we observed some motion about the body and upon examination found his pulse and the motion of his heart gradually returning; he began to breathe heavily and speak softly."

Still more extraordinary are the narratives of the fakirs in India, who are said to allow themselves to be built up in sealed tombs for weeks without food, and to be alive at the end of that time. Reports of these cases of human suspended animation are now too numerous and too well authenticated by European eye-witnesses of unimpeachable integrity, to be set aside as either in themselves untrue or due to collective delusion.

James Braid, the first investigator of hypnotism, has narrated a case, typical of many others, in which a fakir was tied up in a sealed sack, which was placed inside a locked box, which was left for six weeks in a sealed-up dark room in the palace of Runjeet Singh. The man's ears and nostrils had been blocked up with wax, which was still there when the body was brought into the light at the end of six weeks. On the sack being opened the muscles were found quite stiff, the jaws tightly clenched, and no trace of a pulse beat was to be anywhere detected. By degrees the man revived, the muscles softened, the pulse began to be perceptible, and in a feeble voice he asked, "Do you believe me now?"

The interesting inference from all these cases of "latent life" or suspended animation is that, though vitality cannot be said to have vanished, yet the organism during the time of the latency is giving none of the signs of the possession of vitality. It is not taking food, oxygen or water; it is not giving out carbon dioxide or water, or other chemical result in livingness; it is not moving; in the higher animals both the cardiac and respiratory activities are in abeyance.

No state could be more like death; infinitely more like it than sleep. Latent life, not sleep, is the true image of death. Revivability, however, was there; life was depressed, inhibited, masked, but not abolished.

Recently some very interesting and successful efforts have been made to revive the apparently dead heart in an actually dead body. The following quotation is not from a book of fairy tales, but from a highly technical work on physiology, published about a year ago:

"Hearts can be revived many days after death—even the hearts of children dead of disease. In ten such cases only three gave negative results. The heart of a boy dead of pneumonia revived in all parts twenty hours after death. In the case of the heart of an ape, Hering recovered the heart after four and a half hours and then froze it. After twenty-eight hours thirty minutes the heart was again resuscitated."

Of course, this does not mean that these hearts began to beat again in health, but that, by prolonged massage, an apparently dead heart can revive sufficiently to give a series of spontaneous beats.

Now on reflecting on these examples of latent life, it will be seen that we must here have cases of interference with the full mobility of the molecules of the living substance, whether that has been brought about by abstracting water or abstracting heat. The absence of food, as in hibernating animals, tends very much in the same direction—enfeeblement of the vital processes, so that the bears, dormice, hedgehogs, tortoises, frogs and many other animals which enter on a Winter sleep and eat nothing during that time, although they are not in the state of typical latent life, are not in a state of extremely depressed vitality. Some of them actually cease to breathe, but the heart beats. It is a question of degree of livingness.

We must, in fact, recognize that there are degrees of life or of livingness in each cell, tissue, organ and organism. Some tissues are intensely alive, some are already dead, for instance enamel of tooth and horn of nail. We can construct a scale passing through all degrees of corporate livingness, from the tremendous physical and mental power of a Gladstone, a Kelvin or a Helmholtz, down to the stupidity of a country yokel, or the hopeless sufferer from acute melancholia. In melancholia all the tissues are demonstrably less alive than in the normal person; less oxygen is taken in, less urea and carbon dioxide are excreted, and less heat is evolved. Melancholia is not merely a question of the dull brain; glands, muscles, heart, skin, intestine, all are dull, and relatively lifeless.

There is, in other words, for any given tissue no hard and fast line between the fullest vitality at one end of the scale and eternal death at the other. As one nears the death-point we pass through the stage or state of "latent life." While the extremes are quite distinct, the intermediate stages are indistinguishable from one another. Just as in the case of the visible spectrum; no one can fail to distinguish the red from the violet, yet there is an infinite number of gradations of color between red and green, and between green and violet.

Assuming, in the meantime, that we can get no better conception of the modus operandi of living matter than by conceiving of it as due to molecules—no doubt of great complexity—endowed with chemical affinity, and therefore obeying certain chemical laws, we seem to have to admit that, within limits, life is more intense as the temperature rises and less intense as the temperature falls. This behavior is exactly that of substances capable of chemical interaction, so that, viewed from the purely physico-chemical standpoint, life is the outcome of chemical activities.

Latent life is the temporary immobilization of molecules of living matter without the destruction of these atomic affinities which are the chemical basis of life, whereas death is such permanent molecular immobilization that certain atomic affinities are abolished. The writer has suggested that living matter in latent life suggested allied states of extreme physiological insusceptibility to stimulation should be described as exhibiting the "functional inertia of protoplasm."

In intensely living matter the molecular whirl is most intense.

In latent life the weights of the protoplasmic clock have been seized by a mysterious hand; in death they have descended to the utmost length of the cord. The vital clock in the one case has only been arrested; in the other it has run down and cannot be wound up again.

There is a good deal of difference in a descent between a stoppage and the end reached; or to take another analogy, in life the "sands of time" are running out rapidly; in latent life the stream has been stopped; in death the sand is all in the lower globe.

Molecular mobility is, then, in technical language, the necessary physical condition for vitality, and any agencies or reagents which diminish that mobility tend to render life latent and therefore to extinguish it.

On this partial molecular immobilization depends the efficacy of a large number of our drugs and the action of many poisons. To abolish consciousness we administer chloroform, a substance which, by uniting with certain of the chemically active radicles constituting the living matter, immobilizes the whole molecular correlative in the disappearance of consciousness.

This immobilization of the molecules of the cells of the cerebral cortex has its psychical correlative in the disappearance of consciousness. But the chloroform really tends to immobilize heart cells and cells of the breathing centres as well, and what the surgeon wants is the former—cerebral immobilization, or anaesthesia—without the latter (death).

The cyanides (Prussic acid) for some reason not yet fully understood, act as such deadly poisons because with great rapidity they immobilize the cells of the respiratory centre.

Thus, the solution of our problem, What is latent life? seems capable of being stated in the terms of the already known. The organism in latent life is not dead, for it is capable of living again; it is, however, very far from being fully alive, for it is manifesting none of the attributes of livingness.

Without a chemical theory of living matter "suspended animation" would be inexplicable; and while one would freely admit that a chemical conception of vitality is only a partial one, a good working hypothesis, yet at the same time we gain a fuller insight into what life is and what death is not, than if we attempted to enunciate either condition in terms outside of physics or chemistry altogether. In a sense very different from what the author of the lines meant it, yet in a sense profoundly true—

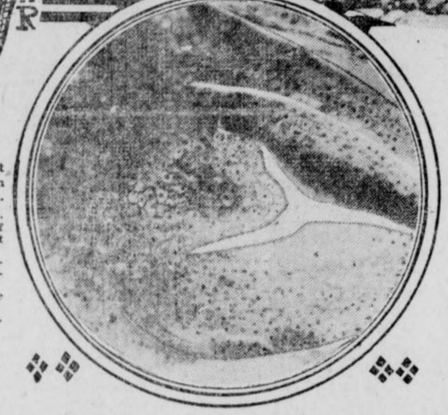
"'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die."



A Frog Frozen Stiff and Apparently Dead in a Refrigerating Jar. After a Month the Frog Was Removed, Resuscitated and Was Lively as Ever.



Germ of a Wheat Kernel, Shown in Section to Exhibit Structure.
(L) Leaves of the future wheat plant.
(S) Sheath protecting the embryo plant.
(R) Root of the future plant.
(T) Root Sheath.



Above Is an Enlarged Diagram of a Piece of Wheat Taken from the Wrappings of a Mummy 2,000 Years Old. Below It Is a Greatly Enlarged Photograph of the Germ Cell of a Similar Piece of Mummy Wheat, Which Still Held Germinative Life and Sprouted.



Photograph of a Hindoo Fakir Being Unearthed from a Grave in Which He Had Lain for Two Weeks in a State of Suspended Animation.

How "The Woman Thou Gavest Me" Faced the Inevitable

IN every woman's life there must come some great crisis—some moment when all her future hangs in the balance. In the current instalment of "The Woman Thou Gavest Me," the wonderful analysis of modern marriage relations by Hall Caine, appearing in **Hearst's Magazine**, the distinguished English novelist bares the second step in the development of the great crisis that has come in the life of his heroine, Mary O'Neil.

Mary O'Neil has practically been sold in marriage by an ambitious father to Lord Rae, a profligate nobleman. On their wedding night the two agree to be man and wife in name only. Martin Conrad, an old playmate of Mary, and now a famous Antarctic explorer, comes into her life again, and the two find they love each other. Through the machinations of Alma, an old friend of Mary, with whom Lord Rae is infatuated, the loveless wife and Martin spend a night alone in the castle.

What follows is told in part in the following excerpts reprinted by permission of HEARST'S MAGAZINE from the current instalment of the novel.

[From the current instalment of "The Woman Thou Gavest Me" in the May number of HEARST'S MAGAZINE.]

NEXT morning, at half-past eight, my Martin left me.

We were standing together in the boudoir between the table and the fire, which was burning briskly, for the sultry weather had gone in the night, and the Autumn air was keen, though the early sun was shining.

At the last moment he was unwilling to go, and it was as much as I could do to persuade him. Perhaps it is one of the mysteries which God alone can read that our positions seemed to have been reversed since the day before.

He was confused, agitated, and full of self-reproaches, while I felt no fear and no remorse, but only an indescribable joy, as if a new and gracious life had suddenly dawned on me.

"I don't feel that I can leave England now," he said.

"You can and you must," I answered, and then I spoke of his expedition, as a great work which it was impossible to put off.

"Somebody else must do it, then," he said.

"Nobody else can, or shall," I replied.

"But our lives are forever joined together now and everything else must go by the board."

"Nothing shall go by the board for my sake, Martin. I refuse and forbid it."

"Then if I must go, you must go, too," he said. "I mean you must go with me to London and wait there until I return."

"That is impossible," I answered.

The eyes of the world were on him now. If I did what he desired it would reflect dishonor on his name, and he should not suffer for my sake under any circumstances.

"But think what may happen to you while I am away," he said.

"Nothing will happen while you are away, dear."

"But how can you be sure of the future when God alone knows what it is to be?"

"Then God will provide for it," I said, and with the last answer he had to be satisfied.

"You must take a letter from me at all events," said Martin, and sitting at my desk he began to write.

* * *

I knew what he was trying to say. A shadow seemed to pass between us. My throat grew thick, and for a moment I could not speak. But then I heard myself say: "Love is stronger than death; many waters cannot quench it."

His hands quivered; his whole body trembled, and I thought he was going to clasp me to his breast as before, but he only drew down my forehead with his hot hand and kissed it.

That was all, but a blinding mist seemed to pass before my eyes, and when it cleared the door of the room was open and my Martin was gone.

I stood where he had left me and listened.

I heard his strong step on the stone flags of the hall—he was going out at the porch.

I heard the metallic clashing of the door of the automobile—he was already in the car.

I heard the throb of the motor and the rucking of the gravel of the path—he was moving away.

I heard the dying down of the engine and the soft roll of the rubber wheels—I was alone.

For some moments after that the world seemed empty and void. But the feeling passed, and when I recovered my strength I found Martin's letter in my moist left hand.

Then I knelt before the fire and putting the letter into the flames I burnt it.

Within two hours of Martin's departure I had regained complete possession of myself and was feeling more happy than I had ever felt before.



"I found Alma smoking a cigarette and reading the report aloud in a mock-heroic tone to a number of men, including my husband, whose fat body was shaking with laughter."
(A Frank Craig Illustration of "The Woman Thou Gavest Me," in the Current Number of HEARST'S MAGAZINE.)

The tormenting compunctions of the past months were gone. It was just as if I had obeyed some higher and stronger law of my being and had become a freer and purer woman.

* * *

Weeks passed; the weather changed; the golden hue of Autumn gave place to a chilly grayness; the sky became sad, with Wintry clouds; the land became soggy with frequent rains; the trees showed their bare black boughs; the withered leaves drifted along the roads before blusterous winds that came up from the sea; the evenings grew long and the mornings dreary—but still Alma, with her mother, remained at Castle Rae.

I began to be afraid of her. Something of the half-hypnotic spell which she had exercised over me when I was a child asserted itself again, but now it seemed to me to be always evil and sometimes almost demoniacal.

I had a feeling that she was watching me day and night. Occasionally, when she thought I was looking down, I caught the vivid gaze of her coal-black eyes looking across at me through her long sable-colored eyelashes.

Her conversation was as sweet and suave as ever, but I found myself creeping away from her and ever shrinking from her touch.

More than once I remembered what Martin in his blunt way had said of her: "I hate that woman; she's like a snake; I want to put my foot on it."

The feeling that I was alone in this great gaunt house with a woman who was waiting and watching to do me a mischief that she might step into my shoes was preying upon my health and spirits.

Sometimes I had sensations of faintness and exhaustion for which I could not account. Looking into my glass in the morning I saw that my nose was becoming pinched, my cheeks thin, and my whole face not merely pale, but gray.

Alma saw these changes in my appearance, and in the over-sweet tones of her succulent voice she constantly offered me her sympathy. I always declined it, protesting that I was perfectly well, but none the less I shrank within myself and became more and more unhappy.

So fierce a strain could not last very long, and the climax came about three weeks after my husband left for London.

I was rising from breakfast with Alma and her mother when I was suddenly seized with giddiness, and, after staggering for a moment, I fainted right away.

On recovering consciousness I found myself stretched out on the floor with Alma and her mother leaning over me.

Never to the last hour of my life shall I forget the look in Alma's eyes as I opened my own. With her upper lip sucked in and her lower one slightly set forward, she was giving her mother a quick side-glance of evil triumph.

I was overwhelmed with confusion. I thought I might have been speaking as I was coming to, mentioning a name, perhaps, out of that dim and sacred chamber of the unconscious soul into which God alone should see. I noticed, too, that my bodice had been unhooked at the back so as to leave it loose over my bosom.

As soon as Alma saw that my eyes were open she put her arm under my head and began to pour out a flood of honeyed words into my ears.

"My dear, sweet darling," she said, "you scared us to death. We must send for a doctor immediately—your own doctor, you know."

I tried to say there was no necessity, but she would not listen.

"Such a seizure may be of no consequence, my love. I trust it isn't. But, on the other hand, it may be a serious matter, and it is my duty, dearest, my duty to your husband, to discover the cause of it."

I knew quite well what Alma was thinking of, yet I could not say more without strengthening her suspicions, so I asked for Price, who helped me up to my room, where I sat on the edge of the bed while she gave me brandy and other restoratives.

That was the beginning of the end. I needed no doctor to say what had befallen me. It was something more stupendous for me than the removal of mountains or the stopping of the everlasting coming and going of the sea.

The greatest of the mysteries of womanhood, the most sacred, the most divine, the mighty mystery of a new life had come to me as it comes to other women. Yet how had it come? Like a lowering thunderstorm.

The golden hour of her sex, which ought to be the sweetest and most joyful in a woman's life—the hour when she goes with a proud and swelling heart to the one she loves, the one who loves her, and with her arms about his neck and her face hidden in his breast whispers her great new secret, and he clasps her more fondly than ever to his heart, because another and closer union has bound them together—that golden hour had come to me, and there was none to share it.

What I Saw and Heard in Noisy America ---

By THE CHEVALIER DE FOUQUIERES

The French Arbiter of the Elegances, Back Home in Paris, Tells How He Had to Live Up to New York's Imported Idea of Him, and Reveals Impressions Politeness Made Him Keep Suppressed While Here.

THE Chevalier Andre de Fouquieres, the Parisian Arbiter of the Elegances, who recently made an interesting voyage of discovery to the United States, is back in Paris, lecturing to large audiences on his American experiences.

Here is his first address to his countrymen, the text of which has been furnished exclusively to this newspaper:

By the Chevalier ANDRE de FOUQUIERES

MY early impressions of New York were startling. From my window I saw the famous Fifth avenue, which was formerly the most aristocratic thoroughfare of the city, but is now entirely invaded by trade. Enormous and splendid stores with dazzling displays in their windows are taking the place of private houses where the most select society once lived. Fifth avenue is, in fact, undergoing the same fate as our Avenue des Champs Elysees.

How shall I describe to you the agonizing sensation of the noise that filled the streets, of that noise which became an obsessing accompaniment of every hour of every day, that noise in which the hammering of metal in many tones, the roaring of mechanical trumpets, the shouts of harsh voices mingled in a sort of deafening, discordant futurist music.

Broadway is a human kaleidoscope whose ever changing figures symbolize mad haste. I see before me now a vision in which human beings appear as the image of struggle incarnated, of that struggle which is here not a means, but an end, the only end of life, for here no one ever rests. New Yorkers do not know the delightful Parisian habit of "flanerie," that habit which consists in just strolling along the boulevards and saying amusing and useless nothings. The New Yorker not only ignores the habit, but he would be ashamed to admit that it had any attractions for him. He pretends to be busiest when he has least to do.

I can hardly describe to you how pitifully homesick for Paris I became at times in this feverish life of New York.

About an hour after my arrival I went to lunch thirty-five miles away with Mrs. Clarence Mackay, in her beautiful French chateau of a style so exquisite. I did not omit to pay a visit to the simple little wooden house hidden in the park of this grande dame, the mistress of hundreds of millions of dollars, where she amuses herself by writing dramatic works which are greatly admired in the United States.

On the evening of the same day I attended a great dinner organized in my honor by a leader of New York's most elegant society. At the dinner table I found that the Americans do not indulge in general conversation, but everybody talks exclusively and continuously with the person next to him. This custom, in my opinion, detracts from the intimacy and gayety of the dinner party.

On the other hand I had no occasion to remark upon any lack of gayety when the dinner was over. As soon as we had passed from the dining room to the salon, a pianist began to strike the latest popular airs, the haunting airs which the workmen whistle in the street cars and the American man of business hums while concluding a contract which may change the business of the whole world. Then comes the turkey trot, that maddening delight, that joy, that passion of the forty-seven States of the American Union. The turkey trot will certainly succeed the "cake-walk," the "grizzly bear" and the tango in the popular preferences of Parisians.

If I dwell so much upon this dance it is because its popularity is so extraordinary that it has taken the place of bridge and five hundred. What will you say when I tell you that the Americans turkey trot at tea time? No spectacle can be more extraordinary than that which presented itself to me when I saw a whole salon full of fashionable Americans suddenly carried away by enthusiasm for the turkey trot. Everybody seemed to be smitten with a sudden madness and began to dance this fascinating measure with fierce energy. Dignified dowagers and millionaire bankers took part in it, with the same reckless enthusiasm. It is no uncommon thing to see an austere magistrate, an illustrious professor from the universities, or a trust magnate noted for his haughty reserve and monopolistic coldness, melt into youthful recklessness under the influence of this wonderful dance.

Never is the American so interesting as when turkey trotting. Never is he so typically American and yet so unlike his everyday self. He does not dance with the gay abandon of the Latin when executing a somewhat corybantic measure. He throws himself into this performance with a desperate solemn energy that has in it something of the terrible.

When I went away from Paris, several Parisian journals dignified me with the singular title of "Ambassador of Fashion." Perhaps they did not say this without a certain malice, but I bear them no hard feeling on account of it. I was astonished to find on my arrival in New York that the Americans took this title with the utmost seriousness. Indeed many of them seemed to believe that I had an official mission from the French Government to promote French fashions in America.

Since I have completed my voyage of discovery, I have found that the duties of an Ambassador of Fashion, though seemingly frivolous, are of the highest importance. It is not, therefore, solely with the object of turning a jest to advantage that I accept this title and glory in it, but really because the duties it involves are of the greatest value to our dear France.

Fashion is the only French industry which is still predominant in the United States. The lead which our great automobile makers once took in America has been entirely wiped out by the enterprising manufacturers of New York, Pittsburgh and Chicago. The same is true of many other French industries. Parisian fashion, however, still preserves all its supremacy in the best society. Nowhere can you see such a mad desire of luxury, such rivalry in the arena of the styles, such subjection to the despotic fantasies of fashion as in America.

No American woman worthy of the name would transform a dress of last season into the style of to-day. She recognizes and wears only the new. She observes with minute attention the smallest transformations invented by our dressmakers. Audacity attracts her and it is upon New York that our artists of the Rue de la Paix always try their most audacious creations. An American woman is never quite in the style of Paris but always a little ahead of it. The style of Paris is always a little quieter, a little less eccentric, a little slower, if I may venture to say so, than that of New York.

The revenues of a queen are spent every year upon the toilette of many an American woman. Too often the real queen does not spend her revenues on dress. Many of our most famous French dressmaking establishments owe more of their prosperity to their American customers than to the royalty and nobility of Europe.



A Drawing from the Witty Paris Magazine, "The Butter Dish," Illustrating the French Idea of the "Deadly Earnestness" with Which We Dance the Turkey Trot, an Earnestness in Which M. de Fouquieres Finds "Something of the Terrible."

But there is a mean, paltry movement to dethrone this supremacy of France from New York to San Francisco, to snatch this enormous source of wealth away from us. It was by combating and ridiculing this movement as Ambassador of Fashion that I was able to act with advantage to my country.

Competition in the field of fashions is, of course, fierce and constant. It comes especially from Germany, which numbers in the United States a thousand representatives to one Frenchman. The new movement aims to make these German fashions supreme. The modes invented in Berlin and Munich have never been accepted by the New York aristocracy, the famous "Four Hundred," to which entrance is so exclusively guarded. The new millionaires, moreover, they who form a brilliant society side by side with the older set, are too careful to follow the example of the others to give their patronage to any couturiers but those of Paris. The great American middle class, however, which disposes of a large part of the wealth of the country, has begun to pay attention to the seductive catalogues which speak of Parisian novelties, but originate with German houses.

It is desirable that our dressmakers should make their creations better known in America. The American woman must be taught not only to love French fashions, as she does already, but to distinguish between real and imitation French fashions.

French dressmakers make too little effort to maintain the tremendous prestige of our elegance among a nation that loves every form of luxury.

The American attitude toward French fashions is really the highest compliment that can be paid to us. It is a recognition of that cult of good taste and good manners which perpetuates the most brilliant side of our history, the most glorious in the world. The American woman unconsciously pays tribute to the greatness of France when she insists that her gown shall be "the latest thing from Paris." Let us take care that she gets what she asks for.

The war is between the art of France and the industry of Germany. We must combat that tireless industry, that appalling application of the Teutons. Let us expose the pretensions of a people who put pink flowers on red hats and propose to create fashions for the world. Let them stick to the work of making strong, serviceable garments for the laboring man. France alone is able to clothe lovely woman in a becoming manner. This was the great truth which I sought to impress upon Americans, and I flatter myself that I have enjoyed not a little success.

There is a similar contest between German and French cookery. The Germans perpetrate the cooking in the hotels and restaurants of America to an incredible extent. They are a people capable of making ice cream with pork fat and stuffing lobsters with strawberry jam. Of course, all the superior establishments are conducted by Frenchmen, but unfortunately they are too few in numbers to make their influence felt throughout the country.

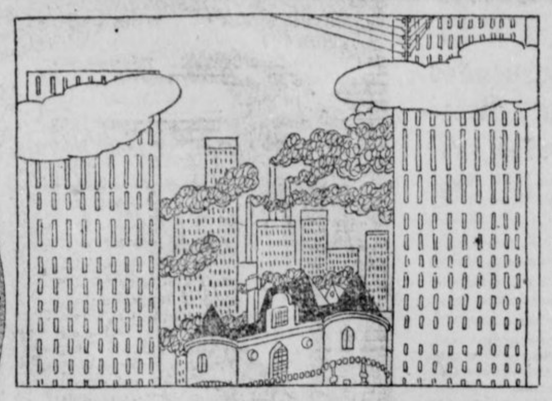
French cooks and restauranteurs should go to the United States in larger numbers and strive to make the delights of our cuisine appreciated in every hamlet in the country. A chef who is comparatively obscure here might become a great and wealthy person there.

Do not let me be understood as casting mean aspersions on the German. He may be inartistic but he is usually honest and frightfully industrious. He gives you a solid article, "your money's worth," as the Americans say, and they are very eager for solid repasts. The German dish may give you indigestion, but the Americans are used to that. My dear countrymen, if I may venture to say so, are too prone to sell a delightful airy nothing for a high price.

I arrived in America at a moment when society was threatened with a great revolution. The installation of President Wilson in the White House marked the triumph of the Democratic over the Republican party, the triumph of the party of simplicity over the party of wealth. Many persons were debating whether the appeal for simplicity made by the new head of the Government would not find an echo among the lovers of luxury and tarnish the splendor of those magnificent American fetes which have been the wonder and the envy of Europe.

If American society should become austere and puritanical, it would no longer be the America we have known and loved for several years past, and French fashions would surely suffer. I am happy to be able to inform you that there is no such danger. The world of fashion and the world of politics are completely divorced in America.

An American millionaire may live more extravagantly than one of our grands seigneurs of the old regime, but if so he is not in politics. Should he decide to go into that useful vocation he sells his furniture and pictures, buys an ill-fitting suit of clothes, turns up his collar and makes himself look like one of "the plain people."



"Most American millionaires are capable of buying an historic French chateau and setting it down in Wall street as a counting house," Says M. de Fouquieres. This Illustration from a French Paper Shows How the French Think Such an "Outrage" Would Appear if Perpetrated.



Chevalier de Fouquieres in Persian Costume.



The "Courtille"—from an Old French Print of 1860. This Dance, Says M. de Fouquieres, Is the Grandparent of Our Trot and Tango—Only It Has Lost All Its "Splendid Gaiety and Innocent Joie de Vivre" During Its Development Here

I have known many cases where a statesman lived like one of "the plain people," while his wife moved in fashionable society. Such arrangements cause much unhappiness, for the husband's political plans are injured when his wife's splendid entertainments are mentioned, while the wife is still more seriously embarrassed when her fashionable guests catch sight of her democratic husband.

Wealth in the United States will, as a rule, continue to flow in the direction of luxury, of splendid entertainments, of objects of art and of beautiful dress for the women. For this reason this country offers a vast field to the artistic Frenchman which he has not yet thoroughly worked.

If the luxury-loving American public gave me an excessively flattering reception, if they surrounded my arrival with unusual pomp and circumstance, it was because they were eager to hear me champion that elegance, that luxury, that chic which are the life and breath of fine society. They wished to hear me tell them that there should be no return to the simple and ugly life, no striving backward toward the conditions of the cave dweller. I told them, and they showed unbounded delight.

The reputation which preceded me from Paris had a singular effect. The Americans expected me to be dressed in an extraordinary and striking manner. They examined every detail of my appearance in a rather embarrassing way. They wished to know the exact form of my shoes and the mysterious reason which had decided me to wear in a visible manner a white rather than a colored handkerchief. Some of them were surprised that I did not wear a silk hat with a flat brim, trousers large at the top and tied with a tape at the bottom and other peculiar garments which American caricaturists have been in the habit of attributing to Frenchmen. Strange to say, although the Americans go to France in large numbers, they always expect the Frenchman to be as tradition has depicted him. Nevertheless, they seemed to be pleased with what they discovered. It was indispensable to them to learn the name of my tailor and the number and shades of all the neckties I wore. They are a good-natured but an inquisitive people.

How to Eat to Keep Body and Brain Healthily Balanced

By FRANK A. REXFORD,

Teacher of Biology at Erasmus High School, and a Leading Expert on Food Stuffs.

A GREAT many people are dying of slow starvation in this world. Not because of lack of food, but because most persons in the world lack knowledge of food values. Their brains work badly, their bodies wear out early, their efficiency is diminished, because they do not know what to eat, or how little—I will not say how much—to eat.

There are only two reasons for eating. One is to repair the waste; the other is to supply energy. There is no trouble about the building material. Practically every one eats enough, or too much, of body building material. The great sin of diet is a sin of omission. People do not eat enough of the energy-producing food stuffs. Lacking energy they do not do their share of the world's work, and what they do, do not as well as they should. The world's advancement in the arts, the sciences and in business and ethics is immeasurably retarded by the lack of knowledge which results in this lack of energy.

Since we have established our experiment station among the 200 pupils of the Erasmus High School, we have emphasized the fact that it is among the people who, as we are in the habit of saying "live best," in which this sin of diet is greatest. Here in Flatbush, where many own their own homes and most dwellers are in comfortable circumstances, we have big, dreamy boys and girls. Why? Because here and in most suburban communities the children have plenty, indeed they have too much, meat and too many eggs, the expensive articles of food. Of vegetables, which contain the energy stuffs and are cheaper, they do not have enough.

Go over on the East Side, and the reverse is true. The lean little folk who play on the swarming sidewalks of that quarter have a superabundance of the energy-making stuffs in their food. The light-footed, wide-eyed, scrawny child of New York's East Side lives largely on fruits and farinaceous stuffs. The little East Sider expends three times as much energy in a day as the Flatbush dweller, but in a very hot Summer, or a very cold Winter, he yields easily to the adverse conditions. Coffins are then carried daily out of the tenements. The little bodies that were so long on energy were too insufficiently repaired. The bricks that had not enough straw crumbled.

A mistake made by the enlightened ignorants is that appetite is a guide to the selection and amount of food. A normal appetite is—but few persons have a normal appetite. The appetite has grown and grown until, as an enormous tumor, it makes undue demands for space and sustenance upon the body. It is far from true that we should eat what we want and eat when we want it. Eating has become for some persons, especially in New York, a means of pastime. If a person is "blue" he fancies he must eat to send up his spirits. If he is lonely he eats to keep himself company. He eats when he has nothing to do, eats to amuse himself. As fast as he can he is eating himself into his grave. The other night I dropped into a restaurant in New York after the theatre, and a veteran waiter, pointing to a woman, high colored and of ample build, said:

"She's going the way of lots of New Yorkers. They think it's the drink that kills them, but it isn't, it's the eating."

Not overeating so much as the wrong food is killing more than half the people of the world long before their time. The intelligent would govern their diet if they knew how. The educated are educated in every respect besides this. That is the reason I set about learning what my pupils' families live upon, and to correct, so far as I could, their errors by suggestion. People will eat the right foods if they know what they are, and I am endeavoring to show them what these right foods are.

The body, I have explained to them, contains five chief materials, water, minerals, fats, carbohydrates and proteids. It is our business to replace these materials as they wear out, as in a building you would patch up broken timber with a new piece of wood, or when the cement between the bricks begins to crumble you furnish fresh cement. No guise in which food is served can change the fact that real food must contain these rebuilding substances. You may lunch in an uptown restaurant on truffles and what accompanies it, while I am sitting peacefully on the curb with my loaf of bread, meat cakes and pint of ale, but the fact stands. We are made of the same stuff and need the same kind of nourishment. Water and minerals need not be discussed at this time since they do not change in the body, and a sufficient amount of minerals enters the body in the forms of parts of various foods. Of water nothing need be said except that we should drink three quarts of it a day.

Proteids, fats and carbohydrates are the essentials, and upon them we should concentrate our interest, for upon our supplying them in sufficient quantities depends the length of our lives and the degree of our efficiency. And now attend, for this is the rudiment of the food question. The alphabet of food contains three letters, proteids, which are found in greatest quantities in lean meat and eggs; fats, which we derive from the fats of meat, and from the oil of fruits, as the banana and all nuts; and carbohydrates, which furnish the body the fats and sugars it requires. Cereals and the vegetables supply us with carbohydrates. Rice is an example, corn, wheat, beans. Amplify the classification yourself.

When you sit down to order a meal at a restaurant be sure to supply your need of the three. Or, if you are a housekeeper, keep them constantly in mind while you are giving your order to the grocer and planning next day's meals.

No man can lay down an eating rule for another. The general truths I have enunciated must guide you. They and this other, that there are seven essential foods, and that it is in the others, the trimmings, so to speak, that you are likely to err. These essential foods are meat, which supplies protein; potatoes, furnishing starch; bread, that supplies starch; eggs, more protein; milk, a fat; butter, a fat; vegetables that are carbohydrates.

There have been arbitrary rules that each person requires two ounces of protein, two ounces of fat, and two ounces of carbohydrates "to keep going." That and all other arbitrary rules are liable to be misleading. The truth is that a nervous, overenergized person, needs more proteids to repair the tissues, his excess of energy is too rapidly wearing out, and he needs to diminish the coal that keeps his engine driving with too great force. The heavy, phlegmatic person should revise his diet to include more fats and carbohydrates, which make energy and diminish the supply of his building material.

This is a suggestion that can be safely followed for it is conservative. For each pound a person weighs he should have a daily allowance of one-eightieth of an ounce of protein. If the person weighs 160 pounds he does well to eat enough meat and eggs to secure for himself two ounces of protein a day. The remainder of his food should be so apportioned as to keep him sufficiently warm, and above all to "keep him going," and in a mood to "go." The fuel foods, that is, fats and carbohydrates, should be consumed in sufficient amount to make up a total of 2,500 to 3,000 calories. While I desire to simplify the subject as far as possible, calory has no synonym. It is a unit of heat and energy, as pint is of liquids, or an inch is of length. It is sufficient to say that we have our allotment of 2,500 to 3,000 calories of heat and energy when we do not suffer from cold extremities, and when we are enjoying our work and doing it the best any one can. In a word, when we are at or above par.

Nourishing food, by which I mean food containing the proper food values, is not necessarily expensive food. I asked my pupils to do their own marketing for the families with the food formulae I have cited as guides, and these two tables, each showing what a family of ten lived on for a week, prove that one family spent twice as much as the other, and was no better nourished. In fact, the children from the family of ten who lived on sixteen dollars a week looked rosier and more energetic than the other. Compare the items in the light of the working rule I have given and judge for yourself why. The family that spent thirty-three dollars a week spent, you see, three times as much for meat. It supplied itself freely with pies, cakes and bread and buns, all from a bakery. The other made its own bread:

ERASMUS HALL HIGH SCHOOL.
ECONOMY IN FOOD.
Weekly Food Account.
Section of City—East New York.

Quantities and Kind of Food.	Cost.
20 lbs. meat at 20 cents	$4.00
¼ bbl. flour	1.25
Potatoes	1.17
Canned goods	2.00
Vegetables	.50
Desserts	1.00
1 lb. coffee	.35
1 lb. tea	.50
7 lbs. sugar	.38
Spices	.25
3 lbs. butter	1.05
1 lb. butterine	.25
Fruit	.25
Cereals	.25
Sauces and relish	.30
12 qts. milk	.96
2½ doz. eggs	1.25
Fish	.30
Miscellaneous foods	1.55
Total cost of food for the week	$16.03

ERASMUS HALL HIGH SCHOOL.
ECONOMY IN FOOD.
Weekly Food Account.
Section of City—Williamsburg.

Quantities and Kind of Food.	Cost.
Meats	$12.00
16 loaves bread (bakery)	1.60
Fish	.72
Cereals	.35
Pies (bakery)	.80
Cake (bakery)	.65
Buns (bakery)	.40
38 bottles milk	3.25
Fruits	1.87
Butter and Eggs	4.00
Vegetables	2.00
2 lbs. coffee	.68
½ lb. tea	.16
7 lbs. Sugar	.69
Spices	.20
Miscellaneous foods	4.27
Total cost of food for the week	$33.75

I suggest a model menu for a day, and let me add that the father of thirty-five years need eat no more than the boy of ten. There is an impression that the child should eat much less than the adult. On the contrary, my son who is ten, eats as much as I do, and sometimes more. In this I encourage him, for I consider that for every waste cell in my body I must resupply one; while in his case, he must supply two, not only the cell that has been destroyed in the day's wear and tear, but he must furnish another for the growing body.

For Breakfast:

Fruit (apple, grapes, orange or berries, cooked or raw).
Cereal (with cream and sugar.
Buttered toast.
One boiled egg.
Cereal coffee or cocoa, with plenty of milk.

This is an American breakfast, you see, instead of a French one. If you have work to do it is better to be well fortified for the task.

Dinner:

Meat (ample portion, but not too much). Your judgment must tell you what is too much. A "stuffy feeling" after eating is usually a warning.
Potatoes (boiled or baked).
Side dish of green vegetables.
Fruit (preferably stewed).
No pies nor puddings.

With a breakfast and dinner of this sort we can make of the luncheon what it should be—a filler and soother. Under these conditions one does not require a heavy luncheon. Something warm will draw the blood supply to the stomach and rest the head. A little nourishment should be taken at midday, but not enough to tax the digestive system, nor make him drowsy in the afternoon.

Hot puree of vegetable or meat broth.
Unsweetened crackers, or
Sandwiches (bread and butter, or nuts or lettuce with mayonnaise).

A final warning against overfeeding, but more particularly with the proteids: If you give the body more building material than it needs it will be like a finished house whose drawing room is filled with left over lumber. This excess of building material in the human body creates waste matter in the form of uric acid or other poisons. These, cast into the blood, are harmful, and by causing overwork of the kidneys are even dangerous.

THE JUDGMENT OF DUNGARA---By Rudyard Kipling

THEY tell the tale even now among the sal groves of the Berbulda Hill, and for corroboration point to the roofless and windowless Mission-house. The great God Dungara, the God of Things as They Are, Most Terrible, One-Eyed, Bearing the Red Elephant Tusk, did it all; and he who refuses to believe in Dungara will assuredly be smitten by the Madness of Yat—the madness that fell upon the sons and the daughters of the Buria Kol when they turned aside from Dungara and put on clothes.

So says Athon Daze, who is High Priest of the Shrine and Warden of the Red Elephant Tusk. But if you ask the Assistant Collector and Agent in Charge of the Buria Kol, he will laugh—not because he bears any malice against missions, but because he himself saw the vengeance of Dungara executed upon the spiritual children of the Reverend Justus Krenk, Pastor of the Tubingen Mission, and upon Lotta, his virtuous wife.

Yet if ever a man merited good treatment of the Gods it was the Reverend Justus, one time of Heidelberg, who, on the faith of a call, went into the wilderness and took the blonde, blue-eyed Lotta with him. "We will these Heathen now by idolatrous practices so darkened better make," said Justus in the early days of his career. "Yes," he added with conviction, "they shall be good and shall with their hands to work learn. For all good Christians must work."

And upon a stipend more modest even than that of an English lay-reader, Justus Krenk kept house beyond Kamala and the gorge of Malair, beyond the Berbulda River, close to the foot of the blue hill of Panth, on whose summit stands the Temple of Dungara—in the heart of the country of the Buria Kol—the naked, good-tempered, timid, shameless, lazy Buria Kol.

Do you know what life at a Mission outpost means? Try to imagine a loneliness exceeding that of the smallest station to which Government has ever sent you—isolation that weighs upon the waking eyelids and drives you perforce headlong into the labors of the day. There is no post, there is no one of your own color to speak to, there are no roads; there is, indeed, food to keep you alive, but it is not pleasant to eat; and whatever of good or beauty or interest there is in your life, must come from yourself and the grace that may be planted in you.

In the morning, with a patter of soft feet, the converts, the doubtful, and the open scoffers, troop up to the veranda. You must be infinitely kind and patient, and, above all, clear-sighted, for you deal with the simplicity of childhood, the experience of man, and the subtlety of the savage. Your congregation have a hundred material wants to be considered; and it is for you, as you believe in your personal responsibility to your Maker, to pick out of the clamoring crowd any grain of spirituality that may lie therein. If to the cure of souls you add that of bodies, your task will be all the more difficult, for the sick and the maimed will profess any and every creed for the sake of healing, and will laugh at you because you are simple enough to believe them.

As the day wears and the impetus of the morning dies away, there will come upon you an overwhelming sense of the uselessness of your toil. This must be striven against, and the only spur in your side will be the belief that you are playing against the Devil for the living soul. It is a great, a joyous belief; but he who can hold it unwavering for four-and-twenty consecutive hours, must be blessed with an abundantly strong physique and equable nerves.

Ask the gray heads of the Bamockburn Medical Crusade what manner of life their preachers lead; speak to the Racine Gospel Agency, those lean Americans whose boast is that they go where no Englishman dare follow; get a Pastor of the Tubingen Mission to talk of his experiences—if you can. You will be referred to the printed reports, but these contain no mention of the men who have lost youth and health, all that a man may lose except faith, in the wilds; of English maidens who have gone forth and died in the fever-stricken jungle of the Panth Hills, knowing from the first that death was almost a certainty. Few Pastors will tell you of these things any more than they will speak of that young David of St. Bees, who, set apart for the Lord's work, broke down in the utter desolation, and returned half distraught to the Head Mission, crying: "There is no God, but I have walked with the Devil!"

The reports are silent here, because heroism, failure, doubt, despair and self-abnegation on the part of a mere cultured white man are things of no weight as compared to the saving of one half-human soul from a fantastic faith in wood-spirits, goblins of the rock, and river-fiends.

And Gallio, the Assistant Collector of the country side, "cared for none of these things." He had been long in the district, and the Buria Kol loved him and brought him offerings of speared fish, orchids from the dim moist heart of the forests, and as much game as he could eat. In return, he gave them quinine, and with Athon Daze, the High Priest, controlled their simple policies.

"When you have been some years in the country," said Gallio at the Krenks' table, "you grow to find one creed as good as another. I'll give you all the assistance in my power, of course, but don't hurt my Buria Kol. They are a good people and they trust me."

"I will them the Word of the Lord teach," said Justus, his round face beaming with enthusiasm, "and I will assuredly to their prejudices no wrong hastily without thinking make. But, O my friend, this in the mind impartiality-of-creed-judgment-belooking is very bad."

"Heigh-ho!" said Gallio, "I have their bodies and the district to see to, but you can try what you can do for their souls. Only don't behave as your predecessor did, or I'm afraid that I can't guarantee your life."

"And that?" said Lotta sturdily, handing him a cup of tea.

"He went up to the Temple of Dungara—to be sure he was new to the country—and began hammering old Dungara over the head with an umbrella; so the Buria Kol turned out and hammered him rather savagely. I was in the district, and he sent a runner to me with a note saying: 'Persecuted for the Lord's Sake. Send wing of regiment.' The nearest troops were about two hundred miles off, but I guessed what he had been doing. I rode to Panth and talked to old Athon Daze like a father, telling him that a man of his wisdom ought to have known that the Sahib had sunstroke and was mad. You never saw a people more sorry in your life. Athon Daze apologized, sent wood and milk and fowls and all sorts of things; and I gave five rupees to the shrine and told Macnamara that he had been injudicious. He said that I had bowed down in the House of Rimmon; but if he had only just gone over the brow of the hill and insulted Palin Deo, the idol of the Suria Kol, he would have been impaled on a charred bamboo long before I could have done anything, and then I should have had to have hanged some of the poor brutes. Be gentle with them, Padri . . . but I don't think you'll do much."

"Not I," said Justus, "but my Master. We will with the little children begin. Many of them will be sick—that is so. After the children, the mothers; and then the men. But I would greatly that you were in internal sympathies with us prefer."

Gallio departed to risk his life in mending the rotten bamboo bridges of his people, in killing a too persistent tiger here or there, in sleeping out in the reeking jungle, or in tracking the Suria Kol raiders who had taken a few heads from their brethren of the Buria clan. A knock-kneed, shambling young man was Gallio, naturally devoid of creed or reverence, with a longing for absolute power which his undesirable district gratified.



"By the hands stretched timidly to the hem of her gown, Lotta understood with whom she had to deal."

"No one wants my post," he used to say grimly, "and my Collector only pokes his nose in when he's quite certain that there is no fever. I'm monarch of all I survey, and Athon Daze is my viceroy."

Because Gallio prided himself on his supreme disregard of human life—though he never extended the theory beyond his own—he naturally rode forty miles to the Mission with a tiny brown baby on his saddle-bow.

"Here is something for you, Padri," said he. "The Kols leave their surplus children to die. Don't see why they shouldn't, but you may rear this one. I picked it up beyond the Berbulda fork. I've a notion that the mother has been following me through the woods ever since."

"It is the first of the fold," said Justus, and Lotta caught up the screaming morsel to her bosom and hushed it craftily; while, as a wolf hangs in the field, Matui, who had borne it and in accordance with the law of her tribe had exposed it to die, panted weary and footsore in the bamboo-brake, watching the house with hungry mother-eyes. What would the omnipotent Assistant Collector do? Would the little man in the black coat eat her daughter alive, as Athon Daze said was the custom of all men in black coats?

Matui waited among the bamboos through the long night; and, in the morning, there came forth a fair white woman, the like of whom Matui had never seen, and in her arms was Matui's daughter clad in spotless raiment. Lotta knew little of the tongue of the Buria Kol, but when mother calls to mother, speech is easy to understand. By the hands stretched timidly to the hem of her gown, by the passionate gutturals and the longing eyes, Lotta understood with whom she had to deal. So Matui took her child again—would be a servant, even a slave, to this wonderful white woman, for her own tribe would recognize her no more. And Lotta wept with her exhaustively, after the German fashion, which includes much blowing of the nose.

"First the child, then the mother, and last the man, and to the Glory of God all," said Justus the Hopeful. And the man came, with a bow and arrows, very angry indeed, for there was no one to cook for him.

But the tale of the Mission is a long one, and I have no space to show how Justus, forgetful of his injudicious predecessor, grievously smote Moto, the husband of Matui, for his brutality; how Moto was startled, but being released from the fear of instant death, took heart and became the faithful ally and first convert of Justus; how the little gathering grew, to the huge disgust of Athon Daze; how the Priest of the God of Things as They Are argued subtly with the Priest of the God of Things as They Should Be, and was worsted; how the dues of the temple of Dungara fell away in fowls and fish and honey-comb; how Lotta lightened the Curse of Eve among the women, and how Justus did his best to introduce the Curse of Adam; how the Buria Kol rebelled at this, saying that their God was an idle God, and how Justus partially overcame their scruples against work, and taught them that the black earth was rich in other produce than pignuts only.

All these things belong to the history of many months, and throughout those months the white-haired Athon Daze meditated revenge for the tribal neglect of Dungara. With savage cunning he feigned friendship toward Justus, even hinting at his own conversion; but to the congregation of Dungara he said darkly: "They of the Padri's flock have put on clothes and worship a busy God. Therefore Dungara will afflict them grievously till they throw themselves, howling, into the waters of the Berbulda." At night the Red Elephant Tusk boomed and groaned among the hills, and the faithful waked and said: "The God of Things as They Are matures revenge against the backsliders. Be merciful, Dungara to us Thy children, and give us all their crops!"

Late in the cold weather, the Collector and his wife came into the Buria Kol country. "Go and look at Krenk's mission," said Gallio. "He is doing good work in his own way, and I think he'd be pleased if you opened the bamboo chapel that he has managed to run up. At any rate, you'll see a civilized Buria Kol."

Great was the stir in the Mission. "Now he and the gracious lady will that we have done good work with their own eyes see, and—yes—we will him our converts in all their new clothes by their own hands constructed exhibit. It will a great day be—for the Lord always," said Justus; and Lotta said "Amen."

Justus had, in his quiet way, felt jealous of the Bazel Weaving Mission, his own converts being unhandy; but Athon Daze had latterly induced some of them to hackle the glossy silky fibers of a plant that grew plenteously on the Panth Hill. It yielded a cloth white and smooth almost as the tappa of the South Seas, and that day the converts were to wear for the first time clothes made therefrom, Justus was proud of his work.

"They shall in white clothes clothed to meet the Collector and his well-born lady come down, singing 'Now thank we all our God.' Then he will the Chapel open, and—yes—even Gallio to believe will begin. Stand so, my children, two by two, and—Lotta, why do they thus themselves bescratch? It is not seemly to wriggle, Nala, my child. The Collector will be here and be pained."

The Collector, his wife, and Gallio climbed the hill to the mission station. The converts were drawn up in two lines, a shining band nearly forty strong. "Hah!" said the Collector, whose acquisitive bent of mind led him to believe that he had fostered the institution from the first.

"Advancing, I see, by leaps and bounds." Never was truer word spoken! The Mission was advancing exactly as he had said—at first by little hops and shuffles of shamefaced uneasiness, but soon by the leaps of fly-stung horses and the bounds of maddened kangaroos. From the hill of Panth the Red Elephant Tusk delivered a dry and anguished blare. The ranks of the converts wavered, broke and scattered with yells and shrieks of pain, while Justus and Lotta stood horror-stricken.

"It is the Judgment of Dungara!" shouted a voice. "I burn! I burn! To the river or we die!"

The mob wheeled and headed for the rocks that overhung the Berbulda, writhing, stamping, twisting, and shedding its garments as it ran, pursued by the thunder of the trumpet of Dungara. Justus and Lotta fled to the Collector almost in tears.

"I cannot understand! Yesterday," panted Justus, "they had the Ten Commandments. . . . What is this? Praise the Lord all good spirits by land or by sea. Nala! Oh, shame!"

With a bound and a scream there alighted on the rocks above their heads Nala, once the pride of the Mission, a maiden of fourteen Summers, good, docile, and virtuous—now naked as the dawn and spitting like a wild-cat.

"Was it for this!" she raved, hurling her petticoat at Justus; "was it for this I left my people and Dungara—for the fires of your Bad Place! Blind ape, little earthworm, dried fish that you are, you said that I should never burn! O Dungara, I burn now! I burn now! Have mercy, God of Things as They Are!"

She turned and flung herself into the Berbulda, and the trumpet of Dungara bellowed jubilantly. The last of the converts of the Tubingen Mission had put a quarter of a mile of rapid river between herself and her teachers.

"Yesterday," gulped Justus, "she taught in the school A, B, C, D.—Oh! It is the work of Satan!"

But Gallio was curiously regarding the maiden's petticoat where it had fallen at his feet. He felt its texture, drew back his shirt-sleeve beyond the deep tan of his hand and pressed a fold of the cloth against the flesh. A blotch of angry red rose on the white skin.

"Ah!" said Gallio calmly, "I thought so."

"What is it?" said Justus.

I should call it the Shirt of Nessus, but . . . Where did you get the fiber of this cloth from?"

"Athon Daze," said Justus. "He showed the boys how it should manufactured be."

"The old fox! Do you know that he has given you the Nilgiri Nettle—scorpion—Girardenia heterophylla—to work up. No wonder they squirmed! Why, it stings even when they make bridge-ropes of it, unless it's soaked for six weeks. The cunning brute! It would take about half an hour to burn through their thick hides, and then . . . !"

Gallio burst into laughter, but Lotta was weeping in the arms of the Collector's wife, and Justus had covered his face with his hands.

"Girardenia heterophylla!" repeated Gallio. "Krenk, why didn't you tell me? I could have saved you this. Woven fire! Anybody but a naked Kol would have known it, and, if I'm a judge of their ways, you'll never get them back."

He looked across the river to where the converts were still wallowing and wailing in the shallows, and the laughter died out of his eyes, for he saw that the Tubingen Mission to the Buria Kol was dead.

Never again, though they hung mournfully round the deserted school for three months, could Lotta or Justus coax back even the most promising of their flock. No! The end of conversion was the fire of the Bad Place—fire that ran through the limbs and gnawed into the bones. Who dare a second time tempt the anger of Dungara? Let the little man and his wife go elsewhere. The Buria Kol would have none of them. An unofficial message to Athon Daze that if a hair of their heads were touched, Athon Daze and the priests of Dungara would be hanged by Gallio at the temple shrine, protected Justus and Lotta from the stumpy poisoned arrows of the Buria Kol, but neither fish nor fowl, honeycomb, salt, nor young pig were brought to their doors any more. And, alas! man cannot live by grace alone if meat be wanting.

"Let us go, mine wife," said Justus; "there is no good here, and the Lord has willed that some other man shall the work take—in good time—in His own good time. We will go away, and I will—yes—some botany bestudy."

If any one is anxious to convert the Buria Kol afresh, there lies at least the core of a mission-house under the hill of Panth. But the chapel and school have long since fallen back into jungle.

THE GRAY CHAMPION --- By Nathaniel Hawthorne

THERE was once a time when New England groaned under the actual pressure of heavier wrongs than those threatened ones which brought on the Revolution. James II., the bigoted successor of Charles the Voluptuous, had annulled the charters of all the colonies and sent a harsh and unprincipled soldier to take away our liberties and endanger our religion. The administration of Sir Edmund Andros lacked scarcely a single characteristic of tyranny—a governor and council holding office from the King and wholly independent of the country; laws made and taxes levied without concurrence of the people, immediate or by their representatives; the rights of private citizens violated and the titles of all landed property declared void; the voice of complaint stifled by restrictions on the press, and, finally, disaffection overawed by the first band of mercenary troops that ever marched on our free soil. For two years our ancestors were kept in sullen submission by that filial love which had invariably secured their allegiance to the mother country, whether its head chanced to be a Parliament, Protector or Popish monarch. Till these evil times, however, such allegiance had been merely nominal, and the colonists had ruled themselves, enjoying far more freedom than is even yet the privilege of the native subjects of Great Britain.

At length a rumor reached our shores that the Prince of Orange had ventured on an enterprise the success of which would be the triumph of civil and religious rights and the salvation of New England. It was but a doubtful whisper: it might be false or the attempt might fail, and in either case the man that stirred against King James would lose his head. Still, the intelligence produced a marked effect. The people smiled mysteriously in the streets and threw bold glances at their oppressors, while far and wide there was a subdued and silent agitation, as if the slightest signal would rouse the whole land from its sluggish despondency. Aware of their danger, the rulers resolved to avert it by an imposing display of strength, and perhaps to confirm their despotism by yet harsher measures.

One afternoon in April, 1689, Sir Edmund Andros and his favorite councillors, being warm with wine, assembled the red-coats of the Governor's guard and made their appearance in the streets of Boston. The sun was near setting when the march commenced. The roll of the drum at that unquiet crisis seemed to go through the streets less as the martial music of the soldiers than as a muster-call to the inhabitants themselves. A multitude by various avenues assembled in King street, which was destined to be the scene, nearly a century afterward, of another encounter between the troops of Britain and a people struggling against her tyranny.

Though more than sixty years had elapsed since the Pilgrims came, this crowd of their descendants still showed the strong and sombre features of their character perhaps more strikingly in such a stern emergency than on happier occasions. There was the sober garb, the general severity of mien, the gloomy but undismayed expression, the scriptural forms of speech and the confidence in Heaven's blessing on a righteous cause which would have marked a band of the original Puritans when threatened by some peril of the wilderness. Indeed, it was not yet time for the old spirit to be extinct, since there were men in the street that day who had worshipped there beneath the trees before a house was reared to the God for whom they had become exiles. Old soldiers of the Parliament were here, too, smiling grimly at the thought that their aged arms might strike another blow against the House of Stuart. Here also, were the veterans of King Philip's war, who had burned villages and slaughtered young and old with pious fierceness, while the godly souls throughout the land were helping them with prayer. Several ministers were scattered along the crowd, which, unlike all other mobs, regarded them with such reverence as if there were sanctity in their very garments. These holy men exerted their influence to quiet the people, but not to disperse them.

Meantime, the purpose of the Governor in disturbing the peace of the town at a period when the slightest commotion might throw the country into a ferment was almost the universal subject of inquiry, and variously explained.

"Satan will strike this master stroke presently," cried some, "because he knoweth that his time is short. All our godly pastors are to be dragged to prison. We shall see them at a Smithfield fire in King street."

Hereupon the people of each parish gathered closer round their minister, who looked calmly upward and assumed a more apostolic dignity, as well befitted a candidate for the highest honor of his profession—a crown of martyrdom. It was actually fancied at that period that New England might have a John Rogers of her own to take the place of that worthy in the Primer.

"The Pope of Rome has given orders for a new St. Bartholomew," cried others. "We are to be massacred, man and male child."

Neither was this rumor wholly discredited, although the wiser class believed the Governor's object somewhat less atrocious. His predecessor under the old charter, Bradstreet, a venerable companion of the first settlers, was known to be in town. There were grounds for conjecturing that Sir Edmund Andros intended at once to strike terror by a parade of military force and to confound the opposite faction by possessing himself of their chief.

"Stand firm for the old charter Governor!" shouted the crowd, seizing upon the idea—"the good old Governor Bradstreet!"

While this cry was at the loudest the people were surprised by the well-known figure of Governor Bradstreet himself, a patriarch of nearly ninety, who appeared on the elevated steps of a door and with characteristic mildness besought them to submit to the constituted authorities.

"My children," concluded this venerable person, " do nothing rashly. Cry not aloud, but pray for the welfare of New England and expect patiently what the Lord will do in this matter."

The event was soon to be decided. All this time the roll of the drum had been approaching through Cornhill, louder and deeper, till with reverberation from house to house and the regular tramp of martial footsteps it burst into the street. A double rank of soldiers made their appearance, occupying the whole breadth of the passage, with shouldered matchlocks, and matches burning, so as to present a row of fires in the dusk. Their steady march was like the progress of a machine that would roll irresistibly over everything in its way. Next, moving slowly, with a confused clatter of hoofs on the pavement, rode a party of mounted gentlemen, the central figure being Sir Edmund Andros, elderly, but erect and soldier-like. Those around him were his favorite councillors and the bitterest foes of New England. At his right hand rode Sir Edward Randolph, our arch enemy, that "blasted wretch," as Cotton Mather calls him, who achieved the downfall of our ancient government and was followed with a sensible curse through life and to his grave. On the other side was Bullivant, scattering jests and mockery as he rode along. Dudley came behind with a downcast look, dreading, as well he might, to meet the indignant gaze of the people, who beheld him, their only countryman by birth, among the oppressors of his native land. The captain of a frigate in the harbor and two or three civil officers under the Crown were also there. But the figure which most attracted the public eye and stirred up the deepest feeling was the Episcopal clergyman of King's Chapel riding haughtily among the magistrates in his priestly vestments, the fitting representative of prelacy and persecution, the union of Church and State, and all those abominations which had driven the Puritans to the wilderness. Another guard of soldiers, in double rank, brought up the rear.

The whole scene was a picture of the condition of New England, and its moral, the deformity of any government that does not grow out of the nature of things, and the character of the people—on one side the religious multitude with their sad visages and dark attire, and on the other the group of despotic rulers with the high churchman in the midst, and here and there a crucifix at their bosoms, all magnificently clad, flushed with wine, proud of unjust authority and scoffing at the universal groan. And the mercenary soldiers, waiting but the word to deluge the street with blood, showed the only means by which obedience could be secured.

"O Lord of Hosts," cried a voice among the crowd, "provide a champion for Thy people!"

This ejaculation was loudly uttered, and served as a herald's cry to introduce a remarkable personage. The crowd had rolled back, and were now huddled together nearly at the extremity of the street, while the soldiers had advanced no more than a third of its length. The intervening space was empty—a paved solitude between lofty edifices which threw almost a twilight shadow over it. Suddenly there was seen the figure of a man who seemed to have emerged from among the people and was walking by himself along the centre of the street to confront the armed band. He wore the old Puritan dress—a dark cloak and a steeple-crowned hat in the fashion of at least fifty years before, with a heavy sword upon his thigh, but a staff in his hand to assist the tremulous gait of age.

When at some distance from the multitude, the old man turned slowly round, displayed a face of antique majesty rendered doubly venerable by the hoary beard that descended on his breast. He made a gesture at once of encouragement and warning, then turned again and resumed his way.

"Who is this gray patriarch?" asked the young men of their sires.

"Who is this venerable brother?" asked the old men among themselves.

But none could make reply. The fathers of the people, those of fourscore years and upward, were disturbed, deeming it strange that they should forget one of such evident authority whom they must have known in their early days, the associate of Winthrop and all the old councillors, giving laws and making prayers and leading them against the savage. The elderly men ought to have remembered him, too, with locks as gray in their youth as their own were now. And the young! How could he have passed so utterly from their memories—that hoary sire, the relic of long-departed times, whose awful benediction had surely been bestowed on their uncovered heads in childhood?

"Whence did he come? What is his purpose? Who can this old man be?" whispered the wondering crowd.

Meanwhile the venerable stranger, staff in hand, was pursuing his solitary walk along the centre of the street. As he drew near the advancing soldiers, and as the roll of their drum came full upon his ear, the old man raised himself to a loftier mien, while the decrepitude of age seemed to fall from his shoulders, leaving him in gray but unbroken dignity. Now he marched onward with a warrior's step, keeping time to the military music. Thus the aged form advanced on one side and the whole parade of soldiers and magistrates on the other, till, when scarcely twenty yards remained between, the old man grasped his staff by the middle and held it before him like a leader's truncheon.

"Stand!" cried he.

The eye, the face and attitude of command, the solemn yet warlike peal of that voice—fit either to rule a host in the battle-field or be raised to God in prayer—were irresistible. At the old man's word and outstretched arm the roll of the drum was hushed at once and the advancing line stood still. A tremulous enthusiasm seized upon the multitude. That stately form, combining the leader and the saint, so gray, so dimly seen, in such an ancient garb, could only belong to some old champion of the righteous cause whom the oppressor's drum had summoned from his grave. They raised a shout of awe and exultation, and looked for the deliverance of New England.

The Governor and the gentlemen of his party, perceiving themselves brought to an unexpected stand, rode hastily forward, as if they would have pressed their snorting and affrighted horses right against the hoary apparition. He, however, blenched not a step, but, glancing his severe eye round the group, which half encompassed him, at last bent it sternly on Sir Edmund Andros. One would have thought that the dark old man was chief ruler there, and that the Governor and council with soldiers at their back, representing the whole power and authority of the Crown, had no alternative but obedience.

"What does this old fellow here?" cried Edward Randolph fiercely. "On, Sir Edmund! Bid the soldiers forward and give the dotard the same choice that you give all his countrymen—to stand aside or be trampled on."

"Nay, nay! Let us show respect to the good grandsire," said Bullivant, laughing. See you not he is some old round-headed dignitary who hath lain asleep these thirty years and knows nothing of the change of times? Doubtless he thinks to put us down with a proclamation in Old Noll's name."

"Are you mad, old man?" demanded Sir Edmund Andros in loud and harsh tones. "How dare you stay the march of King James's Governor?"

"I have stayed the march of a King himself ere now," replied the gray figure, with stern composure. "I am here, Sir Governor, because the cry of an oppressed people hath disturbed me in my secret place, and, beseeching this favor earnestly of the Lord, it was vouchsafed me to appear once again on earth in the good old cause of his saints. And what speak ye of James? There is no longer a Popish tyrant on the throne of England, and by to-morrow noon his name shall be a by-word in this very street, where ye would make it a word of terror. Back, thou that wast a Governor, back! With this night thy power is ended. To-morrow, the prison! Back, lest I foretell the scaffold!"

The people had been drawing nearer and nearer and drinking in the words of their champion, who spoke in accents long disused, like one unaccustomed to converse except with the dead of many years ago. But his voice stirred their souls. They confronted the soldiers, not wholly without arms, and ready to convert the very stones of the street into deadly weapons. Sir Edmund Andros looked at the old man; then he cast his hard and cruel eye over the multitude and beheld them burning with that lurid wrath so difficult to kindle or to quench, and again he fixed his gaze on the aged form which stood obscurely in an open space where neither friend nor foe had thrust himself. What were his thoughts he uttered no word which might discover, but, whether the oppressor were overawed by the Gray Champion's look or perceived his peril in the threatening attitude of the people, it is certain that he gave back and ordered his soldiers to commence a slow and guarded retreat. Before another sunset the Governor and all that rode so proudly with him were prisoners, and long ere it was known that James had abdicated King William was proclaimed throughout New England.

But where was the Gray Champion? Some reported that when the troops had gone from King street and the people were thronging tumultuously in their rear, Bradstreet, the aged Governor, was seen to embrace a form more aged than his own. Others soberly affirmed that while they marvelled at the venerable grandeur of his aspect the old man faded from their eyes, melting slowly into the hues of twilight, till where he stood there was an empty space. But all agreed that the hoary shape was gone. The men of that generation watched for his reappearance in sunshine and in twilight, but never saw him more nor knew when his funeral passed nor where his gravestone was.

And who was the Gray Champion? Perhaps his name might be found in the records of that stern court of justice which passed a sentence too mighty for the age, but glorious in all after-times for its humbling lesson to the monarch and its high example to the subject. I have heard that whenever the descendants of the Puritans are to show the spirit of their sires the old man appears again. When eighty years had passed, he walked once more in King street. Five years later, in the twilight of an April morning, he stood on the green beside the meeting-house at Lexington where now the obelisk of granite with a slab of slate inlaid commemorates the first-fallen of the Revolution. And when our fathers were toiling at the breastwork on Bunker's Hill, all through that night the old warrior walked his rounds. Long, long may it be ere he comes again! His hour is one of darkness and adversity and peril. But should domestic tyranny oppress us or the invader's step pollute our soil, still may the Gray Champion come! For he is the type of New England's hereditary spirit, and his shadowy march on the eve of danger must ever be the pledge that New England's sons will vindicate their ancestry.

The Jap and the Negro; Why the South Should Understand the Racial Problem of the West

By JAMES B. NEVIN

IF California has the right to look for respectful sympathy and tolerant patience in any direction nowadays, since the question of fixing definitely the status of a foreign and obnoxious race upon her soil so acutely has presented itself, surely it is in the direction of the South.

The South, of all the sections, should understand and gravely appreciate the problem that California has to solve, and the tremendous necessity of solving it in the light of reason and common sense, and while yet it is relatively young.

In many ways the Japanese are as objectionable to the people of the Pacific Coast, it seems, as were the negroes in reconstruction days to the people of the Gulf Coast.

The white population of California no more will tolerate a Japanese on terms either of social, political or business equality than a Georgian will tolerate a negro.

The customs and manners of the Orientals are very distasteful to the red-blooded Americans of California. The way they live, the things they do, the habits they indulge themselves in, the peculiar and unusual traits of character they exhibit—these things may be all right in far-away Japan, where the neighboring folk are of a kind. In California, however, they are out of place and obnoxious, in the extreme.

"Old Dr. Dixieland."

Whatever the ancient misunderstandings between the sections may have been, however, and despite the mistakes that may have been made, the disposition of the nation to-day is to turn the negro problem over to Old Dr. Dixieland, who has proved himself to be something of a specialist in the home treatment of the colored brother, and who knows Sambo like a book besides.

Grover Cleveland once remarked, "Those standing next the burden are best fitted to lift it!" And that is true, whether the burden be located in Georgia or California.

Perhaps California didn't sympathize with Georgia in that full degree of friendly feeling she well might have felt back in those bitter reconstruction days down South, but it was because California didn't know, and didn't understand. And the South will not hold that against California to-day—for the South does know and does understand the vexing and fretting ramifications of a race problem, and the deep concern a people may feel in the matter of its proper development and solution. Two wrongs never did make a right, and the fact that California may have assumed a wrong point of view 40 or 50 years ago will not justify Georgia and the South in assuming a wrong point of view in 1913.

California knows more about the Japanese residing in the Far West than Georgia knows about them. And that just as Georgia knew more about the negroes in the sixties than Michigan, or Wisconsin, or California knew.

It will be no more possible to ram a repugnant Japanese citizenship down the throat of California to-day than it was possible to ram an obnoxious negro citizenship down the throats of Southerners in reconstruction times!

There is the pith of the problem!

State's Honor Is Involved.

It is begging the question pitifully to hold that the Japanese constitute a "world power," and that, therefore, some extraordinary point of "national honor" is involved in a pro-Japanese settlement of this question, and that neither of these two things entered into the question of the negro in the South.

The real point of national honor involved is the honor of California—a sister State in the American Union—and the plea that this nation should swallow a nasty dose merely because some "world power" prescribes it is cowardly and unworthy.

Why should these Japanese wish to come to this country, where they are not wanted, and whither they never have been invited?

The negro—poor, ignorant, helpless thing—was brought here, against his inclination and desire, an involuntary factor in a mere money-making scheme. He was a subject of no "world power"—he had no choice between remaining at home, where lived his kindred and his kind, and going abroad, where he was neither wanted nor invited. The negro's case involved much of the pathetic—the case of the Japanese in California involves nothing of the sort.

Talk of "dishonoring Japan!" To my humble way of thinking that is as nothing compared with talk of dishonoring California—one of the sovereign States of the Union, whose white star shines altogether as brightly and as beautifully in Old Glory's galaxy as the white star of any other State, and a thousand times more radiantly than the sun, or the moon, or whatever it is, of Japan.

I know very little of my own knowledge about California and the Japanese. And that is why I incline so heartily to let California come into court and testify as to the truth of the matter. California does know. California has the Japanese "in her midst" literally—and has had for a long and weary day.

If California, speaking through its best and bravest citizenship, says she can get along with these people only thus and so, far be it from me to dispute it!

I have heard too much misguided and misinformed preaching from the North in respect of what the South should do with the negro. The South has the negro altogether and very much "in its midst." To Dixieland the negro was, and still is, a condition, not a theory—just as the Japanese is to California to-day.

Groundwork Is the Same.

There may be differences in detail—the groundwork of the situation is identically the same. California raises oranges—Georgia raises cotton. Georgia is capable of advising California as to how cotton must be cultivated if its full fruit is to be obtained. California is capable of advising Georgia as to how oranges must be cultivated if the full fruit of them is to be obtained.

California knows what it will and what it will not stand for in the Japanese. Georgia knows what it will and what it will not stand for in the negro. And each knows because it has learned by experience and actual contact with the thing about which its knowledge centers.

It agitates me not one-half so much to think that Japan may not be pleased with this nation's acts in matters carrying the happiness and welfare of a sister State as it does to think that the sister State may not be pleased.

Far be it from this nation to work injustice upon any one—be he Japanese, negro, Eskimo, or what not. But justice to the Japanese does not necessarily dwell within letting him have his own way about things, while a resident of one of the States of the Union. Justice to no man dwells necessarily within that.

We fix laws and regulations for ourselves in this country, and we insist that we ourselves shall obey our laws. But this country is a white man's country, and the white men therein are going to permit things to themselves that they are not going to permit to black men, nor brown men, nor yellow men.

The things that the white man, his sons and his daughters may enjoy in the United States are for the white man to say—and there is no injustice in that he draws the line of color where he pleases, because he is sure to draw it where it belongs. And when he draws it, it stays put.

Let Japan Do Likewise.

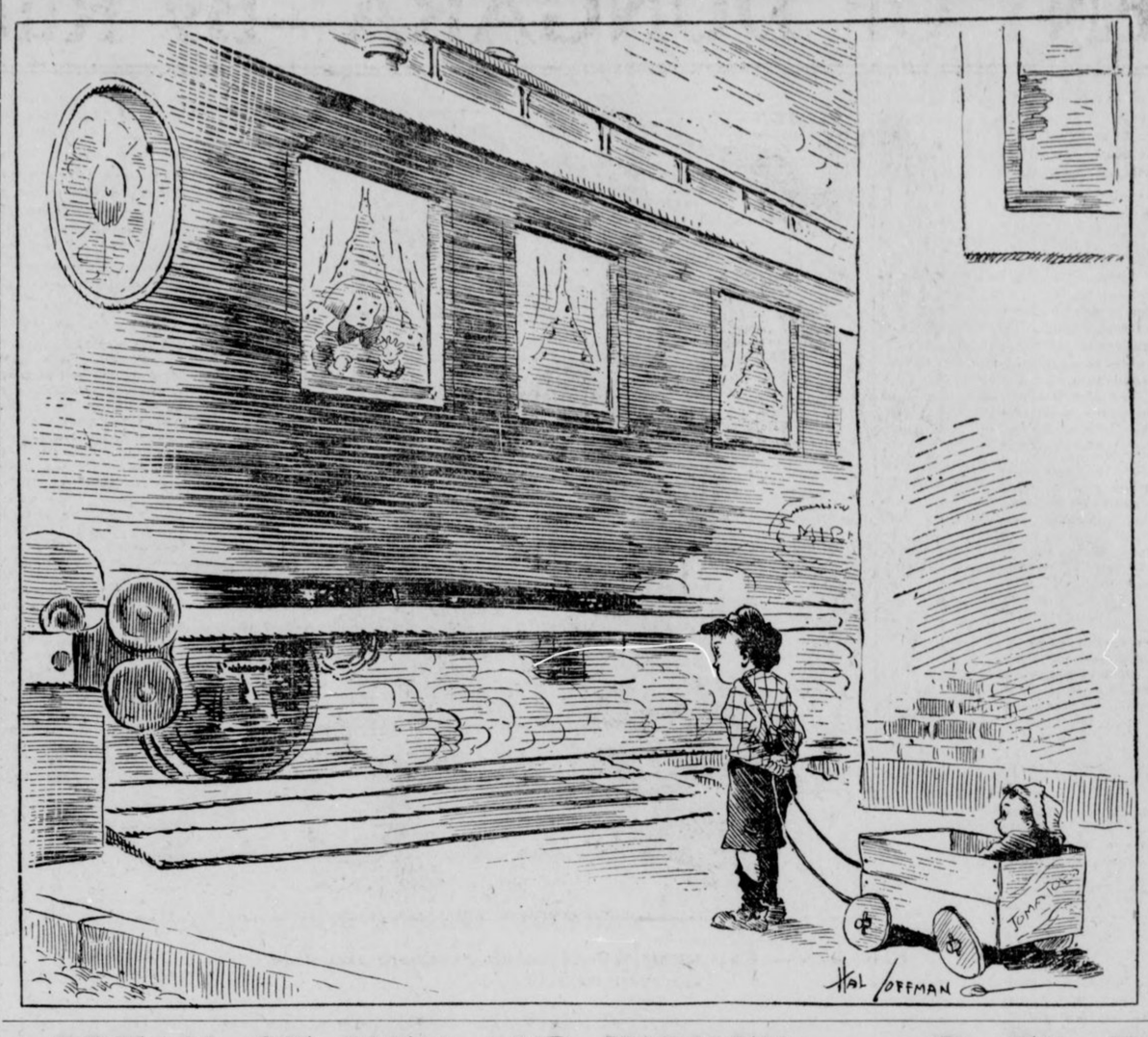
Let Japan proscribe the alien ownership of land in the Flowery Kingdom if it wishes to. The United States will utter no complaint.

If our sort of people are distasteful to the Japanese as neighbors and associates, let Japan say so. It would be the manly thing to say. And even if, when Japan had said it, we still, through force of power, overran Japan and thrust ourselves upon her people, whether or not, it would be an indecent and a dishonorable thing to do!

Japan and the United States each has the right to set its own household in order, and after its own inclinations and desires; but neither has the right to set the other's household in order, if it be against that other's will and ideals of right.

The South in this national crisis should stretch forth its friendly and sympathizing hand not to Japan, nor yet to the Tories of the North and East—who would concern themselves with Japanese "rights" and "honor" rather than the rights and honor of California, but to the red-blooded Americans of the West, who are upholding a racial principle as dear to the heart of a Caucasian as the unblemished integrity of his very household itself.

Private Cars



Deadly Spotted Fever And How to Fight It

Cerebro-spinal meningitis, one of the most deadly diseases known to science, is the subject of an article published this week by the Georgia State Board of Health. In this article, the health authorities analyze the disease, its cause, its effect, its treatment and prevention.

The article follows:

Cerebro-spinal meningitis, spotted fever, or as it is more commonly called, simply meningitis, is one of the most terrible and fatal of all diseases, the mortality running up as high as 100 per cent in some local epidemics.

Although the cause of the disease has been known for a number of years, the exact method by which the germ that produces it spreads from man to man was until quite recently entirely unrecognized and even now it can not be said that the whole matter has been demonstrated with scientific exactness; notwithstanding this—in view of the fact that the disease has recently existed to a considerable extent in Atlanta, and has appeared in a number of the smaller towns of Georgia—the State Board of Health deems it it's duty to furnish to the people such information concerning the malady as may be thought to be of value in connection with it.

Character of the Disease.

Cerebro-spinal meningitis is a disease which is produced by a minute vegetable organism known as the micrococcus intracellularis. It is very fortunately a germ of low vitality, as it develops only at about blood-heat, and when expelled from its normal dwelling-place in the human body it dies very quickly.

These germs get within the skull and spinal canal, and produce violent inflammation of the coverings of the brain and cord; these membranes are called "meninges," hence the name "cerebro-spinal meningitis." Within a short time after their entrance pus is produced, and the condition becomes practically one of abscess around the brain and spinal cord.

Course of the Disease.

It is not within the province of this paper to go into details concerning the symptoms of this disease, space only permitting a brief statement of the principal manifestations that occur in those afflicted with the malady. In almost all cases the disease is preceded by a slight catarrhal condition of the nose and throat, the symptoms being those of an ordinary cold. The symptoms that point to the covering of the brain being attacked come on with great suddenness: there is usually a chill followed by intense headache, vomiting, restlessness, with great dred of noises and bright light; in many cases reddish spots appear beneath the skin, these being usually quite tender on pressure. In some cases the muscles of the neck become very stiff, and contract so that the head is drawn backward. The temperature is somewhat irregular, but is always above normal in the beginning, and sometimes goes very high; the pulse is as a rule normal, or but little accelerated. After the patient remains in the condition just described for from a few hours to several days, he generally becomes unconscious, and in a comparatively short time dies. In some cases the symptoms after starting off very violently quickly subside, and the patient makes a comparatively rapid recovery. In other instances the disease begins more mildly, the patient having more or less of the usual symptoms, but not so severely as is ordinarily the case; in such cases the patient may die, after lingering weeks or months, or may make a protracted recovery, with frequently partial paralytic conditions that permanently remain.

Prevention.

There is reason to believe that this germ first attacks the mucous membranes of the nose, and in many merely causes the symptoms of an ordinary cold, and goes no further. However, in those with weak resisting powers to the disease the germs spread from the nose into the skull by the blood or by other means, and there set up an inflammation with the resulting symptoms described above. So it is seen that it is important during epidemics that persons with colds should be very careful not to allow other people to become infected from them. As cold and wet are undoubtedly predisposing causes to colds, it is well for every one to shun such exposure during periods when meningitis is prevalent. Debilitating influences, such as alcoholic excess and lack of sleep, should also be avoided Those exposed to the disease should be given three injections of the so-called meningo-bacterins; these bacterins are believed to create an artificial immunity against meningitis in very much the same way that vaccination protects a person against smallpox. In addition to this treatment those exposed should use several times a day an antiseptic mouth and nasal spray.

It is needless to say that those suffering from meningitis should be rigidly quarantined and every precaution taken to prevent the spread of this dreadful disease.

Treatment.

Unfortunately we possess no sure cure for meningitis. It is believed, however, that the present method of treatment has very materially lessened the death rate. This treatment consists in the injection into the spinal canal of a serum which finds its way up the canal and into the skull, and attacks directly the cause of the disease. Under this form of treatment it is claimed that the death rate has been lowered from 70 per cent to about 40 per cent. For the serum treatment to be of any value, however, it is highly important that it should be given early. In addition to this treatment it is often also necessary to keep the patient quiet with anodynes and to control other symptoms with remedial measures as they may be indicated.

The State Board of Health, upon request, will gladly furnish the anti-meningitis serum and the meningo-bacterins free of charge.

A DREAM OF MEN AND WOMEN = By Ella Wheeler Wilcox

THE TIDES.

O, vain is the stern protesting
Of winds, when the tide runs high;
And vainly the deep-sea waters
Call out as the waves speed by:
For, deaf to the claim of the ocean,
To the threat of the loud wind dumb,
Past reef and bar, to shores afar,
They rush when the hour is come.

Vainly the tempest thunders,
Of unsexed waves that roam
Where nature made their home.
For the voice of the great Moon-Mother
Has spoken and said, "Be free,"
And the tide must go to the strong full flow,
In the time of the perigee.

So vain is the cry of the masters,
And vain the plea of the hearth,
As the ranks of the strange New Woman
Go sweeping across the earth.
They have come from Hall and hovel,
They have pushed through door and gate;
On the world's highway they are crowded to-day,
For the hour is the hour of fate.

Many are hurt in the crowding,
The light of the home burns dim;
And man is aghast at the changes,
Though all can be traced to him.
They sat too long at the hearthstone,
And sat too oft alone;
And the silence spoke, and their souls awoke.
And now they must claim their own.

Let no man hope to hinder,
Let no man bid them pause;
They are moved by a hidden purpose,
They follow resistless laws.
And out of the wreck and chaos
Of the order that used to be,
A strong new race shall take its place
In a world we are yet to see.

Oh, ever has man been leader,
Yet failed as woman's guide,
It is better that she step forward
And take her place at his side.
For only from greater woman
May come the greater man,
Through life's long quest they should walk abreast—
As was meant by the primal plan.
Ofttimes I dream of the world as it might be.

And always I dream of men, leaders, rulers, masters, creators. And always I dream of women, companions, sympathizers, mates, mothers, friends, keepers of the home and guardians of the race.

In this Dream World I see no women in the shops, in the factories, in the offices, or anywhere outside the home, save where charity might lead, to the bedside of the sufferer or to the school, teaching the children of the world the precious truths of right thinking and right mental development.

I see men (these Dream Men) appreciating the work of woman in the home, in the school room, in the realms of beauty, helpfulness and charity.

I see women (these Dream Women) realizing the immense domains which belong to them by nature, and developing all their magnificent resources.

I see them making ideal homes; homes all beautiful to the eye, and mind, and heart; centers of love and social life and wholesome hospitality. And I see them occupied and happy in this work and rejoicing in their ability to accomplish great results with relatively small expenditures of money. Because they have loved their work, and loved its large scope and its wide influence.

Into these homes I see the men come (the Dream Men), and always with smiling faces, and words of appreciation on their lips, and they look about the home with delight and note every little change that has been made in their absence; and they sit at the tasteful, well-provided board and praise its beauty and abundance and its appetizing viands.

And they press kisses on the hands which have toiled for them; and they voice their gratitude for all the keeper of the home has done for them; and they talk with her of the great world outside; and make her companion of their thoughts and comrade of their lives in every truth.

I see these men (these Dream Men) sharing their worldly gains with these women, and making no query how the woman's share is spent, knowing it will be for the benefit and beauty of the home and the keeper of the home.

I see these men and women (these Dream Men and Women) always sharing each other's pleasures, and, at the same time, planning individual distractions, so that neither shall feel so dependent upon the other that self-development is arrested or self-reliance lost.

And I see the world (the Dream World) growing better and the race growing more and more in the image of its Creator. Because motherhood (in this Dream World) defies a woman; and every man (every Dream Man) bows low before an expectant mother; and she is surrounded by all that is beautiful, all that is good, all that is tender and sweet and best in life, before and after the wonderful hour when her immaculate child comes to birth. And always I see little children welcomed, loved and reared in tenderness and affection.

I see the mothers (these Dream Mothers) awed and thrilled with the wonderful privilege of motherhood; and I see them devoting daily hours of thought and study and prayers to the perfection of their vast and glorious domain; the domain of character-building; of creating noble sons and daughters, and, greater than sons and daughters, noble men and women, noble citizens of the world.

And I see these children (the Dream Children) growing up with worship in their hearts for their mothers, and for their fathers; and with high and holy ideals of life, and love, and marriage, and citizenship, because these ideals have been instilled into their young minds from the cradle by the sweet, patient, insistence of the mother and the big, broad, kindly companionship of the father.

And I see the world (the Dream World) growing better and better, and the race advancing to higher standards, and all its problems solved through the home.

Then I waken from my dream and I see women (the real women) going forth to be wage earners; even into the hour of their unwilling maternity going forth to labor in factories and mills and shops; and with them walk little children, also going forth to labor; little children who come into the world undesired, and who carry prematurely old faces upon their undeveloped bodies. Everywhere I see women seeking and striving for all things save the home, because they have been left alone in the home too long and too often, and because they have received no praise for the making and keeping of the home and because money has been given grudgingly them them.

All over the world (the real world) I see confusion and disorder; because women are rushing into places designed for men, and because men are unable to cope with this invasion; the invasion they have caused by selfishness. For in this world (this real world) men have made a God of money, and women have been dragged behind Mammon's chariot as part of the spoil; and home and children have been offered up on the altar as sacrifices and as I look about in all these things, I know I have but dreamed a dream of what might have been. Yet always it seems to me a dream of what is to be. For such was God's supreme design, and God's design may be delayed, but it cannot be thwarted.

And I know that all this disorder has been caused by the failure of man to understand and appreciate woman, and the failure of woman to understand the fullness of her power and the width of her domain.

And through this confusion and disorder both will come to mutual understanding of their mistakes, and in centuries to be the Dream World will be established.

The Church and Recreation

By Dr. A. R. HOLDERBY.
Pastor of the Moore Memorial Church.

RELIGIOUS instruction is not the only commodity in which the church should deal, as far as children are concerned. They should provide recreation and attraction for the children as well.

There is too much dullness and deadness in the present system of religious training for children. Our churches, as a rule, are not attractive to the children and young people, hence the devil is getting them. Other places are more attractive than the church.

If the church is not to save the children it had better go out of business. The church of Jesus Christ has much to do with the child labor laws and everything else that makes for the welfare of children. The devil gets many a child because the church fails to provide for the moral and physical nature of the child.

There are many delinquent children in Atlanta. Later many of them will fill our jails and penitentiaries, because the church is not caring for them.

Winning the souls of children is a business in which there is much competition from influences in the other direction. To offset this competition there must be some attraction other than a recital and emphasis of the significant things that, to a child's mind, may seem at times dry and without appeal.

The church is responsible for every child that goes to jail. It is the solemn duty of the church to see to it that the children are not forced to work in the sweat shops and factories or anywhere else at a tender age.

Men and women are lost to-day because in their youth they were allowed to drift. The church held no attraction for them, and it was no part of their lives. The church must awake to its mission.

The church must look to the children for its own perpetuation and development, and it necessarily must falter and fail without the new blood and new life of a new generation.

There are few things in which the church of to-day is more remiss than in its proper care of the child.

The child is much sinned against to-day in many ways. When a baby is born into the world it is questionable whether the event should be a matter of congratulation or not.

The odds are against the child. Parents are guilty of neglecting their children in not training their moral nature and in not fitting them for the best and noblest service in life.

Every church building should be open every day in the year and something should be going on that will attract the children and tie them to the church. As it is the church is only a Sunday affair and not identified with the every-day life of the children.

What will become of the church if we lose the young people? The church will then be doomed.

FUTILITY OF SELF = By Constance May

I SUPPOSE you think a great deal of and about yourself. Why? Do you realize what a big world this is, and how many, many millions of human beings there are on the earth.

Suppose you were lifted up on an eagle's wings higher than the tops of the highest mountains, and, looking down, could see the multitudes of your fellowmen gathered together like the sands of the sea—then, supposing you were suddenly dropped down among them, would an understanding of your exceeding smallness come upon you? Then, when you found yourself one of those innumerable grains of sand on an infinite shore?

So long as you go on remaining detached, grain, self-contained, self-important, self-satisfied, you must go on being small. Thinking about yourself will not help you to grow; and a man must grow to live—grow in sympathy, understanding, and faith. Have faith in something above and beyond yourself—without this you are blind. Find understanding of nature and the secrets she reveals to the seeker; without an increasing knowledge of these you are crippled as a man without hands.

Be in sympathy with the efforts and aspirations of mankind, especially those near to you; without this you have no pulse of life—you are dead at the core. The selfish are small and of no account; you must grow in brain and heart and soul to become great; and in growing gradually discard the clinging letters of self until you stand forth strong in new-found freedom.

The selfish are miserable, for they are always fretting about the slights and hindrances they meet with on their narrow pathway through life. They are always thinking of the effect they create, forgetful that an undue share of the limelight does not make a good actor—only shows up his faults and deficiencies.

The selfish man is a failure, for he cuts himself off from the wireless current of love which circles about the world. Hermetically sealed within the vacuum of his own conceit, he boasts of his immunity from "superstition" and "sentiment." He shows no more sense than, and works at as great a disadvantage as, an old merchant might who refused to believe in telegraphy, and in bigoted ignorance insisted upon carrying on his business without it.

If you are selfish the electrical forces of love stop short against you, failing to pierce the barrier which divides you from your fellows.

You absorb the vitality of those who come in contact with you, giving nothing in return, and thus for a time it seems you are strong.

But when you fail—as fail you must—oh, the noise of it!—the disgrace—the disaster! No one really cares, but you create so much ruin! And there is no one to help you—none, unless you call upon the forces of love you despised.

Have you seen "The Pretenders?" There is a beautiful scene at the end when those women who have been no more than beautiful background to the rough man's world of barbaric strife made so strangely real by the genius of Ibsen—when sister, daughter and wife take the wanderer home to their hearts and point out to him the path he shall tread. He has scorned them and condemned them to bitter loneliness, but they hold out loving arms which are stronger than the wanderer's two-handled sword and breastplate of steel.

The selfish man may seem for a time to sweep all before him, but his triumph is barren. A silent battle is being waged on another field where the powers of unselfishness win.

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You can make lots of dollars selling Pure Fruit Candy, so if you want more money than you ever possessed write me, and I will help you start in business. I am glad to help others, who, like myself, need money. People say, "The candy is the best they ever tasted;" therein lies the beauty of the business. The candy is eaten immediately and more ordered. You don't have to canvass; you sell from your own home. I made $12 the first day, so can you. Isabelle Inez, Block 224 East Liberty, Pittsburg, Pa.

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Calorie Rules Huge Kitchen That Feeds 840 Persons Well at 15 Cents a Day Each

HOUSEKEEPING at the Atlanta Federal Prison is a great, big job. For, remember, there are 840 men to be fed three times a day. The story of how they are fed, well fed, at a net cost of less than fifteen cents a day per man—and, at that, are given a variety that few homes or restaurants furnish—is in itself an assurance against the high cost of living fear and a lesson in the science of housekeeping.

The presiding genius of the large prison kitchen is not the warden, nor the careful storekeeper, John W. Boyle, nor the immaculate prisoners who do the cooking. It is Science. And the calorie.

What is the calorie?

The calorie, folks, is the unit of heat necessary to raise the temperature of one kilogram of water one degree centigrade. It sounds rather technical and repelling, doesn't it? And yet, here is where you come in. Food has a certain fuel value, and the proper food in theproper proportions to nourish a working man should have the value of 3,135 calories a day.

ALL FOOD IS ANALYZED.

The prisoners are fed according to calories, then. The food prepared for them is analyzed for determination of fats, proteins, carbohydrates and ash, and the fuel value in calories is calculated. This scientific system, which assures proper and sufficient feeding to the 840 men, probably is not in vogue in another American prison.

It was evolved some time ago, when Storekeeper Boyle and Warden Moyer got their heads together and decided to keep the detailed record.

Result—no waste, proper rations, and a cost of fifteen cents a day to the man.

The gross cost of the food furnished each man at the prison last week averaged 15.6543 cents a day—the records are kept to the ten thousandth part of a cent.

The net cost, however, was only 14.731 cents a day, because much expense is eliminated by the production of articles of food on the prison farm.

Last Tuesday the expense was the heaviest of the week, being 17.526 cents, gross, for each convict, or 16.766 cents for each man after the value of the home-raised products was deducted. Here is the most expensive bill of fare:

Breakfast
Country fried potatoes
Bread, butter and coffee
Dinner
Roast beef and gravy
Macaroni and cheese
Bread and butter
Supper
Rice fritters and syrup
Bread, butter and coffee

The day of the smallest expense was Sunday, when the fare cost only 11.697 cents for each man. Here is how Storekeeper Boyle did with it:

Breakfast
Oatmeal, sugar and milk
Bread, butter and coffee
Dinner
Fried eggs
Potato salad
Bread, butter and coffee.
Supper.
Beef sandwiches
Peach butter sandwiches
Coffee

This is the fare that millionaires and moonshiners alike eat—there are some of both at the prison, men from the extremes of poverty and affluence.

The greatest achievement, probably, of the storekeeper is the variety with which he regales the men in his charge. On no two days last week was the fare the same. But it was all palatable, nutritious—and Calorific. Particularly the latter. The men all work at some form of manual labor, and calories must be supplied.

Last week the food had a daily average in fuel value of 3,317,608.4135 calories, or 3,931.4165 to each man.

The fuel value of the food necessary is 2,645,535.4838 calories each day, or 3,135 for each man. The margin of nutritional value was considerable.

Bills of fare, picked at random from the week's report, are:

Monday—Breakfast
Steamed wienerwurst
Boiled grits Gravy
Bread, butter and coffee
Dinner
Baked navy beans
Salt pork Young onions
Bread Water
Supper
Rice pudding
Bread, butter and coffee
Cost, net, 13.6188 cents a man.
Wednesday—Breakfast
Lyonnaise potatoes
Bread, butter and coffee
Dinner
Beef steak and gravy
Young onions Pie
Bread and water
Supper
Molasses cake
Bread, butter and coffee
Cost, net, 16.3778 cents a man.
Saturday—Breakfast
Hash
Bread, butter and coffee
Dinner
Beef steak and gravy
Baked Irish potatoes
Young onions
Bread and water
Supper
Bologna sandwiches
Peach butter sandwiches
Coffee
Net cost, 14.3096 cents a man.

In Mr. Boyle's scientific scheme of housekeeping the quantity of each article of food for a single ration has been worked out—according to calories. Here are some of his figures, showing the amounts of various foods necessary to keep a working man from being hungry and in good condition:

Milk, 16-25 gill; rolled oats, 2 ounces; onions, 6 ounces; beef, 6 2-3 ounces; coffee, 65-75 ounce; grits, 1 3-5 ounces; ham, 4 ounces; macaroni, 2 1-4 ounces; salt pork, 4 ounces; potatoes, 6 2-3 ounces; bologna sausage, 3 1-2 ounces; syrup, 16-25 gill; tomatoes, 6 ounces.

72 Articles Tabulated.

Seventy-two articles of food thus are tabulated on his ration estimate, each according to the quantity necessary for one man in a systematically ordered meal.

The report, including the bill of fare, portions of food given each man, amounts prepared, and the detailed cost, is required of the Atlanta prison officials each week by the Federal Department of Justice, under the jurisdiction of which Federal prisons are operated.

Warden W. T. Moyer yesterday was quick to give credit for the system of provender at the prison to Storekeeper John W. Boyle, who is in charge of the rather formidable job of analyzing foods, preparing the daily menus and keeping the detailed mass of records.

Prisoners do the cooking, bake the bread, serve the meals. Huge pots, easily cleaned, are used, in which the food is cooked by means of steam. Sanitation is the spirit of the huge kitchen, the spotless and odorless kitchen—sanitation, science and no waste.

All that is why more than 800 men are well fed at a cost less than $900 a week.

EAT MUTTON IN PLENTY, URGES U. S. BULLETIN

This is what Uncle Sam has to say about the nutritive value of beef and mutton:

"Because of the large amount of fat, the fuel or energy value of mutton is greater than that of beef. The percentage of waste differs very slightly in the two. It is only when the fat is considered that any considerable difference is noted. This averages about 20 per cent in the edible portion in medium beef and a little over 30 per cent in the corresponding kind of mutton."

That's why the girl who eats mutton is likely to be of more generous proportions, physically, than the girl who eats beef. Uncle Sam, to judge by a bulletin on "Mutton and its Value on the Diet," just made public by the U. D. Department of Agriculture, has gone into the housewifery business, and, in addition to discussing the question of nutritive values, gives some good recipes for making stews, soups, broths, sausages, etc.

Uncle Sam wants his children to eat mutton, and plenty of it, and the bulletin is in the line of an effort on the part of the Government to decrease the cost of living. The packers are also interested, from a financial standpoint, in the "eat more mutton" crusade and there are those who say that the Beef Trust—or maybe ex-Beef Trust would be better because, as you remember, that combination was recently dissolved by a court decree—is merely trying to turn public attention toward a rather neglected article of food with the view to driving its price higher.

Some Mutton Advice.

But be that as it may, Uncle Sam has really given much mutton advice to the people. He says that mutton, like beef is almost entirely assimilated by the system. Mutton, too, can be bought by the side or quarter and may be kept by families which have only the ordinary means of refrigerating, where a side of beef woud sopil, being too large in this way it can be bought cheaper.

There are those to whom the idea of eating mutton does not entirely appeal unless that eating be done at long intervals. Those objectors are philosophers. They assert that America has been par excellence the beef eater of the world and has, as a result, developed a race of red-blooded beings with great vitality and nerve.

Such a people, say objectors, could not be nourished and continued on mutton. It is the nature of man to partake of the nature of the beast on which he feeds. The steer is a wild, vigorous creature, and the man who feeds on him has something of his qualities. But the sheep! He is usually called stupid. Hundreds of him will die in a snowstorm waiting for the shepherd and showing neither initiative nor discernment.

So, say the beefy philosophers, if the American were to eat too much mutton he would follow any leader or stand and perish in the absence of leadership. He would be timid docile and stupid. He would not be discerning and aggressive.

From the U. S. Cookbook.

Here are recipes from Uncle Sam's cook book:

MUTTON BROTH.

3 pounds mutton from the neck.
2 quarts cold water.
3 tablespoons rice or barley.
1 teaspoon salt.

Wipe the meat, remove the skin and fat and cut the meat into small pieces. Put into kettle with bones, and cover with the water. Heat gradually to the boiling point and season with salt and pepper if liked. Cook slowly until the meat is tender. If barley is used soak it overnight in cold water.

MUTTON SOUP.

4 pounds mutton from the neck.
3 carrots.
2 turnips.
1 small cabbage or part of a larger cabbage.
1 stalk celery.
Few sprigs parsley.
1 medium-sized onion.
6 cloves.
1 sprig thyme.
1 sprig marjoram.
2 tablespoons salt.

Wipe the meat carefully, cut into small pieces, and cover with the water. Bring very slowly to the boiling point and skim. Add the vegtables cut into small pieces and other seasoning, and cook slowly for three hours. Strain, cool, and remove the fat. Serve either clear, with rice or with the vegetables finely chopped.

RAGOUT OF MUTTON WITH FARINA BALLS.

1-2 pounds neck of mutton cut into small pieces.
1 tablespoon butter.
1 tablespoon flour.
1 onion cut into small pieces.
1 carrot cut into small pieces.
2 cups hot water.
1 teaspoon salt.
1-4 teaspoon pepper.
1-4 bay leaf.
sprig parsley.
cloves.
1 cup fresh peas or 1-2 can peas.

Put the butter into a frying pan. When melted add the flour and let it brown. Then add all the other ingredients except the peas, and cook slowly for two hours. A short time before serving add the peas.

Some Spring Salads You'll Find Appetizing

Ellsworth Salad.

Drain through a colander a can of peas. Rinse them in cold water to remove all "canned" flavor. Chop two apples fine with one medium sized cucumber. Mix lightly with the peas, together with one-half cupful of coarsely chopped pecan or English walnut meats. Serve on crisp lettuce with mayonnaise.

French Dressing With Roquefort Cheese.

For a mixed salad of tomatoes, lettuce and cucumbers, the following dressing, is most delicious. The foundation is the regular French dressing into which crumbled Roquefort cheese is stirred, until the dressing is smooth. Use much or little of the cheese, as taste indicates. This is delicious for a Sunday supper, served with romaine or plain lettuce hearts.

Vegetable Harlequin.

Cook half a peck of spinach, as usual, in a very little salted water. When done, drain very dry by pressing in a colander, chop fine, and season. Cut three or four cooked beets into small dice and heat in a saucepan in a tablespoonful of butter. Season with salt and paper. Reheat about two cupfuls of drained cold peas in the same way. Arrange the spinach in a ring around a small platter. It should be dry enough to make a ridge an inch and a half high. Inside the ring at either end put the beets and in the middle the peas, keeping the line of division as straight as possible. Over the whole sprinkle minced parsley and send very hot to the table This dish may be varied according to the vegetables available, and is a good way to utilize small leftovers.

Cucumber Jelly Salad.

Peel two cucumbers and cut in slices, add one slice of onion, one-half teaspoon of salt and a dash of pepper. Simmer until cucumbers are tender in one pint of cold water. Add one tablespoonful of gelatine, dissolved in warm water. Line a mold with slices of fresh cucumber cut very thin and pour in the jelly slowly. Set in the icebox to chill. Turn out on a bed of lettuce heart leaves and serve with French dressing, which has been mixed with a piece of ice until it is nearly as thick as the mayonnaise.

Spinach Salad.

Wash thoroughly and boil a half peck of spinach. If it is young and tender, cook in its own juices, heating it in a saucepan very gradually to prevent burning. Cook twenty-five minutes, or until tender. Old spinach is better cooked in boiling, salted water. Allow two quarts of water to one peck of spinach. When tender drain the spinach and cook it with six hard-boiled eggs. Add one cupful of toasted bread crumbs and one-half cupful of minced boiled ham if liked. Pack in small cups or molds. Chill on ice and when ready to serve surround each mold on serving plate with olives and dress with mayonnaise.

Red Pepper Salad.

Mix one-half can of pimentos or sweet peppers with one cream cheese. Beat into the mixture sufficient mayonnaise to soften it slightly and add a few drops of onion juice, more if a decided onion flavor is liked. Pack in a mold, chill on ice and when ready to serve cut in slices and place on crisp lettuce leaves. This makes a good luncheon salad.

CHEAP MEAT CUTS JUST AS GOOD, SAYS EXPERT

CHICAGO, May 3.—The problem of obtaining cheaper meat has been tackled by schoolgirls, invited to a demonstration in the beef department of the Armour Packing Plant. John E. O'Hearn, general superintendent of the plant, was on hand to tell the girls of the juicy steaks that could be prepared from parts of beef now despised. In his lectures he was assisted by a dextress butcher, who dissected a beef carcass before the visitors.

"Because women want something to put up in ten minutes, we are left with a surplus of cheaper cuts," said Mr. O'Hearn. "They are not cuts from cheaper animals, and are hardly of cheaper quality, but they require more preparation to become as palatable as the high-priced steaks. The porterhouse and rib roast contain more moisture, which makes them more easily masticated, but less nutritious than several other parts of the meat. Lower meat prices is largely a matter of better cooks."

NINETEEN CENTS A DAY FOR FOOD EXTRAVAGANCE

PACIFIC UNIVERSITY, FOREST GROVE, ORE., May 3.—Wynne Grathwell, a student of Pacific University and member of the debating team, this year has been quite extravagant, in comparison with the college professor who subsists on nine cents a day.

Mr. Grathwell this year has averaged spending between eighteen and nineteen cents a day. He eats for breakfast a wheat biscuit and one glass of milk. For dinner (at noon) he has a raw egg, a glass and a half of milk and about two cents worth of dates. For supper he takes soda crackers, one glass of milk and puffed wheat.

How to Use Stale Bread

The modern housekeeper is likely to buy a loaf of fresh bread every day at the baker's, but our grandmothers made their bread at home and used up every scrap of one baking before baking day came around again.

Here are some of the ingenious ways in which one grandmother disguised stale bread so that the most pernickety child she had would not know it from a brand-new dish.

Even though small economies are seldom practiced in these days when the high cost of living stalks abroad, yet these old recipes will prove what used to be called "tasty" dishes for breakfast and luncheon.

Cut squares of very hard bread two inches thick; steam over boiling water for twenty minutes and serve hot with butter and maple syrup.

Or cut the bread in one-inch squares, put in a colander, and dash cold water over them. Then fry the squares in butter until they are a delicate brown. Break two eggs over them, cook three minutes, and serve immediately. This is particularly good for breakfast.

Another way is to make our old friend, French or Spanish toast, which is good for breakfast or luncheon. Cut rather thick slices of bread, dip in milk, then in beaten egg, and fry a delicate brown. Serve this very hot, and, if possible, with maple syrup.

If you happen to have a whole stale loaf left over here is a fascinating way to use it. Cut off all the crust, put it on a tin, and set in the oven to dry and brown. When it is a light, golden brown lay it on the molding board and crush fine. Then cut the crustless loaf into pieces one inch thick and two or three inches long; beat two eggs very light, add two cups of sweet milk and a pinch of salt, dip the pieces of bread in the mixture, roll in the fine bread crumbs, and drop them into hot lard. When they are fried a nice brown put them on a hot dish and sprinkle thickly with sugar and a little fine cinnamon.

A really delicious pudding can be made in the following manner: Take rather thick slices of bread from which the crust is trimmed. Butter these slices on both sides. Heat a can of rather tart red or purple plums, put a layer of fruit in the bottom of a pudding dish, then a layer of bread and butter, and continue until the dish is filled. Set it in the oven for five minutes to get heated through. Then remove it from the oven, cover with a plate, put a weight on it, and set where it will become thoroughly cold. Eat it with cream and sugar. Tart cherries may be used in place of plums, or blackberries, and there should be plenty of juice, so that the bread may be saturated.

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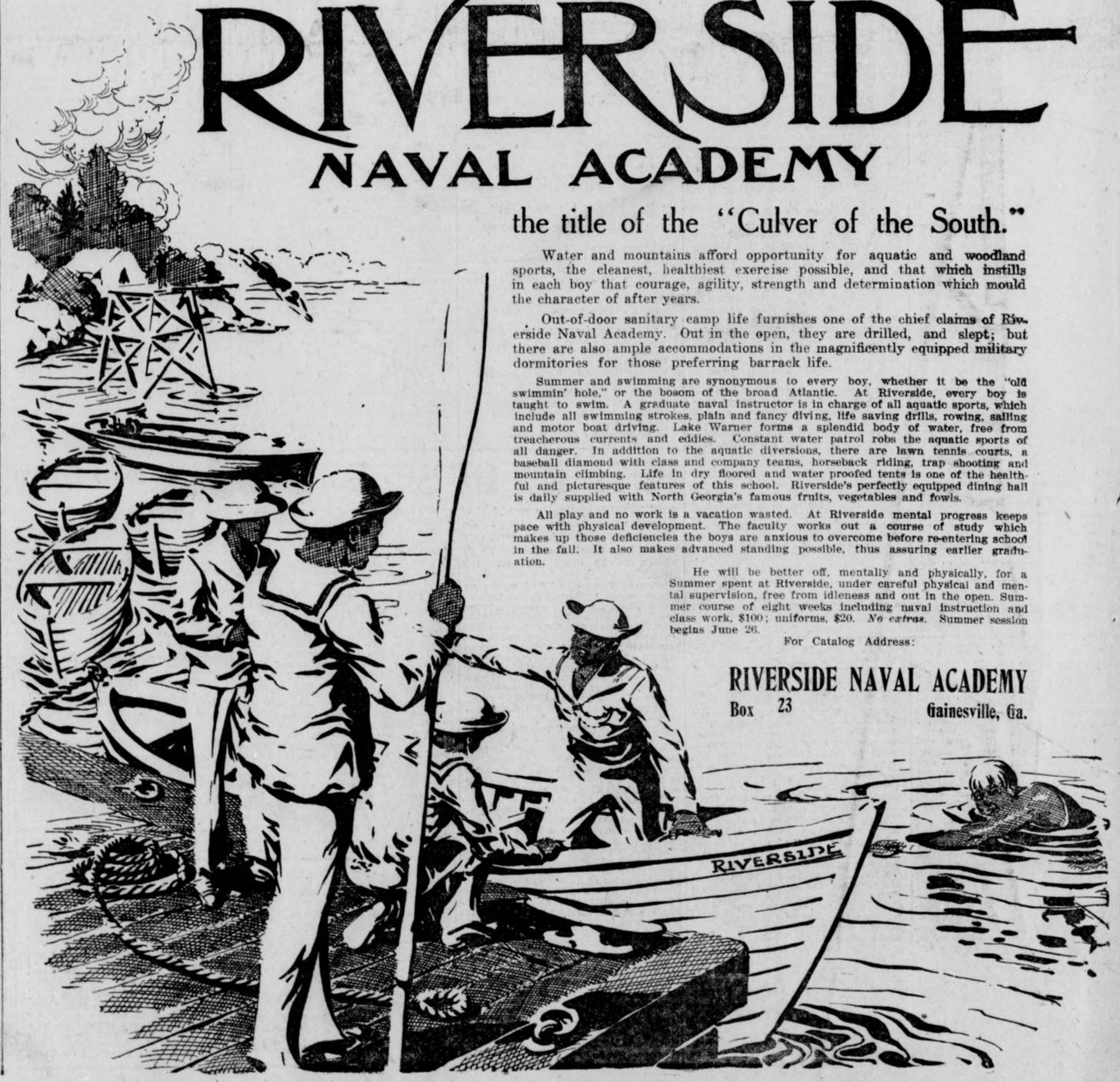
VACATION

Recreation under guiding supervision is the vacation planned for the boys who attend Riverside Naval Academy.

Riverside is located on the bank of the Chattahoochee River, as it winds its way "out of the hills of Habersham, down thru the valleys of Hall," and is in the foothills of the Appalachian Mountains. Just outside of Gainesville, but connected by trolley, it has a combination of advantages to offer which has won for

RIVERSIDE NAVAL ACADEMY



the title of the "Culver of the South."

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For Catalog Address:

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American Magazine Section of Hearst's Sunday American, Atlanta, May 4, 1913

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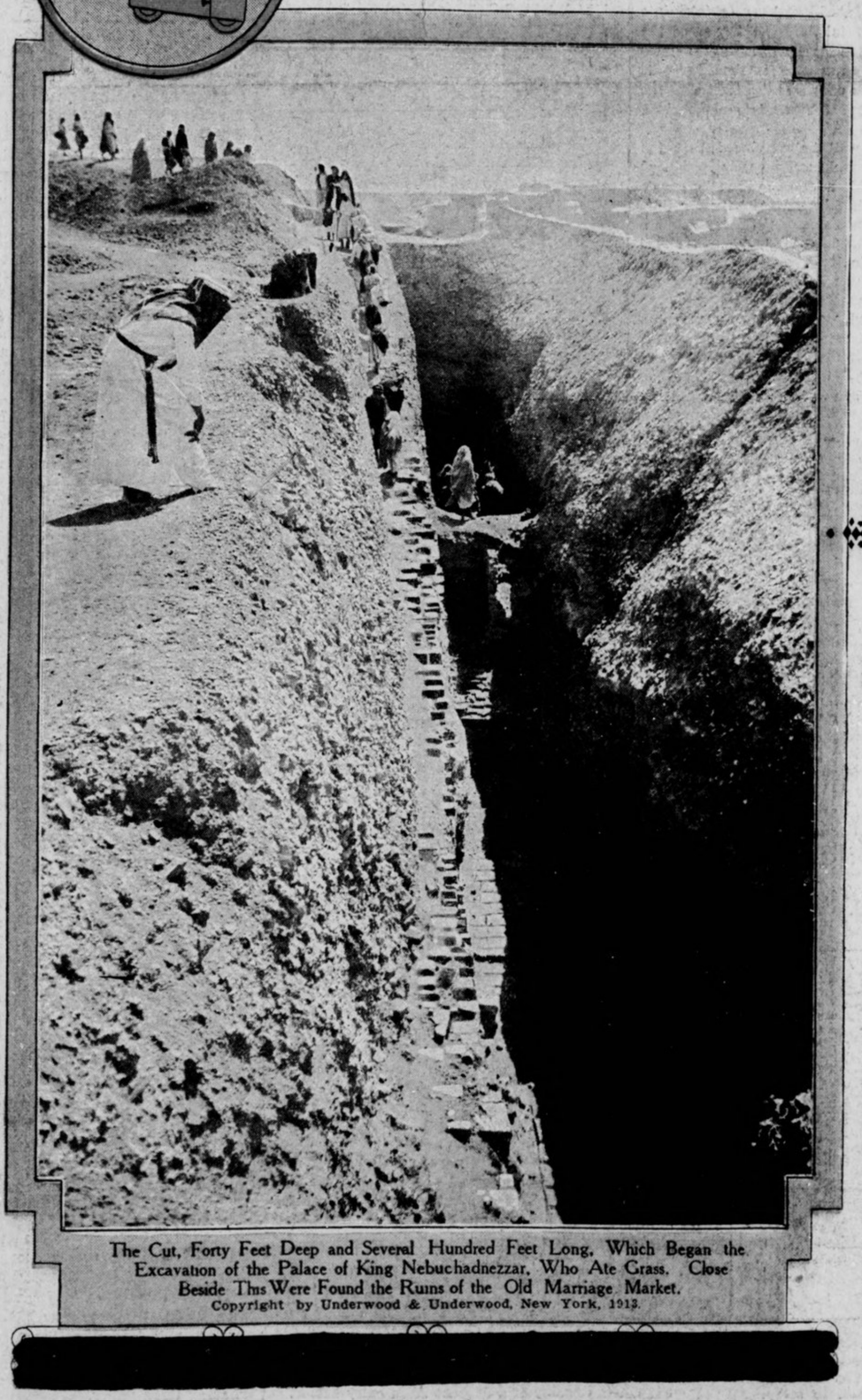
In the Wicked Marriage Market of Ancient Babylon



"The Marnage Market at Babylon," the Great Paintıng by Edwin Long, R. A., Which Shows the Babylonian Fathers Selling Their Daughters.



The Cut, Forty Feet Deep and Several Hundred Feet Long, Which Began the Excavation of the Palace of King Nebuchadnezzar, Who Ate Grass. Close Beside This Were Found the Ruins of the Old Marriage Market.
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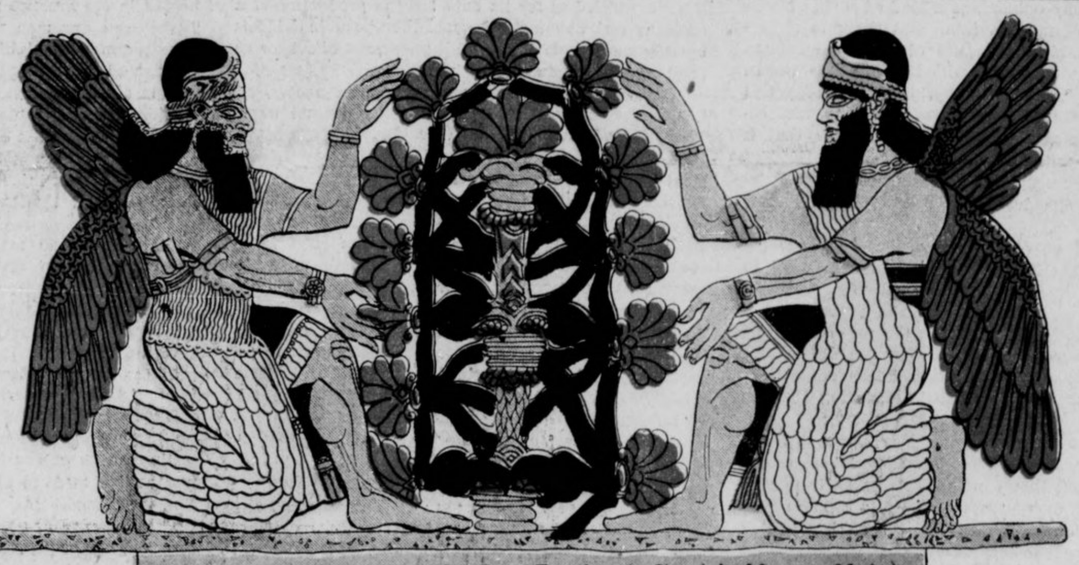

Kerubs Before the Tree of Life, a Bas Relief Found on the Site of the Marnage Market.

THE VERY SPOT WHERE THE BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTERS OF BABYLON WERE PUT UP ON THE AUCTION BLOCK UNCOVERED BY THE GERMAN EXPEDITION WHICH IS DIGGING UP THE GREATEST CITY OF THE PAST.

THE site of ancient Baby'on's marriage market, the peculiar auction at which the old Assyrians put up their daughters for the highest bidder has just been uncovered by the German Oriental Society, which is digging the ruins of the city out of its enshrouding sands. The marriage market is one of the traditions of the splendid and sinful metropolis which has stuck in the memory of mankind for ages. Herodotus, that interesting and gadding old Greek, who has been called the "Father of History," speaks of it, and the phrase is hard worked in the newspapers and fictionist vocabularies of the present day

The Oriental Society, cutting down forty feet to the pavement of ancient Babylon, ran a shaft along the Royal Quarters, where the palaces of Nebuchadnezzar and Belshazzar stood. In doing so they stumbled across the ruins of the marriage market. They found still intact the carved rostrum on which the auctioneer stood and knocked down the beauties of Babylon. The market itself occupied a rectangle of 150 by 100 feet. It was open to the air on all four sides, but most probably shielded from the sun by rich silken awnings devised to shelter the women and to bring out their charms. The block upon which the daughters of Babylon stood while being bid for was in the centre of the spectators, and is richly carved with Kerubs, who worship and protect the Babylonian Tree of Life. Inscriptions discovered leave no doubt that this was the actual marriage market of Babylon.

While the marriage market has been called a wicked custom, and has served for countless sermons as a warning, it had some very excellent points. The daughters were not sold into slavery, but into honorable wifehood. Of course, they had no choice, and the element of bidding is probably repugnant to many women of to-day, but the customs of the time were different, and it is extremely likely that the Babylonian girls looked forward with much delight to the day when they would be auctioned off to some one who cared enough for them to pay large sums for them.

Besides that the sale of the beautiful daughters enabled the ugly ones to get married, and this in a very odd way The money that was paid for the beauties was given as dowries for the ugly ones.

Herodotus says once a year the maidens of age to marry in Babylon were collected at the marriage market "while the men stood around them in a circle." Then a herald called up the damsels one by one and offered them for sale.

"He began," continues Herodotus, "with the most beautiful. When she was sold for no small sum of money he offered for sale the one who came next to her in beauty. All of them were to be sold as wives. The richest of the Babylonians who wished to wed bid against each other for the loveliest maidens, while the humbler wife seekers, who were indifferent about beauty, took the more homely damsels with marriage portions.

"For the custom was that when the herald had gone through the whole number of the beautiful damsels he should then call up the ugliest—a cripple if there chanced to be one—and offer her to the men, asking who would agree to take her with the smallest marriage portion. And the man who offered to take the smallest sum had her assigned to him. The marriage portions were furnished by the money paid for the beautiful damsels, and thus the fairer maidens portioned out the uglier No one was allowed to give his daughter to the man of his choice, nor might any one carry away the damsel he had purchased without finding bail really and truly to make her his wife. If, however, it was found that they did not agree the money might be paid back. All who liked might come even from distant villages and bid for the women."

Herodotus also says that this was a general custom throughout ancient Babylonia. The Babylonians had another unique philanthropic habit

If a man were taken ill in the street every passerby had to stop and ask him what was the matter with him. Being told, it was incumbent upon the passerby, if he had ever had this same ailment, or if he had known any one who had the ailment, to tell the sufferer what had cured him or what had cured another.

The tradition does not tell us what was the result of this wholesale prescription, but if a sufferer could prove that a man or woman had passed him without giving him the benefit of their knowledge, he could collect heavy damages.

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NEW DISCOVERIES ALL OVER THE EARTH

Why BASE BALL Is The CURSE OF AMERICA

How 30,000 Men Who Ought to Be Exercising Let 18 Ball-Players Exercise for Them

By L. K. HIRSHBERG

WHEN I make the statement that baseball is the curse of America I am fully aware that hundreds of thousands of baseball fans throughout the country are going to experience sudden emotions, from a violent opinion of me loudly and profanely expressed to a shrug of the shoulders and a mild "Poor Doc. He's ripe for a sanitarium."

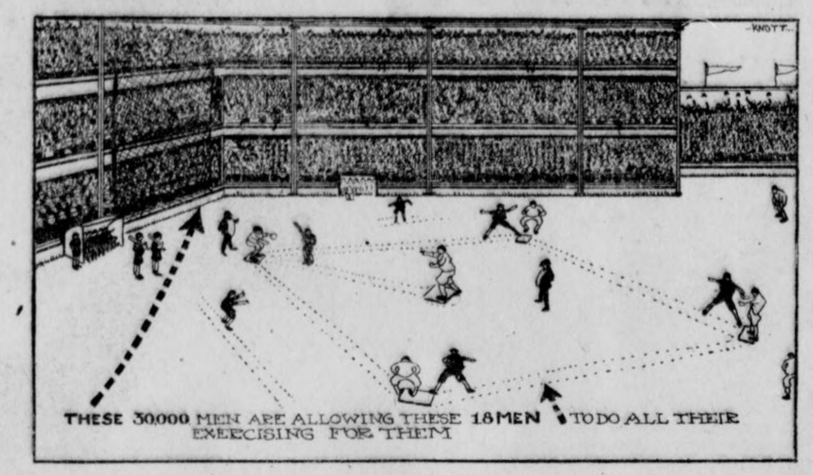
Yet the fact remains that this is true, and I believe I even convinced my friend, Hughey Jennings, that I had, at least, very good grounds for my argument, from a doctor's point of view. To put the whole of my argument in a nutshell, let me say that at one big game in New York there are thirty thousand men who should be exercising, but instead are sitting still and letting eighteen men do their exercising for them.

The average American man, especially the man who is able to take an afternoon off now and then or still more frequently, and witnes a ball game, is sorely in need of exercise. Every possible device should be used to get him to exercise. He is living rapidly, always under a strain, it is true, but he is not taking the exercise Nature demands of every man that he may keep his blood in circulation, his lungs well developed and his body from being locked up behind or inside of "bars" of unhealthy fat.

Taking into consideration the number of games played by the big and minor leagues throughout this country every year, to say nothing of the smaller games with big local interest, and computing the number of men who every day sit still from three to four hours watching them, the total is appalling.

This habit, of course, has grown to this extent only during the present generation, but it promises to continue to grow. At the same time it will mean coming generations of people whose health will not be as good as that of their parents.

The Englishmen seem to have quite the proper idea of sports and their true value. They laugh about our baseball craze and declare it is not true sport to let a handful of men do all the playing for you. They say that real sport consists of getting into the game yourself. That is why their cricket fields are sometimes crowded, with a dozen games going on at the same time. And at football, their rather milder form of the game is played by almost every one able to get out and play. They do not find it sport to sit and watch cricket and football and tennis—their idea is that the sport is in being active.



Now it happens that this is just what man needs, exercise. If he can get it enjoyably, so much the better for him. The English exercise because they like to do so, not because they feel they should, which is the ideal form of exercise, but exercise because it is needed, is far better than no activity at all.

Take the business man—the average sort who loves to attend the ball games. He will probably bolt his breakfast and get into town and sit at his desk until 1:30 or so. Then he will go out, eat a rather hearty lunch and ride to the ball grounds. Then he will sit there until the game is over, or, many times, called by darkness.

He may have transacted a lot of business during those early hours of the day, but his body tissues have been taking on fat, his circulation has been getting sluggish, and if he is a real baseball fan the only good thing can be said about it, physically, is that he is apt to exercise his lungs shouting during the intense moments of the game.

Our present day habits—those who are successful—of over-eating, together with the limousine, the trolley car, steam heat, electricity, elevators and scores of other things that do our work, but more especially exercise for us, are all unwise and bad for us. But add to this, on the part of hundreds of thousands of American men, the habit of allowing eighteen men to take our exercise for us while we sit idly still or squirm about under the hot sun. This is just where the curse of baseball comes in.

This age of "press-the-button-and-something-does it-for-us" means a coming generation of weaker men, nor are they going to get stronger until they actually learn the real value of exercise. When a man gets into business he seems to think he exercised all that was necessary during his school and college days, but he needs the exercise as much, even more, in middle age.

It is all this that makes the business man die at fifty. It is true one active American business man may have had more experience at fifty than six Russian peasants who live to be 100, but experience is one thing, life another, and why waste half a life to gain a little experience, when long years, brought about by right living, mean more happiness and comfort than any ten business men could crowd into their fifty years?

If every baseball fan would walk two miles to the game and two miles away from the game, the national sport of baseball would prove a blessing to mankind and to the country, but Americans will not do that; they will ride in a stuffy subway or surface car or limousine and ride just as close to the seat they are going to occupy in the grandstand or bleachers as they can possibly get.

All these fans, who are really good felows, enjoying the cleanest, most entertaining and harmless of all sports in the world, should always remember this infallible law of the physical world, and that is that the neglect or disuse of any living tissue or organ of the vital cosmos, is followed by the emaciation, decay and final shrinkage of such tissue. The consequences, therefore, of diminished muscular exercise, reduced mental application, overindulgence of stimulants, overfeeding are all plainly evident. All this may seem to be a rapid flight through a very pleasurable life, but it is actually quite to the contrary. The intensity of efforts expended in wealth-getting, theatregoing, restaurant-dining, turkey-trotting and BASEBALL FANNING is actually destructive to the most vital organs of the body, namely, the muscles; the stomach, the kidneys and the intellect.

"Baseball is a great sport, doctor," my friend Hughey Jennings once said to me.

"It certainly is for you and Cobb and Chance and all the other active players, but it is not good for the hundreds of thousands of American citizens who view it for two or three or more hours every beautiful afternoon."

Of course, Jennings first thought I was joking, then, for a time, at least, I am sure he thought I had become mentally unbalanced, but when I explained that while he and all the other ball players were gaining firm muscles, quick judgment, good health and all that there were hundreds of thousands who were allowing their muscles to become flabbdier and flabbier and their health to become slowly poorer and poorer because they sat still and watched.

"Which would you rather do all Summer, sit in idleness and watch the games, or take an active part in them?"

"If you get me cornered like that, Doc," said Jennings, "I must admit I'd probably pine away and pass on if I had to sit still all the season. But it's a great game!"

It IS a great game, and deserves its patronage, but it will remain a curse to America until such time comes when every American will know enough to walk, run, row, play tennis and golf and take other exercises daily that will give him a clearer brain and a healthier body.

If the baseball fan can afford no spare time except what he takes during the game, he had far better watch four and a half innings and then walk or run around the ball grounds during the other four and a half innings.

The Need of Mixing COMMON SENSE with TOBACCO

By Dr. ANDREW WILSON

IN the rush of modern life, where the tendency is to develop the neurotic constitution, tobacco may be regarded, in my opinion, as a kind of saving clause in the history of modern man. But there is always just this much about the use of tobacco—common sense must be well mixed with it. In other words, the man who finds he is smoking to excess and doesn't stop, lacks common sense. The boy who begins smoking is really old enough to know that it hurts him and will hurt him until he has reached maturity, consequently he lacks common sense if he continues to smoke during the days of his body and mind building.

There can be no doubt, I think, that on the whole tobacco represents a harmless form of enjoyment to those who use it in moderation and with whom it agrees. Tobacco is injurious to the young, and I should not hesitate to affirm that the prevalent practise of cigarette smoking by boys may lie at the root of a considerable deal of ill health, dependent on the fact that tobacco acts in youth by checking the due nutrition of the frame.

The adult, on the other hand, may smoke through a long life-time, and not merely enjoy his pipe, but experience benefit therefrom. Where tobacco acts injuriously on the nervous system we find either a special predisposition on the part of the subject, which unfits him to consume tobacco, or we discover him to be using it in excess. In the first case, the man should be the judge of his own requirements in the way of tobacco consumption. If the weed interferes with his health or comfort, he will be acting only a common-sense part by renouncing its use altogether. There is in this case no middle course. While for the vast majority of men smoking presents itself as a habit which has for its outcome the production of a soothing and calming influence, there are individuals upon whom it acts either with poisonous effect, or at least may be productive of injury.

The effects of tobacco, when taken in excess, on the nervous system are manifested in different ways. There is first disturbance of digestion, then eye symptoms may be prevalent, ending in temporary loss of sight or tobacco amaurosis, as it is professionally termed. The further action of tobacco is seen in irregularity of the action of the heart, producing what medical men call "smoker's heart." The pulse is irregular and the heart's action enfeebled, with the result that the general nutrition of the body becomes in due time affected. Irritability of the nervous system due to the depression induced by the excess will also appear, and the otherwise beneficial effect of tobacco is thus converted into a positive evil. The remedy for this state of matters is, of course, obvious. The doctor will advise complete renunciation of tobacco, he will probably order tonics, and if the individual is completely run down, change of air will also be prescribed.

I may here refer to one phase of the tobacco question, which of late years has come prominently into view. I allude to the habit of cigarette smoking at large, and to the indulgence by women of this form of enjoyment. The cigarette is no doubt a convenient and handy method of enjoying a whiff, but it is an insidious form of tobacco smoking, seeing that the consumption of cigarettes by the ordinary smoker per day tends, as regards the amount of tobacco and the effects thereby induced, to exceed both phases as witnessed in the average man who smokes pipe or cigar. There are many men who appear to smoke cigarettes from morning to night, and even the dinner table is not sacred from tobacco fumes. In addition to the danger of excess thus induced, we have to take into consideration the facts of inhaling the fumes of the paper and the results of this feature of cigarette smoking on the throat. My contention is that there is greater danger of injurious excess in the matter of the cigarette habit than where tobacco is consumed in pipe or cigars.

On women one may well be convinced that the effects of tobacco are much more easily produced than in men. The woman's nervous system is, speaking generally, of a more highly strung character than that of the man. She is more active in thought, more intuitive, more keen in her perceptions, than her lord and master, and, physiologically speaking, her nervous system is therefore more liable to develop the unstable state. Cigarette smoking by women may physiologically not be condemned, whatever society manners or the canons of good taste may have to say to the practise, but medical men know of irritable hearts and like symptoms being the inevitable results of even moderate indulgence in tobacco by many women.

Argument here seems to lie in the direction of advising women to be more than careful of the tobacco habit. It is a feature of their nervous constitution that the effects engendered in them are of a much more decided character than in the opposite sex.

Trees and INSECTS THAT FORECAST the WEATHER

MANY woodsmen claim they can tell whether a Winter will be severe or mild by means of the growth of bark on tree trunks of saplings, the growth being much thicker some years than others and an unusually cold Winter invariably following when the bark has grown thick. They also declare the moss or lichens that grow on the north side of many evergreen trees will be heavier during the season preceeding a cold Winter.

Gardeners look at the caterpillars as a means of foretelling the sort of Winter that is coming. Of course these observations have to be made in the Summer and Autumn. Last Fall there was printed in these pages an article from John T. Timmins, of Birdlawn Conservatory, who declared the Winter would be unusually mild. He based this forecast on the fact that the caterpillars had no dark stripes down their backs. The writer averred that when the dark stripes ran full length and were quite black it meant a cold Winter, when the stripes ran but half way down the backs of the caterpillars, it meant a medium Winter and when there were very light stripes, scarcely noticeable, it meant a mild Winter. He said the caterpillars of last Summer and Autumn had scarcely any visible stripes at all, and his forecast seems to have been as accurate as possible.

It is not necessary to be a student of nature to learn much concerning the weather, if these claims are true. It is said crickets will chirp slowly if it is going to be colder during the next day or so, and again chirp with greater rapidity if a warm spell is coming on.

Other animals and insects seem to act as barometers, the ordinary frogs, although called green, have a great deal of yellow about them. While this remains a clear or bright yellow, fair weather may be expected to continue, but it is said that when the yellows begin to fade and become rather dull and of a brownish color, bad weather is approaching. Nearly everyone knows about the spider that makes his web on the grass. Throughout the Summer one may see thousands of closely spun cobwebs spread out on the grass, under rose bushes and such places, with always a little hole in these webs where the spider goes to hide.

If your lawn is well dotted with these webs in the morning, regardless of how cloudy it may be, you are safe in assuming that it will be a fair day, at least for more than half the day. As far as known these spiders will not spin their webs if it is going to rain that day.

Keeping Waste Pipes Clean

ALTHOUGH the waste pipes in your kitchen, washstands and bathroom may never become clogged up, yet unless they are cleaned there is a great amount of dirt that lodges in the trap which in time becomes dangerous. Water may back up in the drain pipes and force this dirt, which becomes a black slime, into the sink, causing all sorts of dangers.

It is a very simple matter to keep these pipes cleaned, and there is no danger, either from the filth or from gases that may result from the accumulating and decaying matter there. Make a quantity of strong lye, the liquid potash variety. Any druggist will tell you what quantity to mix to make it what is known as 36 degrees strength.

For a kitchen sink it will take a pint to fill the trap. For the bath tub and washstands it will take a quart for each trap. Just before retiring pour this down the sink and make sure no water is allowed to run down that sink.

In the morning the first current of fresh water through the waste pipes will clean out the trap and leave it like new. This is because the strong solution of liquid lye actually converted the thick deposit of dirt and slime in the trap and sides of the pipe into soft soap, and so with the fresh water it all dissolved, loosened up and was washed away.

If this is done say every six months the pipes will always be clean enough to give assurance of no danger from poisonous gases or even germs from these traps should their contents suddenly back up and part of them dry about the edges of the sink. It is a cheap and effective way to do away with all dangers of dirty drain pipe traps.

Eggs Should Be BOILED Either TWO MINUTES or TWENTY

MANY people have curious ideas about cooking eggs, and many people who eat eggs because they are so healthful really lose all the benefit of the eggs and injure their digestion because they do not know how to cook them.

Raw eggs are probably the healthiest form of the egg, and, to those who cannot take them raw, they may be well shaken in milk, but the great majority of people spoil the good effects by adding sugar. Just a pinch of salt instead of the sugar will make the egg more beneficial.

Eggs boiled three to five minutes are eaten by thousands, and to many take the place of meat, but they are not as health-giving as most persons imagine. The eggs thus prepared are more difficult to digest than eggs that are more thoroughly cooked.

Physicians declare an egg that is boiled should not boil more than two minutes, or they are hard on the digestive organs unless they be boiled for from twenty to thirty minutes. Most persons seem to think an egg boiled so long would lay like so much lead in the stomach, but this is a mistake, for it has been found that eggs boiled for a long time are very easily digested, and the nutrition seems to be more easily taken up by the tissues of the body.

Hospitals use the long boiling process, and it is declared patients are greatly benefited by the new way of preparing eggs.

If patients in the hands of expert physicians and nurses are benefited by the proper cooking of eggs, it stands to reason the people who are well may be kept in better health by the use of properly prepared food in the form of fresh eggs. The greatest difficulty, some will say, is in the time required to have eggs served.

This is a mistaken idea. Hotels and restaurants can very easily prepare for cooking the eggs, and they can be served as rapidly as those cooked a much shorter time, as they can be cooking prior to the serving hour, and it is not difficult to keep the cooked product in fine shape for an hour or more.

In Paris the long boiled eggs are served extensively, and physicians say they can see a difference in the health of the people.

Such a diet would improve the health and strength of our city folk who have for years simply bolted much of their food improperly prepared, and are suffering greatly for so doing.

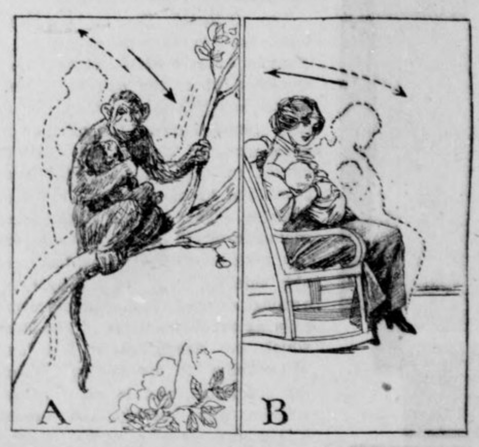
The Real REASON FOR ROCKING Our BABIES to Sleep

I WONDER how many mothers when they rock their babies and sing "Rock-a-by-Baby in the Tree-Top," know they are only saying about what our ape ancestors crooned to their children.

These hairy babies were literally rocked to sleep in the leafy cradles among the trees. To us has come down without much change, except the descent from tree branches to the nursery cradle, the rocking habit of putting baby to sleep.

It is a primitive form of hypnotism—the steady, monotonous rhythm of voice tones and cradle movement. As the child grows old enough to walk the same rythmic habits are kept up. Hop-skip-and-jump, "ring-around-the-roses," rope skipping, all children's games, show how the inborn traits of our happy, hairy ancestors are still with us and still active.

This swaying, leaping trait is a demonstration of our former existence for hundreds of thousands of years among the trees. Man's upright position and extraordinary brain development are too recent a state to have caused a muscular and nervous education, which was necessary for the protection of life, to be entirely eliminated. And in many cases this is a fortunate condition. It saved many lives in those disastrous floods which devastated the Middle West a few weeks ago. The men who slung their babies upon their backs and walked wire ropes to safety; the women who clung to narrow ledges and window sills; the children who moved over slender beams and made their way to safety by going down swinging ropes and cables, owe their lives to the fact that arboreal instincts were in them and subconsciously utilized.



A.—The Ape Mothers of Our Ancestors Rocked Their Babies to Sleep in the Swaying Tree-Tops. B.—The Mothers of To-day Have Inherited the Habit of Rocking or Swaying to Lull Their Babies to Sleep.

And the imitative powers of a past are stronger yet. How quickly we all fell under the influence of rag time, turkey trotting and all the other rhymic, swinging traits of a race still bearing distinct evidences of a free and unfettered forest life. The patting, the regular shuffling of feet, can be seen to-day in a gathering of apes or in the play of chimpanzees as they make rhythmic sounds by beating the tree trunks and bark.

The love of climbing so active in healthy boys; the delight in swinging, see-sawing and flying rings which every girl shows, are only the inherent instincts and pleasures of anthropoidal life. We see evidence of this past life in the new born babe, for it is covered all over with a very fine hair. Its clothing, baths and environment kill the growth, but not the proofs of a descent from hairy babies.

Who Invented Real Paper?

THE question of who invented real paper has apparently been settled by means of a catalogue of manuscripts in the Royal Library of France, made by a Greek scholar at the command of King Henry II. of France. In this cataloguer's own hand are found notes to the effect that "real paper" originated in Damascus.

To make a difference between the sort of paper that was in use in China hundreds of years ago, and the beginning of the sort of paper we use to-day, our paper is called "real paper." This is because the Chinese used silk for their paper, which was after all more of a sort of pulpy silk than real paper.

And while silk was common enough in China back in the seventh century, it was not plentiful elsewhere and so the Chinese so-called paper was extremely rare and expensive in other countries. Of course writing was done on cavern walls, on tablets of clay, on slabs of gold and tanned skins and then papyrus, but in about the seventh century some Arabs discovered that paper could be made from cotton.

So our first real paper, as far as can be learned to-day, was made in Arabia, where there was actually a paper factory in operation in the seventh century using cotton which was plentiful. To the Arabs, then, we seem to owe our present paper a swell as our numerals. It was not until the fourteenth century that paper was made from flax, linen, hemp and such things, and, of course, still later that the cheaper sorts of paper were made from wood pulp. Both Italy and Germany claim the honor of first making linen paper.

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Too Perfect for Marriage! " " " Divorce!

WHAT ON EARTH WILL "LOVEY" LEAN AND "DOVEY" HOLBROOK DO

Here Is Mrs. "Dovey" Lean's Own Story--Moral: Don't Be Perfect; Just Be Human

THE extraordinary matrimonial situation described on this page by the wife herself, appears to have no parallel, and no precedent in history. To be "too perfect for marriage" sounds like a paradox. Yet here are a husband and wife whose carefully planned and faithfully executed "perfections" at last got on each other's nerves to an extent that each found the other's presence unendurable. It is not to be wondered at that these same habits of "perfection" stand in the way of a divorce, now being sought for the fourth time.

Mr. and Mrs. Lean had enjoyed for nearly a decade the reputation of having effectually disproved the theory that marriage within the theatrical profession cannot be successful. How their one mistake was in attempting to maintain a more than human standard of perfection is graphically told—with its obvious moral—in the wife's narrative.

By FLORENCE HOLBROOK

(No Longer "Dovey")

The Centipede was happy, quite,
Until the Frog, in fun,
Said: "Which leg follows after which?"—
And so perpelxed the hapless wight
He lay a-kicking in the ditch
A-wondering how to run.
—High School Psychology.

"LOVEY" AND "DOVEY"—I mean Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Lean—are floundering in their separate domestic ditches, with no present prospect of getting out, either as "the most perfect married couple on the stage," or as free and independent individuals.

Too much psychology—that's the trouble. A matrimonial standard pitched in too high a key at the start. Too many plans and promises and compacts and agreements to start perfect and stay perfect. Too much effort to maintain the standard. You can't be perfect and human at one and the same time—especially after marriage. We held ourselves in our stiff-necked course of perfection until we couldn't endure each other.

We separated. What was the use? The habit of perfection could not be shaken off—we're so perfect that we can't get a divorce.

Goodness gracious! hasn't there been enough said and printed about it? About "Lovey" and "Dovey," otherwise Florence Holbrook and Cecil Lean, who got married and proceeded to overturn all the traditions of the impossibility of married stage people living happy "ever after?"

That was ten years ago. Nobody can say that we didn't make a brave struggle. For a couple of years we believed we would have the whole acting profession comfortably reformed on the "for better or worse" fireside companion model—all the husbands and wives members of each other's companies, and autocratic managers forever shamed from tearing wedded actors assunder for whole long seasons. For several more years we succeeded in fooling the outsiders—and then, ghastly weary of each other's perfections, it was all off.

Why didn't some experienced relative slap us well and remind us that "to err is human?" That marriage is for human beings, that perfection is necessarily celibate? Why didn't some kind person head us off? Why weren't we arrested? Just read the list of impossible things we swore we'd do and wouldn't do:

1. It is *our* marriage; no interference from relatives, blood or "in-law."
2. We will remain together in our work—managers will have to engage both or neither.
3. We will permit no professional jealously to come between us—if one gets more applause or press notices than the other both shall rejoice equally.
4. We shall not be separated in our pastimes; there shall be harmony in the choice of recreations which both can enjoy.
5. If either develops annoying habits or mannerisms the other shall be considerate and not notice them.
6. We agree never to argue with each other; each shall respect the other's opinions.



Florence Holbrook in a Thoughtful Attitude



Mr. Lean "Lovey" Wearing the Smile That Miss Holbrook Yearned to "Come Off."



"The smile pursued her."

7. There shall be no personal criticism of each other—especially in the presence of outsiders.
8. If a harsh remark or angry retort leaps to the lips of either, he or she shall remain silent until the impulse has subsided.
9. Each toward the other shall be courteous and considerate in all circumstances, at all times.

Signed, sealed, sworn to and delivered—and then we visited the Little Church Around the Corner. Better, far better if we had been arrested and haled to Police Headquarters and sent to the Psychopathic Ward for observation as to our sanity. However, as that would have meant a long term in Matteawan at public expense, perhaps it was just as well that our punishment was permitted to fit the crime.

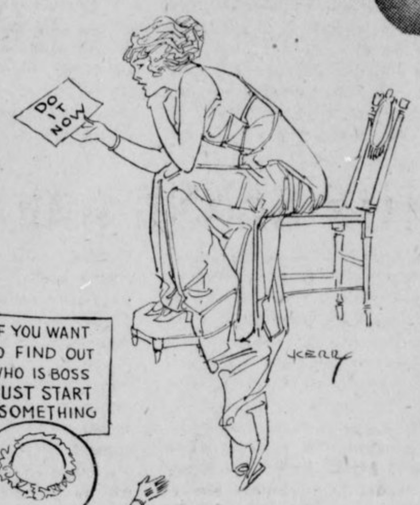
We went to Philadelphia to rejoin the company in which both of us were principals. We had not confided in the company for two reasons. First, we wished to make no parade of our example at the start, but to let it sink in subtly and gradually. Second, Mr. Frank Daniels, the star, was notoriously opposed to having husbands and their own wives acting with him, and we naturally desired a breathing spell before testing Clause No. 2.

Alas! it had been necessary for us to get the sage director's permission to remain over one train in New York, and we found our letter boxes on the stage crammed witr telegrams of congratulation. Clause No. 2 received its test then and there. Mr. Daniels glared at us, snorted once or twice, and sedulously refrained from noticing us except as "Miss Holbrook" and "Mr. Lean."

As time went on our perfection was recognized among our professional associates—except by certain managers. We became "Lovey" and "Dovey." I am sure that the rank and file of our profession were sincere in desiring to see us triumph. We steadily refused to be separated in our work. Managers got to telling each other:

"No use. They're 'Lovey' and 'Dovey.' You can't pry 'em apart."

There is no doubt that we sacrificed several opportunities to add to our individual earnings and our individual professional reputation in order to remain together in our work and live up to Perfection No. 2. I cannot remember that his relation or mine ever interfered with us—which kept No. 1 intact. As for No. 3, the bulk or our press notices being about "Lovey" and "Dovey" and their worthy example to the theatrical profession, and our applause pretty fairly shared, we had really no grounds for professional jealousy.



"Denied speech that would arouse domestic spats, she brought aggravating signs home—and even they had no effect."

Neither were there many pitfalls hidden in No. 4. We were both fond of outdoor sports. We sailed and motored togther, and could play tennis and golf with each other without getting angry and violating No. 8—though occasionally by dint of protracted silences between us. I was not addicted to the pink tea habit, nor was he over fond of his club. Not much of a strain, our perfection thus far.

But, oh, those fatal Nos. 5, 6, 7 and 9:

"Annoying habits or mannerisms."

"Nover argue—respect each other's opinions."

"No personal criticism."

"Courteous and considerate, etc., at all times."

Don't imagine that we didn't, or did, or weren't. That is where the whole trouble lay. Even in these last named impossibilities of married life we forced ourselves to be perfect. Imagine not arguing with your own lawfully wedded husband. Or not reminding him of his annoying habits. Or refraining from criticising his ridiculous mannerisms. Or being always courteous and considerate though married!

But we did it. We were perfect, as we declared we would be.

And then, all of a sudden, we realized that we would simply have to be human or quit!

It was the trifles that it was hardest to be perfect about—being considerate, remaining silent about little personal characteristics which were a constant source of irritation. He had a habit of always being last. If there was five minutes in which to catch a train he would risk missing it in order to do something quite unnecessary. I dare say I had little habits which annoyed him quite as much.

Once there was a wife who left her husband because his glass eye got on her nerves.

Another loving couple separated because of an argument about which end of the breakfast boiled egg should be broken—the large end or the small end.

I actually believe that a glass eye in the family, or a real good, human, matrimonial argument about a boiled egg would have been our salvation.

In order to realize our perfection ideal we kept all our little differences and resentments and perfectly natural little argumentative and critical inclinations bottled up. The accumulation at length made us unbearable to each other. We were too perfect to have it out and clear the atmosphere.

For quiet a long while we kept on working together. "Lean and Holbrook" sang and danced and made love to each other professionally. They continued to be "Lovey" and "Dovey" on the stage—but nowhere else. They were on each other's nerves quite hopelessly.

Once, twice, three times, they tried to become divorced. Alas! they were too perfect. His Honor, the Judge, could find no flaw in them!

They contemplate another attempt—perhaps "on grounds of incompatibility of perfections." Otherwise the case seems hopeless.

Don't think me flippant or careless in these remarks. I never was more serious in my life. It is such a serious matter that I feel like warning all young persons contemplating matrimony that that state is not for the perfect, or those wro have a passion for perfection, but for those who are simply human beings, and otherwise eligible.



"What on earth can we do," asks Miss Holbrook—(This Is Charming Miss Holbrook Completely Surrounded by Her Question)—"The only way to be happy if married is not to think about it."

Famous Fashions from Mistakes

ONE of the kings of France came to the throne a child of ten; he wore his hair in long ringlets all about his head. Immediately the men and women of the court did likewise, and it became the nation-wide craze. This same monarch was bald at thirty, and, being a lover of things beautiful and feminine, ordered the elaborate wig which was taken up and revelled in during many reigns.

The feather boa originated less than twenty years ago in conservative Boston. In an idle moment an apprentice in a milliner's shop sewed the discarded bits and ends of poor plumes together and strung them about her neck. The other girls laughed at the trimming; the head of the department declared them pretty, and the order was given that no castaways in the form of plumes be thrown in the waste basket. All parts of the plumes were kept, sewed onto a ribbon, and the entire thing curled, the long ribbon loops put at each end—and this creation was the means of bringing that woman into prominence, and it has gained in success each season since.

The origin of the beauty spot is no less interesting. The Duchess de Montmorrillon, suffering with a boil on her cheek, resorted to putting on a bit of black mixture, which she had been told held great curative power. In the morning she either forgot to wash her face, or did not use enough care—so the tale goes—and appeared before the world with a face spotted. Powdered and perfumed she received her callers, and they found the accidental black spot charming, so much so that before night had come they annointed their faces with the black ointment.

The pannier of to-day was in great vogue the latter part of the eighteenth century. The introduction was brought about by mere accident. A very petite maid of one of the well-known actresses of that day was in the habit of pulling her outer skirt up, so that when she knelt in arranging milady's habit it wouldn't soil or wrinkle the skirt. The actress, noticing the attractive appearance she made with her outer skirt rolled up about her hips adopted the costume.

The late King Edward, when he was the Prince of Wales, set and introduced many fads and fancies. As a younger man he was somewhat stockily built, and the high pointed linen collars, in vogue at that time, would irritate him in the extreme. One night he purposely grasped the points, bent them over, and it didn't take long for the English dressers to find the scheme an excellent and practical one, adopt it, and make way for our present turn-down collars.

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Exploits of the Up-to-Date Sorcerers of Paris.



"It is startling to see smart Parisiennes and fashionable physicians making mysterious magnetic passes over a dead human hand."

Strange Semi-Scientific Experiments with Dead Hands, Divining Rods, Prophetic Trances and Human Radiations Enthrall the Gay Capital

Paris, April 26.

THE modern "Sorcerers of Paris," as they are called, are now exciting intense interest in this gay city.

The sorcerers are really members of the great French society devoted to the study of human magnetism and experimental psychism. They are the equivalent of the English and American psychical research students, but are receiving much more public attention and credit.

This French society includes over one hundred physicians in good standing, professors of the universities and well-known men of science. They are investigating every form of ancient black magic, including the production of ghosts, the forecasting of the future, the transmutation of metals and the use of the divining rod.

They aim to unveil the mysteries of life, to harmonize the apparently supernatural with scientific laws and furnish scientific explanations of all the remarkable things they have accomplished. They point out that the object which the ancient alchemists aimed at has been accomplished by Sir William Ramsay in transmuting radium into helium, and they argue that it is reasonable to expect that other marvels scoffed at by the very sceptical, recent generation of science will be proved possible.

They give much attention to the study of the obscure radiations of the human body. They find that these radiations can impress a photographic negative in the dark and produce many other physical effects. They have been observing one woman whose body possesses powers similar to pure radium. She is, consequently, able to cure many germ diseases by mere contact with the sufferers, according to these investigators.

Perhaps the most extraordinary experiment of these sorcerers consisted in preserving, or "mumifying," a dead human hand by making magnetic passes over it. Dr. Gaston Durville, who conducted the experiments, reports that they were amazingly successful, and offers a series of photographs in support of his statements. He considers that they prove that the human hands have great bactericidal power in certain cases.

The hand experimented on was that of a man accidentally suffocated by gas. It was an exceptionally fat hand. It was received by the investigators three weeks after its owner's death. All that time it had been kept on ice, and was therefore in a condition which is ordinarily followed by rapid decomposition on exposure to the air. Moreover, the bodies of suffocated persons are exceptionally subject to decomposition.

Dr. Durville and two other operators took turns in treating or magnetizing the hand. One of the others was Mme. Raynaud, who is credited with many remarkable cures of disease by the imposition of hands.

The dead hand was placed on a table and each of the three operators treated it for three-quarters of an hour daily. The process consisted in simply making passes with the living hands over the dead hand at a distance of six inches with a slow movement from the severed wrist to the tips of the fingers. The operator concentrated his mind on the act.

They were surprised to find from the first that no decomposition occurred, such as would appear ordinarily.

"From the seventh day," writes Dr. Durville, "observing that the hand remained without odor, we began to feel confident concerning the outcome of the experiment, and we diminished the time of the daily treatment. From the tenth day we gave the hand two daily seances of ten minutes each, making a total treatment of one hour."

From the seventh day a shrinking, darkening and hardening of the hand became noticeable. This increased slightly up to the fifteenth day, when the hand appeared to have reached a state of permanent preservation and mummification. When not under treatment it was merely covered with a metal screen to protect it from flies.

Dr. Durville remarks that this experiment would go far toward explaining the many extraordinary cures said to have been accomplished in ancient times by the laying on of hands.



The Dead Hand Mummified by Magnetic Passes with the Living Hands. A Remarkable Experiment by Dr. Gaston Durville.



Images Transmitted by Thought Transference at a Distance. On the Left, the Object Thought Of; on the Right, the One Reproduced.



How Mlle. Tomczyk Raises Solid Objects by Her Personal Magnetism Alone.

Almost equally interesting were the experiments with divining rods. These were undertaken as part of the proceedings of the International Congress of Experimental Psychology, which has been going on in Paris. The same sorcerers are interested in this gathering.

Day after day the psychists went forth armed with little hazel twigs of various shapes in search of hidden treasures and other objects which they believed would be revealed to them by the turning of the twigs. One day the search was conducted in the park of the Chateau of Mirabaud, near Paris. The proprietor concealed beneath the soil objects of iron, coins and a copper basin.

The sorcerers wandered through the park with a fixed expression. From time to time one of them would stop, while his hazel twig performed strange motions. A sceptical person might have said that the nervous excitement of the persons caused these movements, but they themselves were convinced that they were due to hidden objects for which the wood had a strange attraction. There seems little doubt that many of them were able to locate the hidden articles.

M. Pelaprat declared positively that his twig indicated the presence of iron, and his statement proved to be correct. Another psychist declared in the same place that he felt the presence of copper. Such minor errors were common.

The Abbe Mermet, who took part in these experiments, discovered the exact position of a small sum of money hidden near the gateway of the park. M. Padey located a ferruginous and also a sulphurous spring in the park.

On another day the investigators went over the ground above an ancient stone quarry, the hidden galleries of which were known to only one of the party. Many of them were able to locate accurately the presence of the hollows and supporting pillars beneath the soil.

The divining rods are said to be attracted by running water and by minerals of all kinds. Each material exercises a different attraction upon the rod, and an expert diviner undertakes to define the nature of what lies hidden, its quantity and depth beneath the soil.

Several of the members of the society affirm most positively that the future can be defined by an intelligent study of the stars, and that astrology is not a mere ancient superstition, but a science based on demonstrable facts.

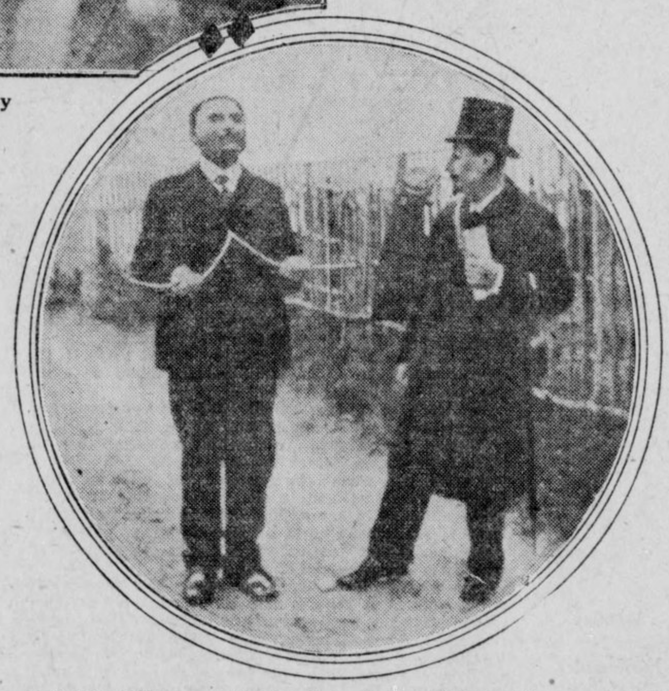
One of those who supports this startling view is the eminent astronomer, Camille Flammarion. In a communication to the society, he says:

"Future events can be foreseen in advance very exactly and incontestably. It is not by metaphysical argument, but by the experimental method that I wish to see this grave question elucidated."

Flammarion goes on to enumerate many cases in which he has known the future to be accurately foreseen in one way or another. He quotes a letter from the Princess Emma Carolath, who tells how she saw a vision of a room, very curiously furnished, in which there was a bed hung with red damask and a picture of the Saviour crowned with roses. Two years later she found this room in Hungary, exactly as she had dreamed it. Her husband died there.

M. Flammarion argues that as we can tell the course of the stars in advance, so we also can foretell the course of human events when we have the right insight.

Many of the psychical experts believe that various drugs increase the power of a person to define the future by heightening his mental sensitiveness to an extraordinary degree, and making him oblivious to his surroundings.



A Critical Moment in the Search for Hidden Treasure with Divining Rods Near Paris.

Why Saying "I Should Worry" Keeps You from Worrying

By Dr. L. K. Hirshberg, Johns Hopkins University.

"DOCTOR," said a substantial business man to me a week or so ago, "my business is a go. I have a lot of money, my family is well, and yet because my only son is about to get married I simply cannot sleep at night. What shall I do?"

"My dear sir," I said, "if I give you a prescription absolutely certain to cure you will you obey me?"

"Of course," he said.

"Then fifty times a day say to yourself loudly and with conviction, 'I should worry!' Increase the dose if it is necessary. You will find, however, that you can soon decrease it."

We had a long argument. Finally he took my advice. And to-day nothing worries him.

Now, what special virtue lies in this especial slangy—some will say flippant—phrase to cure a case of chronic worry? The answer lies in psychology. Let me explain.

The very first threshold to be crossed before you can cure yourself of the worry-bug is to read all of the cartoons, humorous quips and popular songs that "play-up" the thought in that same phrase "I should worry." This is no jest; it is serious advice. I know of an instance, the case of a prim, severe young woman, who had the unhappy habit of worrying herself into a sick headache over such absurd trifles as breaking a saucer, spilling her tea or misplacing an ear-trumpet. A little boy about six years old who lived with her caught up the street patois that ended with this now well-known phrase. Whenever his aunt thereafter assumed her melancholy, depressed demeanor, the child would at once recognize it and say:

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep.
If I should die before I wake,
"I should worry."

The mischievous lad kept this up continually until the very insistence of the repetition made a complete change in the hitherto misanthropic person. She has gone now to the other extreme, and worries about nothing.

Now, when you have typhoid fever the malignant typhoid germs are fought by dead germs in the form of a vaccine. Diphtheria is caused by the antitoxins of a horse which has recovered from the toxins of diphtheria germs. In smallpox we vaccinate with modified smallpox germs, and Friedmann's "cure" for consumption is brought about by introducing modified consumption germs into the body.

The phrase "I should worry" is a mental vaccine. It means "I ought to worry." In the form it appears it is like the non-virulent tuberculosis germs of the modified smallpox germs. It infiltrates into the mind the idea "What on earth is there anywhere for me to worry about I should NOT worry."

And there you are. This is what happens. The repetition of the phrase steadily fights in the worrying mind the active microbes of worry. The insistent subconscious impression that "I should not worry" grows bigger and bigger. Finally it kills off the worry bug and the mind is once again care free.

The form of the phrase is absolutely psychologically perfect. The worrying mind pays no attention to argument or reason. They are medicines that do not take. But "I should worry" is done up in a form that harmonizes with the dominant idea of that type of mind that it really ought to worry. It slips in and then the punch that is hidden in it gets in its work. It is the same old principle of giving a bad child medicine disguised as candy.

Just a few words more. You must know your own number. You should be ever ready to put your finger exactly in the middle of the ego in your own cosmos. Come down to earth.

Learn the trade, then, or practice the art of developing a good, fat, healthy anti-ego. Vaccinate yourself with the anti-microbic medicine of "I should worry."

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THE INEVITABLE END OF "GENIUS" GORKY'S SCANDALOUS "ROMANCE"

"No vow is of any use for the people who stand at the top. I have sacrificed myself enough for my romatic sentiments." Mme. Andreyeva's Cynical Farewell to Gorky.







"Which will Gorky choose —to pursue the wife who so coolly abandons him or to return, broken, to the wife who offers him again her love and devotion?"

Mme. Andreyeva (in Russian Dress) Whom Married Finally Abandoning His First W for her. Now, in His Te He Has Been Abandon by Her.

The Brilliant Mme. Andreyeva Who Took Him from His Wife and Child Explains That She Has Had to "Abandon" the Russian Novelist Because She Is a "Genius" Herself

St. Petersburg, April 30.

THE inevitable consequences have followed, and ended, the scandalous romance of the celebrated Russian novelist, Maxim Gorky. The beautiful actress, Mme. Andreyeva, who took him from his wife and child seven years ago and accompanied him to America, has left him exiled in Italy and returned to Moscow and her former life of the stage.

Gorky's appearance in America, accompanied by the actress, it will be remembered, barred him from American society, and caused him and his companion to be ejected from a New York hotel. The novelist could not get a divorce from his wife, and could not return to Russia. Accompanied by Mme. Andreyeva he went to Italy. They isolated themselves in a cottage on the island of Capri, where they remained together until a few weeks ago when, as is ordained in all such cases, the irregular bond, at last over-strained, snapped, and she abandoned him.

Interviewed in Moscow, the actress brazenly declares that laws governing the relations of the sexes are doubtless good for the masses, for ordinary plodders, but not for "genius." Being a genius herself, and not caring longer to sink her "art personality" in that of Gorky, she decided to resume her independent career.

And this inevitable climax has come in spite of circumstances which enabled Gorky to obtain a divorce and to marry Mme. Andreyeva. This attempt to right a wrong made no difference. And the moral is further pointed by the contrast offered by the two women involved. While Mme. Andreyeva plays her part of the heartless "genius," the first Madame Gorky is all sympathy for the abandoned novelist and frankly declares her wish to befriend him.

From the first Gorky's real friends in Russia discerned that his genius would be fettered instead of inspired by his irregular relationship with Mme. Andreyeva. What they have learned of their life together in the cottage on Capri bears out all their forebodings.

Gorky wrote novels and plays, and his companion attempted to assist him in the capacity of a critic and adviser. But none of his works of this period held the appeal so characteristic of his former spontaneous productions. Instead of continuing in his successful field of vagabond and outcast life, he dealt more and more with that of the middle class and its special problems—which he was not fitted to discuss. It seems that Mme. Andreyeva, with her woman's perverseness, strove to make another Maeterlinck of him.

This woman who selfishly abandoned Gorky in his exile, and admits it, at present is stopping with friends in Moscow. She expects shortly to resume her interrupted stage career. At first she avoided representatives of the press, but finally to one whom she had known in the old days she gave an interview, of which the following are the significant portions.

"My explanation is that I could not any longer resist the call of the stage. It grew louder and louder. A phantom of my glorious past haunted me night and day. I feared that I would commit suicide if I shut my ears to it any longer. I simply yielded."

"But how about your husband? Did he share your feelings?"

Madame Andreyeva blushed and seemed confused.

"I am sorry to say, no. We are intimate friends, that is all. He could not understand me. That is the painful feature of our relations. The question is, why should I sacrifice my art for the art of my husband? Why should I give up my art for the sake of my romantic attachment to him? Can the husband's laurels be also the laurels of his wife? Will she be happy in decorating herself with what she has not earned? Why should I bury my art on that small island for the sake of remaining a true companion of my husband. I don't see why."

"It's a serious problem, indeed, especially since your husband could not follow you in your career. But is there no chance of a compromise?"

"Well, let me tell you," answered Mme. Andreyeva. "I have come to the conclusion that marriage is only a necessary regulation for mediocrities and the masses, but it has no meaning for geniuses or degenerates. No vow is of any use for the people who stand at the top. It is a nice knot for the average mind. I have undergone many deprivations for the sake of my romantic vow and would undergo more still, but I am an artist myself, like my husband, and must accomplish more than I could as merely his cheering companion. I am not only a woman, but also a factor in a bigger sense.



Maxim Gorky, the Celebrated Russian Novelist, Who Has Been Abandoned by the Actress for Whom He Deserted His Wife and Child.

I have sacrificed myself enough for my romantic sentiments. Now I have higher ideals, like my husband has, and for that reason I cannot go any further.

"You see that I have my own reputation almost in the same degree that my husband has. If this were not the case, I certainly would be satisfied in finding contentment within the frame of my family. I would remain the wife—the woman. But I feel that society—the art-loving world—has bigger claims upon me. I am a member of the universal family. In order to serve humanity, I am justified in forsaking my husband, even if it should displease him. If I should meet a starving man and was unable to help him, I would be justified in taking from whomever I could, taking by violence if the one I asked refused to give deliberately. I am not a criminal if I do that, but an executioner of higher ideals. The same is the case when I leave my family in order to live for a thousand other families. I am perfectly justified in sinning against my family if I can do good for humanity. All that I have done at present is that I have sacrificed my personal self for a bigger self.

"Any man who marries a woman with high ideals should know that he sits in the saddle of a wild horse. He should be prepared from the first touch of her lips to see the romantic flame die out any day. She is a double personality; real and ideal, physical and spiritual. Whenever a woman who has a message marries a man and says she will be true to him till death, she is untrue to herself. She does not know that she will ever be able to keep that vow. There are no written laws for a genius, except those of his or her own conscience.

"She should not marry at all, if she thinks she has a message to humanity besides being a woman. But the conventional views of society urge her to follow the old and regular channels. She never takes the family seriously, and that is the reason why a modern highly educated woman grows so easily tired of strict family life and makes love to another man, if she has nothing higher to occupy her mind? The divorces in more civilized countries are perfectly natural facts and should never be condemned.

"Only a half-educated and entirely feminine woman is perfectly happy within her family and strictly loyal to her husband. An educated and highly intellectual woman has no time to fuss with housekeeping, the education of her children and keeping the affection of her husband. She has bigger problems to solve and employs others to take care of her family duties. The American woman, for instance, has reached the highest degree of general education, and is interested in higher questions of life, therefore she is a poor mother and an unreliable wife. But I don't blame her."

"But isn't motherhood the supremest of all ideals of a woman?"

"Not when a woman can be the mother of a spiritual creation—art, or an ideal of any spiritual nature. That is the great philosophic point in woman's life. The higher a woman ascends intellectually, the more she loses of her physical motherhood. She becomes the mother of the spiritual child, just the same as the husband becomes the father of the creation of his mind, instead of that of his body. That is the very reason why the children of nearly all great men remain mediocrities. Their parents neglect them, being concerned only with their intellectual children. Rousseau and Browning are the best examples in support of my argument."

"Did your husband acquiesce with your leaving him to his fate? Are you expected to return to him after the theatrical season is over?"

"We are friends just the same, and may be much more friends than before. But his opinion is that the glory of the husband is also the glory of the wife, in which I disagree, in case of the wife being able to get her own glory. Even if my departure should mean the death of his inspiration, I shall remain firm in my own ambition. Whether I will return to him or not is a matter for the disposition of my sentiments in the future."

But what is the explanation of Gorky himself of this new turn in his family affairs? He forsook his first wife and their child for Andreyeva. Now this wife forsakes him. So far no one knows whether he ever will explain it in any other way than in his memoirs. But of great interest is the short opinion of his first wife on the matter, which she expressed to a Russian journalist.

"A man should never fall in love with a woman who has her own ambition in social life. He will never be happy. Much more, if she is superior to him intellectually she will exploit his creative power for her own use and when she has nothing more to get from him she will leave him without any sympathy, as was the case with Gorky's marriage to Andreyeva. I am very sorry for him.

"Andreyeva is a very clever woman, and intellectually superior to him. He fell in love with her because of her great talent while she was playing the role of the heroine of his drama. He is a simple, uneducated man of the people. He was greatly fascinated by her brilliance. He probably thought or felt that she would inspire him more than I did, and that is the reason he left me and the boy whom he loved so affectionately. But soon he realized that it was only an illusion.

"Andreyeva urged him to imitate Ibsen and Maeterlinck, and he did so. That was the worst he could do. I, of course, felt sorry about it; yet I thought, if he can accomplish more with her, heaven bless him! But she polished him to such an extent that she killed all his originality. However, if he should feel forsaken by all the world, I am certainly the first and last of his most devoted friends to stay with him. I am really ready to sacrifice everything for his success."

NOW Is the Time to Kill the Filthy Fly

By Dr. Leonard K. Herschberg.

(Of Johns Hopkins Medical College)

THE Summer about to dawn is the tenth anniversary of our conclusive conviction and tangible proof that the common nuisance and ubiquitous plague, the pestiferous housefly, produces many dangerous maladies, such as typhoid, cholera, dysentery, infantile ailments, and the like. True enough, ever since the Government report about the typhoid fever among American soldiers in the Spanish war, the housefly was fairly well known to be responsible for the spread of that infection. It was not, however, until the researches of the ensuing years had accumulated that the fly's guilt was established beyond the cavil of a doubt.

The proboscis, or what you might call the tongue, of the housefly, is a most pernicious organ. Because the common fly cannot chew or bite or suck or pierce the skin, food must be served up to the fly in liquid form. In other words, a fly is always on a soft, liquid or "fever" diet.

As a fly alights upon food, it sticks out its tongue or proboscis by means of a pair of air-sacs or vacuum cleaners, which blow out the proboscis just as you blow into a glove to expand the fingers. Another pump of the fly's mouth sucks in the liquid food mixed with the insect's saliva. The food passes through the alimentary canal and the undesirable parts are shot forth as flecks of dust and moistened dirt from the under surface of the fly's body.

It has been abundantly confirmed by experiments that the fly not only stores up food for days and weeks at a time in its crop, but it also regurgitates fresh as well as old food very often. A fly will thus regurgitate food out through its mouth and proboscis mixed with saliva, in order to dissolve and liquefy food that is too solid for it to take. Indeed, flies are so filthy in their habits that they regurgitate and reswallow the same food many times. These regurgitation spots may be seen on white surfaces of window panes, and are easily distinguished from spots of waste matter discharged by the fly, because they are much lighter in color than the latter.

You may thus readily picture to yourself what takes place when a fly gorged with a liquefied diet of typhoid material, tuberculosis sputum, or microbe-rich milk, hops gayly here and there on your berries, butter, sugar bowl and kitchen utensils. The apparently clean and harmless fly that idly glides into your kitchen from the passing garbage cart in order to have a bit of your bread, your sugar, your meat, or your butter, regurgitates a few times here and there wherever it alights. Briefly, if a fly wishes to sip some nourishment from your table it must regurgitate several times at least upon the food it craves. Some of its ejected saliva and food may be the remnants of fetid repasts obtained some days previously from the filthiest places.

Moreover, the sticky, gluey cushions upon a fly's feet are literally alive and swarming with bacteria and other disease-spreading filth. The much-admired and graceful act of a fly walking upside down is due to this mucilaginous material present upon the insect's feet. The footpads of a fly are so glutinous that they take up part of anything with which they come in contact. Every known disease germ and contagion has been recovered from the sole of a fly's foot.

Since the abiding places of the musca domestica are stables, barns, manure heaps, rubbish boxes, outhouses and any decaying animal or vegetable matter, you may well imagine what varieties of germs are encountered upon a fly's feet and inside its hollow tongue and mouth. Such delectable places are the breeding spot of the mother fly. She lays her eggs in a series of from 100 to 200 eggs at a time. She usually lives long enough to rear many thousands of progeny, half of which in turn also become aggressive, egg-laying mothers. I have, however, seen female flies during the Winter deposit eggs in a warm cellar, upon moist mud, in which there was no nourishment.

One fly killed in April is equal to the combined onslaught and destruction of billions of flies by thousands of persons in July and August. The boy or girl who destroys the early flies of April and May can carve himself or herself a belt with the motto on it of "A Million at One Blow" For potentially, every mother fly to-day will be responsible for billions upon billions in August.

All of the mighty milk crusades with their alms for a pure, undefiled and germ-free milk will go for naught if a "Swat the Fly" campaign is not vigorously waged beforehand as well as simultaneously. You may have a milk so perfect that not a bacteria is in it, yet if there be a fly about ready to pounce upon an infant's lips, on its bottle, nipple or tiny hands, then all the other anticipated precautions will have been absolutely nullified.

The rapid substitution of the garage for the stables, cowsheds and barnyards has gone a long way to reduce the number of flies in American cities. The new city ordinances which require all garbage cans to be kept under cover, the dissemination of knowledge among the public as to the injury from flies, the use of fly traps, and the inoculation by the Government experts of parasites of flies in order to destroy the insects by epidemics fatal to them, all of these schemes in conjunction with anti-fly crusades by civic organizations should materially lengthen the life of the human race by a reduction of the number of flies.

Flies die off,
And men survive;
The more flies you kill
The longer you're alive.

WHY CRIME DOES NOT PAY—

No. 5 of a Series of Extraordinary Revelations

Written by SOPHIE LYONS

The Most Famous and Successful Criminal of Modern Times, Who Made a Million Dollars in Her Early Criminal Career and Lost It at Monte Carlo, and Has Now Accumulated Half a Million Dollars in Honorable Business Enterprises

Written by Sophie Lyons.

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FROM the moment when he commits his first crime the professional criminal never knows what it is to enjoy real peace of mind. His crimes hang over him like the sword of Damocles, and unless he reforms he can never be free from the fear of some day being found out and sent away to prison for a long term.

And arrest is not the only thing he has to fear—he is continually face to face with the danger of serious injury or death. Whatever the crime he undertakes he must run the most desperate risks—he has to stake not only his liberty but life itself on the narrowest of margins.

The powerful explosive he is using to blow open a safe may go off prematurely, as it did one night when George Mason and I were robbing a bank in Illinois, and leave the robber half dead.

Perhaps an indignant mob may decide to take justice into its own hands by lynching the criminal. This is what happened to one of my comrades in Kentucky. They had the noose around his neck and were all ready to string him up when I arrived in the nick of time to save his life.

Perhaps he will be caught in the act at one of his crimes and shot down like a dog, as my husband, Ned Lyons, was in Connecticut one night. That was the narrowest escape my husband ever had—I saw it with my own eyes, and if I live to be a hundred I shall never forget the agony of it all.

At the time of this thrilling adventure the police wanted us so badly for our share in several famous robberies that Ned and I did not dare to undertake any operations in the large cities which usually formed our most profitable fields. So, being in need of ready money, we had decided to take a little trip through some of the smaller towns of New England. The amount of cash to be had from the banks, stores and postoffices in these places was not large, but, on the other hand, it was not hard to get and we thought we ought to be able to spend two or three weeks quite profitably in the nearby towns of Connecticut and Massachusetts.

As my health that Summer was not very good and Ned did not want me to take any very active part in the robberies, we invited George Mason to go along with us.

From the start we seemed to be ill-fated. Ned and George succeeded in getting into a bank in Fitchburg, Mass., but were frightened away by a watchman before they had time to open the safe. From the postoffice in a little village just outside Fitchburg we secured only eight or ten dollars to pay us for our trouble. Quite discouraged and desperately in need of money we went on to Palmer, Mass.

There I scouted around and discovered that the most likely place for us to rob was G. L. Hitchcock's drug store, which was also the village postoffice. A storm came up to hide the full moon, and this enabled us to make the attempt that very night. It was not the easiest job in the world, for Mr. Hitchcock and his family lived directly above the store and the least noise was sure to rouse them.

How We Robbed a Store

Shortly after midnight I took up my position in an alley in the rear of the store to stand guard while Ned and George removed a pane of glass from a cellar window. Through this opening the men squeezed, and presently the dim reflection of their dark lanterns showed me that they had safely reached the store above.

I had been standing there in the rain for nearly twenty minutes when a low, rumble from inside the store made me prick up my ears. Just as I was puckering my lips to whistle a shrill warning to my comrades I saw them appear at the back door of the store carrying between them a small iron safe. It was this safe rolling over the floor which I had heard.

The safe was a small affair, but so well made that it had successfully resisted all their efforts to drill it open. Finding it was not too heavy to be carried they had decided to take it outside the town, where they could blow it open without fear of arousing the sleeping village.

We must have made a strange procession as we trudged along through the darkness—the two men partly carrying and partly rolling the safe along, and all of us wading through mud half way to our knees.

At last we reached a meadow far enough removed from any houses for our purpose. George Mason filled one of the holes he had drilled with black powder and wrapped the safe with some old sacks to protect the fuse from the wet and also to muffle the noise of the explosion.

Ned touched a match to the fuse and we scurried to a safe distance. The charge went off with a dull boom—the shattered door of the safe flew high into the air and landed several yards away.

Waiting a few minutes to make sure that no one in the village had been awakened, we hurried back to get our plunder. There were $350 in cash, a diamond ring, some gold pens and fifteen or twenty dollars' worth of postage stamps. With the few dollars the boys had taken from the till this made a trifle more than four hundred dollars for our night's work—a pitifully small sum compared with what some of our bank robberies brought us, but enough to support us until we could plan some more ambitious undertaking.

Just as we were dividing our plunder into three equal shares a freight train whistled in the distance.

"George and I will jump on this train," said my husband, giving me a hurried kiss. "It's safer than for the three of us to stick together. Good-bye—and take care of yourself. We'll meet you in South Windham, Conn., late to-night or early to-morrow."

Wet, bedraggled and so tired that I could have fallen asleep standing up, I groped my way to the railroad station and curled myself up on a bench to snatch what rest I could. Just before daybreak a milk train came along. I boarded this and travelled by a roundabout route to South Windham.

My Husband Is Shot

I reached there late in the afternoon and went straight to the postoffice. This was always the accepted rendezvous for professional criminals when no other place had been agreed upon. Detectives in every city might very profitably spend more of their time watching the postoffice, for wherever the criminal is he makes a point of calling there at least once every twenty-four hours to keep appointments with his friends or in the hope of running across some acquaintance.

Ned and George were there waiting for me, and mighty glad they were to see me, for they had heard vague rumors of a woman having been arrested on suspicion that she knew something about the Palmer robbery.

The best opportunity the sleepy little town afforded seemed to be a general store run by a man named Johnson. I dropped in there late one evening and, on the pretext of buying a crochet hook, saw the old proprietor locking the day's receipts—quite a respectable bundle of money—in a ramshackle safe which offered about as much security as a cheese box.

We got everything in readiness to break into the store the following night. It was a foolhardy time for such a job, as there was a bright moon—but we were hungry for money, and one more good haul would supply enough to keep us in comfort until we could lay our plans for some robbery really worthy of our skill.

There was really little I could do to help the men, but I could not bear to be left behind. Just after midnight I stole out of the railroad station, where I had been waiting ostensibly for the night train to New York, and hid myself in the doorway of a livery stable, where I had a good view of the store we were going to rob.

Pretty soon I saw my two comrades come cautiously down the main street from opposite directions. They met underneath a window of the store on the side which was in the dark shadow of a tree.

The window was so high above the ground that my husband had to climb up on George Mason's shoulders to reach it. I could hear the gentle rasp of his jimmy as it worked against the fastenings.

At last he raised the sash gently and stepped into the store. Then he leaned far out across the sill and stretched his brawny arms down toward his companion.

Mason gave a leap, caught hold of Ned's wrists and, with the agility of a circus performer, swung himself up into the window.

All was as silent as the grave. The only sign of life I could see in the peaceful street were two cats enjoying a nocturnal gambol on a nearby piazza roof. I shivered for fear they might start yowling and awaken somebody to spoil our plans.

Just at that instant one of the cats upset a flower pot which stood at a window opening on the porch roof. To my horror, that pot went rolling down the roof with a tremendous clatter, hung suspended for a second on the eaves, then fell to the stone steps with a crash that woke the echoes.

At once the whole town awoke. In every direction I could hear windows being thrown open, children crying and sleepy voices asking what the trouble was.

At a window directly over the store where my two friends were a night-capped head appeared and a frightened woman screamed, "Help! Burglars!" at the top of her lungs.

That completed the havoc which the playful cats and the flower pot had begun. From every house half-dressed men armed with rifles, shotguns and all sorts of weapons poured into the street.

All this racket had started too suddenly for me to give Ned and George any warning. I could only crouch farther back in the shadow of my doorway and trust to Providence that the villagers would overlook me in their excitement.

"There goes the burglar now!" some one shouted, and just then I saw my husband dash past my hiding place so close that I could have touched him. He was headed for the open country beyond the railroad tracks and was running faster than I had ever supposed a man of his weight could.

"Stop, or I'll shoot!" yelled an old white-whiskered farmer who stood, rifle in hand, not a dozen yards away.

But Ned, if he heard the command, made no move to obey. Instead, he only ran all the faster, hunching his head down between his shoulders and zigzagging back and forth across the road as if to make his bulky form a less favorable target.

The old farmer raised his rifle as deliberately as if he had been aiming at a squirrel instead of a fellow man. Three shots blazed out in rapid succession.

The first shot went wild. At the second my husband stumbled. At the third he threw up his hands and pitched forward headlong in the road.

"We've got him!" the crowd shouted with what seemed to me fiendish glee and rushed up to where Ned's body lay in a quivering, bloody heap.

I supposed he was dead, but whether dead or alive I knew there was nothing I could do to aid him. Nervous and trembling at the awful sight I had seen, I slipped out of town unnoticed.

What Came of Our Crimes

I saw nothing of George Mason and for months afterward did not know how he had escaped. With better judgment than my husband showed, he had remained quietly in the store after the outcry started. He saw the shooting, and in the confusion which followed he found little difficulty in getting out of town.

Friends of mine in New London aided me to return to the hospital in Hartford, where Ned had been taken after the shooting. His recovery was slow, for there was a bullet imbedded nine inches deep in his back which the surgeons were unable to remove. As soon as he was able to stand trial, he was sentenced to three years in State prison, and when he had completed this term he was given three years in Massachusetts for the robbery at Palmer.

This was the result of our crimes in New England—my husband nearly killed and sentenced to six long years in prison. Can you wonder why I have learned the lesson that crime does not pay?

But, to my sorrow, I did not learn the lesson then—no, not for many years after that. With my husband in prison the support of my little ones fell wholly on my shoulders, and I promptly turned to bank robbing as the easiest way I knew of making a living.

My early training under such expert bank robbers as Ned Lyons, Mark Shinburn and Harry Raymond made me extraordinarily successful in this variety of crime. The cleverest men in the business began to have respect for my judgment and were continually inviting me to take an important part in their risky but very profitable ventures. Soon, as I am going to tell you, my reputation for skill in organizing the most daring robberies and carrying them through without detection had spread even beyond the limits of the underworld.

One day, when I was trying to enjoy the novel experience of living honestly for a few weeks, a distinguished looking gentleman called at my home. He saw my look of incredulity when he announced himself as a bank president and promptly produced a heavy engraved card which confirmed the truth of his statement.

Instantly I was on my guard. In those days my house was the headquarters for all sorts of strange persons—receivers of stolen goods, professional bondsmen, criminal lawyers, escaped prisoners—but I had never before been honored by a visit from a bank president. What on earth could the president of a bank want of a bank robber?

"I understand that you are one of the most successful bank robbers in America," he said without any delay in coming to the point. "I want your advice in a little undertaking I have in mind, and, if possible, your help."

"My advice and help!" I exclaimed, thinking the man must be out of his head.

"That's exactly what I want," he replied coolly. "I want you to tell me how I can have my bank robbed, and, if possible, I want you to take charge of the robbery yourself."

As he explained, he was more than $150,000 short in his accounts. He had taken this amount from the bank within the past year and lost every dollar of it in speculation. He could not return this money and it was only a matter of a few weeks before his embezzlement would be discovered.

Being a man of prominence in his community—a deacon in the church, his wife a society leader, his children in college—running away was out of the question. For months he had been racking his brain for some way of averting the ruin which he had brought upon himself.

The plan he had finally devised for retaining his good name and keeping out of prison was to have his bank robbed. On the night of the robbery he would leave $50,000 in the vault to pay the robbers for their trouble, but when he came to announce the robbery to the police and the newspapers he would declare that $200,000 had been taken.

In this way his thefts would be covered up and he could continue to enjoy the respect and confidence of the community where he had always lived.

A Banker Hires Us to Rob

I was amazed at the bold ingenuity of this plan and the matter-of-fact way in which he presented it to me. This was the first I had ever heard of a bank being robbed by request of one of its officials. Later I came to know that it is not an uncommon thing for dishonest presidents and cashiers to conceal their thefts by hiring robbers to break into their banks. The difference between what is actually taken in one of these robberies by request and what the police and the newspapers say is taken covers the amount which the embezzling official has lost in Wall Street or some other speculation.

At that time such an idea was so new to me that all sorts of suspicions crowded into my mind. Probably it was trap for me, I thought, and I positively declined to have anything to do with it.

But the old banker would not take no for an answer. He urged me to think it over, and a week later he called again.

By this time the fear of the disgrace which threatened him and his family had made him a nervous wreck. He begged so piteously for me to help him save his good name that my womanly sympathies got the better of me, and I finally consented.

All my feeling for him, however, did not quite free my mind of the fear that the whole affair might be a trick, and I determined to protect myself and the robbers who would assist me with all the shrewdness I could.



Sophie Lyons—the "Queen of the Burglars"

"We must have a written agreement," I said at the very start.

The banker objected to this, fearing, I suppose, that I might use the paper against him later for blackmail. But I insisted that I would not do a thing until I had it.

"If you can't trust me to that extent, I can't trust you," I said firmly—and at last he told me to draw up the paper and he would sign it.

According to the contract which I prepared, the banker paid five thousand dollars down and was to pay me an equal amount as soon as I had completed my arrangements and set the date for the robbery. He further agreed that there should be at least $50,000 in cash in the bank vault on the night of our visit.

It was further provided that the banker should co-operate with me and my fellow robbers in every possible way, and that he should do nothing to aid in our arrest or conviction for the crime, which, as was expressly stated, was committed at his suggestion and not ours. In case the robbery was interrupted before we could get inside the vault the banker was to pay us $25,000 in cash in addition to the $10,000 already advanced.

I agreed to leave no stone unturned to carry out the robbery and promised to return the agreement to the banker as soon as all its provisions had been fulfilled.

All this I set down on paper in as businesslike way as I knew how. It was a document which would have made the poor old banker's ruin even greater than his thievings had done if I had been the sort of woman to break faith with him. With trembling fingers he signed it and counted out $5,000 in bills.

From the banker I had gained a good idea of the bank and the sort of vault we would have to enter. Now to get some good, reliable men to help me do the job.

Of all the bank burglars in my acquaintance George Mason seemed best fitted for this particular crime. He was a cool, resourceful fellow and had had wide experience in blowing open bank vaults.

George readily agreed to join me, and for the rest of the party he recommended two younger men—Tom Smith and Frank Jones. I will call them, although those were not their names. I do not like to reveal their identity here because they later reformed and led honest lives.

Right here let me say that I never told these three men of my arrangements with the banker or that I was to receive from him $10,000 in addition to what we expected to find in the vault. If they are alive to-day and read these lines they will learn here for the first time that the bank in Quincy, Ill., which they helped Sophie Lyons rob was robbed by request of its president.

Boring Into the Bank Vault

I sent word to the banker that we were ready and he came to my house and paid me $5,000 more. Then, by different routes, George Mason, the other two robbers and I proceeded to Quincy.

I was the first to arrive. I went to the leading hotel, announced my plan to add a patent medicine laboratory to the town's industries and began to look around for a suitable location for my enterprise. As I believe I mentioned in a previous chapter, this ruse of the patent medicine laboratory was one I had borrowed from my friend, Harry Raymond—he had used it to splendid advantage in his robbery of the Boylston Bank in Boston.

Of course, it was a part of my prearranged plan with the banker that the quarters I should finally find best suited for my purpose would be a room on the second floor of the bank building, directly over the vault we were going to rob.

I made several visits to the bank before I completed my arrangements with the president—partly to carry out my role of the cautious business woman and partly to study the construction of the vault and see where we could best bore our way into it.

By the time the lease was signed the three men who were to be associated with me in the new business arrived. With their help I secured a quantity of bottles, labels, jars of chemicals, chairs, desks, tables and other things we would need if we were really making patent medicine.

Among the articles of furniture we moved in was an unusually large oak wardrobe. We removed the bottom from this and placed it over the exact spot in the floor where we planned to dig our opening into the bank vault.

Then, while one of the men and I ostentatiously pasted labels on endless bottles of "Golden Bitters," the other two men crawled into the wardrobe where no chance visitor could see them and day after day continued the work of removing the layers of brick and timber which separated us from the vault. We stored the debris as it accumulated in bags and carried it away every night.

It was a long job and a hard one. The floor timbers were seasoned oak and beneath them were two layers of brick.

In the cramped space inside the wardrobe it was hard to work to the best advantage and, besides, the men never knew just how far they had progressed and were in constant fear that an extra vigorous blow would loosen a big strip of plaster in the ceiling of the bank.

To our disgust we found after we had passed through the floor itself that the vault had a sort of false roof composed of short lengths of railroad iron placed irregularly in a setting of mortar and brick. This made our task three days longer than we had expected.

Late one afternoon George [illegible] cleared away a space which left only a thin layer of lath and plaster between us and the inside of the vault.

There was too much danger of the gaping hole we had dug under the wardrobe being discovered to admit of any further delay. We made our arrangements to rob the bank that very night.

While the rest of the town was going to bed we waited impatiently for it to get late enough for us to lay our hands on the $50,000 which I had every reason to believe was waiting below that thin layer of lath and plaster. Luckily enough the bank's watchman was at a christening party that evening and was not likely to return until the wee small hours. This prevented the necessity of my remaining on guard outside.

Shortly after midnight we turned out our lamps and lighted our dark lanterns. I peered out of the window—the streets were deserted.

George Mason took a small sledge hammer and with one or two well directed blows opened up the hole in the floor wide enough to admit his body. Then he tied one end of a long rope under his arms and we lowered him down into the vault.

My Comrade's Narrow Escape

To the best of my knowledge and belief the cash which had been promised would be found right on the shelves of the vault, and all George would have to do would be to stuff it into his pockets and climb back up the way he had come.

But, whether through intent or an oversight on the president's part, that was not the case. For several minutes we waited breathlessly listening to George, as he bobbed around the vault by the light of his dark lantern. Then we heard him call in a hoarse whisper:

"Sophie, it's just as I was afraid it would be. Every cent of the money is locked up in the small steel safe. I'll have to come back up and get my tools."

It is the custom in big bank vaults to have a small and separate steel safe to put the actual cash into. Leases, documents, account books and sometimes bonds and stock certificates are kept in the big vault, but money and things of special value are usually locked up in the inside steel compartment.

With some difficulty we hauled him back up. From his bag he selected the drills he thought he would need and from a bottle poured out what seemed to me an extra generous quantity of black powder.

"Be careful and not use too much of that stuff," I called as he disappeared again through the hole. "Ned always said that was your worst failing."

"Don't you worry, Sophie," he replied; "it will take a good big dose to open this safe."

For several minutes we sat there listen-

Our Exciting Adve



As I entered the square I could see [illegible] form looming above the heads of the yelli[illegible] surrounded him. He was mounted on a s[illegible] an oak tree, which stood in front of the [illegible]

I shall never forget how he looked—pa[illegible] his feet tied with rope, his arms securely [illegible] him. He was bareheaded, and they had [illegible] coat and collar in order to adjust the noos[illegible] around his neck.

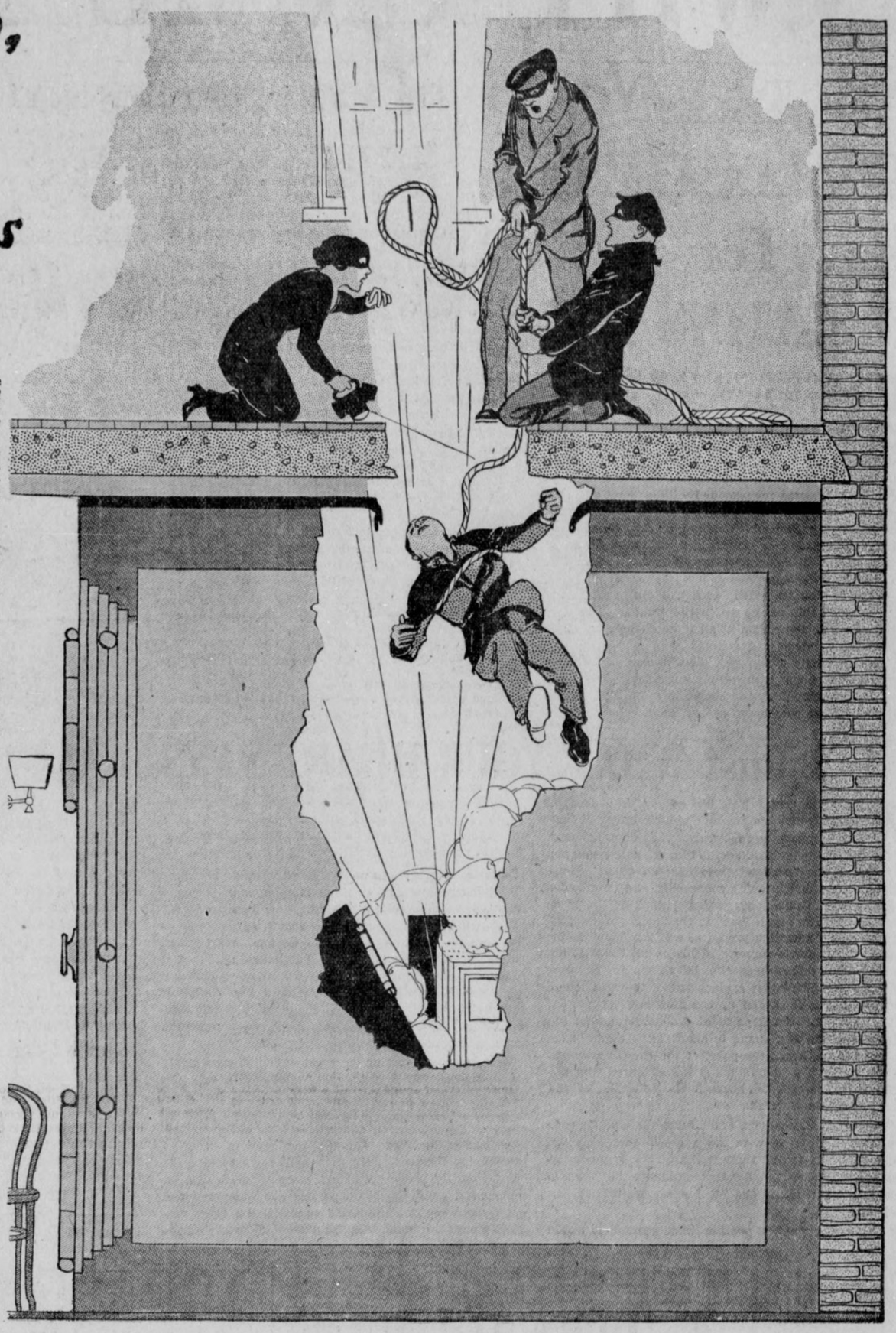
I shuddered to think that unless I could [illegible] plan of action Tom Bigelow's lifeless bod[illegible] be dangling before my eyes.

Summoning every ounce of nervous [illegible] sessed, I pressed my way through the crow[illegible] frantically:

"That man is my sweetheart! Don't ly[illegible] please don't lynch him!"

DESPERATE RISKS CRIMINALS TAKE;

How I Have Faced Death, How Ned Lyons, My Husband, Was Shot and Many Narrow Escapes of My Companions.



ing to the rasping of his drills against the door of the safe. Just as we felt the tug on the rope which was the signal to haul him up, we saw the flare of his lighted match and heard the sputter of the fuse.

We pulled on the rope for all we were worth but before George's body was within two feet of the hole in the floor there came a blinding flash, followed by an explosion that shook the building.

Although dazed by the shock and half blinded by the cloud of dust and poisonous fumes which poured up through the hole, we managed to keep our hold on the rope and haul our helpless comrade out of the death trap in which the premature explosion had caught him.

"George!" I called as we lifted the rope from under his arms. But he never answered and I thought it was only a corpse that we laid gently on the floor. His hair and eyebrows were completely burned off, his face and hands were as black as coal and he was bleeding from an ugly wound in the head.

We forgot the money we were after—we forgot the danger of being caught, in our anxiety for our wounded friend. One of the men brought water while I tried to force a drink of brandy down his throat. It seemed an age before he came to his senses, raised himself on one elbow and roughly pushed me aside.

"It went off too quick for me," he said; "but don't be foolish—I'll be all right in a minute. Look and see if the noise has roused the town."

I looked out—there was not a soul in sight. The bank's thick walls and the fact that it stood at some distance from any other building had evidently prevented the explosion being heard outside.

We Get the Bank's Money

Although suffering intense pain, George insisted on going back to get the money. It was no easy task, for the vault was full of suffocating smoke. There was no time to lose, as the watchman might return at any minute.

After a few minutes we hauled him up for the third time.

"That charge blew the safe door to splinters, but here's every dollar it contained," he said, handing me several packages of bills.

I counted the money and had hard work to conceal my surprise when I found there was only $30,000. But, as Mason thought himself lucky to escape with his life and as the other two men seemed well satisfied with the amount, I said nothing.

We started at once for Chicago, where a few days later we divided the spoils. As I had expected, the bank's loss was placed by the newspapers at $200,000. A large reward was offered for the capture of the robbers. I was pleased to note that the president's story of the amount taken and of the complete mystery in which the affair was shrouded seemed to be generally accepted.

After the excitement had died down the bank president came to Detroit to see me. Worry over the possibility of his crime being discovered had shattered his nerves and he was such a poor broken specimen of an old man that I did not have the heart to demand the additional $20,000 which he had promised us. As I tore up our agreement and handed him the pieces, he said:

Facing a Lynching Mob

"My criminal folly has ruined my peace of mind. Thanks to your help, I have saved my family from disgrace, but the worries and nervous strain of my defalcation and the bank robbery have killed me. My doctors say I have heart disease, and have but a few months to live. I wish I had known two years ago what I have since learned—that crime does not pay."

The desperate risks every criminal has to run often come through no crime of his own but through his association with other criminals. Two of the most exciting events in my varied career happened to me through my loyal effort to save the life of my friend, Tom Bigelow, a well-known bank sneak and burglar.

It was in Mount Sterling, Kentucky, that all this happened. I was there on a perfectly legitimate errand and had no idea that any of my criminal friends were in the vicinity.

There was a circus in town that day, and the long main street was crowded with sightseers. I had been watching the parade with the rest and was on my way back to the hotel for dinner when I heard some one call my name.

Looking around in surprise I saw Johnny Meaney, a young bank sneak, whom I knew well, pressing his way through the crowd toward me. He was all out of breath and in the greatest agitation.

"Sophie," he whispered in my ear, "they've just caught Tom Bigelow with the bank's money on him and they're going to lynch him."

There was no time to ask him more—before the last word was fairly out of his mouth he had disappeared in the crowd.

As I afterward learned, Tom and Johnny had taken advantage of the excitement created by the circus parade to rob the Mount Sterling Bank. While the cashier was standing upon the counter to see the passing parade, Johnny had crawled in under his legs and taken a bundle of money out of the vault.

He got safely out with his plunder and was just handing it to Tom, who had been waiting in a buggy outside, when the cashier discovered his loss and raised a great outcry. Before Tom had time to stir out of his tracks a hundred willing hands in the crowd had made him a prisoner—then some one started the cry: "Lynch the Yankee robber!" and some one else brought a rope.

In the excitement nimble Johnny Meaney had managed to escape. As he dashed down the street he had chanced to catch sight of me and had passed me the word of our friend's peril.

The crowd was already hurrying in the direction of the square in the centre of the town where the court house stood and I followed as fast as my legs could carry me.

As I entered the square I could see Tom's familiar form looming above the heads of the yelling mob which surrounded him. He was mounted on a soap box under an oak tree which stood in front of the court house.

I shall never forget how he looked—pale as a sheet, his feet tied with rope, his arms securely bound behind him. He was bareheaded and they had removed his coat and collar in order to adjust the noose which hung around his neck.

Quite plainly, if there was anything I could do to save my friend, it must be done quickly. The mob was loudly clamoring for his life. Already a young man was climbing up the tree in search of a convenient limb over which to throw the end of the rope.

I shuddered to think that unless I could devise some plan of action, Tom Bigelow's lifeless body would soon be dangling before my eyes.

Summoning every ounce of the nervous energy I possessed, I pressed my way through the crowd, screaming frantically:

"That man is my sweetheart! Don't lynch him—oh, please don't lynch him!"

My action took the crowd by surprise—they made a lane for me and pushed me along until finally I stood right at Tom's feet.

How I Saved Tom's Life

I climbed up on the box beside Tom. I threw my arms around his neck, although the feel of that ugly noose against my flesh made me shudder.

"This man is innocent—he is my sweetheart," I kept shouting. "You must let him go."

I hugged Tom Bigelow, I kissed him, I wept over him—I did everything I could imagine a woman doing when the man she loves is about to be hung before her eyes.

"If you hang him, you'll have to hang me, too," I screamed between my heartrending sobs.

The crowd was amazed. Lynchings were no uncommon occurrence in that region, but nothing like this had ever happened before.

The cooler heads in the crowd began to have their say. "Take that noose off his neck and lock them both up," some one shouted.

The Sheriff put handcuffs on us and led us away.. My ruse had succeeded. Tom Bigelow's life was saved!

Tom and I were lodged in jail, indicted by the Grand Jury and held without bail for trial. Of course, I was innocent of any share in the robbery, but as the authorities believed my story that I was Tom's sweetheart, they thought I must know more about it than I admitted.

It was while we were confined in the jail at Mount Sterling that I had an opportunity to see for myself how it feels to face a desperate lynching mob. That was one of the most horrid nightmares I ever experienced.

One of our fellow inmates in the jail was a man named Murphy Logan, who was awaiting trial for the murder of his father. He was a sullen, weak-minded fellow, who had several killings to his discredit. The general opinion was that he belonged in an insane asylum.

In another neighboring cell was a young man named Charlie Steele. He was exceedingly popular in the community. His worst fault was love of liquor and he was in jail for some minor offense which he had committed on one of his sprees. The other prisoners shunned Logan on account of his disagreeable ways, but Steele good naturedly made quite a friend of him and they often played cards together.

In this jail the prisoners were allowed the freedom of the long corridor on which the cells opened. One afternoon Tom Bigelow and I sat just outside my cell trying to devise some way to regain our liberty. Down at the other end of the corridor Charlie Steele and Murphy Logan were enjoying their usual game of cards.

Suddenly we were startled by a piercing scream. I jumped to my feet, and looked around to see poor Steele lying on the floor with the blood streaming from a long wound in his throat. Over him, glaring like the madman he was, stood Murphy Logan, brandishing in one hand a heavy piece of tin which he had fashioned into a crude sort of dagger.

Forgetful of my own danger, I rushed up and seized Logan's arm, just as he was about to plunge the weapon into Steele's body again. He turned on me but I managed to keep him from wounding me until Tom and some of the other prisoners came to my assistance.

Steele lived only a few hours. The Sheriff placed the murderer in solitary confinement, and chained him to the floor of his cell. His ravings were something terrible to hear. He continually threatened vengeance on any of his fellow prisoners who would tell how he had slain his friend.

After listening to these threats all night long we were in terror of our lives, and when the inquest was held next day not a single prisoner would admit that he had seen the killing.

"Didn't you see this happen?" the Sheriff asked me.

"No," I lied, "I was in my cell at the time, and don't know anything about how Steele came to his end."

"You lie!" shouted Logan, when he heard this. "If you hadn't interfered I would have cut him up worse than I did. I will make you suffer for sticking your nose into my affairs."

The town was in a fever of excitement, and from the windows of our cells we could see excited groups discussing the murder on every corner. Feeling ran particularly high, because the dead man had been so popular in the community while nobody liked Murphy Logan.

Late that night Logan became so exhausted with his ravings that he fell asleep. I was just preparing to try to get some rest myself when I heard the tramp of heavy feet coming up the jail stairs.

By the dim light of the one smoky kerosene lamp I saw a crowd of masked men trooping into the corridor. The leaders carried heavy sledge hammers, and with these, having been unable to make the Sheriff give up his keys, they attacked the iron door of Logan's cell.

It quickly fell to pieces before their sturdy blows. Then they broke the murderer's shackles and dragged him, shrieking curses with every breath, down the stairs and out into the street.

They strung him up to a tree, riddled him with bullets, and left his body hanging there in the moonlight in full view of my cell window. This was too much for my overwrought nerves. I threw myself on my couch and wept. Tom Bigelow did his best to console me, but I could not sleep—my head ached and I trembled in every limb.

About an hour later I heard that ominous tramp of feet again! This time the masked men came straight to the door of my cell.

"Is this where that woman is?" a rough voice called.

I cowered in a corner, too frightened to reply. They pounded the door down just as they had Murphy Logan's. A man seized me by the arm, and pulled me out, none too gently.

They were going to lynch me—I was convinced of that. With tears streaming down my cheeks I pleaded as I never had before, that I was innocent of any crime, and begged to be allowed to go back home to my children.

They took me downstairs into the Sheriff's office, where sat a man who seemed to be the leader of the mob.

"So you tried to save Charlie Steele's life, did you?" he said to me.

Then for the first time it dawned on me that perhaps I was not going to be hanged after all. I told the whole truth about what I had done when I saw Logan waving his dagger over his victim. When I had finished the leader said:

"That's all we want to know, young woman. We liked Charlie Steele, and we like you for what you tried to do for him. Now you're free to get out of town—that's your reward for trying to save poor Charlie. We'll see you safely to the depot."

I was overjoyed. The leader handed me enough money for my traveling expenses and permitted me to go up to Tom's cell and tell him of my good fortune. Before day broke I was on a train for Detroit.

These are only a few of the desperate risks which my husband, my friends and I were constantly facing during the years when I was active in crime.

If every business man and merchant faced prison, bullets or a lynching as a necessary risk of trade, would anybody regard business life as attractive?

The few incidents from my own experiences recounted on this page give one more illuminative reason why I maintain that CRIME DOES NOT PAY!

SOPHIE LYONS.

Adventure with a Lynching Mob.



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The Sheriff put handcuffs on us and led us away. My ruse had succeeded—Tom Bigelow's life was saved!

What Happened When We Robbed a Bank "By Request."

There was too much danger of the gaping hole we had dug under the wardrobe being discovered to admit of any further delay. We quickly completed our arrangements to rob the bank that very night.

Shortly after midnight we put out all the lamps and lighted our dark lanterns. I peered out of the window—the streets were deserted.

George Mason took a small sledge hammer, and with one or two well directed blows opened up the hole in the floor wide enough to admit his body. Then he tied one end of a long rope under his arms and we lowered him down into the vault.

For several minutes we waited breathlessly, listening to George as he fumbled around the vault by the light of his dark lantern. Then we heard him call in a hoarse whisper:

"Sophie, it's just as I was afraid it would be! Every cent of the money is locked up in the small steel safe. I'll have to come up and get my tools."

It is the custom in big bank vaults to have a small and separate steel safe to put the actual cash into. Leases, documents, account books and sometimes bonds and stock certificates are kept in the big vault, but money and things of special value are usually locked up in the inside steel compartment.

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"Don't you worry Sophie," he replied; "it will take a good big dose to open this safe."

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Next Sunday Sophie Lyons Will Reveal the Secrets Behind the Scenes at a $3,000,000 Burglary—The Astonishing Details of the Robbery of the Manhattan Bank in New York, the Biggest Cracksmen's Job Ever Accomplished Anywhere in the World.

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New Things Not Found in Any Books

New Tricks COALDEALERS Have For CHEATING YOU

How a Secret Chamber in a Coal Wagon Can Rob You of Several Hundred Pounds

TWO THOUSAND POUNDS is what you ought to get when you buy a ton of coal. But the chances are you will be cheated unless you watch your coal dealer. Recent prosecutions in New York City and New Jersey have revealed some new tricks and devices which dishonest dealers have resorted to for cheating their customers.

Some coal wagons are provided with a secret chamber made to retain anywhere frmo 200 to 300 pounds of the coal making up the load. This box is located under the driver's seat and is so constructed that it seems to be a part of it. The customer pays for the coal in this box, but he doesn't get it.

Why, it may be asked, does the dishonest dealer who employs this device go to the trouble of loading this coal on to the wagon at all if he doesn't intend to deliver it?

That is easily explained. The Bureau of Weights and Measures employs numerous inspectors whose duty it is, among other things, to keep an eye on coal wagons and protect the purchasers of coal from being imposed upon. One of these inspectors is apt to stop a loaded coal wagon in the street, compel the driver to show the ticket he carries giving the weight of his load, and then direct him to drive to the nearest weighing station to have the loaded wagon weighed. After the coal is delivered the driver is compelled to weigh the empty wagon. In this manner the inspector ascertains the exact weight of the coal delivered.

When a wagon equipped with a secret chamber is held up in this way the driver realizes that it is dangerous for him to attempt to deliver short weight. In making the delivery, therefore, he releases a bolt which holds the cover of the secret chamber in place and the coal which the chamber contains is then delivered with the rest. When the empty wagon is weighed the figures show that a full load was delivered.

But if the driver of this wagon happens to arrive at his destination without encountering an inspector the little bolt which holds the cover of the secret chamber in place is not released, and the coal contained in the chamber, which the customer pays for, goes back to the dealer to be used again to defraud the purchaser of the next wagon load.

Commissioner Walsh, the head of the Bureau of Weights and Measures in New York, a week or so ago prosecuted a coal dealer named Barnet Fishman for using one of these secret chambers in his coal wagon, and the dealer was held for trial.

In that case it appeared that the secret chamber held 164 pounds of coal. The case was an aggravated one because the class of customers supplied by this dealer were principally East Siders who were so poor that they had to pay for their coal on the installment plan!

An even more general mode of cheating the public practiced by dishonest coal dealers is that of fraudulent coal tickets.

There is a city ordinance which provides that coal dealers shall deliver to their drivers a certificate showing the weight of the coal in the load and the weight of the wagon and the name of the purchaser.



A and B, The Two-Slip Trick. One for Oevrweight Charge If No Inspector Is About. C, Trap for Holding Back 200 or 300 Pounds from You.

If one of these certificate calls for 2,000 pounds of coal and upon weighing the wagon before and after delivery the inspector discovered that it contained only 1,500 there would, of course, be a clear case against the dealer.

To overcome this the dishonest dealers have resorted to a system of double certificates. Their drivers are supplied with one certificate containing the actual amount of coal contained in the wagon and another specifying the amount ordered by the customer and supposed to be in the wagon.

If, then, the driver who has only 1,500 pounds of coal with which to make a delivery of 2,000 pounds is held up by an inspector and asked to show his ticket he shows the 1,500-pound ticket. Realizing that in this instance it is dangerous to go through with his original fraudulent programme, he frankly tells the customer that the load delivered contains only 1,500 pounds, explaining that that was all the yard could supply at the time.

If, however, no inspector happens to intercept the driver on his way to deliver the coal he delivers the 1,500 pounds of coal and gets the customer to sign his delivery ticket for a full 2,000 pounds.

This fraud was freely practiced until a few months ago, when Commissioner Walsh succeeded in convicting one of the worst offenders, a coal dealer named Ehler J. Ernst.

In the particular case in which the fraud was discovered the wagon contained 3,000 pounds of coal. When it left the yard it was trailed by an inspector as a result of complaints which the bureau had received against the dealer.

From a nearby point of advantage the inspector saw the driver hand a delivery slip to the customer. This slip called for 4,000 pounds, the amount ordered, and the customer signed it.

Then the inspector pounced upon the driver, snatched his hat from his head, and in the hatband discovered the emergency slip calling for 3,000 pounds, the amount the wagon actually contained. This emergency certificate would, of course, have been exhibited to the inspector had he intercepted the wagon on the way to its destination.

The coal dealer got thirty days in jail and had to pay a $500 fine and his conviction resulted not only in putting him out of business but in discouraging similar frauds upon the part of other coal dealers, although there are, no doubt, many of them still practicing them.

"Without the co-operation of this bureau," declared Commissioner Walsh, "the consumer can do very little to protect himself against the dishonest coal dealer. While there are numerous public weighing stations in various parts of the city and the law provides that a purchaser may compel a coal dealer to have his wagon load weighed at one of these stations, there is no penalty provided for the coal dealer's refusal to comply with this demand. All that the purchaser can do in such a case is to refuse to receive the coal.

"The best plan for the consumer to follow whenever he has the least suspicion that his coal dealer is not overscrupulous is to notify this bureau when he is expecting a load of coal. Upon receipt of such information an inspector will be assigned to compel the weighing of the load and to see that the customer gets every pound he pays for. Information received in this way is regarded as confidential and the coal dealer has no way of ascertaining that the inspection was the result of the customer's action unless the customer tells him.

If the driver refuses to accompany the inspector to the weighing station the bureau realizes that it is dealing with a dishonest dealer and proceedings promptly follow."

Just WHAT YOUR HEART SAYS to the Doctor

WHEN the doctor puts his ear to your chest or applies the stethoscope, which only conducts the sounds more clearly, what does he hear? The sound of the normal heart is like the pronounciation of the syllables "lub-dup" close to each other. These syllables are heard in quick succession, and then comes a pause—the diastole, or resting period of the great force-pump. The sound "lub" is that of the blood flowing out under muscular pressure, and the "dup" is the closing of the aortic valves. If this sound "dup" is not heard, it shows that the aortic valves are destroyed or not working. The latest explanation of the first sound, "lub," is that it is caused by the muscular contraction of the heart and the impulse of the heart against the chest-wall. The first sound is heard more clearly over the apex of the heart, the point of the chest nearest to the ventricle. The second sound is best heard over the aortic valves, which lie beneath the left side of the chest just by the third rib.

If you close a door with great force the slam is very loud, and if the tension in the aorta is very high the sound "dup" is louder than usual. This is most important to the physician, for he then knows that there is high arterial tension, due to what is termed an aneurism.

If the sound "lub" is weaker than normal, it would indicate a weakness of the heart muscle, and this is the case in fevers. In typhoid fever, for instance, when this first sound is very weak, we know that the heart is so weak as to make the case alarming.

A heart is said to have a "murmur" when the sharp "dup" disappears and the listening physician hears a softened noise, called a "murmur." If you try to say "dup" with your lips open, the sound uttered will be like that the doctor hears in the diseased heart whose valves do not close properly. The sound produced is something like "duff," and if the mitral valve does not work well the first syllable is softened into "luff." If both valves work poorly, the sound is "luff-duff—luff-duff," but if both valves are very much out of order the sound is like that of a bellows, "oho-oho."

Most persons speak of the heart as if it were a single organ, but actually it is two hearts joined together, the right and the left heart. The right sends the blood through the lungs so that it may be aerated, or acted upon by the oxygen in the inhaled air, while the left heart sends the blood through the body in order to nourish the tissues. Both of these hearts receive the blood from the large veins into the auricles, which, by contracting, send the blood on into the ventricles, and when these powerful muscles contract, the right ventricle pumps the blood into the pulmonary artery on the way to the lungs and from the left ventricle into the aorta, which distributes the blood all over the body, so that after having nourished the nerves and muscles it returns through the veins to the heart, there to be pumped into the lungs for purification by the oxygen before again passing through the system.

The difference in the sounds of the right and left ventricles is traced to the difference in resistance of the aorta and the pulmonary artery. The pulmonary artery resists with only one-third the strength of the aorta, so the pumping force required is less and the noise of the closing gates is that much less.

It is true, then, that when the physician listens to the beating of a patient's heart through his stethoscope the heart speaks to him in unmistakable language. When it plainly says "lub-dup" he knows that all is well with this important organ and he pats the patient on the shoulder, saying: "Nothing serious—you'll be all right in a day or two." When, however, the heart says "lub-duff" he knows that the aortic valve is not working properly and takes the proper steps to correct it. When the heart says "luff-dup" he is sure that the mitral valves are out of order, and he tries to reach them.

When the heart says "luff-duff" he draws a solemn face, for both valves are out of order, and when it says "oho-oho" he digs down into his bag and goes to work at once, for all is radically wrong.

Why the MOULD on JELLY Is a GERM-PROOF SEAL

MOULD has always been regarded by most people as unclean, harmful and something to be quickly rid of. But as for the mould that housekeepers so fiercely combat, there is really no danger in it; on the other hand, it is indeed most beautiful.

Housekeepers, however, do not go about looking at the mould on the top of their jelly and preserves with a powerful microscope. They are busy trying to keep the mould away. If they were to study this mould by means of a microscope they would see the most beautiful floral and vegetable forms imaginable. They would see in the mould a little forest of marvelous tropical-appearing "trees" of dainty gossamer appearance, frost-like and in wonderful tints.

Unless the can of jelly or preserves is to be used at once it is not always best to clean the mould off because this mould first spreads a water-tight skin over the surface and then the fuzzy, greenish-looking growth comes up from that. But no dust or dirt or germs can get through that mould, and it really protects the contents of the jar.

This mould is called, scientifically, "Penicillium glaucum," and it is, of course, a form of fungus. It first forms this protective grayish-green mat while the growth above that gives off a dust when disturbed. Most people are afraid of mould because they connect it with death and decay, but mould does not always mean this. The mould on preserves certainly does not. Handsome mould will form on the top of the cleanest soil and these little mould plants are quite harmless. Even the most beautiful of lilies will grow from the depths of the foulest pond.

The little mould plants, although so delicate in appearance, are in reality quite hardy and have many peculiar means of fighting for their existence. There are no seeds, growth taking place by means of spores, and scientists are even yet unable to learn just why it is that these spores may pass into a resting stage and remain without germinating for anywhere from two weeks to two years. They seem to come out of their resting state as best suits their own wishes, without any apparent reason to make them do so as far as scientists can discover.

Counting MICROBES in the DUST PARTICLES

EXPERIMENTS made in counting the particles of dust in a cubic inch have led to many remarkable discoveries, among them being the surprising scarcity of bacteria in dust. This does not mean there is no bacteria in dust, or that there is not the danger in breathing dust popularly supposed. Rather, it means there are more particles of dust in a given area than anyone would imagine.

By means of Aitken's dust counter one scientist learned that in the open suburbs of London there are 40,000 dust particles in every cubic inch of air. While in the crowded and busy part of London he found a million dust particles in a cubic inch of air. Of course this is due to the fact that constant traffic keeps the dust stirred up and afloat, while in the open suburbs the roads are made nearly dust proof with oil and such substances and but little dust arises from the fields and lawns.

The same investigator found but one micro-organism to every 38,300,000 particles dust in the London open air. In plainer terms, there was but one microbe to every thirty-eight cubic inches of air. But when air is constantly floating about and man is constantly moving about, he comes in contact with a great deal of air space and so in the course of a day runs a chance of breathing many microbes into his lungs.

If, however, every dark and damp place could suddenly be dried up and stirred up, the micro-organisms would be found in terrifyingly large numbers. It is the heat of the sun and the bright light that keep down these micro-organisms and so, even on a dusty day, there is a poverty of microbes in the air if the sun be bright and hot.

To get an idea of the smallness of dust particles is almost impossible. Competent statisticians among scientists have estimated that there are four thousand millions of dust particles in the puff of cigarette smoke! A still better example of the minuteness of dust particles may be had from the chemically pure water experiment. Scientists declare that chemically pure water is a non-conductor of electricity. This means that being chemically pure there is no foreign matter in the water to make the connection between molecules of water.

Now if one grain of salt is added to one hundred tons of chemically pure water, providing so much water could be made chemically pure, that grain of salt would supply the needed foreign matter in a sufficient quantity to make the water a conductor of electricity, and the electric current would then link every molecule of water together and pass through them.

Whenever anyone stops to think that dust ceases to be dust when it is firmly attached to other matter, the value of dampness in keeping dust down is better appreciated. The moment dampness, which will attach dust to other substances, appears, dust ceases to be and so the need of keeping streets oiled to lay the dust, and the necessity of dusting with damp clothes rather than by increasing the dust by means of a duster or dry cloth which simply sets it fluttering about increases the number of dust particles in each cubic inch of air.

YOU MIGHT TRY---

Keeping Cheese Fresh.

TO prevent cheese from getting hard, cut a small piece off for present use and place the remainedr in cool safe. Spread a thin film of butter over the cut part and cover with a clean cloth. This will prevent that hard, cracked condition which ruins the best of cheese.

Rejuvenating Shoe Polish.

IF your shoe polish becomes hardened in the tin, do not moisten with water, but with milk, it will improve the polish tenfold.

For Fruit Stains.

FINGERS stained with hulling strawberries or other fruit may be cleaned by scrubbing them with strong tea.

Storing Silver.

IF silver is to be stored away for some time, pack it with dry flour; it will remain untarnished.

Tarnished Faucets.

A LITTLE lemon juice rubbed on tarnished faucets will easily and quickly brighten them.

How a TUNING FORK Will OPEN A SAFE

TO open a rather massive steel safe solely by striking an ordinary tuning fork and resting it on top of the safe is the very remarkable invention of a London man, Thorne Baker, who is an electrical expert and connected with a big London newspaper.

Of course electricity is used with this invention, but it is actually nothing more or less than the vibration of the tuning fork that starts an electric current and thereby operates the bolts that lock the door. The safe is made as many others of chilled steel and has a knob, but minus the usual mechanism of a combination lock.

Instead of this there are electro-magnets attached to the bolts of the door and these magnets are connected by wires with a circuit of batteries. From these batteries is still another connection with a set of dry batteries which in turn are connected with a peculiar sort of sounding board made in an obtuse angle and bearing one "string" of wire, a harp, violin or other musical instrument string, supported with a bridge like a violin bridge.

Now the tuning fork is struck and the string on the sounding board is put in exact tune with the tuning fork, after which this sounding board or musical lock, is connected with the set of dry batteries and the door of the safe is closed. By striking the tuning fork to make it vibrate, then resting the base of the fork on top of the safe, the vibration is received inside on the string of the sounding board and, being tuned the same, these vibrations are in unison.

The moment these vibrations, those of the tuning fork outside the safe and those of the string inside the safe, are in unison the wire vibrations pass through a coil and down into the small circuit of dry batteries which closes that circuit and an electric current is created which travels on to the larger circuit of batteries. These give the necessary strong current which acts on the electro-magnets that promptly throw open, by releasing and allowing to drop, the bolts in the door, enabling one to simply take hold of the knob and open it.

No two tuning forks ever made possessed exactly the same tone, it is said, and so the inventor claims only that fork to which the musical string inside has been exactly attuned will open his safe. Of course the safe can be reset to any tuning fork simply by tuning the string on the sounding board inside the safe to that fork. There may be a number of drawbacks to this safe, at least it so appears, although the inventor may explain them away. But if the tuning fork is lost and no other fork has the same tone, it will be necessary to break open the safe. Or if the wire inside that is tuned to the fork should stretch or contract a hair's breadth, it would mean an entirely different note, and every musician knows how necessary it is to constantly keep tuning stringed instruments, even those with wire strings.

If such a thing were to occur, the puzzle is, how could the safe be opened, except by the one chance in a billion or more of finding a tuning fork with exactly the same tone as the new tone inside the safe caused by the flatting or sharping of the wire? Except, of course, to break the safe.

An Easy Way to Grow SEEDLINGS FOR TRANSPLANTING

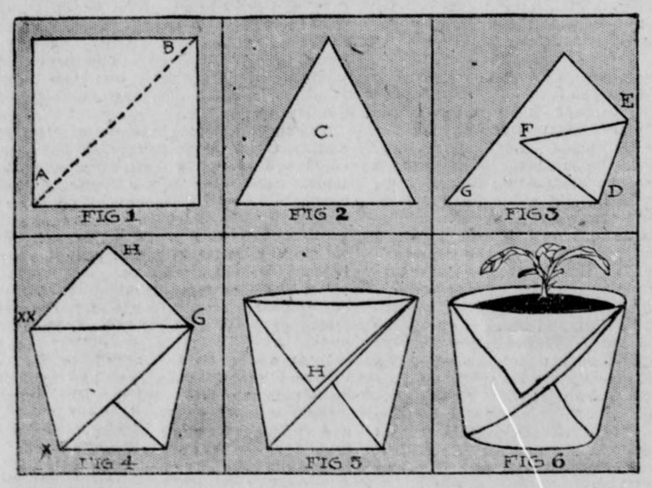
IT is a lot of bother and considerable expense to supply those small earthenware pots in which to raise seedlings to the proper age for transplanting. The average amateur gardener would need at least half a hundred of them. They are bothersome to store, always getting broken and making an additional expense.

A simple way to do without these little pots was suggested by the paper drinking cup. Directions for folding paper into a drinking cup have frequently been printed in all sorts of periodicals, but as it is always difficult to locate just the clipping you want, it is well enough to give outline instructions for folding these cups, only, of course, they are made larger and can be folded into any size.

Made of tough paper and set close together in a long wooden tray for indoor growing, or in racks for hot or cold frames, they will last until the seedling has grown the proper size to transplant, when they may be burned up or thrown away, and as plenty of strong wrapping paper is at hand, the expense is nothing.

To make these paper seedling flower pots take a square of this tough paper, from eight to twelve inches, according to the size of the pots you want. A few experiments will tell you better what size they will come out.

Take the proper size, cut square, as in Fig. 1. Fold it diagonally along A and B, making a firm, sharp crease. Then, when it is like C in Fig. 2, fold the point F at D and E and crease in a like manner as in Fig. 3. Now fold the point G across again as in Fig. 4, making a crease between X and XX. Take the two points at H and fold them over on either side, Fig. 5 showing how this is done. The other point is folded back in the same manner on the back side. Open this cup or flower pot with the fingers, fill with dirt and plant your seedlings. These pots will not stand alone very well, but when set together in a shallow box frame, they will be all right and it is the simplest thing in the world to rip them open when ready to transplant, making it much easier and less dangerous to the seedling, in fact, than with the old method of trying to dump them out of earthen pots.



By Making Your Little "Flower Pots" Out of Thick Paper You Avoid Disturbing the Roots in Transplanting.

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How Dancing Develops a Beautiful Figure.

Third of an Instructive Series of Articles by the Well-Known Dancer, Ruth St. Denis

THIS newspaper presents to-day the third of a series of articles by the most graceful woman in America. Miss Ruth St. Denis is the foremost dancer in the United States. Her fame, not limited to her own country, is worldwide.

Miss St. Denis has literally danced before kings, having been received and admired in the courts of Europe. She is a mistress of the art of expression without words, pantomime, and is deeply learned in the grace and beauty lore of the Orient. She advises her countrywomen upon a subject in which every woman is interested, how to improve her figure, and tells them in clear, forceful manner and careful detail how this can be done. She does not hesitate to point to the faults in the figures and carriage of her countrywomen, but while she tells of the evil she also describes the remedy.

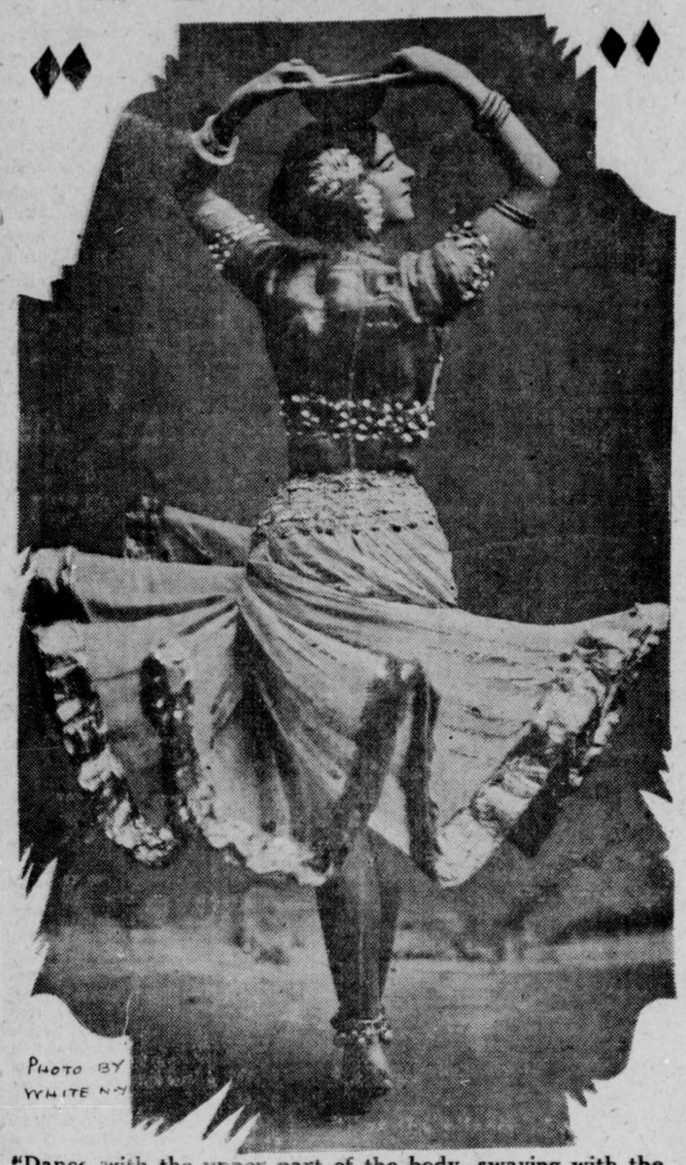


PHOTO BY WHITE N-Y

"Dance with the upper part of the body, swaying with the arms and trunk."



"Don't dance with the feet alone. Dance from the thighs, with long, rhythmical movements. Dance with the upper part of the body."

PHOTO BY WHITE N-Y

No. 3---The Waist and Hips

By Ruth St. Denis

IT WILL surprise you, I fancy, that I assert at the beginning of a talk on how to make the hips and waist symmetrical, that you must free them from stays and bandages.

In imagination I hear the chorus of "Oh, nos!" that goes up from the dismayed throats of my women readers. Yet I repeat it, and with ten fold emphasis.

There can be no symmetry without freedom of movement. Grace is freedom and movement, and grace brings about symmetry. So cast off those stays. Remove those abdominal and waist bands. Permit yourself absolute freedom of movement. When you bend to pick up something do not do so with groans and with creaking joints. When you stoop to pick up something let your whole body collapse. Utterly let it go. Pick up the object, be it a pin or a rug, easily and naturally, and when you rise let the muscles glide naturally back to their first position.

In all your household duties do this. If you are making a bed or laundering your own handkerchiefs or lifting the baby that has stumbled and hurt its toe do so in an easy, untrammeled way, and gradually after a few weeks or months, you will be rewarded for the temporary sacrifice to your vanity by going uncorseted. The freed muscles, awkward after their long imprisonment, that at first went roaming about your person in a way that seemed to you appalling, will gradually settle back into their proper place and, growing firm, remain where they belong and adjust themselves to the harmony of the body.



PHOTO BY WHITE N-Y

"Describe as nearly as possible a circle, as a wind sways slightly in a light breeze and nearly wrenches itself from the roots in a high wind."



PHOTO BY OTTO SARONY-N-Y.

"I learned to dance with nature's aid. No one has ever taught me a dance step."

The Venus de Milo had generous hips. Also she had a stomach, and wasn't ashamed of it. If you reflect that the woman who has not a curving stomach is a monstrosity you will be ashamed of a flat one instead of desiring it.

Hips and a waist that are in right proportion to the rest of your figure are, then, what you want. Ask your tailor to tell you, and use the tape measure to corroborate his statements, for tailors may not always be frank, whether your shoulders are exactly as wide as word, they balance them. Ask your hips, whether, in a him also to give you the measurement of your bust and waist. If your bust is ten inches larger than your waist the curve from one to the other is correct. If there be more than ten inches difference, the waist is relatively too small or the bust relatively too large.

That is the correct standard, and the body inclines naturally to it. The body that has been by imprisonment in stays twisted out of and away from the standard will slowly readjust itself to it if you release it from its imprisonment and give it freedom. For symmetry follows freedom inevitably as the shadow the sunshine, though I admit not quite so quickly, because it takes considerable time to readjust one's self after a tortured condition.

The symmetrical body will have hips and waist neither too large nor too small, but to use a hearty phrase that is thoroughly and typically American, "just right." How to attain these? Of methods I suggest three.

First, think of straight lines. The straight line suggests thinness. You never saw a plump straight line. But, what is far more important, dwelling in thought upon the straight line accustoms you to balance, which is perfect adjustment of all parts of the body. Keep in mind that a straight line represents the centre of gravity and that if such line were dropped from the very apex of the crown of your head, it would reach the earth at a point equidistant between your feet.

It is a well known truth, undisputed by even the most material, in fact the most material persons give the best examples of it, that we become like that about which we think a great deal.

Stooping often and letting the body collapse when you stoop, to which I have already referred, will bring the hips into place, solidify them and give the waist its right proportion to the body. But make a practise of stooping. Don't sink to your knees when you pick up anything. Bend from the waist, and do so quickly with the free, swooping motion of a bird. Do this when you turn on your bath and the dozen other things your daily habits require. Don't make fastening your shoes a labor. Regard it as a means of establishing the right proportions of your body and swoop down upon your task. Indeed, I should like to change the word from "stooping" to "swooping." And, of course, we have understood that you must dance. You will dance. I have before told you that to dance is to live. Dancing is life. If you dance much your body will assume its proper proportions, and waist and hips will take care of themselves.

Don't dance with feet alone. Dance with the free, unimpeded limbs. Dance from the thigh, in long rhythmical movements. You have only to watch some persons dance to see that they are dancing with their feet, or at most with the lower half of the leg, for their poor knees bob up and down absurdly as we see the knees of an inexpert and ungraceful walker rise and fall. The movement in walking should be forward and from the hips. And dancing is only walking made a little more complex.

Dance also with the upper half of the body. Sway with the arms and trunk from one side to the other, and as nearly describe a circle as a tree sways in a light breeze and nearly wrenches it from its roots in a hard wind. Settle the hips into their right place and Nature will "place them," so to speak. The right placing of muscles is as important as the right placing of a voice.

Teach yourself to dance. No one ever taught me a dance step.

When to Get Married to be Happy

By Professor William H. Maccabee.

THE "June Bride" whose marriage turns out unhappily probably wonders why the tenderest love on both sides, physical and mental fitness for each other, worldly prosperity and social equality, all failed to save her from matrimonial shipwreck.

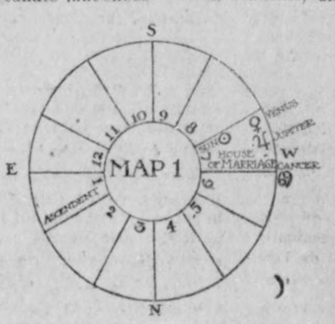
But the unhappy wife who was a June bride is not the only one who wonders why all these favorable auspices are belied by unfortunate consequences. She shares her misfortunes with brides of every month in the year. And the reason is that, although each of them made no mistake in the selection of a mate, each, through ignorance of the principles governing the influences of the planets upon human beings, chose the wrong time for the nuptial ceremony.

In selecting the proper time to marry it is not necessary to have a knowledge of the science of planetary influence. The main feature to be considered, (simple enough in itself) is to be sure and have the benevolent planet Jupiter in the seventh house at the hour the marriage takes place. The year, the month or the day do not signify.

The old established custom of having the wedding take place at noon is favorable under certain conditions, but not always so, as after events have often proven.

The month of June has always been regarded as a fortunate month to marry in, while to "marry in May you'll rue the day," has also had an equal regard, but in the opposite respect. If the planet Jupiter be in either the zodiacal sign Virgo or Capricorn, it is best to defer marriage during his transit. Because, while in either of these signs Jupiter's power for good is somewhat lessened. But, in the sign Cancer, however, Jupiter is at his best, and his fortunate influences are remarkably powerful. Hence, the best time to choose for marrying would be when Jupiter is in transit through the sign Cancer. But Jupiter is in this position but once in every twelve years (nearly), hence this time is not always available.

For instance, Jupiter is now in the sign Capricorn. If those who are contemplating marriage wish to have the date of their wedding take place under his best influence for happiness, they will have to wait until the year 1919, six years hence which, to say the least, is rather too remote a period for the anxious to linger in courtship, though probably not too long for some lovers to wait. Rebecca waited at the well seven years.



How the Stars Should Be On Your Marriage Day to Make it "Fortunate."

Next in order of fortunate influences for matrimony are Venus and the Sun; and when these are with Jupiter, all three transiting the same sign together, it matters not what that sign may be, if it is on the cusp of the seventh house; and, regardless of the year, the month or the day, you may depend on it, the married life of those wedded at such a time will be decidedly happy. Venus alone in this house brings fortune and much happiness, but not the felicity that Jupiter brings. The Sun also assures success.

As Jupiter is now in transit through the sign Capricorn, a marriage taking place any time during the remainder of the present year would not prove entirely successful or promising of happiness, unless the wedding were to be celebrated when the Sun and Venus are again in Capricorn, with Jupiter, which will not occur until December 20 next. But, in order to avoid an unhappy marriage, never set the wedding date for an hour that will place either Saturn or Mars in the seventh house, or on the descendant in the western angle of the heavens.

It is also detrimental, if not fatal, to happiness to have Neptune or Uranus in the seventh house. These planets afflicting the house of marriage, assert their evil influence as follows: Saturn, cold, unfeeling, lacking in sentiment; deceit and eventually disgrace and scandal. Mars, extravagant husband or wife; illicit connections; final divorce or separation, and sometimes crime and disaster.

Neptune makes the marriage partner an undesirable one, causes events inimical to matrimonial felicity to occur unexpectedly, and creates an inordinate fondness for drink in husband or wife, or in both.

Uranus causes eccentricity in actions and disposition, and a greater degree of platonic rather than sincere love.

In all the divorce cases, marital difficulties, separations, scandals, disgrace, etc., which have come under my observation during the past decade, I have always found that either the husband or wife, or both, had the house of marriage in their natal map afflicted by one of the evil planets; or Neptune, Uranus, Saturn or Mars on the seventh house at the time of marriage.

Hence, never, never have an evil planet in the seventh house during your wedding hour if you wish for happiness thereafter. Better postpone the wedding date a hundred times than risk the consequences. Set the date so that Jupiter will be in the seventh house, thus insuring a happy married life.

Any ordinary yearly almanac will show you how to locate and place Jupiter and give you the proper hour.

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"Why Women Mustn't Fight their Savage Tastes"



A New Photograph of Lady Duff-Gordon Showing Her Latest "Barbaric" Creation for Herself.

LADY DUFF-GORDON, the famous "Lucile" of London, and foremost creator of fashions in the world, writes each week the fashion article for this newspaper, presenting all that is newest and best in styles for well-dressed women.

Lady Duff-Gordon's new Paris establishment brings her into close touch with that centre of fashion.

Lady Duff-Gordon's American establishment is at Nos. 37 and 39 West Fifty-seventh street, New York City.



The "Savage" Hat That Reminds Lady Gordon of a Victorious Chieftainess.



"Savage" Dress Designed by Lady Duff-Gordon for Violet Vanbrough, the Famous English Actress.

By Lady Duff-Gordon ("Lucile")

THE very thing that makes woman so great is her savagery.

I never joined in the chorus against Kipling when he wrote that charming little poem about the female of the species. It was quite true and I thought that every intelligent woman ought to have gloried in it. Nor do I feel offended when some clever man tells me that we are of the backward sex, the primitives. Of course we are. It is primitive to have children, primitive to nurse them, primitive to glorify the hearthfire and to sacrifice ourselves to guard it.

It is indeed the savage in us that makes us great, that gives us the courage to be the mothers of men. It is not a reproach—it is a very great tribute to be called so.

I believe in the primitive and I do not think a woman ought to fight against the savage that is in her. She ought not, of course, let it destroy her manners, but she ought to foster it and keep it alive as the soil from which the more sophisticated flowers of her soul spring.

The woman who kills the savage within her—what is she—the bloodless, the faddist, the woman who will not have children, who cannot enjoy, the sexless thing that does not know what life is?

This is a queer fashion article you say. Well, why should I write each week of the cloth you express yourselves with. What is far more important is the fashion of your souls. And from time to time I am going to write a fashion article about the soul. If you understand, you will know how to clothe yourself more harmoniously, more artistically. For that is, after all, what clothes are for. If I thought that dresses were anything else I would at once abandon making them and go in immediately for primitive fashions indeed—even as far back as those of Mother Eve before the fall.

The love of color is savage. So is the love of ornamentation. So is the love of all beautiful, glowing, picturesque things. Nature expresses herself in color, in ornamentation, in beautiful glowing things. Woman was first to see this—savage woman. She was first to know color and to wear it; first to recognize that her wonderful body and the soul that animates it could and ought to be expressed in outward things. Hence fashion, which, when it is true, is only the symbolization of soul, of emotion, of the body that is the vehicle for both.

Refine the savage out of us and what will you have? Every woman in the same uniform, her hair cut just so, walking just so, thinking just so, looking just so and every one alike. Oh, the deadly monotony of life when the savage is killed within us forever!

And that is why I say to women—do not be afraid of your savage tastes. Do not fight them—not too much. It is savage to love, savage to hate, savage to mate to bear children and to rear them and to fight for them. Woman does it because she is savage and I thank whatever gods there be that I am savage—and have been in every successive birth that has brought me again into this wonderful world.

In the fashions of to-day woman has cast off the foolish conventions of centuries and once more dares to express the savagery that is in her. By doing so she is more attractive, more true to herself than she has been for centuries. This is the secret of the dresses which reflect the Oriental, the barbaric and which characterize the mode of the present.

In point I show you a dress I have designed for Miss Violet Vanbrough, that very great English actress. It is sumptuous, savage and sensational—and it is, I think, beautiful. It is of orchid chiffons, elaborately embroidered with golden grapes. The "double skirt" shows the odd "up-in-front" effect, which is of the most chic. The two parts of the skirt are finished in orchid satin in three inch bands. Worn over this, much in the manner of a "Court Cape," is a gorgeous robe of gold and orchid brocaded satin. There is a savagery about the whole costume that is carried out in the three enormous plumes of the headdress.

I am proud of this dress. It is so expressive. And it is truthful; truthful as nature herself.

Note, too, the hat in the smaller picture. It is not mine, but I like it. It reminds me of a headdress worn by some savage chieftainess at a moment when she was urging on her hosts to attack her enemies. It is ornamental and it reveals. It has strength. It is only, strictly speaking, a tiara of white feathers set in a bed of flame colored maline. But how much more than that is the spirit it typifies.

What is the instinct that tells us that a touch of this color here and a touch of that there is the proper thing to bring out the personality? Exactly the same instinct that made our savage mothers put a shell of this color here and a feather of that there. They were right and we are right. Man hasn't the vision—hence his painfully uninteresting and limited costume.

Keep your savage tastes. There is more danger in loosing them than there is in falling victim to the peril of exaggerating them.

In One Hour I Learned to Play the Piano at Home

Without Lessons or Knowledge of Music Any One Can Play the Piano or Organ in One Hour.

Wonderful New System That Even a Child Can Use.



He—"You surprised me! You told me yesterday you couldn't play a note!"

She—"I couldn't; I learned to play in one hour by the wonderful 'Easy Method Music'!"

Impossible, you say! Let us prove it at our expense. We will teach you to play the piano or organ, and will not ask one cent until you can play.

A musical genius from Chicago has invented a wonderful system whereby anyone can learn to play the Piano or Organ in one hour. With this new method you don't have to know one note from another, yet in an hour of practice you can be playing the popular music with all the fingers of both hands, and playing it well.

The invention is so simple that even a child can now master music without costly instruction. Anyone can have this new method on a free trial merely by asking. Simply write saying, "Send me the Easy Form Music Method as announced in American Sunday Magazine."

FREE TRIAL.

The complete system, together with 100 pieces of music, will then be sent to you Free, all charges prepaid and absolutely not one cent to pay. You keep it seven days to thoroughly prove it is all that is claimed for it; then if you are satisfied, send us $1.50 and one dollar a month until $6.50 in all is paid. If you are not delighted with it, send it back in seven days, and you will have risked nothing and will be under no obligation to us.

Be sure to state number of white keys on your piano or organ; also post office and express office. Address Easy Method Music Company, 317 Clarkson Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

My Secrets of Beauty--By Mme. Lina Cavalieri

the Most Famous Living Beauty.

No. 225--Beauty's Glaze--the Skin--Its Care

ANYONE who has curiosity enough to examine the skin under a microscope will see that it is covered with an infinite number of minute holes or pores, through which it performs its functions. It is really one of our most important organs.

A moment—if you think that what I am going to tell you to-day is merely elemental physiology, I beg you not to pass the article by for that reason. If I deal in elemental things in the beginning it is only so that every one may understand.

And, after all, as I once told a very beautiful Roman friend, the true secret of beauty lies entirely in the thorough understanding of fundamentals.

And so to continue. The skin extends over the surface of the entire body. It is very fine, but has great powers of resistance, for it is the intermediary between our body and all other bodies.

The skin differs from the mucous membranes in that they are always wet, while the skin is relatively dry, and its functions are almost invisible.

The most important function of the skin is exhalation, which is accomplished by the exhaling vessels, and allows the body to free itself of certain residues of food and waste products. This function is different from perspiration itself, which Lavoisier estimates at from one to two quarts and a half in twenty-four hours.

Also there are in the thickness of the skin certain small glands, called cutaneous glands, which secrete a kind of fatty liquid intended to soften the envelope of the body.

As to the absorptive function of the skin, it is just as real as any other as notable experiments have proved. A person plunged into warm water to the neck will absorb 20 to 22 grammes of water in half-an-hour, through the pores of the skin.

Finally, the third function of the skin is its tactile sensibility. In this respect it is most valuable in action toward other life. It is through this power that we perceive heat and cold.

I hope you have read this, because it points the moral that we can not be too careful about the skin, nor should we protect it too much. Besides, it is indispensable that the skin should be in a good condition and do its work normally, for I have been told by a certain great French physician that if a person were to cover only a third of the body with varnish, she would fall ill at once, and soon die.

It has also been proved that the skin relieves some of the internal organs from a part of their work, and if it does not work properly they are overtaxed.

Finally, when the skin performs its functions freely it gives the body beauty and freshness. It is like a glaze of delicate color through which life appears and seems to spread. And that is why I call the skin the glaze of beauty.

Our first step in our search for beauty must, therefore, be through attention to the functions of our skin—and now you see why I have been so explicit in my description of that organ. This thorough attention merely consists in freeing it regularly and frequently from everything that may obstruct the pores and by not maltreating it any way.

Beauty of the skin is the immediate consequence of health of the skin. The skin is beautiful when it is fine, soft, fresh and tinged with color. The epidermis, which is the superficial tissue, should be transparent. This transparency is formed and renewed by a kind of varnish, comparable to wax, which is secreted by the sebaceous glands. It is at the same time a glaze and a protection. The skin is beautiful in proportion to the normal action of these glands.



Mme. Lina Cavalieri, the Most Famous Living Beauty.

In those whose life is sedentary, the period of greatest beauty is Summer, the time when heat makes the exhalations most active.

On the contrary, persons who are more active have their skins in most beautiful condition in the Spring and Autumn, and even in Winter, for they help the pores work by their bodily activity. In Summer the skins of these persons are too highly colored. They must be all the more careful in what I call the hygiene of good taste. It is not good taste to have too highly colored skin.

Special care must be taken in Winter, for cold makes the production of this wax difficult, and dry skins are often the result of lack of proper care at this season of the year.

Every woman ought to know very exactly the nature of her skin. There are two kinds of skins; dry and fatty.

It is very plain that the treatments suggested for one are harmful to the other kind; so care must be exercised to use only those which are applicable to the special type in hand.

To succeed, food and the general mode of life must be appropriate to the kind of skin you have. External applications are of value, but the organic importance is such that it will not assume its proper condition unless the rules of hygiene generally are observed.

Generally speaking, dry skins require stimulation. You must, therefore, avoid all astringent products, which close the pores. Avoid using cold water, lemon, tea, and alum. On the contrary, you may use with success certain sensible creams.

Dryness is also to be combated by covering the exposed parts of the body, such as the face and hands, with lanolin-cold-creams. Spread the cream with a damp cloth, let it stand for ten minutes, wipe off carefully and powder with starch. Here is the prescription for a cold cream very efficacious in treating the dry skin:

Oil of Sweet Almonds, 60 grammes.
Cocoa Butter, 60 grammes.
Salicylic Acid, 2 grammes.

Dry skins are often made worse by the use of rough soap or alcoholized toilet waters. I advise the use of bran-water, marshmallow water and neutral glycerine. Here is an excellent recipe for toilet water to be applied to dry skins:

Elder Flowers, 50 grammes.
Marshmallow Flowers, 50 grammes.
Primrose Blossoms, 50 grammes.
Two Orris Bulbs.
Boil all together for ten minutes in a quart of water and strain.

Fatty skins may take astringents and absorbent powders well in moderation. They must be treated by a method precisely the opposite of that for dry skins. Alcohol, alum, lemon, borax, eggs are used.

Decoctions of flowers of lavender, rose petals, tea leaves are also useful. Here is a recipe for an excellent lotion which may be used several times each day.

Water, 1 quart.
Rose Petals, 1 handful.
Primrose Blossoms, 1 handful.
Snake Root, 25 grammes.
Boil for 15 minutes and strain.

To close up open pores douche the skin frequently with cold water. This cream may also be used for fatty skins:

Rose Water, 100 grammes.
Sugar of Lily Bulbs, 20 grammes.
White Wax, 30 grammes.
Tincture of Benzoin, 10 grammes.
Pulverized Alum, 6 grammes.

The following lotion should be applied morning and evening:

Distilled Water, 250 grammes.
Bicarbonate of Soda, 1 gramme.
Oil of Violets, 6 drops.

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May Irwin's Favorite Recipes—

No. 1 *of a Brand New Cooking Series by America's Most Popular Comedienne and Best Cook*

MISS MAY IRWIN is the best cook on the American stage and and one of the best housekeepers in America. She says she is a housewife by intention and inclination, and an actress by accident and necessity. Her cook book "May Irwin on Home Cooking" is on the kitchen shelf of most conscientious housekeepers, if it does not lie on their table in their bedroom or stand on a shelf in their library. She is at work on another cook book that she promises will be still more complete and satisfying.

Miss Irwin is writing for this newspaper a new series of articles on cooking and housekeeping. The first of this series is presented today.

By MAY IRWIN

I Call This First Article

Have You No Appetite for Breakfast?

IS your appetite failing, and do you notice this most when you sit down to breakfast or when your breakfast tray is brought to your bedside? Don't be discouraged and think your health is deserting you. It is a symptom of Spring and early Summer, like a young man's special propensity to make love and an older man's renewed interest in fishing.

Or perhaps your stomach revolts at the old breakfast dishes whose limited number you can repeat more readily than you can recite your alphabet. Cozen your appetitie with some new dishes. Try these with which I shall serve my family; and if the cook doesn't make them well enough to suit me I will prepare them with my own hands when my season closes and I get back to my home in the Thousand Islands, which, between you and me, and in spite of those dear audiences, I am simply dying to do.

As I play and travel I glean recipes. Whenever at a hotel I taste a dish that tickles my palate, and that has a new ingredient, I send a most humble message to the kitchen begging for the recipe. I always get it.

When I am entertained anywhere I have a heart-to-heart talk with my hostess before departing, and the dish I wanted I get in formula form, to be tried later on my cheerfully submitting and I beg you to believe, notwithstanding my experiments, healthy family.

This dish I gathered in San Francisco. I hope you will like it as well as I do.



May Irwin at Her Cooking Stove. The Little Drawings Are Also by This Versatile Comedienne. She Uses Them to Ornament Her Recipes When She Sends Them to Her Friends.

Eggs Tivoli.

TAKE half a loaf of bread, from which the inner half has been removed. Toast the remaining crust whole. Have ready some chicken hash in which are potatoes and a rich cream gravy. Fill the hollow toasted loaf with it. Add a raw egg to the mixture inside the loaf and pour cream sauce over it. On top of this grate a little cheese and brown all in the oven. Serve by slicing with a sharp knife. Serve very hot.

Eggs and Mushrooms.

ONE pound of fresh mushrooms cleaned in several waters. Don't let them stand. Peel and put them in a stewpan, with two ounces of butter, half a teaspoonful of salt and a dash of white pepper. Set over the fire until thoroughly heated; turn into a shallow baking dish, and break over them six eggs; sprinkle over the top stale bread crumbs. Dot with bits of butter. Dust with salt and pepper. Bake in a hot oven five minutes. Spread them on hot buttered toast and serve.

Curried Eggs.

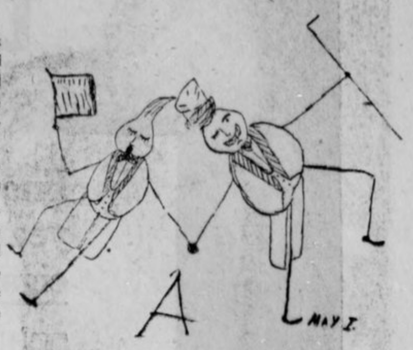
FRY one sliced, medium size onion in a little butter very slowly. Do not allow it to brown. Add three tablespoonfuls of curry powder and one and a half cups of stock. Let this simmer until the onion is tender. Rub one tablespoonful of cornstarch in half a cup of cream. Add this to the stock and onion. Stir until it boils. Then let it simmer for five minutes. Cut as many hard boiled eggs as are needed into quarters. Add them to the curry. Season with salt and peper.

Codfish Balls.

MY appetite has always revived at sight of codfish balls prepared in this way:

Two pounds of codfish.
Half a cup of cream.
A quarter of a pound of butter.
One shredded wheat biscuit.
A dash of pepper, but no salt.

Soak the codfish over night, and in the morning put it on the fire in enough cold water to cover it. Let it boil until it falls to pieces. Then pick it up in tiny bits. Boil the potatoes. Drain and mash them, adding the butter, cream and pepper to them while mashing. Mix in the codfish. Make into balls. Roll out the shredded wheat on to a pastry board and roll the balls into the crushed shredded wheat. Drop into boiling butter and leave there until browned. Serve with half a lemon.



Devilled Eggs and Anchovy Toast.

PUT into a pan a level tablespoonful of butter, half a teaspoonful of dry mustard, two tablespoonsfuls of tomato sauce, one tabespoonful of Worcestershire sauce and one of mushroom catsup. Stir into this four hard boiled eggs, sliced, salted and peppered. When thoroughly heated place on buttered slices of toast, on which anchovy sauce has been thinly spread.

Your appetite may be stimulated by

California Waffles.

One quart of sweet milk.
One quart of sifted flour.
Half a cup of melted butter.
Four eggs well beaten (separately).

Or by this, split open while very hot, generously buttered, and eaten with your morning dish of berries or of apple sauce. I got it while staying in Glasgow.

Shortbread.

One quart of flour.
Two tablespoonsful of lard.
One teaspoonful of butter.
Three teaspoonful of baking powder.
One tablespoonful of salt.

Mix the flour, baking powder and salt together. Then rub the lard and butter well into the flour, and mix with the consistency of biscuit dough. Bake on the tap of a stove, on a griddle.

The housekeeper encounters difficulty in varying her breakfasts for her household. Next week I shall tell you of seven different breakfasts for one week.

Using Our Great Sea Jetties for Lobster Farms

By Rene Bache.

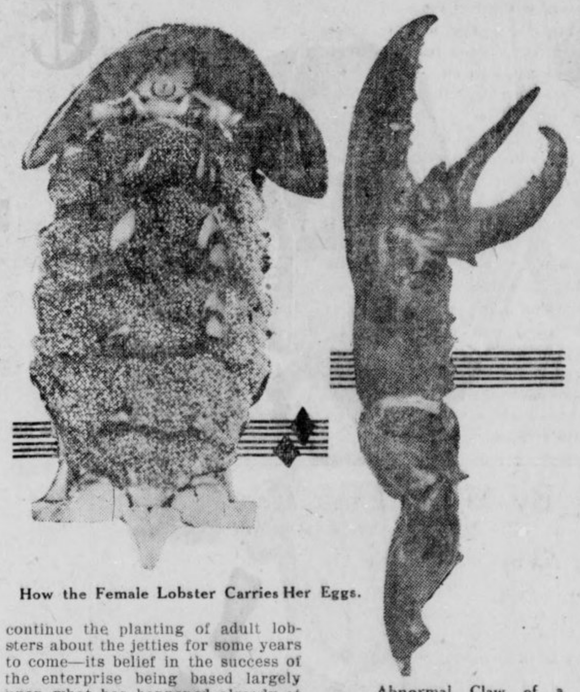
A VERY novel and interesting experiment in the way of lobster farming is just now being tried by the Government Fisheries Bureau at Cape May, the southernmost tip of New Jersey, where two enormous jetties have recently been built out into the sea. They run parallel to each other, are constructed of broken rock, and each of them is two miles in length.

The shores in all that neighborhood are sandy and devoid of rocks. This means that they do not invite the lobster, which is an animal fond of rocky places, where it can hide from enemies and find the molluscan and other provender its diet demands.

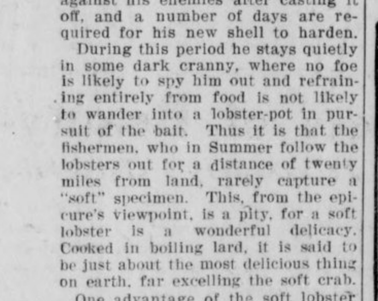
The two great jetties, however, furnish eight miles of artificial shore line, with innumerable crevices in which to find shelter; and incidentally the rocks of which they are composed invite and encourage the multiplication of innumerable crabs, shellfish, fishes, and other creatures sought as food by lobsters.

With which facts in mind, the Fisheries Bureau has planted in the sea between and about the jetties a large number of adult lobsters of both sexes, obtained for the purpose from the coast of Maine, where, at Boothbay Harbor, the Government maintains what is called a "lobster station," for collecting the noble crustaceans, stripping the egg-bearers of their eggs, and hatching the latter by millions in apparatus specially and ingeniously devised for the work. Many of those liberated at Cape May were females bearing eggs, which doubtless hatched out young during the last few weeks, and thus helped to stock the new "farm."

So confident is the Fisheries Bureau of results that it intends to continue the planting of adult lobsters about the jetties for some years to come—its belief in the success of the enterprise being based largely upon what has happened already at Cape Henlopen, on the opposite corner of Delaware Bay. At that point a single jetty of great length, likewise of rocks, was run out into the sea several years ago, to prevent the washing away of the land; and already it affords a home for such multitudes of lobsters that not less than five thousand pounds are taken there annually in pots by fishermen.



How the Female Lobster Carries Her Eggs.



Abnormal Claw of a Lobster with 3 Edible Parts Instead of Two.

To protect the "farm" at Cape May, the New Jersey Legislature has just passed a law forbidding the capture of lobsters in Cape May County for the next five years. Incidentally the enactment provides that from this time on no lobster shall be allowed to be taken in any waters of that State hereafter that has a back-shell measurement of less than four and one-eighth inches.

For twenty years the lobster fishery in New Jersey waters has been practically at a standstill, yielding from 100,000 to 200,000 pounds per annum. Any augmentation of the number of lobsters brings a prompt increase in the number of fishermen, and of traps employed, so that the catch soon sinks to a point where the industry no longer pays living wages to so many persons. Accordingly it falls to a level where the few still engaged in it are liable to make it remunerative; and thus, by a sort of automatic process, a balance is maintained between the lobsters on the one hand and the "pot-hunters" on the other. In all likelihood the same condition of affairs will eventually arrive all along our North Atlantic coast, so that, in the upshot, the lobster will be preserved from extinction by the mere working out of an economic law.

Lobsters obtain a certain amount of protection through their habit of going far out to sea in the Summer time—one object of this annual migration being to change their clothes. Nature has so made them that they can grow only by throwing off their old shells and putting on new ones. When the time arrives, they must literally "swell or bust." After shedding their armor, they hunt for holes among rocks to hide in, for safety. For brave and formidable as is the noble crustacean when clad in his coat of proof, he is helpless against his enemies after casting it off, and a number of days are required for his new shell to harden.

During this period he stays quietly in some dark cranny, where no foe is likely to spy him out and refraining entirely from food is not likely to wander into a lobster-pot in pursuit of the bait. Thus it is that the fishermen, who in Summer follow the lobsters out for a distance of twenty miles from land, rarely capture a "soft" specimen. This, from the epicure's viewpoint, is a pity, for a soft lobster is a wonderful delicacy. Cooked in boiling lard, it is said to be just about the most delicious thing on earth, far excelling the soft crab.

One advantage of the soft lobster as a comestible is that it is absolutely digestible. Incidentally to the shedding of its coat it coughs up, in a literal sense of the word, the entire lining of its digestive apparatus. Taking no food for some time thereafter, it is absolutely clean. But, alas! even at the most luxurious "lobster palace" one cannot buy a soft lobster. When a fisherman comes across one, he eats it himself.

It is worth mentioning right here that the belief, so commonly entertained, that lobsters are a perilous diet is wholly unwarranted—so long, that is to say, as they are fresh out of water and in a healthy condition. Unfortunately, they are often sick or even dying when they are cooked, and the average restaurant proprietor will not hesitate to serve on the table a specimen that has already given up the ghost from natural causes. Of course, no animal is safe to eat under such circumstances, and the ultimate consumer may suffer from severe and even fatal indigestion.

Such occurrences are presumably accountable for the almost universal belief that a certain portion of the lobster's anatomy is poisonous. This is the so-called "lady"—which, as a matter of fact, is an apparatus in the stomach for grinding the lobster's food. It is no more poisonous than the claws.

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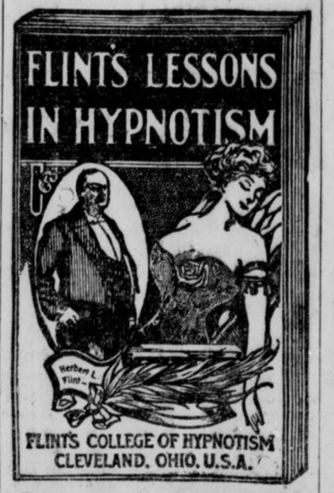

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How I Cured My GREY HAIR

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LET ME HELP YOU FREE.



When I was twenty-five years old I suddenly turned gray, and at twenty-eight looked like a woman of forty-five. **I lost three good positions** for no other reason than my faded hair. Like many others, my elderly apearance preyed on my mind until I was a **physical wreck.**

One day my godfather, a famous chemist, asked me to try a preparation he had perfected. I did so, and after a few days was surprised and delighted to find my hair becoming richer and darker in tone. Very soon it was once more **the natural shade of my girlish days.**

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A Friendly Scientist Showed Me How to Cure It Forever

I WILL TELL YOU FREE HOW TO CURE YOURS, TOO



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But withstanding all my years of disappointment, today there is not a sign of Superfluous Hair on my face, arms or anywhere else. I got rid of it through following the advice of a friendly scientist, a professor of chemistry at an English university. The treatment he advised is so thorough, simple and easy to use that I want every other sufferer in America to know about it. It worked such a change in my appearance and my happiness that I gladly waive my natural feelings of sensitiveness, and I will tell broadcast to all who are afflicted how I destroyed every trace of hair, never to return.

If you are a sufferer and would like to have full details, just send along your name (stating whether Mrs. or Miss) and address, and a two-cent stamp for return postage, and I will send you in full detail the advice and instructions which resulted in my complete, after all these years, success. Address your letter Mrs. Kathryn Jenkins, 465BC Wentworth Building, Boston, Mass.

NOTE—Mrs. Jenkins, as her photograph shows, is a lady of refinement, and for years was well known as a society leader in Scranton, Pa.

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THEIR ONLY CHILD

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Jimmy--See What He Caught!

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1. "TAKE BABY FOR A NICE RIDE JIMMY. DON'T FORGET HIM OR LEAVE HIM ALONE OR —"
2. OLD RELIABLE SPOUTS EVERY HOUR "OOH! CATCH HIM!"
3. OLD RELIABLE SPOUTS EVERY HOUR "WAW"! GR-R-R. "WELL WELL! WHOEVER LEFT A BABY HERE COME BABY, I'LL TAKE YOU TO THE HOTEL."
4. OLD RELIABLE SPOUTS EVERY HOUR "OUCH!"
5. OLD RELIABLE
6.
7.
8.
9.
10. "IS THIS YOUR KID? I FOUND IT NEAR THE GEYSER!" "OH, SIR! I THANK YOU!" "BABY!"
11. "OOH, PAPA! LOOK WHAT WE CAUGHT!" "SWINNERTON" 13
12. "YES, SIR, I'M DOING THE BEST I CAN FOR YOU!"

Mr. Batch Has a Cozy Talk.

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1. "I KNOW YOU FELLOWS SO I'VE BROUGHT YOU TO MY DEN. THE LADIES OF THE HOUSE WILL NEVER DISTURB YOU HERE. WE'LL HAVE A NICE COZY TALK" "VERY CONSIDERATE" "BULLY FOR YOU COLONEL!"
2. "HOW DO YOU DO MR BATCH AND MAJOR STONEHEART JOHN, THE OTHER HOUSE PHONES ARE OUT OF ORDER AND IF YOU'LL ALL PARDON ME I'LL USE THIS ONE." "ER-NICE DAY MRS BROWN" "CERTAINLY M'DEAR!"
3. "HULLO! MRS GRIGSBY-SMYTHE? OH HOW ARE YOU? I MUST TELL YOU ABOUT MY NEW DINNER GOWN! IT IS SHOT TAFFETA AND GIVES THE SWEETEST PINKISH MAUVE TONE AND THE EMBROIDERY IS CARRIED OUT IN GRAY PAILLETTES THE TAFFETA IS DRAPED IN THE MODIFIED PANNIER LINES WITH THE FULLNESS AT THE BOTTOM CAUGHT BY A WIDE BAND OF THE PAILLETTES AND OH, I CAN'T TELL YOU ABOUT IT, I'M SO EXCITED OVER IT! I'LL ORDER THE MOTOR RIGHT AWAY AND COME OVER TO SEE YOU! GOOD BYE!" "AND AS I WAS SAYING —"
4. "PARDON ME, FATHER BUT I'VE GOT TO USE THIS WIRE. HULLO! SUFFRAGE HEADQUARTERS' — THIS IS MAJOR BROWN SPEAKING ORDER GENERAL ROBIE TOOTS TO CALL OUT THE SIXTH CAVALRY CORPS FOR INSPECTION THIS EVENING ALSO LEFTENANT-COLONEL HETTY BRIGGS TO BRING OUT HER BLACK HORSE HUSSARS IN FULL UNIFORM. MAJOR GENERAL CISSIE HAWKES, GENERAL TOOTSIE HORN, COLONEL PANSY WHITE AND MYSELF WILL BE THERE TO REVIEW THEM. G'BYE!"
5. "HULLO! HULLO! OH IS THAT YOU DEAR? WHAT IN THE WORLD HAS HAPPENED? IT'S BEEN ONE WHOLE HOUR AND YOU HAVEN'T PHONED SOMETHING — YOU DO. — NAUGHTY, NAUGHTY GEORGE! IF YOU'D KEPT ME WAITING ANOTHER MINUTE I'D HAVE DIED. LISTEN - KITCH DID YOU GET THAT? NOW GIVE ME ONE BACK OVER THE WIRE ..... OH YOU DEAR! RING ME UP IN HALF AN HOUR OR I'LL PERISH! G'BYE!" "ANXIOUS BETTY?"
6. "COLONEL, YOU HAVE DECEIVED US! WE ARE GOING!" "HULLO! IS THIS YOU-ALL HAM? TEE-HEE - I THOUGHT MEBBE YOU-ALL WANTED TO TELL ME SUMPIN OVAH D'WIRE. - YOU DO? - YES - YES - HAR-HAR! YO' SUTTINLY KIN SAY D'NICEST THINGS! - YES - QUIT YO FOOLIN - MOVIN' PITCHERS? - SURE WILL - G'BYE!" "YES, BASELY!" "WHY BOYS! GOING?"

IN THE LAND OF WONDERFUL DREAMS

Flip Creates a Panic Among the Lilliputians

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1
I'VE GOT A SUR--PRISE FOR YOU! I'VE BEEN OUT TO THE LILLIPUTIAN ZOO! YOU SHOULD SEE THE TINEY LIT--TLE ANIMALS.
TO THE LILLIPUTIAN ZOO
WHY FLIP, WE WERE JUST GOING OUT THERE! WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DOING?
IF YOU HAVE BEEN TO THE ZOO, WILL YOU LET US BY SO WE CAN GO!
LET US PASS, PLEASE!— WE MUST BE ON OUR WAY! WHOA! EH! WHOA BOY!

2
I LET ALL OF THE ANIMALS OUT. THEY'RE SO LIT--TLE THEY CAN'T HURT ANYBODY! LOOK AT 'EM!
TO LILLIPUTIAN ZOO
DID YOU OPEN ALL THE CAGES, FLIP? WHAT DID YOU DO THAT FOR?
ANOTHER NICE DAY SPOILED! JUST WHEN WE WERE LEAVING—

3
DON'T KICK THOSE LIONS! THEY WONT HURT YOU IF YOU LEAVE 'EM ALONE!
THE LILLIPUTIAN ZOO
THEY MIGHT NOT HURT BIG PEOPLE LIKE US, BUT THEY'LL SCARE EVERY BODY IN GUL--LIVER CITY.
YOU'LL ANSWER FOR THIS, YOU IM--PUDENT BRAT!

4
SEE? THAT'S WHAT YOU GET FOR KICK--ING THAT POOR LITTLE LION! WHY DON'T YOU STAND STILL?
FLIP! DID YOU TURN THE WHOLE ZOO LOOSE? DID YOU?
OH! I MUST CALL OUT THE ARMY AGAIN! OUR ZOO IS DESTROYED!

5
WOW! I THINK I AM GETTING IN BAD AT THAT! I'LL CATCH THEM AND PUT 'EM BACK IN THE ZOO!
WHAT IN THE WORLD WILL WE DO? THIS IS SIMPLY AWFUL!

6
WE'LL HAVE TO LEAVE GULLIVER CITY AFTER THIS! ALL ON ACCOUNT OF FLIP. HE IS TERRIBLE!
HE'S TRYING TO CATCH THEM. NOW! HE'S SORRY FOR WHAT HE'S DONE!
I'LL PUT EVERY ONE OF THESE ANIMALS BACK!
YES! AND I'LL SEE THAT YOU ARE CAGED, TOO, YOU CAN BET!

7
FLIP HAS BEEN SO GOOD LATELY, BUT, I'M AFRAID THE KING OF THE LILLIPUTIANS WILL ASK US TO LEAVE AFTER THIS—
IT'S JUST THIS, YOUR MAJESTY!— WE MUST NOT PER--MIT HIM WITH US, ANY MORE! THE KING IS NOW GIV--ING ORDERS FOR FLIPS ARREST!
I WANT THAT SCAMP LOCKED UP EVEN IF HE DOES BELONG TO THE PARTY OF THE PRINCESS OF SLUM--BERLAND!
IF YOU FOLKS WILL STAND STILL I'LL PUT EVERY ONE OF THESE ANIMALS BACK WHERE I GOT THEM—

8
HUH! I WAS DREAMING! I THOUGHT I WAS IN GULLI--VER CITY!

WINSOR McCAY.