

THE COLUMBIAN.

BLOOMSBURG, PA.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1907

Booze in a Car Illegal.

It Makes Passenger A Nuisance, Company Must Pay.

Judge Lynch handed down an opinion at Wilkes-Barre refusing a new trial to the Wilkes-Barre & Wyoming Valley Traction Company, which was mulcted in \$100 damages by a jury in the trial of a case in which Miss Mary Dougher was prosecutrix.

She was a passenger on one of the defendant company's cars when an intoxicated man boarded the car; a sudden jar threw him off his feet, and in falling a bottle of whiskey which he carried was broken and the contents were spilled over Miss Dougher's new silk dress. She sued for its value, and the jury was prompt in returning a verdict for the amount claimed.

Negligence was shown in that the conductor passed through the car several times and saw the drunken condition of the man, and was, therefore, bound to protect the other passengers from any act on his part which might result in injury.

It is pretty hard for a conductor to know just what to do in such a case. It is impossible for him to stand by a drunken man constantly to prevent him from annoying other passengers, as he has his duties to perform. If he refuses to let a drunken man on the car he runs the risk of having the company sued for damages. If he lets him on, and subsequently puts him off when he becomes boisterous, and the man falls down and is hurt, or is frozen to death, there is another case for damages.

We doubt if there are many lawyers, or even judges, who would know just what to do in the many emergencies that arise in the running of trolley cars, to avoid claims for damages were they acting as conductors.

The Jamestown Exposition.

Gates Closed Saturday Evening—Big Show Has Been a Financial Failure.

Saturday was closing day at the Jamestown exposition. At midnight the lights went out, the gates closed and the big fair was over. Early that morning big crowds began gathering on the grounds to take advantage of the last opportunity to see the exposition wheels in motion, and a carnival of fun and frolic, the culmination of a week of merriment, marked the closing day. The feature of the day was a great parade, in which Indians, Filipinos, Turks, Japanese, cavalrymen, regulars, militia and sailors participated. The program for last night's celebration included a lantern procession, a motor boat parade, a colonial ball, and a pyrotechnical display. While there has been much discussion of the project of reopening the exposition next year, it is not believed that this will be possible. Already many exhibitors have arranged to remove their displays and several State buildings have been closed for lack of money. It is admitted that the exposition has been a failure from a financial standpoint, due largely to the failure to complete it on time. The statement that the exposition company is bankrupt, however, is denied by President Harry St. George Tucker, who asserts that its assets are much larger than its liabilities. According to Mr. Tucker, the property is worth fully \$2,500,000 while the liabilities are about \$2,000,000. If the property can be sold for what it is estimated it is worth, the exposition company will close its books with a healthy balance on the right side of the ledger. Of the \$2,000,000 indebtedness, there is a balance due the United States government of \$300,000.

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in two years, which prove its wonderful efficacy in purifying and enriching the blood. Best for all blood diseases. In usual liquid form or chocolate tablets known as Sarsatabs. 100 doses \$1.

Our Expensive Palates.

Physiological chemists occasionally delight to tell us that we are the dupes of aesthetic senses and pleasing flavors. Men will pay, they say, half a guinea for a pint of turtle soup which, from a strictly nutritive point of view, is not worth a twentieth part of that sum. Oysters, we are told, are an extravagant form of food, since fourteen of them do not contain as much nourishment as a single egg, while it would require the ingestion of no less than 200 good oysters before the protein equivalent of a pound of beef was reached. Caviare, again, is not to be compared with the blonter as regards its nutritive value; indeed, the latter "offers the largest amount of nutriment for a given sum of any animal food."

It is evident if we regard these conclusions seriously that a large section of the human race is wickedly indulgent, caring more for the palatable than the nutritious quality of food. The same appears to be true in regard to beverages, and even in the case of cigars there is no difference, chemically speaking, between the penny Pickwick and the shilling Havana. The difference of eleven pence is paid for flavor, and flavor alone. Physiologically, it is possible that a "brandy and soda" costing say one shilling is just as satisfactory as a "pint" of champagne at five shillings. Similarly it may be said that a pint of beer at sixpence is quite as good, dietetically speaking, as a small bottle of Chateau Margeaux at three shillings and sixpence.

There are, however, clearly instances in which in no sense can the nutritive equivalent of food and beverages be summed up in so many pounds, shillings and pence. How often it is found, for example, that the invalid may be tempted to take a few oysters in preference to a small beef fillet, or some turtle soup when calves' head, the basis of mock turtle, would scarcely appeal to him, even although it may be more than equal in nutritive value to the only reptile used to any extent as food in this country. When a person refuses to take a given food, however nutritive and wholesome it may be, because it is in many instances probable that if he struggles to overcome it may prove to tax his digestive functions and may even cause gastric trouble.

The chemical analysis of food and physiological experiments in the test tube do not take into account this physical factor of digestion, for the digestive process is well begun when the sight of food is pleasing. On the contrary, when food does not appeal to the eye it is likely not to appeal to the stomach. It is hardly reasonable to conclude, therefore, that the price of flavor is always the price of luxury.

Lepet Asylums in Norway.

There are in Norway no fewer than twenty leper asylums, but each contains only ten to fifteen beds. They are situated in country places, and the style of living followed in them is similar to that of an ordinary family in moderate circumstances.

The Careful Bachelor.

He fell in love with pretty maids And fell right out again, For when it came to marrying, He managed to refrain. Unaffected, he went his joyous way And frolicked as he pleased, By pangs of all-consuming love His heart was never seized. But when his hair was growing gray And life was nearly done He wished a thousand times that he Had wed at twenty-one. —Birmingham Age-Herald.

She Knew the Text.

A little Topeka girl came home from church the other day and was asked what the minister's text was. "I know it all right," she asserted. "Well, repeat it," her questioner demanded. "Don't be afraid and I will get you a bed-quilt," was the astounding answer. Investigation proved that the central thought of the sermon had been, "Fear not, and I will send you a comforter."

In The Eleventh Hour

(By Marcel Savignon.)

"Why, of course you must come along," said the blind gentleman kindly, "when you are a friend of my chauffeur. Please take a seat in the tonneau. I am sure you will enjoy the ride to Esterel."

He held out his right hand, which was immediately taken by the stranger, who stammered a few words of thanks and handed the chauffeur a satchel, a heavy suit case and a hat box. A little distance off a lady was waiting in silence until the man opened the door of the tonneau, when they both noiselessly and in silence seated themselves in the large comfortable car.

The auto had come upon them at the outskirts of Nice as if by accident and the blind owner of the car had no idea that the meeting had been arranged by Raoul, his chauffeur.

The couple, in spite of their elegant dress and the many diamonds of the woman did not make a very favorable impression, and it was evident that they belonged to the many adventurers who abound along the Riviera during the Monte Carlo season.

The car started off. The blind owner was seated next to the chauffeur and was dressed exactly the same, goggles, leather coat and cap. In the rear seat the man and woman were sitting without speaking.

As they left Nice the chauffeur turned toward Saorge, on the frontier. In the opposite direction of Esterel, where he was supposed to be going. The blind man did not notice it, but said in his kind voice: "It is a fine day to see Esterel; there is no wind and the air feels so balmy. You will enjoy Esterel, I am sure. I love to ride, though people do not understand it, and the ladies at the hotel laugh at me and call me a dreamer. And I suppose that I am something of a dreamer. I love Nature, though I cannot see. When I took my first rides friends explained the nature of the country to me—now we are passing through fields, they said, now we come to the woods, and I tried to remember what I had once seen, for I have been blind for only ten years. Today I know my auto and by riding I learn to know the country. By the noise of the motor I can tell whether we are going up or down hill—and when it runs as it does now I know that we are on the level road. The speeding through the air fills me with joy. It at once stimulates and calms me. If you would tell me of the houses and villages we pass, and which I cannot see, my enjoyment would be perfect."

M. Girard kept on talking, and, because he felt he must say something, his chauffeur's friend said:

"I notice you are a great lover of sport, sir."

At first he had been astonished at the eloquence of the man, now it appeared very funny to him, and he nudged the chauffeur, while the woman had to stuff her handkerchief into her mouth to keep from laughing.

And the car sped along.

They had now nearly reached the foot of the mountains. The country grew rough and stony and the air was quite chilly. Girard wrapped the rug closer around his thin legs. He was now quite silent. Suddenly he raised his head, drew a deep breath and said softly, as if thinking aloud: "How strange; I do not remember ever having been here before." Immediately afterward he asked if they were near the woods.

"There is a small clump of trees ahead on the right," the stranger replied.

"Olive trees, I suppose?"

"Oh, no, they are not olive trees, they are oaks, beautiful, tall, majestic oaks, just the thing for a lover of nature like you, and on the left are masses of flowers in the meadows with little children dancing."

The three looked at each other and smiled at the excellent joke.

The blind man shook his head. Strange, he thought, he did not remember any meadows, nor did he now smell the fragrance of flowers.

On and on sped the auto, close to the overhanging wall of rocks. It was a lonesome country, where no one came except teamsters and mountaineers and shepherds with their flocks.

M. Girard grew uneasy.

"Are we soon at Vallauris?"

"Oh, Vallauris is far behind us now," came the reply in a mocking voice.

Suddenly the blind man understood and at the same time he heard whippers behind his back and turned around, as if he could see.

"Raoul," he said, "you have not been in my service very long and cannot know my peculiar ways yet, but in the future you will take me where I tell you to and nowhere else."

He tried to discover where they were, but in vain, and cried:

"Raoul, you are receiving me where are we going?"

There, again they were whispering.

The woman is nervous. She has a map in her lap and is pointing out the route with her finger, while she whispers the names "Saorge, Tende, Limone."

The intention of the three is clear enough. M. Girard always carries a large amount of money. They want to rob him and flee across the frontier in his car, leaving him behind. The stranger is leisurely arranging a loop of a silken handkerchief with which to strangle the blind man.

The intended victim can control his anger no longer. He turns to his chauffeur and cries, "Who is that talking behind me in the car?"

No answer; only a renewed burst of speed. Lower and lower grow the voices and Girard shouts for help.

The two men look at each other; he must be silenced. On the left is a precipice. What would be easier than to throw him into it? The chauffeur stoops up.

"No, go on further! Not here!" cries the woman.

The blind man jumps to his feet; he takes hold of Raoul's shoulders, but the chauffeur easily shakes him off.

The car now dashes ahead at top speed. The road turns sharply, the auto whirls around and suddenly stops with a shock. Ten meters further and they would have run into another car, which had broken down in the middle of the road.

"Why, M. Girard! You come like a godsend. Your chauffeur may help us to fix our car. May he not?"

The man is at Girard's side and helps him to get out. The blind man has recognized a friend's voice; he wants to speak, but the voice fails him.

"But, my dear M. Girard, what has happened to you? You are so pale and you tremble."

"Those scoundrels—I mean my chauffeur and the others—"

"What does this mean? Your chauffeur and the lady and gentleman who came with you are running away as if somebody were after them."

"They wanted to murder me and to throw my body over the cliff—me, who never harmed anyone—"

Great tears were rolling down the poor fellow's cheeks as he collapsed and fell to the ground in a dead faint.



"I noticed that your wife didn't look very well this morning," said Nardore.

"Oh, it's nothing serious," replied Marryat, smiling.

"I remarked that her eyes were very red and tearful."

"Yes; it's merely a case of what you might call 'millinery hysteria.'"

—The Catholic Standard and Times.

The Village Gossips.

Silas Hardacre—"Yes, every Tuesday and Thursday night is 'ripping-up night, with the ladies' sewing social in that town."

City Drummer—"Indeed! And what do they rip up?"

Silas Hardacre—"Carpet rags, pedlars and the absent members."

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