

30,000 FARMERS TAKE PITTMAN, N. J., BY STORM FOR GRANGERS' PICNIC

Alcyon Park Crowded as Throngs Pour in From Surrounding Country for More Than 50 Miles

EXPECT 30,000 MORE By Staff Correspondent PITTMAN, N. J., Aug. 12.—More than 25,000 persons had arrived in this borough to attend the "Big Day" of the annual Grangers' picnic, at Alcyon park. And they are still coming, hundreds and hundreds of them, in automobiles, carriages, by train and motorcycles.

Within the grounds are young people, old people, and middle-aged people, all in holiday attire, and determined to enjoy the day. There is laughter, mingling of friends, the music of the band, and the hum of numerous gasoline motors.

There is one feature in which the throng is unique: there are no farmers, no confidence men, no side shows, no vaudeville, motorcycle races, ball games and boating on Alcyon Lake give the picnic a variety of amusement which proves adequate and enjoyable.

TODAY'S PROGRAM This afternoon there are to be addresses by Joseph H. Frelinghuysen, president of the State Board of Agriculture, and Dr. John D. Prince, professor of languages at Columbia University.

PRIZE WINNERS. The following were announced today as winners of prizes in the poultry show: W. D. Ridgway, Vineland, N. J.; Thomas J. Lynch, Pitman, N. J.; E. M. Kester, Pitman, N. J.; Henry Felten, Theocore, N. J.; Raymond Heald, West Chester, Pa.; William E. Streets, Franksville, N. J.; Frank C. Carter, South Vineland, N. J.; W. B. Sherry, Pitman, N. J.; W. P. Long, Woodbury Heights, N. J.; Helen B. Mouthport, Woodbury, N. J.; U. E. Colclough, Glassboro, N. J.; Frank J. Falls, Haddonfield, N. J.; William F. Warrick, Glassboro, N. J.; H. L. Stratton, Millville, N. J.; Herman L. Batty, Sewell, N. J.; William Brown, Camden, N. J.; William B. Nichols, Franklinville, N. J.; and Jesse G. Darlington, 33rd street and Media avenue, Philadelphia.

SURGEON DISCOUNTS "BLACK DEATH CURE"

Dr. Edward Martin Also Says That Dextrose Is Not a New Specific for Diabetes

Announcement of two important discoveries by the medical world was discounted today by Dr. Edward Martin, professor of surgery at the University of Pennsylvania, an educator and scientist of national reputation.

It was reported that dextrose had been established by the Rockefeller Institute as the primary cause of diabetes and that all of eucalyptus had been used successfully as a specific for the "black death," or cerebro-spinal meningitis.

Dr. Edward Martin, an authority on diabetes, declared that what had been proclaimed as a discovery was really a matter of general knowledge, and that the relation of dextrose to the disease was discussed in the physiology textbooks of every medical school in America.

Diabetes, said Professor Martin, "is a disease of the pancreas. The conversion of sugar into energy is an important part of the bodily system. The pancreas exists for this purpose, and when it is diseased it ceases to perform its normal function.

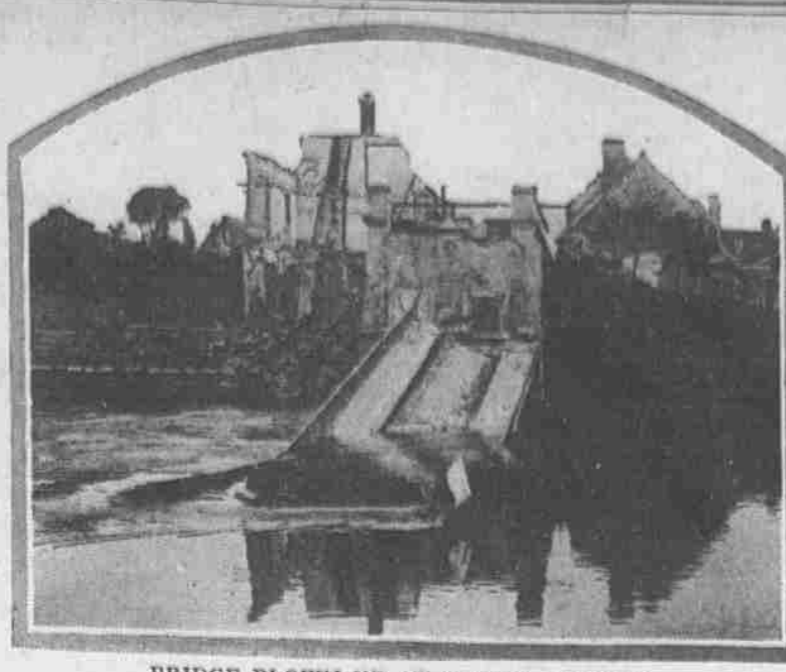
HERA'S CONDITION FAVORABLE

Improvement of Pennsylvania President May Make Operation Unnecessary

The condition of Samuel Rea, president of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, is favorable today, and has not been determined whether or not an operation is necessary, according to a statement given out by the company.

Pottsville Man Killed by Fall

W. H. H. of Pottsville, Pa., Aug. 12.—George B. Fisher, father of Chief Burgess Fisher, died at his residence in Pottsville, Pa., today, after a long illness.



BRIDGE BLOWN UP AT MEAUX, FRANCE

FRENCH SOLDIERS GET FIRST LEAVE FROM FRONT SINCE WAR STARTED

Joy and Sorrow Vie With Each Other as Wives and Parents Wait at Railway Station for Their Heroes to Return

By ELLEN ADAIR

MEAUX, Northern France, July 25. Through the good offices of the Bureau de la Presse du Ministère des Affaires Etrangères and the kindness of the French Minister of War, I have obtained permission, safe conducts and passports to tour through the devastated towns and villages of Northern France and the front.

Arrived at the Gare du Nord in Paris this morning the great railroad terminus was in a state of huge excitement. Crowds of women surged at the entrance, and old men, their hands trembling with eagerness, vied with one another in pressing close to the wooden barricades.

For after a whole year of fighting, the order has been decreed that the French soldiers are to be permitted to return in batches from the front for five days' leave.

"Mon Dieu, but it is wonderful that in two minutes I shall see my son!" cried one old man, "and from him hear the tales of those so terrible trenches!"

Before the words were over his mouth he was seized in the arms of a great Zebe, kissed repeatedly on both withered cheeks, while both father and son wept unrestrainedly. The French are nothing if not emotional.

"Ah, my little one, my treasure, my little cabbage!" sobbed the old, white-haired father, "once again thy father who adores thee!"

"LITTLE CABBAGE" BIG The "little cabbage" responded with alacrity it was well over six feet and a regular Hercules for strength. On all sides were scenes of this sort—fathers weeping on the necks of their soldier-sons, husbands embracing their long-lost husbands, children shrieking with delight at "papa's" return—and kissing going on everywhere.

It is a curious thing to note how the Frenchmen will kiss each other, how they will hug and hold one another. They love public exhibitions of this sort, and clasp each other to their hearts with great dramatic fervor.

Some of the sights were quite heart-rending, for there were many, many people waiting for the return of their loved ones—in vain! Lots of the women informed me they had not had a line from their husbands for weeks and weeks, but they trusted in the "bon Dieu" that their men would be among that crowd.

"Surely, surely my Gaspard will be here!" one poor woman kept murmuring. "It is four months since I have heard from him, but Gaspard loves not to use his pen! He is a 'mauvais sujet'—thus to cause me alarm—and I shall tell him so!"

But the poor young wife never had the opportunity to upbraid her Gaspard. For as I stood beside her a soldier disengaged himself from the embraces of his family and came toward her. His face was solemn and one could see that he was the bearer of bad news. "Madame," said he, "I am desolated to find words to tell you the news—your Gaspard is buried in a quiet field at Solismans!"

The little wife stood as one stunned. "It is not true!" she muttered. "I shall wait here till my Gaspard comes to me!" The last I saw of her she was still standing at the barricade, a pathetic figure among a crowd of anxious women. Her face was drawn and white, and her great dark eyes were staring into space.

Another woman informed me that she had not had word from her husband since the outbreak of war a year ago. She was in a state of the highest nervous tension, and as each stalwart soldier tripped down the passage between the blue and white checkered awnings, she grew paler and paler. "He is not there, my husband! Think you that he will come, madame?" she kept saying with a desperate eagerness.

JOY AND SORROW. Out in the street the noise was deafening. Shouts of joy mingled with sounds of despair. The taxi drivers were doing a brisk trade, for on this day of days the soldiers spent their money freely. Their pay is but one cent a day—but for these cents have been accumulated for a year! The sum total is trifling, but the holiday spirit is strong—hence the taxis.

After much exhibiting of passports, safe-conducts and various documents we boarded the train for the first part of our journey. The country outside Paris is very beautiful, with lovely little red-roofed houses nestling amidst green orchards and waving cornfields. We traveled through exquisite woods and fern, and on deserted quiet villages, where the blue-clad workmen (all old men, of course) were sitting in the sunbaths. Quiet old carts were meandering down the main roads, and not a single young man was to be seen anywhere!

One beautiful old mansion bore the inscription above its moss-grown lintel "Institution de Jeunes Filles." The "Jeunes Filles" had apparently departed for the quarters, for not a human being was to be seen in its vicinity. Our train was filled with soldiers, all returning to their various homes in the country for five days' leave, and all in country of humor. The little overhead carriages were crowded with them, and they swarmed in the corridors. After a couple of hours or more we arrived at the town of Meaux, where a river at the town of Meaux, where a motor awaited us to conduct us to the motor battlefield. The Germans did not actually reach Meaux itself, although they shelled its outskirts, but close to Meaux is part of the great battlefield of the Marne, through the promptitude of the engineers the bridges at Meaux were all destroyed and the German advance checked.

CHURCH ROOF GONE

We motored through the village of Barry, a picturesque little place on a great flat plain where the Germans had done much devastation. It was interesting to enter the small church there, which had formerly been used by the French, and which had been badly shelled. The steeple had been badly shelled and most of the roof gone. Up

Panama Canal Again Navigable

PANAMA, Aug. 12.—Traffic which had been suspended for a few days ago by a slide at Culebra, has been resumed through the canal. Twenty-two ships, which were caught on one side of the isthmus or the other, have thus been released.

THE DAILY STORY Cicely's Cure

"You!" Cicely looked at him in scorn. "You couldn't do a day's work if you tried." "That shows all you know," said Richmond, with a lazy laugh. "I don't go around bragging about it, but I'm not exactly a weakling."

Cicely sniffed. She had recently taken up socialism as afad. Her fads seldom lasted long, but she made up in energy what she lacked in persistence, and just now she was filled with a fine scorn of the monopolistic class, of which Stenton Richmond was an example.

"If you're from Missouri, I can show you the place," Cicely said, usually it was held out for an 8-hour day, either. "I don't believe it," she said, with a toss of her head. "Seeing a believing."

"You wait," he said, darkly. "Just you wait and see. Meanwhile, I suppose you're going to say 'no' again on the plea that I cannot support myself, let alone you."

"Miss Perkin says that no girl should trust a man to support her when he can't support himself."

Miss Perkin was the local leader of the socialistic cult and Richmond mentally expressed an opinion of her teachings that would not have flattered her had he known. But he saw that there was no use arguing further with Cicely. She was rooted in her fad. He rose and turned away.

"You'll come early tomorrow?" she called after him. He half turned at the gate. "Perhaps," he said, and went down the street, leaving Cicely dazed. Usually it was he who begged for the privilege of coming early that he might steal half an hour with her alone before the other guests arrived.

Cicely was fond of Richmond, but her varying beliefs had such an unpleasant way of discouraging matrimony and she could not be false to her standards. She shook her head a little sadly and went into the house. Of course, Richmond would come early to the garden party. He always did.

But for once Richmond stayed away. Charlie Lombard, however, dashed up the walk, a broad grin upon his face. "Have you seen Richmond?" he demanded of his hostess. "I say, it's the greatest lark!"

"He's not seen Mr. Richmond today," said Cicely coldly. "He's right across the street," explained Charlie. "Been there all day in fact."

"What's that?" asked Tom Heffron coming up. "Sten Richmond on the stone pile," said Cicely.

"Let no man—or woman—be ashamed of honest toil," he demanded oracularly. Laughter. "He's right across the street. Just a bet or something."

"Heffron raced across the walk and across the street. Presently the rest of the guests followed and gathered about Richmond, who, in his old clothes, straddled a pile of broken stones to be used for the work on a new building being put up across the street.

He laughingly answered their questions. "I'm not at all ashamed of my work, breaking the limestone into bits of the proper size."

Cicely was the last to join the crowd and only one who realized the meaning of the trick. "Sorry I couldn't come to your party," cried Richmond, "but I had a bet that I could earn an honest day's wages. I'm holding out pretty well."

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," scolded Cicely. "And on the day of my party of all times!"

"The better the day the better the deed," he quoted. "I do not believe in hiding my light under a bushel."

WHITE HOUSE DOORS CLOSED TO POLITICIANS

President Too Busy Just Now to Receive "Deserving Democrats" Seeking Jobs

WASHINGTON, Aug. 12.—The bars at the White House are not to be let down to politicians at this time. This announcement, made soon after the President's arrival there, caused general regret among numerous "deserving Democrats" anxious to get on the national payroll.

Preparation of a general program of national defense for submission to Congress, including conferences with Secretaries Garrison and Daniels and chairmen of Naval and Military Affairs Committees of both Senate and House.

Probable Department of Commerce to determine who was responsible for lax control in steams. Inspection service which work in the Eastland disaster. Arrangement of a financial program whereby the Treasury deficit can be met and money raised to permit the army and navy being strengthened in order adequate to defend the national honor.

Inasmuch as the majority of this program will of necessity be of a non-partisan character, the President believes that if he holds conferences at this time with leading members of his own party it will be endangered. Consequently the plan: "Not at home to politicians—just now!"

NO DU PONT PLANT IN CHINA

Officials Deny Report of Oriental Extension of Activities

WILMINGTON, Del., Aug. 12.—Officers of the du Pont Powder Company have been besieged recently by persons who claim to be one of the small stations in Wilmington of the du Pont Company which was to establish in China. It was declared that the company was making three-year contracts with men who would go to China to work for the company, and that the company was a big cash bonus for those who remained the entire time.

The company officers deny that there is a plant to be established in China, and have no idea how the rumor originated. They have found, however, that a large number of Wilmington young men are willing to go to China to work for the company in case it should start a powder plant there.

Movies for Churches O. K.

Churches may exhibit moving picture films for a period of one week during a bazaar or festival or on one night of each week at other times, under ordinance of Council of February 20, 1914. That interpretation of the law by Fire Marshal George W. Elliott has been upheld by City Solicitor Ryan in an opinion and as a result one large church has been refused the privilege of showing moving picture films every night but Sunday for a period of six months unless it conforms to the general fire prevention laws governing amusement places.

Wilmington Man Killed by Train

WILMINGTON, Del., Aug. 12.—Word was received here today of the death of William Hickey, of Delmar. Mr. Hickey, who was 55 years old, stepped in front of a train at one of the small stations in Baltimore, and was crushed to death. He was an employee of the railroad for 15 years and retired in 1909. His son is yardmaster at Delmar. The deceased lived here for many years, and was a regular attendant at Brandywine Summit Camp Meeting, being an ardent Methodist.

COURT UPHOLDS BILLS AGAINST TOM TAGGART AND OTHERS

All But Five Minor Counts in Indictment Sustained

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Aug. 12.—Special Judge Eichhorn, of Bluffton, today sustained all but five minor counts of the indictments which charge Thomas Taggart, Democratic National Committeeman; Mayor Joseph E. Hoff, Chief of Police J. J. Carroll, and more than 50 others with conspiring to corrupt the Marion County elections. Forty-three counts were sustained.

Advertisement for HALLAHAN'S Good Shoes. Features 'Five HALLAHAN Stores Share Today and Tomorrow in These Sensational Prices' and 'Two Beautiful Custom Models Sacrificed for Immediate Clearance'. Includes images of 'White Sea Island Devon Pump' and 'Arden Pumps' with prices \$2.90 and \$2.40 respectively. Also mentions 'More Pumps Added to the DOLLAR Sale'.

Advertisement for 'The Gray Dawn' by Stewart Edward White's New Novel. Features the title 'The Gray Dawn' and 'The Forty=Niners'. Describes it as a romance of the Golden Gate. Includes the publisher's name 'THE SATURDAY EVENING POST' and the date 'August 14'.