

THIRSTY HOST DRINKS ALLENTOWN FAIR DRY Drought Relieved After Half Hour—Philadelphia's Practical Joke Goes Too Far

ALLENTOWN, Pa., Sept. 22.—After a strenuous day Thursday, Allentown is enjoying the last day of its fair, the most successful in its history of two-thirds of a century. Many occurrences yesterday thrilled the 100,000 attendants, chief among which was the exhaustion of the beer supply at mid-afternoon. Such a thing never before had happened, and it was half an hour before the trucks from the breweries brought a fresh supply. One of the brewers said he did not care any more for Allentown Fair business, because so much of his glass was lost. People would buy beer by the glass or the bottle and throw the "glass" away. A prominent business man, stepping into a broken bottle, cut his foot so severely that he was taken to the hospital. It was like Munich—no drunkenness nor fights, but sociable conviviality to the extent of about a million beers, reckoning the small glasses and high "collars." Friday is Allentown people's own day to enjoy the fair, and the attendance was about 40,000, including many reunions of families and clans. A party of forty Philadelphians under the chaperonage of Patrick Cleary had the time of their lives. They made the trip by special car, headed by Captain William J. McFadden and Magistrate Byron Wrigley, and they had an experience with the Allentown police department which they will not soon forget. One of the party undertook a practical joke and borrowing the watches of two others slipped them and his own into the pockets of Arthur Millholland, the famous "millionaire cop," who was one of the visitors. The joke was the business of an Allentown policeman and accused Millholland. The Allentown policeman promptly arrested the indignant Millholland and escorted him to the station. There, to Millholland's dismay, when he was searched, the three watches were found and things looked black. Members of the party began to explain it was all a joke, but the alert Allentown officers didn't look at it that way, being convinced they had nabbed a dangerous crook. By this time Captain McFadden heard of the joke and put himself to work to straighten out the affair, but it took the combined influence of the Philadelphians to make the Allentown police understand that it was indeed only fun, and that Millholland was a respectable citizen and valuable officer, entitled to his freedom.

STONEMEN SECEDERS TO ELECT NEW CHIEF

Dr. P. H. Moore, Named First, Declares He Will Not Join Fellowship. The United Protestant Fellowship, formed of secessionists from the Stonemason's Fellowship, will elect a president at a mass-meeting at the Scottish Rite Hall tomorrow night. This action was made necessary through the refusal of Dr. Philip H. Moore, of Spruce street near Twelfth, to become president of the organization, although he was elected by the rebels. "I gave no one authority to name me as president," he said. "I have never been identified with either organization and don't intend to become a member." Claims of victory over the parent organization were made by the rebels, who have opened headquarters in a garage at 1917 South Seventeenth street. The statement of the Rev. H. C. Stone, founder of the Stonemason's Fellowship, in answer to the charges of autocracy and mismanagement of funds, evaded the issue, according to Harry T. Baxter, the rebels' secretary.

WILL AID PLAGUE VICTIMS

Merion Couple to Contribute Because Their Own Child Escaped Paralysis. Thankful because their son, George Taylor Brown, one year old, had reached his first birthday in good health, Mr. and Mrs. Henry C. Brown, of Merion, will contribute a substantial check to a fund for the benefit of infantile paralysis sufferers. The parents made known their intention yesterday and expressed the hope that a fund for the alleviation of the tiny sufferers might be started by some charitable agency in the city. Their letter expressed the thanks of both parents because their child had escaped the disease and their happiness, they said, could be no more worthily celebrated than through trying to make some other less fortunate parents happier by their child receiving comforts and attention. The contribution was sent to the emergency aid committee.

ON TRIAL FOR MURDER

Man Accused of Killing Fellow Employee Pleads Self-Defense. LEBANON, Pa., Sept. 22.—Samuel Henderson has been brought to trial before Judge Henry on a charge of killing Frank Miles in this city on July 2 last. The accused is alleged by the Commonwealth to have shot Miles as his victim was listening to an argument over a crap game at the Lebanon Valley Iron and Steel plant, where both were employed. Henderson alleged he shot Miles in self-defense, believing the latter was about to carry out a threat to kill him, made at a time when Henderson prevented the elopement of Miles and Mrs. Henderson.

REALTY MEN FIGHT TAX BOOST

Board Wants Revenue Raised by Levy Made Elsewhere. At the monthly meeting of the Philadelphia Real Estate Board, held last night in the clubhouse, 1128 Walnut street, the following resolution was presented by Herbert S. Worrell and adopted unanimously: "Resolved, That the Philadelphia Real Estate Board protests against any increase in the tax rate until it is ascertained that additional revenue cannot be obtained from taxation other than upon real estate." The board listened to an address on "Ground Rents," by Charles I. Cronin, lecturer on conveying at Temple University.

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LITTLE MILLIE WANTS TO BE GOOD, AND SO DOES JENNIE; FRIEND WANTED

Dope Victim, Now Cured in Holmesburg Hospital, Will Try to Come Back, Then Go Back Home to Germany—Women Fiends on Increase

Millie S. wants to be good. Six months ago somebody gave her a pinch of heroin to sniff. She did not exactly like it, but she asked for more. Soon, says Millie, she wanted it just as one wants something to eat, only Millie preferred heroin to food. About three weeks ago a policeman picked up Millie, her eyes glazed, her brain stupefied. The road led by way of City Hall to Holmesburg, where Millie has just completed the dope cure. Her sentence has some months to go, but Millie is looking ahead; she wants to come back and make good. "Somebody gave it to me, a girl here in Philadelphia," said Millie, who comes from New York. "Just somebody, not anybody in particular. I tried a little one day and I didn't like it. It just makes you sleepy. I got sleeper and sleeper and I couldn't do any work. I didn't want anything but the stuff and I didn't want to do anything. Then I got out here." Millie, twenty years of age, has had a hard recovery. Two weeks in the hospital at Holmesburg have sufficed to cure the habit. Today Millie is only afraid of the day when she leaves the gray dormitory. Because not one of the persons who have the Millie-that-is was known what has become of the Millie-that-is.

WANTS TO GO HOME

"And I want to be good again before I go home," said Millie today. "I couldn't go home like this from here. I want to go to work. And then some day when I've got money saved I'll go home." Home to Millie is somewhere in Germany. When twelve years old she came to America to stay with an elder brother. She went home on a visit two years later and stayed there until she was seventeen. Then she came back to the United States, to New York and eventually to Philadelphia. And then somebody gave her a sniff of heroin. "I can sew and I can embroider," said Millie. "I can cook like the Germans cook 'cause my mother taught me. I want to go home, but I'm afraid. If I work a while doing housework they'll think I've been doing it all the time. I want to forget it. My brother would never let me come back. Brothers ain't mothers and I ain't heard from my mother and father for more than a year. Not since."

ANOTHER CURE

Millie isn't the only woman who wants to come back. Jennie is an old timer. She has been accustomed to sniff heroin for more than seven years. A "friend" gave her a sample sniff one day. She found it helped her to sleep. Just a little every day, but it wasn't a habit, Jennie insists. Sometimes she went without it for six months at a time. Proudly she insists she has had the habit for the last six months only. Before that she was almost all right. "Before the Harrison act," explained Jennie, "I just bought a little at a time, but after the act I had to buy it by the bottle. Then I had it always on hand and I took more and more. Couldn't get off it. "Hard to get? Say, it cost five dollars a small bottle and it was easier to get the heroin than it was to get the money. "You can get it anywhere. I traveled with my husband in Canada and around here and I always found it easy. "I've had the cure. Glad it's over. Got a brother in the city who said he'd help me if I was cured. Guess I'm all right now. Yelled all night in the station house when they brought me in and screamed all the way out on the boat. Went to chapel on Sunday, and it was hard to sit still, but I didn't yell or nothing. I'm cured." Upstairs in the hospital are several women undergoing the cure. By diminishing the dose the women are gradually

MANY WOMEN VICTIMS

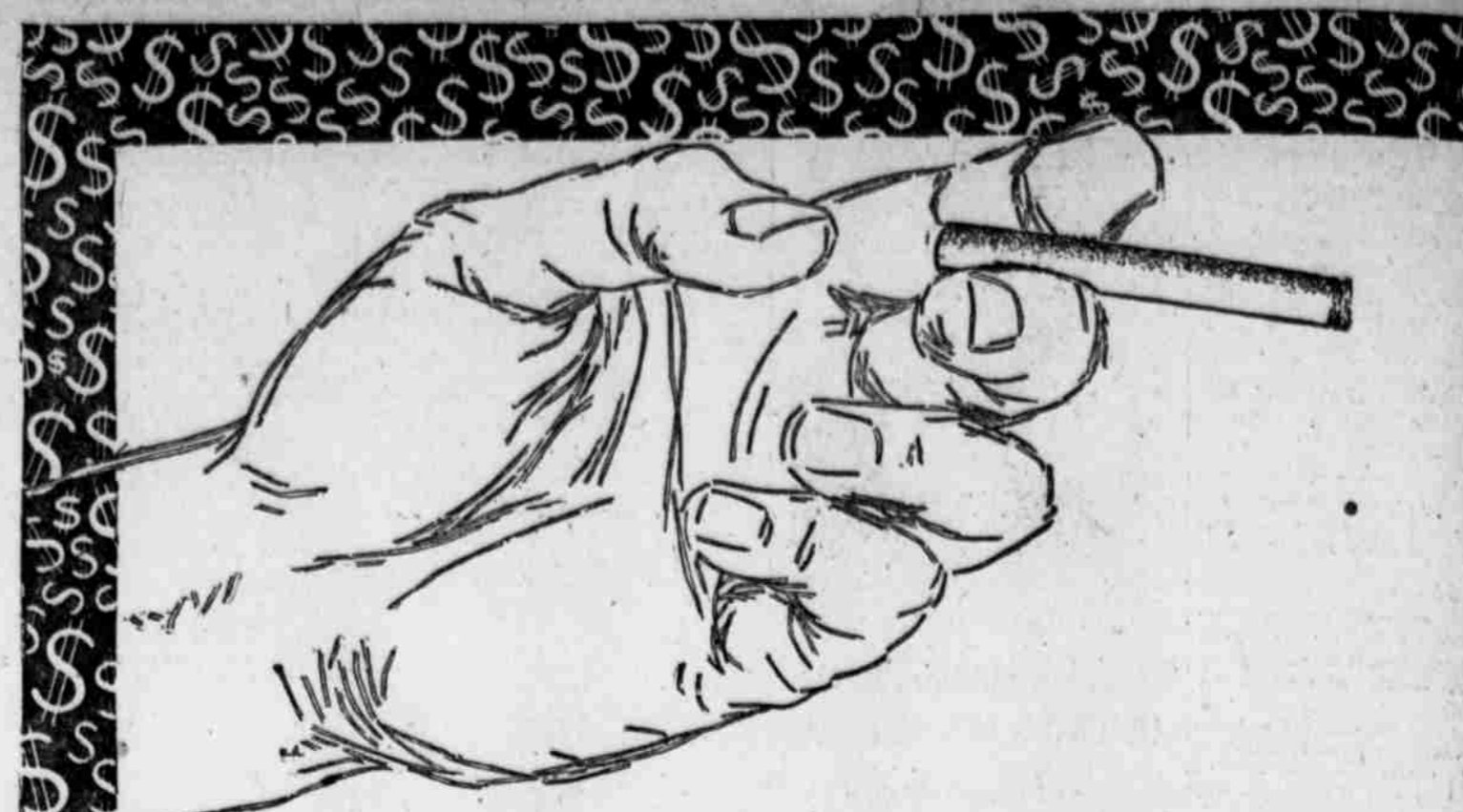
"Twenty-one years ago," said W. A. Patterson, superintendent of Holmesburg, "when I first came here as guard, there was not such a person as a woman with the drug habit. But somehow the number seems to be increasing. We give them the cure, but sometimes, unless the right friends are waiting for them, it's mighty hard for them to do without the dope. Their friends even try to get the dope to them while they're still here. Under postage stamps, in tobacco plugs prepared for the purpose, they make a hiding place. "A tobacco pouch with the Government stamp intact had had its label removed, a small hole punched in the side and several pills of opium stuffed in. The label was pasted carefully over the hole and the bag of tobacco looked as if it had come straight from the shop. One woman brought it out in an orange she gave her husband. Another had a small bottle hidden in her hair. They want it, and their sympathetic friends try to get it to them. The women as well as the men stick together, and they never tell where they get it. They never blab." Millie wants and needs somebody who will help her to come back and be good, so that the people at home need never know. That's the main thing, insists Millie.

Will Buy on Chestnut Street

A. Pomerantz, of A. Pomerantz & Co., now on Fifteenth street above Chestnut, is about to enter into an agreement with F. E. De Long individually and as executor of the estate of Ida De Long, deceased, for the purchase through the J. T. Jackson Company of the property 1525 Chestnut street, lot 23, by 163 feet, to Hanstead street. The property is part of the building 1525-27 Chestnut street owned by the Long estate, which also owns the Arcadia Theater adjoining at 1529-31 Chestnut street.

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