

## FRANCE IS GOING BANKRUPT

Franc, Without Aid, Will Follow Mark, Says Recouly at Williamstown

### VAST RESTORATION COST

Williamstown, Mass., July 31.—"It is after the Frenchmen don't eat Germans," says M. Raymond Recouly, who has just arrived with a message from France for the Institute of Politics at Williamstown. Recouly is going to tell the institute the very latest angles on French Foreign Office opinion, though his lecture will largely be concerned with Russia. Just to counteract the popular misconception mentioned above M. Recouly recounted yesterday how he had been instrumental in insisting that Einstein come to Paris. "Einstein spoke in German," M. Recouly added. "He was loudly applauded and his talks were a great success." Recouly has come to Williamstown with two messages from France. The first is that France is going bankrupt unless some one comes to her rescue, and the second is to tell of Poincaré's new resolve to arrive at a general European settlement "in close association with England."

"Poincaré will remain in office a long time," is Recouly's prediction. "France has spent \$2,000,000,000 francs upon restoration during the last five years," he says, "and if she fails to continue this work alone it inevitably means that paper money must be issued, which will send the franc down the path the mark has taken. Germany has paid hardly anything and yet Herr Brüning himself cannot get to the point that German capitalists had been able to send ten billion gold marks out of the country."

**Drowns in Susquehanna River**  
Marietta, Pa., July 31.—Norman J. Neudorf, twenty-two years old, of Lancaster, was drowned yesterday afternoon in the Susquehanna River opposite Marietta while bathing. He was a World War veteran. The body has not yet been recovered.



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## The Man Who Loved Good Desserts

There goes Edith Bradford, said Mrs. Knowlton as she and Mrs. Winton were sitting on the porch sewing one afternoon. "She and Bob certainly seem happy together."

"I am sure they are," answered Mrs. Winton. "And that reminds me of something funny that happened before they were married. The day Edith came to me in the greatest excitement."

"What am I going to do?" she exclaimed. "I'm in a fix. Bob's mother has just told me that she could live on custard, pudding and blanc mange, and I simply cannot make either one."

She was so serious about it, I was laughing. "Never mind," I reassured her. "There is Pudding."

"Pudding?" she questioned. "What is it?"

A most wonderful dessert—rich and creamy and luscious.

"How do you make it?" said Edith.

"Why, you just add sugar and milk, either fresh or condensed, and boil it for three minutes. Out it comes, after it's cool, a firm, creamy mold of luscious, rich dessert."

"Well, I'm certainly glad to know it," sighed Edith. "Bob's mother is such a wonderful cook."

"I know you'll love it like Pudding," I said. "And it comes in any number of flavors—chocolate, rose vanilla, almond, spice and several others. And then you can make rich, creamy pie and cake filling with Pudding, and you can even make ice-cream with it."

"I suppose you'll finish, how ever," said Edith. "By telling me it's expensive and so rich one can't eat much of it anyhow."

I told her that a 15c box served 15 people, and a 10c box seven people, and was very wholesome. Shortly after she was married I was talking to her again. "Oh, Mrs. Winton," she said, "how can I ever thank you? Pudding is wonderful. Bob raves about my desserts, and Pudding has done it all."

Order some Pudding from your grocery today!—Ad.

## TWO GIRLS OF 13 LINER STOWAWAYS

New York Lassies on Much Anticipated Trip to Europe on the Majestic

### THEY HID IN A LIFEBOAT

New York, July 31.—"It is after her Uncle Mike she takes," Mickey was a seafaring man, and never content unless he was afloat at one end of the world or another.

This is the way John Fleming, worker on the docks of the White Star Line until the strike over McSwiney, and now in the building business, talks of his thirteen-year-old daughter, Katherine.

"It's a millionaire she wants for a father, not the one she has," said Mrs. John, explaining Katherine's wild desire to see the show places of the world, and to live in style.

And in those two remarks lies the nub of the story being a radiogram which came from the Majestic 500 miles out early yesterday morning announcing that Katherine Fleming, thirteen, pretty blonde of 423 West Seventeenth street, and her chum, of the same age, Anna Mallon, of 419 West Seventeenth street, two doors away, had been found hiding in one of the lifeboats, and that they had remained in concealment so long that it was not possible to send them back. So they are on their way to Europe on what Katherine is convinced is "the biggest ship in the world" because she has always vowed she would travel on no other.

**Tried It Once Before**  
The two girls had stowed away on the Majestic Saturday morning, getting an early morning pass "to see the ship" and hiding in one of the lifeboats at the first chance. It was not a new experience for Katherine. Three months ago she did the same thing on the same ship, playing a lone hand that time. But she was found before the ship touched Sandy Hook and sent back on the pilot boat. She was frightened, scared on the pilot boat and the sympathy of her family was a mere camouflage, because it was felt the experience would not be a deterrent if ever her spirit of wanderlust got the upper hand again.

The plan to sail away has been in Katherine's head a long time. She confided it to Anna Mallon and Anna's brother John, or "Sonny," because she remembered it was a lonesomeness that brought her out of her hiding place too soon in her first try. She told of the glories of Europe, and described the ambition of the Mallon children until they agreed to slip their cables and cut away with her. Sonny told about it yesterday.

**Boy Loses His Nerve**  
He is eleven and was to have been the man of the party. It was to be a heroic adventure, but when the time for action arrived Sonny, following a fictionally historic precedent, felt his courage ebbing out through his heels. But the two girls were game. They got a pass early Saturday morning and went aboard.

All the crew was busy, and it was no trick at all to lift the edge of the tarpaulin on one of the lifeboats and creep in, and so they sailed for Europe. They traveled light, for they had only the slim summer clothes they had on their backs and didn't even carry a box of crackers for provisioning the venture.

Both Mrs. Fleming and Mrs. Mallon were still weeping over the act of the girls when a reporter visited them yesterday, but Katherine's father, though he spoke quite regretfully of the escapade, seemed to be hiding in the back of his head a feeling of pride in the spunk of his offspring. And he showed it when he passed the blame to his brother—the wandering spirit Mickey. The fact that in his youth he didn't settle down until he had ransacked the four corners of the earth did not seem to enter into the responsibility.

## GOMPERS SEES PEACE

Labor Warhorse Is Delighted With the Strike Negotiations

New York, July 31.—By A. P. Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, declared yesterday that he viewed "with a great deal of pleasure" news that the mine and rail workers' strikes are nearing "what would seem to be a mutually satisfactory settlement."

"From my knowledge," Mr. Gompers added, "I am convinced that never in the history of organized labor and capital has there been such an effort on both sides to view things from a really human standpoint."

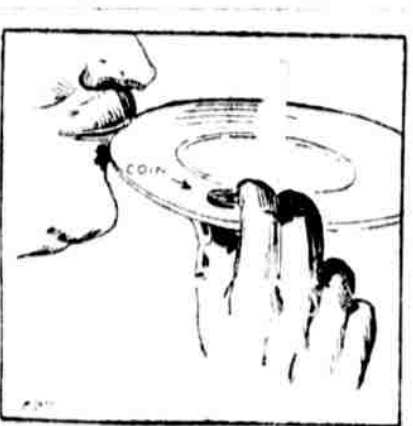
## DROWNS IN EXHIBITION DIVE

Man Was Trying to Raise Fund to Buy Artificial Limb

Memphis, Tenn., July 31.—By A. P. Edward Powell, a Negro, with a bad leg, made an exhibition dive from the center of the Harahan bridge over the Mississippi River yesterday, as a means of raising a fund to buy an artificial limb. He appeared on the surface after the water for a moment after the dive and then disappeared.

His neck probably was broken, as he hit the water head first, it was said.

## After-Dinner Tricks



**No. 227—Biting the Plate**  
The performer holds a plate to his mouth and bites it, so that every one can hear it crack. Despite the evidence that the plate is broken, the performer pretends to bite the plate and it is seen to be in its normal condition.

The trick is done with the aid of a penny or nickel, which is held concealed in one hand. When the performer pretends to bite the plate he secretly brings the coin against the plate with an audible click, which completely deceives the listeners.

**SUPERVISING THE STAGE**  
The appointment of Mr. Augustus Thomas to supervise the morality of stage plays was temporarily postponed in "The Show and Thought," the unusual column by Jay K. House, appearing regularly in the editorial page of the PUBLIC LEDGER. Make it a habit.—Ad.

## ASKS DEATH FOR THIRTY

Soviet Prosecutor Arraigns Social Revolutionists in Moscow

Moscow, July 31.—(By A. P.)—Death by shooting of thirty of the Soviet Revolutionists on trial here, including four women, was demanded by the prosecutor, M. Krylenko, in summarizing the evidence against the defendants. The prisoners shouted their defiance in answer to his accusations.

He said there had been shown, link by link, the connection of the defendants with the various plots charged to them, including the assassination of Mm. Volodarsky and Uritsky, Soviet leaders, in Petrograd in 1918, and attempts to kill Premier Lenin and War Minister Trotsky.

Being without counsel, the principal defendants will make addresses in their own behalf.

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2 Canton Crepe Capes—Monkey Fur and Fringe	135.00	89.50
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1 Group of 11 Capes of Canton Crepe, Velette, Crepe Mongol, Duvelty and Satin, trimmed with Fur or Embroidered	Were 135.00 to	185.00 95.00
1 Grey Canton Crepe Coat—Nail-Head Beads	175.00	110.00
1 Mongol Crepe and Gold Brocade Cape—1 Mongol Crepe Cape with Fox Collar and 2 Canton Crepe Capes with Caracul	195.00 to	225.00 125.00
2 Beaded Canton Crepe Capes with Fox Collar—1 emb. Canton Crepe with Caracul Collar—Dragon Crepe Coat with Nat. Grey Squirrel Collar	Were 225.00 to	325.00 150.00

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"Because we are so far from the city, we can make better ginger ale and other beverages. Under the ground are unfailing springs of cold, pure water.

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is not all. When we make ginger ale, for instance, we use nothing but Jamaica ginger—and that's the best there is. With various fruit juices and cane sugar, a happy blend is made that comes so near pleasing everybody we can say of it 'They all like it.'

"But though everybody likes ginger ale, there are times when a change is desirable. So we have other Clicquot Club flavors—Sarsaparilla, Birch Beer and Root Beer. All are equally pure and good.

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