

PITTSBURGH, SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1920.

A PUBLIC NUISANCE.

The Antiquated Toll-Gate a Bar to Progress on Some Country Roads.

A BADLY KEPT HIGHWAY

Whose Guardians Exact Tribute From Every Passer-By.

A PENNILESS MAN ENTRAPPED.

Unable to Advance or Recede Except From One Bar to the Other.

TIMIDITY PREVENTS AN IMPROVEMENT

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

THE PITTSBURGH DISPATCH COUNTRY ROAD EXPEDITION, May 2.—We have been entrapped. Every person who drives from Clarion to Brookville gets into a trap, or worse yet, into three traps. It is the most diabolical system of traps that exists in Pennsylvania to-day.

AN INTERRUPTED SOLO.



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frauded toll-collector rapidly in the rear, to sneeze away the smoky shade of a frontier pistol. The Toll-Gate Nuisance. In our own fair Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, where every man is not taken for a knave, the toll-gate pole has been practically discarded for half a century.

THE WORST ROAD YET.

This Clarion pike is a part of the same old-time Waterford and Susquehanna turnpike, which was one of the worst roads in Pennsylvania. It is worse than that. It is a toll-gate, not a road.

LET'S GO TO THE TOLL-GATE.

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A Distant Gate Keeper.

We were anxious to make an impression. Each individual toll-keeper we desired to compress into a small size that he would not take up too much of his time. It was therefore wisdom to fire our next and heaviest shot first, and let it reverberate all along the line of toll gates, from the Clarion bridge to Brookville, and then back from Brookville to Clarion bridge.

THE TOLL-GATE NUISANCE.

In a completely disconnected. The toll-keeper was a woman, Mrs. McGovern. She was large, she was stern. Her native Irish, her decided, her her menial attitude made me slightly backward.

EVIDENCE OF A CONSPIRACY.

Toll-gate No. 2 is attended by a decrepit old lady who lives all by herself. I was disappointed. I would rather talk cross to a man. So we passed on. But the last toll-

THE TOLL-GATE NUISANCE.

rate before entering Brookville was a greater disappointment than all. It was our last chance for revenge, and here again a defenseless woman came forth to receive 15 cents for each horse and 10 cents for each man. I can't help but suspect a cool conspiracy to have been hatched at the toll-gate.

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ONE PACIFIC PEARL.

The Isle of Santa Catalina Rich in Relics of the Past.

ONCE THE HOME OF GREAT GIANTS

Who Were Ruled by Handsome Women Who Could Keep House.

A WESTERN RIVAL OF THE BERMUDAS

(CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.)

LOS ANGELES, CAL., April 25.—About 20 miles southwest from San Pedro lies the island of Santa Catalina—a tract of land which is at present an object of deep interest to the tourists and the yachtmans.

DIED OF HIS INJURIES.

Thomas Boal Unable to Recover From the Accident at Belmont. Electric Lights Working Well—Other News and Notes From Wilkensburg.

The young man Thomas Boal, who was injured by the cars at Belmont, as detailed in yesterday's DISPATCH, died at the West Penn Hospital, after the amputation of his leg, yesterday.

Some of the business men on Wood street are in a little bit of a predicament. They are in a little bit of a predicament.

HUNTING THE MAYOR.

Lively Scenes in Municipal Hall While the Officers Are Being Heralded.

City Hall and chaos are synonymous terms just now. Nearly all the offices have been or are being changed, and the stranger in search of an official has a hard time.

CHICAGO ELECTION TRIALS.

The Aldermanic Medical Threatens to Tear up Cook County.

CHICAGO, May 2.—The election commissioners met this afternoon for the purpose of investigating the charges against some of the officials of the Pullman Palace Car Company of violating the election law.

HE LOOKED PRETTY BRAVE.

A Man Who Thought a Picture Was Badly Misnamed.

In a picture show window downtown there is a large engraving showing a French citizen kneeling alone in the center of a street, firing at a body of German soldiers who are marching in the distance.

A CHEERFUL OUTLOOK.

Business Generally in a Better Condition Than Last Year.

STRIKES ARE NOT A FACTOR

In Depressing the General Business of the Entire Country.

SILVER LEGISLATION IGNORED

(SPECIAL TELEGRAMS TO THE DISPATCH.)

NEW YORK, May 2.—Special telegrams to Bradstreet's indicate much the same condition of affairs in general trade distributive circles as exists at present. There is some improvement in the outlook, and, therefore, in the feeling.

ENOUGH TO PUZZLE SOLOMON.

A Queer Case of Inheritance Over a Child—Conflicter Between Her Parents—Widow's Note That Caused the Loss of a Little Girl.

Mrs. DeHaven, who is a member of the board of managers of the Colored Orphan Asylum, and corresponding secretary of that institution, is much worried about the taking away of a little colored girl who had been in the asylum only three months.

WHEAT ADVANCED.

The New York stock market shows increasing activity and advancing prices. The speculation is assuming a wider form than has been seen for some years, and the prospective legislation from which it derives is partially lost sight of.

PRICES A LITTLE LOWER.

The general average of prices is nearly 1 per cent lower than a week ago, notwithstanding the fact that wheat is reported to be in short supply.

BUSINESS FAILURES DECREASING.

There is much less complaint of slow collections throughout the Northwest, but considerable in some lines at Philadelphia, Boston and New York.

HIGH, DRY AND HEALTHY.

Da Veil Keenest of the Day. The largest stock of kid, dogona and tan-colored Oxfort ties for children, misses and adults are on hand at G. D. Simen's, 78 Ohio street, Allegheny, Pa.

SAFETY, SURE AND PROFITABLE.

NEWLY CLUB-STICK PARASOLS AT \$3 TO \$10. In all choice colors. Also complete line of the telescope sunshades.

NOVELTIES IN MEN'S FINE NECKWEAR.

Do not fail to see today, Sunday Dispatch. NOVELTIES IN MEN'S FINE NECKWEAR. It may be your last chance. See page 14, Sunday Dispatch.

THE MAN WHO WAS



Let it be clearly understood that the Russian is a cheerful person till he tucks in his shirt. As an Oriental he is charming. It is only when he insists upon being treated as the most easterly of Western peoples instead of the most westerly of Easterns that he becomes a radical anomaly—extremely difficult to handle.

Dirkovich was a Russian—a Russian of the Russians—who appeared to get his bread by serving the Czar as an officer in the Cossack regiment and corresponding for a Russian newspaper with a name that was never twice alike. He was a handsome young Oriental, fond of wandering through unexplored portions of the earth, and he arrived in India from nowhere in particular.

There is no actual record of the time he was given up as a hopeless task, or cast by the Black Tyrone, who individually and collectively with hot whisky and honey, mellowed brandy and mixed spirits of every

kind, had striven in all hospitality to make him drunk. And when the Black Tyrone, who are exclusively Irish, fail to disturb the peace of a man in a month, it is a matter of fact that the White Hussars and the cream and silver of the Luskair Light Horse. Dirkovitch's dull green uniform was the only dark spot at the board, but his big eyes made up for it.

The servants, in spotless white manila and the crest of their regiments on the brow of their turbans, waited behind their masters, who were clad in the scarlet and gold of the White Hussars and the cream and silver of the Luskair Light Horse. Dirkovitch's dull green uniform was the only dark spot at the board, but his big eyes made up for it.

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