

# GRIM AND BERRY IN BITTER CLASH

## Republicans Serenely Watch Democratic Row.

### KEYSTONER IS IN A BAD WAY

Editors Who Once Supported Former State Treasurer Now Denounce Him and Call Upon Party Men to Stand by Nominations of Allentown Convention.

[Special Correspondence.] Philadelphia, Sept. 6.

A sharp drawing of the lines in the actual fight in the Democratic party and a display of bitterness between the leaders of the Grim and Berry forces have served to accentuate the one-sided character of the gubernatorial campaign in Pennsylvania.

In the desperate struggle between the Grim adherents and the Berry warriors, Republicans are not playing favorites, but are complacently looking on and speculating as to which wing of the Democracy will land in second place on election day.

If the Republican leaders had planned the situation, they could not have sought a happier condition for their candidates.

Following the remarkable demonstration given in his honor by his neighbors in the Monongahela valley, the inauguration of his campaign at Harler, John Kinley Tener, the Republican standard bearer, will continue on his tour of the state, meeting the voters face to face, freely and manfully discussing the issues and conceding to his opponents the right to their views and absolutely refraining from personal attacks or abuse of any kind or character.

Confronted with this sane and dignified policy is the spectacle of the divided Democracy, with candidates and leaders arrayed against each other in spectacular and scandalous warfare.

Grim-Berry Combat.

What the Grim men say about Berry and what the Berry men say about Grim is frequently said for publication.

The charge that Grim's nomination as brought about by the liquor interests is met with the allegation that Berry, although upon record as a prohibitionist and again as a local capitalist, conferred with representatives of the liquor interests, and as a result pledges made at Allentown received support in that convention of a number of delegates engaged in the liquor business.

Berry men accuse Grim of having lyaned knowledge of the withdrawal of Munson, of being in a conspiracy to creditly capture the Democratic convention. The Grim cohorts retort with clarations that Berry was in a conation with Grim to down Munson, at he at first accepted the vote at lentown and pledged his support to im, and then violated this promise deliberately when he said he never given such a pledge.

Grim is accused of working hand in hand with Republicans. Berry is denounced as an ingrate for having borrowed money from Guffey and then setting the Guffey machine that de possible his election as treasurer.

These are but samples of the charges and counter charges that are being exchanged in the hot fire of the within the Democratic ranks. The ystone Party belief generally accepted as an offshoot from the stonocracy.

Up to date Grim has a big lead over try in the way of substantial support.

Democratic Editors For Grim.

The veteran editor, P. Gray Meek, the Democratic Bellflower, Watchman, has made a canvas and figures that in the entire state there are out a dozen newspapers giving any support, and of these only can claim any Democratic conency, and the others are of a ngral class that would naturally up a cause such as the Berry canacy represents.

Meek insists that Berry should withdraw. With the name of Grim nailed to his litorial masthead, Editor Joseph G. ber, of the Huntingdon Monitor, this gentle knock at the Keystone ddicate:

Over his own signature William Berry gave out to the press a rriduous tirade against Senator Grim, in ch he said: "He sat in the senate r his burned one capitol down r his head and stole seven millions dollars in building another." As ator Grim was not elected to the lstrature until six years after the ring of the capitol in 1897, Mr. rry's statement is important only proof of the recklessness and untruthfulness of the assertions he is king about Senator Grim."

Editor Meyers, of the Democratic Independent of Harrisburg, takes r Grim and of the controversy, and ong other things said in a recent ue:

"It is a pity that Mr. Berry, the ystone Party's candidate for the of governor of Pennsylvania, can see himself as others see him and not understand how ridiculous his acks on the Democratic party sound the ears of any sensible man in his dience.

"In almost every sentence of his eches he tells those who will listen im that he is the candidate of the ystone Party only because he could e the candidate of the Demoic party. He has given no other son for his posing as a reformer, here is none; he cannot muster ough of his particular brand of asance to pretend that there is any er reason. He poses as a bitter yd of the liquor interests," but he id have swallowed his convenient ity and remained blind to what he s the alliance between Penrose and Democratic leaders if only the Al-

known convention had given that nomination.

"His story of the nomination is absurd from beginning to end. . . . Because the party that honored him for five years has chosen another man for the head of its ticket, he is slandering and vilifying me and trying to defeat it while still pretending to be a Democrat."

The Philadelphia Record, which was one of Berry's principal supporters when he ran for state treasurer, is now for Grim. In a review of the situation in its issue of Monday last the Philadelphia Record said:

"The Record in the appointment of the state finance committee of the Keystone Party is said to be owing to difficulty in getting a sufficiency of the 'right kind of men' to underwrite the conduct of the campaign. In this city the dissensions in the independent ranks have evidently alienated from their camp a very large element of old-line reformers who include the persons that were the mainstay of the campaign funds in former battles here against the political contractors' organization. The effect of this state of affairs upon the 'country' is said to be anything but conducive to such financial assistance as the Berry ticket managers hoped to receive for their cause."

### THE WAISTCOAT.

It Became Popular by the Patronage of Charles II.

Few men realize how much they are being influenced in their dress by King Charles II, and yet it is to that monarch we owe the adoption of the waistcoat as a regular article of gentleman's dress, says London M. A. P. At least that is so if we are to accept the statement of Pepys, who in his diary under date of Oct. 16, 1660, states: "The king has declared his resolution to set a fashion which he would never alter," and "This day King Charles II. began to put on his vest. It is a very fine and handsome garment."

Prior to this date they were exceptional garments, and there is even some doubt whether they were originally worn by ladies or gentlemen, though there is good reason to believe they superseded the doublet, such as was worn by Raleigh, Essex and other notables of the Elizabethan age.

A coat waistcoat "wrought in silk and gold" is mentioned in "Faint Gravel" 1902, and there is a painting in distemper of a vest on the walls of Winchester cathedral, dated 1488, so that what Charles II. took was merely an existing garment, which he re-modeled, and by his patronage so popularized it that it became a standard article of gentleman's dress.

### Clever Reasoning.

Rather an original lesson in political economy was that once taught by the Japanese nobleman Awoto and thus translated by Sir Edwin Arnold in "Sens and Lands":

"One evening as he was going to the palace to take his turn in keeping the night watch he let ten cash drop out of his tinder case into the stream and then thought fifty cash worth of torches to search for the lost coin. His friends laughed at him for spending so much in order to recover so little, and he replied, with a frown:

"Sirs, you are foolish and ignorant of economics. Had I not sought for these ten cash they would have been lost forever—sunk in the bottom of the Namerigawa. The fifty cash which I have expended on torches will remain in the hands of the tradesman. Whether he has them or I is no matter, but not a single one of the sixty has been lost, and that is a clear gain to the country."

### LET THE YAWN COME.

A Good One Is a Splendid Thing For the Whole Body.

A good, wide, open-mouthed yawn is a splendid thing for the whole body. A yawn is nature's demand for rest. Some people think they only yawn because they are sleepy, but this is not so. You yawn because you are tired. You may be sleepy also, but that is not the real cause of your yawning. You are sleepy because you are tired, and you yawn because you are tired.

Whenever you feel like yawning just yawn. Don't try to suppress it because you think it is impolite to yawn. Put your hand over your mouth if you want to, but let the yawn come. And if you are where you can stretch at the same time that you yawn just stretch and yawn. This is nature's way of stretching and relaxing the muscles.

Don't be afraid to open your mouth wide and yawn and stretch whenever you feel like it. Indeed, if you are very tired, but do not feel like yawning, there is nothing that will rest you so quickly as to sit on a straight back chair and, lifting your feet from the floor, push them out in front of you as far as possible, stretch the arms, put the head back, open the mouth wide and make yourself yawn.

These tense nerves will relax, the contracted muscles will stretch and the whole body will be rested. Do this two or three times when you are tired and see what it will do for you.

### DESERTED VILLAGES REVIVING

Maine's Abandoned Communities Get New Lease of Life.

Maine has had her deserted farms, and now and then one can find her deserted villages. Such a one is Westville, in the town and county of Oxford, where once the pulse and machinery kept life beating fast in a thriving little community.

Today the population is scattering on the farms thereabouts chiefly, while the change in the value of the property is indicated by the story recently related of the sale of a two and a half story house for \$175 which was worth \$1,500 seventy-five years ago.

But the number of such towns is small. Maine is building up fast. Her deserted farms are being taken up, sometimes by progressive young farmers and again by summer people, and the deserted Maine villages promised a new lease of life.

### Overcharged.

Bell—Did I understand you to say that the dentist overcharged you?  
Nell—Yes; he gave me enough gas to inflate a balloon.

# CREASY CALLED DOWN BY STATE GRANGERS

## Members Protest Against His Working Order For Politics.

[Special Correspondence.] Harrisburg, Sept. 6.

A storm of protests has come in from every section of the state against the action of William T. Creasy in using his official position as head of the State Grange to promote his peculiar political interests and ambitions to the detriment of the order.

Creasy, who is still smarting under the defeat administered to him at the primary election when he ran for the Democratic nomination for state senator in Columbia county, is trying to get satisfaction from his Democratic and Republican opponents by supporting William H. Berry for governor. Berry and he have worked together in Democratic politics. Both stood by Bryan to the end, and Creasy went to Allentown to try and have Berry made the Democratic nominee.

Having failed in this, he flopped over to the Keystone Party and was one of the most active spirits in the Keystone Party convention in support of Berry, and with Bonniwell and other well known Bryanite Democrats, succeeded in defeating the element in the Keystone Party that favored the nomination of an independent Republican for governor.

Creasy has since been active in helping to manage Berry's campaign, and his most effective work is being done through the organ of the State Grange known as the Grange News. As worthy master of the grange, Creasy has charge of this publication.

While it is conceded that Mr. Creasy has a right to vote for whom he pleases and to work for his election, it is contended that he has no right to use the organ of the grange, its official publication, to advance factional or personal interests or to espouse the cause of any political party.

Under the constitution of the grange officers and members are forbidden to interfere with the political or religious views of any of the members, and no official, high or low, has heretofore been permitted to take advantage of his position to influence or coerce any member in political or religious matters.

Under the editorial direction of Creasy the Grange News has deteriorated into a political sheet. It has been diverted from its logical work of educating the members and others regarding matters of special interest to farmers and affiliated interests, and has been made the political mouthpiece of a defeated Democratic politician who seeks to line up the members of the grange at the coming election so as to serve his own purposes.

Included in the membership of the grange are Republicans, Democrats and prohibitionists, who purpose to support the nominees of their respective parties. They insist that Creasy shall cease to use the Grange News for political purposes.

Creasy got a severe setback when he sought to have the committee on legislation of the grange declare against both Republican and Democratic parties and for Berry. He got but one vote besides his own and was greatly chagrined at the defeat of his scheme. Adversarial Grangers insist that Creasy must quit his political campaigning or resign as master.

### A WOMAN'S LOGIC.

It Helped Her Out When the Customs Officials Bothered Her.

On one of the recently arriving transatlantic steamers was a young woman whose extreme economy had not permitted any lavish expenditure abroad. But she had repeatedly referred with commendable pride to the material for two silk dresses she had purchased at a bargain which she was bringing home for her mother and sister. Even the suggestion of one sympathetic listener that she would have to pay duty produced merely a temporary restraint.

Finally when the liner approached New York and the custom house officer received the somewhat plain woman at the cabin table her fellow passengers were curious. Being asked the usual questions about dutiable property, she replied stoutly and defiantly that she had the material for two silk dresses.

"Are they for yourself?" the inspector wanted to know.  
"No, they are not," she declared. "I am bringing them home for presents."  
"Then since they are not for your own use I shall be compelled to charge you duty," and he figured out for her the required amount.

Taking the pencil from his hand, she figured for a moment and then said: "Well, I declare! That has made those dresses cost me so much that I simply can't afford to give them away now. I'm just going to keep them for myself; that's what I'll do!"—New York Tribune.

### A Sample of Suggestion.

A popular comedian and playwright was praising the humorous value of suggestions.  
"It is funnier to suggest a thing," he said, "than to say it out. Playwrights should remember this. Suggestion, pregnant suggestion, is what makes really funny the little boy's remark to his father:  
"Pa, if you help me with my arithmetic lesson tonight I'll tell you where ma hid your trousers."—New York Sun.

### Russia Gets Steel Contract.

Russian exports of steel rails are rapidly increasing, having been 50 per cent greater in 1906 than in 1905. In April, 1910, Russia ordered us on 65,000 tons for the Argentine government. Their bid was \$20 a metric ton, while ours was \$32.72. The English mills did not bid at all, knowing from previous experiences that they could not meet the prospective price.

### Hongkong Drops Filipino Sugar.

Hongkong has ceased buying Philippine sugar and will depend on Java for her raw sugar supply. Americans bought up all the Philippine stocks. Neither American nor European beet sugar can compete in China with the far eastern cane sugar.

### Nancy Hanks in Marble.

Nancy Hanks, the famous trotting mare, although still living, is to be perpetuated in marble. Nancy in her day was one of the finest and fastest horses living.

# "JERRY."

## The Story of an Artist and a Little Child.

By AGNES G. BROGAN.

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"Do you know of any one who would like to adopt a little girl? I promised Martha Dale as she died that I would find homes for her children. The minister's wife will take care of the boy, but no one around here seems to want girls."

The farmer's wife looked exceedingly troubled, and the young man smiled consolingly.

"I am afraid that I cannot help you out," he replied. "The boy might have been made useful about my studio for a time; but, being a lonely orphan myself, I can only sympathize with the little girl."

"Perhaps," the woman mused hopefully, "Mrs. Gray might change and let you have the boy."

But Phillip Dryden protested quickly. "I don't want either of them," he said. He was leaving the picturesque village that evening to spend the summer quietly at his old homestead, where the faithful housekeeper alone remained to bid him welcome. In the fall he intended going abroad to pursue his art studies. He made his way slowly up the brow of the hill, pausing to rest beneath a tree whose branches were laden with spring blossoms.

Presently a child's figure emerged from the shadows, a very tiny lad whose solemn dark eyes gazed wondrously out from the brim of his faded red cap.

"If you please," he said simply, "I am ready to go with you."

The young man stared incredulously. "Can you clean the paint brushes," the small voice added persuasively, "and I will be very good."

Phillip jumped to his feet. "You poor little rascal!" he exclaimed, "you can't go with me!"

"But I am Jerry Dale," the child insisted. "You told Mrs. Westly you would take the boy."

"She ought not to have sent you here," the young man said angrily. He looked at his watch—just fifteen

Eagerly he clasped the extended hands. "My dear girl," he said, "when you speak of debt do you realize that it is your face that has won for me both fame and fortune?"

Then they walked side by side to the white gate of the parsonage.

"I shall stop over here for a time," he said at parting. "This is a splendid place for making sketches."

So she found him often busily working as she passed upon her homeward way, and they would linger to laugh and talk in friendly fashion. It was very natural to call him Phillip, as he had taught her so long ago, and to come to him again with her small perplexities. And each day the man grew more firm in his purpose—he would take her back to the peaceful old homestead, where the loneliness of their two lives would be changed into happiness, like the ending of a fairy tale.

When he spoke of this great hope she resolutely turned from his pleading. "It is pity, not love, which prompts you to say this," she said and ran swiftly up the pathway and into the house. Neither could he persuade her to listen to him during the days which followed, while his many fervent notes were unanswered.

At length a peremptory telegram summoned him to the city, and, pending a few words of farewell to the obscure one, Phillip Dryden ascended the hill leading up to the station in much the same frame of mind that he had departed upon a like journey ten years ago. He paused now, as then, to rest beneath the spreading tree, his brows wrinkled in troubled thought.

"If you please," said a very meek voice near by, "I am ready to go with you." And the moon, bursting radiantly from beneath a cloud, shone full upon "Jerry's" face.

The girl laughed a little unsteadily. "I could clean the paint brushes," she repeated slowly, "and—and I will be very good."

"Jerry," the man cried sharply, "what does this mean?"

She looked at him with the elated smile he so well remembered and raised her arm in the moonlight to trace an imaginary letter. "Dear Phillip," she quoted softly, "I love you."

And as the obliging old moon hid beneath another cloud the "little girl whom nobody wanted" had found her own at last.

ed a glance of inquiry at him in passing. Fleeting as that glance had been it moved the man with a strange sense of loss and longing, for the eyes looking out from the girl's sweet face were the haunting eyes of Jerry.

"This must be the sister," he concluded, and he would meet her upon the following day to learn how the boy had prospered.

He was waiting as she came alone up the fragrant pathway. "Miss Dale?" he asked smilingly, and she bowed her head in assent.

"I am Phillip Dryden," he explained, "the man who would have adopted your brother Jerry long ago had he not deserted me. I am still anxious to hear what became of him."

"How do you know," she asked slowly, "that the boy was my brother?"

"The likeness," he replied, "is unmistakable."

"It is a pitiful story," she said. "Listen, and I will explain."

"There were two little homeless ones that night, Tom, the boy,"—she smiled involuntarily—"and Jerusha, his sister. Girls did not seem to be desirable, so this little girl, whom nobody wanted, sat screened by a curtain of vines, listening breathlessly as a woman tried to persuade a strange young man to find a home for her among his people. She has never forgotten his laughing reply, though it was all very serious then, and the child's heart went out to the man, who was a lonely orphan himself. The ever fortunate boy might have been made useful about the studio, he had said, and it was then that little 'Jerry' formed the wild plan which seemed to her a very simple way out of a great difficulty."

"Clad in a shabby suit of her brother's, never dreaming of failure, she met you here in the twilight." The girl's eyes shone. "Then followed the golden days at the farm, and later, when she had been taught the sin of deceiving, 'Jerry' reasoned that the only reparation in her power would be to relieve you of the burden which you had not desired and to go back again to the only place she had known."

She was silent for a few moments. "The old housekeeper has been my trusted friend," she continued, "and in long letters we have rejoiced together over the success of your remarkable painting." She put out her hands impulsively. "It is rather late to beg forgiveness," she said, "and I can never hope to repay my great debt of gratitude."

Eagerly he clasped the extended hands. "My dear girl," he said, "when you speak of debt do you realize that it is your face that has won for me both fame and fortune?"

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### GIGANTIC TREE STUMPS.

Big Enough to Be Hollowed Out and Used For Houses.

The fine firs of the Pacific northwest are so colossal that after the trees are heaved down the stumps are used for children's playgrounds, houses for families to live in or for dancing platforms.

To make a stump house the material from the interior is removed, leaving only enough to form walls of sufficient thickness. A roof of beams or staves is put over the top of the stump, holes are cut for windows and doors, and a family of five can and often does make it their dwelling. The stump houses are sometimes used by settlers until they can build larger and more convenient homes.

After the stump home has been vacated it is turned into a stable for the horses or sometimes into an enclosure for chickens or hogs.

Next to the big tree of California the fir or sequoia of Washington and Oregon has the largest diameter. As they decay rapidly, the hollowing out is easy. Sometimes they are used for dance platforms, some of them accommodating as many as four couples.

Another custom is to turn the big stumps into playgrounds for the children. The children reach the top by pieces of wood nailed against the sides or by ladders. A beautiful use of the large stumps is making them into flower beds and covering them with trailing vines.—Chicago Tribune.

### No Temptation.

"James, can I trust you with the key to the wine cellar?"  
The Wine Butler (stiffly)—Certainly, sir! I have seen all the labels.—Life.

# CASH REGISTERS IN POSTAL BANK

## Yankee Ingenuity to Mark Adoption of Plan.

### START WITH OLD SYSTEM.

Cumbersome Foreign Procedure of Pass Books to Be Dropped as Soon as Desirable Machine is Invented to Safeguard Money Deposits of Public, Says Postmaster General.

That the United States will have a postal savings bank plan entirely different from all other postal savings schemes and that its superiority over other systems is a tribute to Yankee ingenuity are two of the facts fought out in an explanation made recently by Frank H. Hitchcock, postmaster general, concerning his intentions regarding this new financial feature in the life of the country.

Mr. Hitchcock has assured himself that the groundwork has been laid securely for the establishment of the postal banks.

Cash Register Guards Deposits.

Although every other country which has a postal savings bank system uses the pass book plan in order to keep track of the deposits of money, Mr. Hitchcock, after many conferences with authorities on savings banks, has deliberately cut loose from this scheme. He has decided to adopt a plan which in the end will depend upon machinery.

To be more exact, the cash register, essentially an American idea, will keep tabs on the deposits of money and will guard the public against the possibility of embezzlement and theft on the part of those who handle the sums turned in to be guarded by the government.

Never before has this plan been considered by any country, and all over Europe there is now in effect the cumbersome scheme of handling pass books. All the other postal savings plans of the world are practically identical.

It is now up to some inventive genius to put on the market a cash register which will do the things required for handling the money entrusted to the postoffices of the United States.

Deposit Slips at First.

But Mr. Hitchcock has not calculated that the cash register system can be put into operation at once, first, because no satisfactory register is on the market and, secondly, because the expense of installing the system at once would be too great.

For the first six months or a year there will be used deposit slips, handed by hand. They will be in figures from \$1 to \$9, and in addition to these there will be slips for \$10, \$20 and \$50. The \$10, \$20 and \$50 slips will be made out in duplicate, so that there will be no opportunity for clerks or receiving tellers to falsify them.

Only the slips running from \$1 to \$9 will be made out in ink as issued, and the postmaster general has figured that there is slight chance of anybody incurring the danger of the penitentiary for the benefit of falsifying any entry less than \$10.

### IS CENSOR OF "AERIENNES."

French Mayor Objects to Knickerbockers For Female Flight.

The mayor of Etampes, France, has views of what a woman aviator's costume ought not to be, and when he saw Mile. Abukais, one of the aeroplanists at the Etampes meeting, wearing jaunty knickerbockers with brilliant stockings he gasped. Then he had the police issue a summons against the lady.

Mile. Abukais flew every day during the week, and each day she wore knickerbockers and stockings despite the mayor's disapproval. Each day a fresh summons was issued. When Mile. Abukais appears for trial she may be fined.

Meanwhile the jocosse French newspapers are demanding that the mayor shall state just what costume air women should wear in order that rural propriety may not be shocked.

### PRINCE A POOR LAWYER.

Fails to Clear German Burglar in First Case.

A laborer who appeared in the prisoners' dock in a Berlin police court on a charge of burglary had something of a shock when he heard the announcement that his defense would be conducted by his serene highness the Prince of Ratibor.

The accused having no counsel, the court had appointed the young prince, who is a member of the ancient house of Hohenzollern, to defend him. It was the prince's first case. The royal lawyer put up a spirited defense, but the evidence was too strong, and his first client was sentenced to four years penal servitude.

### Waste Land Grows Rubber.

Wide reaches of waste land on the island of Singapore are now being set out in rubber plants, which seem to do well. In Malacca there were formerly square miles of land covered withalang, the hiding place of tigers and other big game, which have been transformed into fine rubber plantations.

### An Odd Apology.

This is the classic apology of a celebrated statesman of the last generation: "Mr. Speaker, in the heat of debate I stated that the right honorable gentleman opposite was a dishonest and unprincipled adventurer. I have now, in a calmer moment, to state that I am sorry for it."

### The Elevator Man's Joke.

Hobbs—I guess the elevator is out of order. What is that sign on the door?  
Dobbs—The elevator man must be a bit of a wag. It says, "Please pardon me for not rising."—Boston Transcript

# AMERICA CENTER OF TOURMALINES

## Gems That Orient Demands In Abundance Here.

### MAINE HAS VALUABLE MINES.

Blue Variety of Stone That Chinese Value Above Diamonds Because of Lucky Qualities Also Found In California—Western States Supposed to Have Undiscovered Supplies.

"You saw the account in the papers of the remarkable demand for blue tourmalines in China," said Dr. William H. Choate of Detroit recently, "but do you know that this country is very rich in these gems and that the demand for them in the orient is so great that the mines here cannot begin to supply the market?"

"To begin with, the Chinese believe that the blue tourmaline brings good luck, health and warns away evil spirits; also the gem is one of the most beautiful in the world, more beautiful, I think, than the rose tourmaline, the green or any other. There are a great many unworked ledges in Maine that are believed to have the gems. The tourmaline lies in a pocket in the ledge surrounding the decayed stone in the form of dust.