



LIGHTS of NEW YORK

By Walter Trumbull

The Long Island home of a New York society woman is famous among her guests for the fact that all rooms are supplied with flowers from her garden and in the manner in which they are arranged. There is a reason. At a certain fashionable resort hotel, some time ago, it was noticeable that one dining room table always had fonder flowers than any of the others. This was peculiar, as the flowers came from the hotel gardens and were allotted by the head waiter. A watchman solved the mystery, when early one morning he discovered the waitress assigned to the table in question, in the garden picking the choicest blossoms. She had formed the habit of getting up at sunrise, stealing out of the dormitory which housed the female help and gathering the flowers she loved. The girl was discharged. The Long Island woman, who was among the hotel guests, happened to hear the story, sent for the girl, talked to her and hired her. Now the girl's chief duties are to keep the rooms in the Long Island place bright with floral decoration. The girl originally came from a section of New York where the only flowers are purple specimens in the pots on fire escapes.

So a couple of the best known men in New York picked out a nice spot on the park grass, sat down and commenced to play pinochle. In a few minutes they were surrounded by a ring of interested spectators which bothered them not at all. The president of the garden vindicated himself by winning again. Arthur Houghton, who has managed musical comedy troupes for Dillingham and Ziegfeld, had a new experience last season. He headed a company which was largely English and seven of the chorus men had hyphenated names. Houghton thinks the most unusual name he ever encountered belonged to a girl. She was programmed as Mwyafanwy Jenkins. Apparently you don't have to be mad at a person to throw acid at them. One of our city boys explained that he heaved acid on his sweetie, because he was infatuated with her. It probably was just an affectionate gesture, but the judge couldn't see it. The girl will get out before the boy does.

This worried him considerably; first because he had no idea of the ring's value, and secondly because he didn't very well see how anybody except the maid herself, whom the family always had trusted implicitly, could have known he had the ring. After he had worried about the ring for a couple of days, the maid's honesty was demonstrated. She brought him the ring for the second time, having found it in his handkerchief drawer, where he hasn't the faintest recollection of putting it. Now he is worrying about himself. The English have their own fashion of pronouncing names. There is the famous Marjoribanks, pronounced Marjoribanks, and Derby, pronounced Derby. The name of Evelyn Laye, star of "Bitter Sweet," is pronounced Evelyn Lay. Evelyn is a family name in England, but in that case it is pronounced Ev-lin. (© 1930, Bell Syndicate.)

Almost every one has a favorite game. Baseball, football, golf, chess, checkers, cross-word puzzles, poker, anagrams, hearts, backgammon, and solitaire all have their devoted followers, but the hobby of William P. Carey, head of Madison Square Garden, is pinochle. This is the game he is never too busy to play. Once when Carey was building a railroad in South America, he took a man all the way to the Argentine with him, just so he would have a pinochle opponent on the boat. The other day, Carey and a friend had been playing pinochle at the Carey apartment so long that they felt it might be a good thing to get a little exercise by walking in Central park. The friend kept insisting that Carey had been exceedingly lucky. "Nothing of the sort," said Carey. "That was skill. If we had a pinochle deck here I could beat you right now." "We have," said his friend. "I put a pack in my pocket."

A New York lawyer has employed in his household for several years a maid who was born abroad. Recently the domestic obtained a leave of absence to go back to the old country and see her parents. She came to her employer with a diamond ring, which she said belonged to her, and asked him if he would have it appraised, as she might want to sell it to get more money for her trip. He agreed and put the ring in his pocket. The next day he looked for it and couldn't find it. San Francisco.—So she took the \$100,000 and remarried her divorced husband. As a denouement to the spectacular affairs of Dr. and Mrs. Roderic O'Connor of Oakland, the divorced couple reentered the marital state in Reno. The prominent Oakland physician was divorced by his wife, the former Gertrude Gould, last December, in Reno. She charged him with fault finding and nagging. In January Mrs. O'Connor appeared in Superior court and asked that the "divorce clause" in her father's will be fulfilled. This will made by the late Charles R. Gould, former president of the California fish and game commission, provided that his daughter should receive only the income from a \$100,000 trust fund.

only the income from a \$100,000 trust fund. If she were widowed or divorced, however, she was to receive the \$100,000 principal immediately. She got the money by order of Superior Judge Lincoln S. Church. Shortly thereafter persistent rumors were current among friends of the couple that they were shortly to remarry. Both denied this, admitting that they were "close friends" but no more. The wedding ceremony recently was performed by Rev. Brewster Adams, Reno Baptist minister. The couple have one daughter, who inherited \$20,000 from Gould's estate.

United States Claims Polar Lands

Washington.—The United States is trying to lay claim not only to the Byrd discoveries in the Antarctic but to various islands in the Arctic and to establish ownership to some fifty islands in the Caribbean and the South seas. While it was stated that the Arctic and Antarctic wastes are of little value or concern to the United States, this country would claim certain portions by right of discovery. Senator Tydings (D.) of Maryland has a resolution to this effect pending in the senate. About the islands in the Caribbean little is known, and the State department is to name a commission to make a study to establish ownership. Some of them are inhabited and of considerable value as coaling bases. Others are barren and little more than coral reefs. There are also islands in the South sea group which American mariners of former days laid claim to, but which have never been placed under the American flag. An interesting instance is the island of Roncador, off the coast of Colombia. Two years ago it was discovered that the United States was the rightful owner. It developed, however, that it was populated almost entirely by Colombians. Although the United States established its ownership, Colombia was permitted under a treaty to retain its trading station there and the United States limited its rights to an erecting a lighthouse for the safety of navigation. There are several such islands in the Pacific and the Atlantic adjacent to the entrance of the Panama canal and the entrance of the proposed Nicaraguan canal, which later may become of great strategic value. The United States archives, it was stated, contain many claims of discovery, and they are to be carefully studied with a view to flying the American flag over any which may be desirable.

Chicago Woman to Boss Far North Trading Post. Winnipeg, Man.—Agnes Powers, twenty-five-year-old college-trained Chicago woman and former reporter in Des Moines, Iowa, has gone through here on her way to Mile 214 on the Hudson Bay railway, frontier rail line being built by the Canadian National railways from the Pas to Churchill at tidewater close to the Arctic circle. Miss Powers, who also has been a school teacher and stenographer, will take charge of a trading post at Mile 214. Later in the summer she will go out on a prospecting expedition.

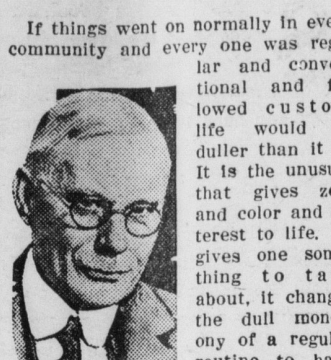
The Political Back Seat Driver. Richmond, Va.—Two tragedies within a year have deprived Doris and Monroe Reece, Caroline County (Va.) children, of both mother and father. The death of C. R. Reece, the father, a saw mill operator, several days ago in a mill accident near Wright's Fork, followed the burning of Mrs. Reece about 12 months ago. Reece was dealt a fatal blow over the heart when a driving belt snapped and struck him. Mrs. Reece received turns while rescuing the two children from their burning home. Whether they survived the heat and smoke is not known, for a search for her new home was unavailing.

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POTPOURRI Beef Cuts Do you know how many "cuts" there are in a beef after it has been slaughtered and dressed? Fifteen. They are: neck, chuck, ribs, shoulder, fore shank, brisket, cross ribs, plate, navel, loin, flank, rump, round, second cut round, hind shank. From the Bible we learn beef was eaten before the days of Abraham. (© 1930 Western Newspaper Union.)

THE QUEER ONES

By THOMAS ARKLE CLARK
Dean of Men, University of Illinois.



If things went on normally in every community and every one was regular and conventional and followed custom, life would be duller than it is. It is the unusual that gives zest and color and interest to life. It gives one something about it changes the dull monotony of a regular routine to have some one in the community who refuses to go the regular road which the crowd follows. We should have missed a good deal if we had not had Horton in our village. He ran the grocery store in town. Long after every merchant was delivering his merchandise by automobile Horton continued to drive his old piebald nag to a rickety delivery wagon. He did not care for automobiles. He did the delivering himself, sitting on the high seat of the cart as unrelaxed as a wooden Indian, his frock coat tails hanging over the back of the seat and his old "stove pipe" hat cocked at a perceptible angle on his gray head. He was a figure that no one ever forgot. He kept to his old ways and his old dress until the undertaker conveyed him to the cemetery, but as long as he lived he gave class to the town. They have automobiles and electric lights and furnaces and running water and radios and safety razors and telephones in most of the farm houses in the community in which I once lived—that is they all do but McGinnis. He lets his whiskers grow, and he rides to town still in a glittering surry behind a span of spirited horses. He wouldn't trade a good horse for the best automobile he ever set eyes on. He is the richest man in the community who could have everything he wants, but the facts are he wants nothing modern. The old ways are good enough for him. He has no use for a telephone and the radio drives him crazy. He carries all the water he uses from a spring a hundred yards or so from the house. Why dig a well or put in a force pump? He still clings to the old base burner and thinks a kerosene lamp quite good enough for any of his purposes. He is just a freak, the neighbors say, but it is immensely interesting to see, in a community where every one else is crazy, to get some place else in a hurry, one man who is satisfied to go slowly and contented with the same conveniences as his grandfather had. Mrs. Clester, who leads the social procession in the town, like Queen Mary, has never followed the styles as reproduced in the pages of the fashion magazines. She sets her own. She has never fallen for short skirts or the uneven hemline or bobbed hair or even silk stockings. Lisle thread ones are good enough for her, and she still wears these big wide brimmed floppy hats covered with waving feathers and fowers. But she attracts attention when she walks down the street. They have courage these queer ones. They help to stabilize custom and to keep the radicals from going wild over social and sartorial novelties. More power to them. (© 1930, Western Newspaper Union.)

NEW ZEALAND CHAMP



Gordon Bridson, outstanding swimming champion of New Zealand, who will be a member of the team representing the dominion at the empire games in Canada. Bridson holds the New Zealand swimming championships for all distances from 100 yards to one mile.

he uses from a spring a hundred yards or so from the house. Why dig a well or put in a force pump? He still clings to the old base burner and thinks a kerosene lamp quite good enough for any of his purposes. He is just a freak, the neighbors say, but it is immensely interesting to see, in a community where every one else is crazy, to get some place else in a hurry, one man who is satisfied to go slowly and contented with the same conveniences as his grandfather had. Mrs. Clester, who leads the social procession in the town, like Queen Mary, has never followed the styles as reproduced in the pages of the fashion magazines. She sets her own. She has never fallen for short skirts or the uneven hemline or bobbed hair or even silk stockings. Lisle thread ones are good enough for her, and she still wears these big wide brimmed floppy hats covered with waving feathers and fowers. But she attracts attention when she walks down the street. They have courage these queer ones. They help to stabilize custom and to keep the radicals from going wild over social and sartorial novelties. More power to them. (© 1930, Western Newspaper Union.)

Youth Takes 11,000 Volts; Still Lives

Tremonton, Utah.—A ten-year-old boy here had something even better than an operation to tell his playmates about when he emerged with his life after an encounter with 11,000 volts of electricity. He was forced to remain in bed and receive treatment for severe burns, but he was proud to know that he had been touched by four times the amount of electricity used to execute criminals, and had been able to crawl to a house unaided. Dean Yoder was a hero to his playmates after his experience. The youth was playing on the roof of a barn near his home. He slipped, threw his arms up to regain his balance, and his arm hit a wire carrying 11,000 volts of electricity. The shock hurled him off the barn, to the roof of a slanting shed, and to the ground. He immediately started crawling to the back door of a neighbor. Physicians and officials familiar with the effects of electric shocks were of the opinion that the fall from the barn acted as a counter shock. They could think of no other factor that entered to save the boy's life.

BANDIT BEATS ROPE BY SHOOTING SELF

Cornered by Armed Men, He Cheats the Hangman.

Rome.—Cornered by carabinieri and militia and determined to cheat the hangman, Cello Pace, an Italian murderer and bandit with a black record, committed suicide in full sight of the armed men sent out to capture him. Pace had squandered the riches of his family, robbed his father and killed him, and tried to kill his sister. A marked man, an outlaw, he fled to the mountains in Trento, northern Italy, where, hunted like the animal that he was, he lived like a dog in inaccessible caves, which were strongholds of the Italian army during the war. For many weeks he escaped justice, but at last he realized that his mountain fastness had been penetrated by carabinieri and militia. Undaunted still, he sought refuge in a cavern situated on a mountain top, below which yawned a great precipice, 1,500 feet deep. Reinforcements were brought up, however, and machine guns were trained on the murderer's cave, leaving him no loophole of escape. But Cello Pace scooped at death and defied the hangman to the last. He left his last and climbed a mountain ridge, where in full view of his besiegers he put a bullet through his heart and, with a gesture of scorn, heanged himself in his doom in the depths of the abyss.

Feline Heroine Braves Fire to Rescue Kittens

Winnipeg.—Winnipeg firemen who fought the spectacular blaze in the Thorkelson box factory recently tell a stirring story of a feline heroine which braved flames and smoke four times to rescue her kittens from their home in one of the burning lumber piles. The mother cat was first noticed by the fire fighters when the lumber pile in which she lived was a mass of flames. Appearing to be in great distress, she meowed and raced backwards and forwards from the fire. The firemen tried to save her, thinking she was bewildered by the heat and did not know where to run for safety. The cat refused to be caught, however. She made a dash under the pile and a moment later was seen coming out with a kitten in her mouth. She scurried across a field, but was back again in a few seconds without the kitten. Four times tabby made the perilous trip. Her fur was singed, but she saved all her offspring. Whether they survived the heat and smoke is not known, for a search for her new home was unavailing.

Dream Restores Hearing to North Carolina Man

Goldboro, N. C.—A Goldboro man who lost his hearing in an accident six years ago regained it through a "dream" accident. The man jumped out of bed, dreaming he was in an accident, and hit his head against a rocking chair. The second injury restored his hearing.

Two Tragedies Orphan Virginia Girl and Boy

Richmond, Va.—Two tragedies within a year have deprived Doris and Monroe Reece, Caroline County (Va.) children, of both mother and father. The death of C. R. Reece, the father, a saw mill operator, several days ago in a mill accident near Wright's Fork, followed the burning of Mrs. Reece about 12 months ago. Reece was dealt a fatal blow over the heart when a driving belt snapped and struck him. Mrs. Reece received turns while rescuing the two children from their burning home. Whether they survived the heat and smoke is not known, for a search for her new home was unavailing.

Fishin' for Fish, but Snare 7,400 Pennies

Memphis, Tenn.—One of a trio of juvenile fishermen grabbed for a fish and got a handful of mud. In the mud were several battered pennies. They hurriedly stripped off their clothes and started hand-dredging operations. 33 nightfall they had a total of 7,440 pennies presumably dumped there by a set machine operators who didn't want the dilapidated pennies used again as nickels in their machines.

With Her Diploma Safeguarded



This German shepherd dog, Alma, has completed a four months' training course as a guide for the blind and is holding the diploma she received at the Lighthouse, an institution for the blind in New York city.

POTPOURRI

Beef Cuts Do you know how many "cuts" there are in a beef after it has been slaughtered and dressed? Fifteen. They are: neck, chuck, ribs, shoulder, fore shank, brisket, cross ribs, plate, navel, loin, flank, rump, round, second cut round, hind shank. From the Bible we learn beef was eaten before the days of Abraham. (© 1930 Western Newspaper Union.)

Father Sage Says:

An interesting pastime is to be curious about tomorrow; Yes, to be curious about the next hour. What will happen at that time?



for ANY BABY WE can never be sure just what makes an infant restless, but the remedy can always be the same. Good old Castoria! There's comfort in every drop of this pure vegetable preparation, and not the slightest harm in its frequent use. As often as Baby has a fretful spell, is feverish, or cries and can't sleep, let Castoria soothe and quiet him. Sometimes it's a touch of colic. Sometimes constipation. Or diarrhea—a condition that should always be checked without delay. Just keep Castoria handy, and give it promptly. Relief will follow very promptly; if it doesn't, you should call a physician.

Fletcher's CASTORIA

Horse too lame to work?... Reach for ABSORBINE

Effective Absorbine quickly relieves muscles, sore and swollen from overwork. Pulled tendons, strains and sprains respond promptly to it. Won't blister or loosen hair—and horse can work. Famous as an aid to quick healing of gashes, sores, bruises. \$2.50 a bottle at all druggists. W.F. Young, Inc., 510 Lyman St., Springfield, Mass.

No Sale "I see your husband has a new stenographer," remarked Mrs. Busybody to the lady on whom she was calling. "Yes." "Yes, and she's very pretty." "I know, she's our daughter."

Look Out Below! Asker—How is it that I never see Congressman Bankum in his seat? Teller—He can't get off the fence long enough.

SCIATICA?

Here is a never-failing form of relief from sciatic pain:



Take Bayer Aspirin tablets and avoid needless suffering from sciatica—lumbago—and similar excruciating pains. They do relieve; they don't do any harm. Just make sure it's genuine.

BAYER ASPIRIN



Wonderful and sure. Make your skin beautiful, also clear complexion. Price 1/2 doz. Free! (Limit one dozen freebies. Used over 40 years. 1/2 doz. 65¢. At All Dealers. Beauty booklet sent free. Write DR. C. M. BERRY, CO., 2930 Michigan Ave., Chicago

BOILEX

The absolute cure for boils, abscesses, festering, etc. Testimonials of its wonderful effect sent on request. Guaranteed satisfaction or money refunded. Forty cents—money order or stamps.

PLANTEN'S BACK PAIN CAPSULES

Over 80 Years of Effective Use for BLADDER and KIDNEY TROUBLE. At all drug stores. H. PLANTEN & SON, INC., 93 Henry Street,oklyn, N. Y.

for Stomach and LIVER TROUBLE

Coated tongue, bad breath, constipation, biliousness, nausea, indigestion, dizziness, insomnia result from acid stomach. Avoid serious illness by taking August Flower at once. Get at any good druggist. Relieves promptly—sweetens stomach, invigorates liver, aids digestion, clears out poisons. You feel fine, eat anything, with

AUGUST FLOWER

If used when retiring, relieves smarting scalding sticky eyes by morning.

ROMAN EYE BALSAM

At Druggists or 372 Pearl St., N. Y. City.

WHY SALLY STOPPED THE CLOCK

SALLY CLAYTON, starting the telephone, started the clock striking, trying to laugh. Where does the time go to? Mrs. Watkins would rick ever there was a stick was that woman. Another five minutes lost before hang up the receiver. Junior came clattering reddened by play, a long one chapped paw. He said "Gee, mother! Ain't ready?" he asked dispa-

"It'll be ready very soon, stairs and wash. And payment on your hand. It's

"Aw, that ain't nothing, got me in a scissors, I thundered up the polish the bathroom.

Sally was starting into Leftovers again, cold warmed potatoes, steamed beels clicked like castanets about assembling the man.

The door opened. "I looked in at his busy work, fix any grub for me," he "I'm going out to a swell looked up in consternation boss' birthday," went out boys are making a little got just time to shove a clean collar before Ed after me. Ed's got a new ran whistling upstairs.

Sally stood motionless the wall. There was sounds of scuffling above appeared, grinning. But lished at the sight of the ful of potatoes which his hashing.

"Thought you said we have hot biscuit and honey-bled.

"Junior! If you say a about what I've fixed for you can go to bed just you've swallowed your snapped Sally.

Junior tugged at a lock of dark hair. When mother spots in her cheeks you out. Warmed-up potatoes Hank said—they were baked beans and hot corn-house!

Tom ran downstairs, oven, fresh as to neckyev horn tooted out loud. He and hat was gone.

Dinner was on the table sat down with his mother the potato gingerly. "Sally remarked in exactly the his father often used. S-lip. In her haste and dis she had salted the food rushed to her eyes. But let the boy see her cry.

At eight Junior retired. let herself go. She crum the sand and sobbed into. She had tried to plan everything had hindered. ly composed schedule h pieces through outside fr Aunt Ellen with a dress help with, a committee mers, telephone, trouble w which had necessitated plumber, some mending t be put off another minute ways that way lately, y might she couldn't make and her time agree. An e-ency shelf and the fact ha been able to get to market resulted in a hurried men Tom. Tom had forgotten was. For the first time 10 years of their married failed to make her a lit kiss her, say the few w gured her of his love and She still treasured a box held chocolates, his first gift. They were poor the were well off, with their and a nice bit saved tow education. She remembe how Tom had said the derful day of their marri ever they forgot such imp as birthdays and anniv would mean that all the r gone out of their union. S so sure they would neve he had, and it could me thing.

The telephone rang. S up from the sofa, blew h tried to speak naturally. Keene. Didn't Sally keep order? Well, then, would look at the time? It was and she had promised t promptly at eight to fill o Sally's stammered excus impression on the angry w Keene hung up on her.

Behind Sally the door o Ellen again, looking a with breaths of black cr over her arms.

"This collar doesn't set way you fixed it, Sally," said. "I wish you'd take the first place. Goodness n crying?"

"I guess I've got a cold. "No such thing. You'r