

BIZARRE LIFE ENDS

Lanolescu, Romantic Adventurer, Dies in Milan.

HAD A REMARKABLE CAREER

Traveled Over Two Continents as a Nobleman, and, by His Winsome Personality, Attracted Many High-born Women, Whom He Invariably Robbed—Served Time in Jail.

London, Jan. 11.—The death is announced at Milan of one of the most famous swindlers in Europe, Georges Lanolescu, "Duke of Otranto and Prince Lahovary," both titles being self-conferred on him.

He was a man of extraordinarily good looks, a perfect figure, a bright, amiable disposition, and all the necessary equipment for a cavalier. He was born in Roumania forty years ago, the son of an army officer. He ran away from a military academy at Caletz and went to Constantinople, where he entered the service of a Turkish pasha in a high office. He soon absconded with the pocketbook and the prize beauty of the pasha's harem.

He was arrested across the Greek frontier, and he attempted suicide. He was taken to a hospital, where the handsome youth attracted the attention of Queen Olga, who was visiting the sick. She procured his release and gave him money enough to take him home.

He left Roumania the second time as a stowaway on a grain steamer and reached Paris. He soon stole enough to set up a large villa in the fashionable quarter. He drove his own carriage on the Bois de Boulogne, and raced his horses at Longchamp.

Presently justice overtook him, and he was sent to jail. When he was released from prison, four or five years later, he visited London and Monte Carlo, and went to Canada as the "Duke of Otranto."

Career in America.

In San Francisco he was the nephew of the Spanish Minister at Washington. Thence he went to Japan, and afterward to Honolulu, where he fleeced a rich widow. From Honolulu he went to Chicago, where he became engaged to the daughter of a millionaire. He returned to London and got eight months at hard labor for stealing jewelry from hotels.

After this he went to Brussels, where he rescued a rich Brazilian from a ruffian, and escorted him to a hotel, picking his pockets of \$10,000 while on the way. A short visit to Monte Carlo as the Duke of Otranto netted him 200,000 crowns out of a rich Hungarian widow.

After serving another sentence in jail for a hotel robbery at Nice, he visited Italy, where he met the Countess Angelica von Konigsbruck, a member of one of the most distinguished Saxon families. Posing as a wealthy Roumanian land owner, he married her at Genoa in 1898. The ceremony was performed before a fashionable audience by the Bishop of Genoa. The bride's large dowry was exhausted during the honeymoon. A child was born to the couple in Switzerland.

Duel over a Woman.

After a duel with the brother of another lady, this adventurer went to America again and returned to Paris as the Prince Lahovary, bringing with him the spoils of a jewel robbery in Philadelphia. Subsequently he went to Berlin and proposed to an American lady. Incidentally he ransacked the hotel bedrooms. When the relatives of the lady demanded financial guarantees, the prince was arrested for a robbery at Genoa.

He was tried in Berlin. He shammed insanity and deceived the experts so completely that he was sent to an asylum. He escaped from this institution after gagging and binding the warden. He next visited the Klondike, after which he returned to Italy, married a rich French woman, and settled down to write his memoirs.

He died from an incurable disease, and only regretted he had to leave his "angel of a wife and two saints of children."

The Countess von Konigsbruck obtained a divorce from him in the Bavarian courts.

CLEARANCE OF WASH. GOODS.

S. Kann, Sons & Co. Announce Sale for Housekeepers.

Clearing sales in many of the departments of S. Kann, Sons & Co.'s great store will be the announcement that will attract the attention of most of to-day's feminine readers.

What woman is proof against such alluring announcements as that of a "Clearance of wash goods" at an average reduction of half on goods that are pretty good, useful for early spring or summer gowns, as well as for pretty little costumes for small evening functions?

Nor will she be able to resist the sale of mill's surplus of silks at half, nor the price quotations on woven dress goods, which are quite unusual, as the goods are reduced in many of them what are considered as staple lines.

Many women are buying white goods in great quantities now, having learned by experience that there are often many kinds of white goods offered early in the season that are not duplicated in the later weeks at the same low prices, and that buying early really means buying to great advantage.

This is also very true of laces and embroideries. One often finds that one may hunt in vain for a duplication of the particular pattern that pleased when advertised in a big sale, which one has reduced or, if found, cannot be bought at the special price at which it was offered in the sale—and one regrets, resolving to pay better to better to advertisements of special sales in future.

A great undermulin sale is another notice that will be of much interest to the generality of women, with its special price quotations.

The housekeeper who is looking forward to entertaining friends or those who must look out for the family comfort will be greatly interested in the advertisement of some remarkable values in sheets and pillow cases at most unusual prices, and a special sale of comforts that are made up from what are called the manufacturers' "over-cuts," which really means the extra allowance of saten or silk the makers give in cutting coverings on large orders for comforts, and which, if not required for these orders, are sold for much less than those made in the regulation way on orders.

Bobinet bed sets, silk velour portieres, and a clearance sale of lace curtains will also appeal to the woman who is domestically inclined and always looking for little embellishments to add attractiveness to the home.

Where Marriage Is Happy.

From New London. Dublin took a walk in the cemetery where he noticed on the tombstone "Good husband, good wife, good son."

"It is evidently here that the happiest homes are to be found," he reflected.

CHRONOLOGY OF THAW TRAGEDY AND TRIAL

1906-June 25—Harry K. Thaw kills Stanford White at the Madison Square Roof Garden, and is locked up in the West Thirtieth Street Police Station.

June 26—Thaw arraigned in police court, photographed for Rogues' Gallery, and locked up in the Tombs. Black, Olcott, Gruber & Bonyage retained as his counsel.

June 28—Coroner's inquest holds Thaw for action of grand jury. Thaw indicted for murder in the first degree.

June 29—Thaw appears and pleads not guilty before Judge Cowling, and leave is granted to amend plea.

July 1—Thaw dismisses his counsel and appoints Clifford W. Hartridge to defend him. His mother arrives from Europe.

July 16—Mother visits Thaw in the Tombs.

July 17—Writ of prohibition applied for, and Mrs. William Thaw retains Black, Olcott, Gruber & Bonyage to look after son's interests.

July 18—Argument on writ of prohibition adjourned. Motion filed to compel Mr. Olcott to turn over all papers in the case to Hartridge.

July 19—Writ of prohibition argued before Justice MacLean. Thaw papers surrendered to Mr. Hartridge.

August 21—Yielding to his mother's advice, Thaw, who insisted upon using justifiable homicide as a defense, consented to an examination by alienists, and to an application on his behalf to the State jury board.

September 28—An application made by Thaw's attorney to transfer the case from the Court of General Sessions to the Supreme Court in order to obtain a speedy trial was denied, and date of trial was fixed for December 2.

October 2—In court proceedings on a writ to prohibit the grand jury from examining new witnesses in the Thaw case, District Attorney Jerome stated that there was an accomplice who should have been indicted with Thaw.

December 3—Case called for trial and Thaw's attorney moved for postponement in order to get testimony of witnesses who were out of the jurisdiction of the court. In consenting to postponement, District Attorney Jerome stated that he had a witness in Africa whose deposition he would like to get, and that the case would probably be delayed a year.

December 18—Justice Newburger signed an order fixing January 21 for the trial of Harry K. Thaw before Justice Fitzgerald.

January 10—Countess of Yarmouth, who arrived from England on previous day, visited brother in Tombs.

January 23—Thaw's trial begins.

February 1—Thaw jury finally chosen.

February 4—Jerome presents State's case. Defense opens in afternoon.

February 7—Evelyn Thaw goes on stand and tells her story, which, with cross-examination, extended over eight days.

February 11—President makes inquiry into report of Thaw trial from mails because of the character of the details of Evelyn Thaw's story of her life.

February 14—Trial postponed owing to death of juror's wife.

February 15—Trial resumed by introduction of evidence by serious testimony.

March 6—Thaw's mother testifies.

March 11—State opens rebuttal testimony.

March 16—Abe Hummel testifies.

March 18—Evelyn's affidavit made at Hummel's office admitted.

March 21—Trial stopped to consider sanity inquiry.

March 28—Lunacy commission appointed.

April 4—Thaw declared to be sane.

April 8—Delmas begins two days' summing up.

April 10—Jerome makes argument, and case goes to jury.

April 12—Jury unable to agree, after forty-seven hours' deliberation, and is discharged by the Judge. Said to have stood seven to five on final ballot, which was a tie.

April 13—Hartridge and Peabody row in which the tie was passed. Eight ballots were taken.

April 12—Trial said to have cost the county \$75,000, and Thaw family \$25,000.

April 14—Thaw engages Daniel O'Reilly as chief counsel, and it is reported that Delmas will not be re-engaged.

April 16—Thaw's family plans to secure his release on \$100,000 bail.

April 17—Hartridge and Peabody re-engaged as attorneys of record by Thaw.

June 20—Thaw secures an order from Supreme Court Justice McCall for District Attorney to show cause why prisoner should not be released on bail or placed on trial in October.

June 25—Thaw ill in Tombs and appears on the verge of a mental collapse. Bail is opposed.

September—Hartridge puts in a claim of \$50,000 for his services in Thaw case.

October 7—Thaw's second trial set for December 2.

October 21—Thaw sells to relatives interest in house where he was born.

November 24—Both sides agree to a postponement of trial until January 6.

1908-January 6—Second trial begins.

January 10—Jury box is filled.

HARD ON THE DOG.

Two Men Fighting for Its Possession Tug at Tail and Head.

Philadelphia, Jan. 11.—It was only a little fox terrier, "Trix" by name, but the question of his ownership caused much commotion at Broad street and Columbia avenue that amused a hundred or more spectators in that neighborhood.

Before it was all over two young men, out promeneading with their sweethearts, were punnelling each other for its possession. Finally a policeman had to take a hand in the affair.

Three months ago Crooks lost his trick dog, "Trix." Last night he saw it following another young man at Broad street and Columbia avenue. He called it, and it ran to him. Just as he grabbed it by the head the other man got a hold on its tail. Then began the struggle followed with punches.

As each man claimed the dog, the policeman was put to his wits' ends. Stationing each of the claimants on opposite sides of the street, he took the dog out to the center of the street and let it go.

It ran to Crooks, who gathered it up in his arms and departed rejoicing. The other man went down the street muttering. The crowd gave a hearty laugh and broke away.

M'FARLAND A BOILERMAKER

Packey Made Mark in \$5 Slugging Bout in Chicago.

Modestly Says He Is Not Clever, but Believes that He Can Change Give and Take Style of Fighting.

New York, Jan. 11.—"Packey" McFarland, like big Jim Jeffries, was one of the merry sledge swingers in the anvil chorus before he joined the ranks of the sluggers.

"Packey's" very first job was in his uncle's boiler works out in Chicago, when he was just past the age of fifteen. The curly-headed light-weight was working at his trade there when he had his first fight. One of the huskies in the place—a bully—threw a small nut at "Packey," and instead of joking, as the little fellow would have done, he became insulting, and after work he was, became insulting, and after work he was, became insulting.

where they fought for a purse of \$5. The big fellow, weighing 90 pounds, stuck for three rounds, when his "ulna" bone began to bother him and he keeled over and "flew dead." After that Mac boxed in a few of the Chicago clubs, and then went into the business for good.

He was what is known as a simon-pure slugger in his early fights, giving and taking a la Battling Nelson, for \$5 purses, of which the manager usually copped half. Harry Gilmore, his present manager, then grabbed him, and bringing "Packey" around to some clever boxers, taught him the difference between a straight left and a wild swing.

In Chicago they made a yell. A great many of the ring-side fans declared that Gilmore was making a clever boxer out of a good slugger, but his record, which has been a succession of knockouts, proves that the new man was right in his dope.

"I'm not exactly what you'd call a clever fellow," said "Packey," in talking of himself, "but I know when to change my style on a man. Of course, if I found Murphy a sailor at long range work, I'd play it off the boards, and know that I'd have a longer act, because I'm taller, and beat him at range. They tell me that he is great at in-fighting, but it doesn't scare me. If we thought he'd beat me at that style we'd never fight straight rules, would we?"

"Nelson? Oh, we boxed a little in Chicago on the level, but he was so weak as a kitten in the clinch. I know I can beat him. We're good friends, but if it come to a show-down, I'll fight him, and give him first chance."

WHO IS E. R. THOMAS?

Buffalo Automobile Manufacturer and New Yorker Often Confused.

A name that has been very prominent the last few years in racing, Wall street, and automobiles, is that of E. R. Thomas. Much confusion and annoyance has resulted, for they are two different individuals, one being E. R. Thomas, the Buffalo automobile manufacturer, and the other E. R. Thomas, a recent effort has been made in the press to call one Edwin Ross Thomas, and the other Edward Russell Thomas.

The two men could not be more dissimilar in tastes, habits, age, size, and vocation. Edwin Ross Thomas, the automobile manufacturer, is a graduate of Duff's College, about the year 1865. He is a short, thick-set family man, of mature age, and domestic habits, and though noted for progressiveness in the manufacture of automobiles, is more of a business man of the old school. He never owned a race horse, nor is he regarded as a sportsman, for the reason he does not waker a dollar on any contest, and does not frequent sporting events.

Mr. Thomas, however, has been an ardent enthusiast in automobile racing from the standpoint of a manufacturer, believing that automobile racing is not mere sport, but that the consciousness and striving for better speed are the severest tests to which an automobile can be subjected, and hence is practically the only method by which the factors of safety and high efficiency may be reliably determined.

Edward Russell Thomas, the banker and horseman, graduated with high honors from the University of Pennsylvania, and was a member of the Phi Kappa Psi fraternity. He is six feet, four inches tall, slender, and about thirty-two years old. Mr. Thomas is a son of Gen. Sam Thomas, deceased, formerly of Ohio, but later of New York, who was a lawyer by profession, but made an immense fortune in the merging of railroads, he being among the first, if not the originator, of this character of promotion.

Edward Russell Thomas inherited an immense fortune from his father. He first came into public prominence soon after his college days, as the owner of the famous race horses, Hermis, Stalwart, and others; and as the owner of the Morning Telegraph, and as the president of the Evansville and Terre Haute Railway. He has also been an ardent automobilist, having driven in some very fast automobile races, and owning a large stable of automobiles, which more than anything else has probably confused him with E. R. Thomas, the automobile manufacturer.

He has been popular in New York finance, and is also very prominent socially in New York and Newport. He is to have been the leading spirit in the Western Ice Company, the Kingston Locomotive Company, and has very lately embarked in the manufacture of the Allen Kingston automobile at the Kingston Locomotive Works.

He has been mentioned in connection with the Heinze-Morse financial disasters, but a large coteries of friends who know "Ned" Thomas believe that he is more sinned against than sinning.

DIDN'T HELP HIM.

From January 11.—It is seldom that any one thinks of laughing at a funeral, but an incident happened in Providence not long ago that caused a smile.

The regular minister was sick, and a preacher from a near-by town was asked to take charge of the services, and he arrived at the last moment, a total stranger in the town. When he started to speak he launched into an eloquent eulogy of the deceased, as was his custom, and was just beginning to pay a glowing tribute to the departed one when a glowing dawned upon him that he did not know whether it was a man or a woman.

Stopping down, he whispered in the ear of an old man who sat beside him. "Was the deceased a brother or a sister?"

"The old man was a trifle deaf, so the minister repeated the question.

"No, no," said the man. "Only a friend, that's all."

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TESTS OF TRUE GRIT

Real Athletes Detest Man Who Gives Way to Pain.

WILL NEVER CONCEDE VICTORY

Instances Where Broken Bones and Intense Suffering Are Forgotten in Grim Determination to Fight to the Last Minute in Football, Baseball, Prize Ring, and Rowing.

Of the 34,000 persons who saw Princeton and Yale battle in the recent great football contest at New Haven few knew that they were watching a wonderful exhibition of grit and pluck on the part of one of the players.

Of course, every one was thrilled by the uphill fight made by the Bulldog, and the vain effort of the Tiger to stave off defeat in the gruelling second half. Every man on both teams was playing the game of his life. By the greatest of them all was Brown, the Princeton right end, who played for twenty-five minutes with his collarbone broken. Like a gladiator, who cared lest his opponent would find his weak point, Brown played on, never shirking his duty and never letting up for a moment in the fierceness of his tackles. The pain from the injury must have been excruciating. His left arm was useless, and all his tackles were made with his right. But his pluck carried him on until finally nature could stand it no longer, and the coaches sent in a substitute. Even then he did not leave the game willingly. Later, when an examination showed that his collarbone had been broken, the coaches marvelled at his pluck, though they were men accustomed to witnessing almost superhuman feats of endurance on the gridiron.

Wonderful as was Brown's exhibition of pluck, the history of sports contains others equally amazing to the general public. In the excitement of competition the trained athlete seems to be buoyed up on a wave of exhilaration which makes him forget all pain, and his nerve carries him through a strained effort has to give in. In the parlance of the sporting world it is called "sand," and no athlete with a "yellow streak" has much chance of success.

Case of John De Witt.

They produce a game brand of athletes at Princeton, and their football players are noted for this quality. In 1903, when Princeton defeated Yale at New Haven, all the points were scored by John De Witt, who played all through the season with a broken hand and a strained wrist. On one hand he wore a plaster cast, and his other wrist was protected by a heavy leather guard. Most persons would consider either of these injuries of sufficient importance to require careful nursing, but De Witt never played a better game than in that year. The following year one of the greatest of all Tiger half backs played with a shattered collarbone protected by a leather harness.

Water-on-the-knee, considered by the medical profession as an especially dangerous injury, has not prevented a score of players from fighting like demons on the chalk-marks field. There have been a number of great stars who played before their broken ribs had knitted and did not consider they were doing anything heroic.

To play with a broken nose attracts little attention. In fact, there are houses which make a specialty of furnishing football teams with all manner of braces, protectors, and forms of harness in order that the players can continue despite their injuries.

In the Prize Ring.

Though the football field furnishes many of the exhibitions of pluck—for the game is still the most strenuous of all sports—it is not the only place where "sand" can be found in abundance. On the football field it is simply the pure love of victory that leads the athletes on. In the prize ring there is still the love of victory, with the added purse that goes to the winner, and oftentimes a championship.

There have been some fine examples of grit among the pugilists. More than a dozen years ago two of the greatest ring chiefs, Robert Fitzsimmons and James J. Corbett, met in the roped arena at Carson City, Nev., for the championship of the world. Corbett was at the height of his career, fresh from a victory over John L. Sullivan, the greatest of all fighters, and "Lanky Bob," who had worked his way up, was the challenger. Both were scientific fighters, and they could hit a blow that would kill an ordinary man. Always on the alert to take advantage of the slightest sign of weakness on the part of his opponent, each man fought with great caution, but frequently landed terrific punches on the other.

One of Corbett's blows broke one of Fitzsimmons' ribs early in the fight. But "Lanky Bob," too "wily to show any signs of distress at that time, fought on. By his nature was ready to quit, but not Fitzsimmons. The Australian faltered, and seemed about to drop. Corbett, believing that he had the fight won, grew reckless. "Lanky Bob" rallied his strength in an instant. Corbett dropped his guard for a fraction of a second. It was just long enough to get his career and produce a new champion. For Fitzsimmons sent home the blow that brought him victory.

When Joe Gans Won.

Joseph Gans, a negro, and Battling Nelson, an American Swede, were opponents in the prize ring at Goldfield, a year ago. Both men weighed about 133 pounds. The negro is a master of his craft, the white man a "bull" fighter, that is, one who depends on his strength. Nelson was the younger, and the winner of many fights. Gans had a record equally as brilliant. The negro trusted to science, the white man to strength. It was a terrific fight, and went on for over forty rounds. The negro won, and the white man has never been as good since. Before his battle it was thought that the white man could not be hurt. The loser had great "sand" blow, and no one knew the vital parts of the human body better than the expert pugilist. Gans is an expert.

It was a brutal contest. For more than twenty rounds the negro was the white man's master, and he toyed with his opponent like a cat with a mouse. But the white man fought on until nature gave way. There was no doubt but it was a contest of human brutes, but it was also a wonderful exhibition of "sand."

Professional baseball players are noted for their grit. Injuries which would keep an ordinary man at home are passed over with hardly any attention. There were several striking illustrations on the New York National team in the last season. Roger Bresnahan and Frank Bowerman are the Giants' best catchers. While on one of their Western trips Bresnahan was hit on the forehead by a pitched ball and knocked unconscious. It was a terrible blow, and no one except a trained athlete would have survived it. Bresnahan was in a hospital for two weeks. Three weeks after he received the injury he was on the diamond again. (Some of the greatest batters have lost

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their cunning in welding the stick after being hit on the head. They get nervous and draw away from the plate when the ball is pitched, and that is fatal to batting averages. But Bresnahan never batted better than on the day he returned to the game after his injury at Cincinnati.

Bowerman Stood "Gaff."

While "Bres" was out of the game the bulk of the work behind the bat fell upon Bowerman, a veteran of many years' experience, and one of the gamest players on the diamond. When not playing baseball Bowerman is a lumberman up in the Michigan woods. He has the strength of an ox and his muscles are as tough as pine knots. Years of exposure to all kinds of weather have begun to tell on him, and last season he suffered severely from rheumatism. But when the fall fell on his shoulders he did not complain and plead that he was in no condition to play, although he was the truth. After the game he would go to the clubhouse almost exhausted, not from the exercise, but from the pain of the rheumatism in his back and arms. His was the kind of nerve that wins games.

There is no greater test of a man's nerve than in a long, four-mile intercollegiate boat race. When the oarsman takes his place in the shell for the big race he looks back on months of the hardest kind of training. Weeks and weeks of work have been done through, and then comes the final effort. All his preliminary work is directed toward about twenty-two minutes actual competition. There is no other sport requiring so much training with so little competition. Finally a pistol shot rings out and the boats are off on their long race for glory. Eight sweeps flash through the water and eight bared backs swing in perfect rhythm. Faster than a man can walk the light shell cuts through the water. The oarsmen begin to grow weary, and they are nearly blinded by the sweat pouring down their faces. At the three-mile mark the light oars seem to weigh a ton, and they cling to the water as if it were molasses. But the men show no signs of quitting. The last mile means five minutes of agony. The coxswain's shouts become faster and faster. The stroke increases. Now comes the supreme test of grit and nerve. Slowly but surely the bow of the boat creeps forward and the crowds grow wild with excitement. The men are splashing and the shell rocks, indications that nature is fast yielding to exhaustion. One hundred yards from the finish the stroke jumps up to thirty-eight to the minute, and finally the shell flashes over the line. It is a "Do we ever test drugs on ourselves? Oh, yes, indeed, often. Chemists have lost their lives, chemists have gone incurably insane, through too rash a bravery in testing drugs on their own persons."

None but the Fair—

From Modern Society.

"Don't you ever feel anxious because your husband employs such a beautiful typist?"

"Not in the least. I was his typist for seven years, and I should probably be working in his office yet if I hadn't practically proposed to him!"

Boxing Club Shows Down.

Wilmington, Del., Jan. 11.—After giving three boxing shows at Brandywine Springs Park, the Delaware Athletic Club has decided to give no further exhibitions for the present on account of the lack of patronage. The receipts from the weekly bouts did not, in a single instance, equal the expenses of the club, and it was decided to discontinue the exhibitions for the present, at least, although they may be resumed later in the season.

Breast and Human Drug Testers.

From the Los Angeles Times. A lot of sorry looking chickens, dogs, and cats loafed in the black, ill smelling yard of the great chemical plant.

"We use these animals to test our drugs on," said the chemist. They come in very handy. They more than earn their board.

"Ergotine is a drug we test on chickens. It is a simple test. If a dose of ergotine fails to turn a chicken's comb black we know that the drug is, for some reason or other, worthless.

"Hashesh we test on dogs. Hashesh is made of female hen buds; male hen buds have no medicinal value; yet some dishonest dealers put male buds on the market, and since they resemble the female buds precisely it is impossible to detect them save by an actual test. Dogs, given hashesh, get drunk and happy if the stuff is good.

"Digitalis, the heart stimulant, is tested on frogs. We inject a drop of it into a frog's stomach, and in the kymograph, or heart recording machine, we study the changes that take place in the frog's heart action. Thus we get a very accurate knowledge of what our digitalis