PART THREE **THE SALT LAKE HERALD.** PAGES 17-20

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UNCONQUERABLE GREEKS.

Mountaineer Patriots the Turk Could Never Subdue.

Greece, valiant to the core, but hampered for want of leaders, fettered by the infamous powers, overcome by an antagonist vastly stronger than herself, has failed in her gallant enterprise. Had she had one or more of her klephts of former days to lead her ranks, instead of a palace reared adolescent whose horizon is bounded by his stomach, her late campaign would have been quite other than what it was. Crushed between the upper millstone of Asiatic, and the lower millstone of European despotism, she retains nevertheless her tradition of freedom. She has not parted with her vitality, and may yet be heard in the further solution of the abominable eastern question.

Her klephts of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were the guardians, during the subjugation, of the traditions cherished from the ancient era. These sons of the mountains, notably the men of the Pindus and Agrapha ranges, of Pelion and Olympus, refused to acknowledge that subjugation and harrassed the pashas by maintaining an incessant guerilla warfare. Proving themselves unconquerable, they were at last treated with. By the payment of an inconsiderable tribute they were granted a virtual independence; each village to maintain its own government under the direction of its own demogerontes, or elders. The villages were grouped in districts, superintended by armed natives, armatoli, who had charge of the highways and were answerable each for the good order of his armatolik. Many of the mountaineers consented to this form of submission but some there were, isolated dwellers on heights hardly accessible, who refused all terms, disdaining any show of allegiance to the sultan. There were the "wild" klephts, as distinguished from the "tame" ones, the armatoli. And it is to those untamed heroes of the heights that the country owes its regeneration. In the Maniote rising, near 1821, Captain Hamilton said to the redoubtable klepht, Theodore Kolokotrones: "You Greeks must have a treaty and England will act as mediator."

"That will never be," replied Kolokotrones. "With us it is freedom or death. Catalin, we have never made a treaty with the Turks. Some of us have been reduced by his sword; some of us he has killed; but others, many others, of us, have lived free from generation to generation. Our king was killed. He had made no land compact, and his citadel has defended his right in a never-ended battle against his slayers. We have three forts that have never surrendered."

"Where is this royal garrison? Which are your three forts?"

"Our garrison is the band of klephts. Our forts are Mani, Souli and the hills."

Mani is the southwest province of the Morea, a portion of ancient Lacedemonia. Souli is in Epirus, north of Janina.

KLEPHTS STILL IN ARMS.

The Klephts were first and foremost in "the rising." They began it and carried it through to the victorious end. Botzaris, a Klepht of Souli, defended Missolongdi and fell in the glorious assault at Kerpenisi, immortalized by our Halleck, whose ode, translated, still stirs the blood of the hero's compatriots! Theodore Kolokotrones, a Klepht and descendant of Klephts, enfranchised the Morea after 26 years of uninterrupted fighting.

The heroes, "wild Klephts," were characteristically costumed and accoutred. A small, saucer-shaped fez crowned locks which fell on their sturdy shoulders, a short Greek jacket decorated with rows of silver buttons, and broadly girdled, was overhung, save in front, with a shaggy sheepskin capote. Over the girdle was wound a rope wherewith to bind the Turkish captive. The hilts of a brace of pistols appeared at one side above the girdle; on the other side was a yatagan. At the back was hung a long musket, a milonl. No Klepht could gather a company of pallikari or braves if he could not shatter, at first shot, and at 200 paces, an egg suspended from a branch. He must also be able to send a bullet, at the same distance, through a ring of the bullet's diameter. He must have the vision of an eagle by day and of an owl by night. He must give "fire for fire;" that is, he must return a deadly fire by the light of the enemy's musket flash. He must be tall and slim and strong, adept in athletic and martial performances. When no other way of escape was possible he must make the ghloroussi, that is, he must cleave a path through the hostile force with his saber.

Niko Tsaras, hero of the bridge of Pravi, dressed and armed, could leap over seven horses ranged abreast. He could outrun the fleetest horse, and when at the end of the race the horse was panting and flecked with foam, Niko, fresh and breathing evenly, would call: "Now for another horse!" Of another Klepht, it is written that dressed and accoutred, he could leap over three wagons set side by side and heaped with thorn branches. Katanoter, a shepherd Klepht of Syrafa, being on a height with his company, and hemmed in at each side by Albanian troops, cut off a stout, well foliaged fir branch with his saber, bestrode the branch, and launched himself from the cliff. His men followed suit, to the rage and despair of the baffled enemy.

As were their skill and agility, such also was their endurance. Tsaras at the bridge fought on his feet, without eating or sleeping, for above three days and three nights—72 hours and more. Skyros Skylodimos being taken captive by Ali Bey, a Turk of the Turks (1806), was thrust into a dungeon at Tanini, where he groped about in the darkness, water and mud. By means of a file, his ample girdle and his agility, he made an escape, and reached the reed-bordered margin of the lake, where he remained three days and three nights, without food or sleep, up to the chin in water, while all the city was in search of him. On the fourth day he discovered a skiff, and made his way to Acarnania.

EIGHT DAYS WITHOUT FOOD.

Androutzocs of Levadia, informed of the rising in the Morea, (1770), made his way thither with his pallikari, to lose a hand in the fray. Arrived at Tripolitsa, he was told that the Russians—who had incited the rising—had disappeared, and that the Moreotes had disbanded. He and his 200, 300, or at most 500 men, were set upon by thousands of Albanians, who had been sent to quell the revolt. Fighting by day and marching by night, he made his way to the isthmus there to meet with fresh troops to the number of 4,500 or 10,000 of the enemy. He turned aside to the gulf of Lepanto, hoping to reach Patras and embark for one of the Ionian isles. For eight, perhaps for ten days, the little band continued this desperate struggle without food or sleep. At Vostitsa, in the gulf of Patras, all his men gave out, except one unconquerable, who placed himself before them.

"Will you disperse? You must first step over my dead body."

A fourth, more nearly a half, of the number were already lost.

"We, too, are lost," cried the sufferers.

"Men, I will be accountable for you," called Androutzos, the usual word of the leader, in the hour of desperation. The famished, hunted creatures fell on the enemy and routed him. He fled in terror, leaving his baggage and provisions. Of the latter, Androutzos took enough to sustain the life of his famished men, some of whom had fallen in the charge from sheer hunger and not otherwise injured. The company entered Vostitza and took ship for an Island. The men had been 40 days and 40 nights with next to no food or sleep.

The tale of this retreat resounded throughout Greece. It is comparable to that of the 10,000. A mighty nation, a powerful sovereign, Catherine the Great, had instigated the Moreote rising. High officials, among them the vainglorious Orloff, planned great things for the expedition. But a Greek mountaineer was its one great hero; a hero of whom the Russian annalists, ashamed, make no mention.

Theodore Kolokotrones, when he was "hunted down," spent 15 consecutive days and nights without food or sleep, yatagan in hand, on guard, on the lookout, fighting by day, eluding the hunters at night. A portrait taken of him at the close of this ordeal is pathetic in its emaciation and hunted expression.

HOW THE KLEPHT MET DEATH.

The nerves of the klepht were of the iron of his mountains. No torture could elicit a groan from him. At his banquets his toast was "For a happy bullet," for death by the bullet was truly preferable to death by Turkish torture. Him when the latter was his fate he met it as only a hero could. Katzanotes, while a refuge on one of the islands, fell ill of the smallpox. To recuperate he returned to his native air, accompanied by his brother George. The two lodged in a cave, where they were surprised by 60 Albanians. George shot down several of these, and fled, bearing the invalid on his back, but was overtaken, and the two were taken to Tanina. All decreed that their limbs should be crushed inch by inch by a sledge hammer. The elder brother, weakened by privation and disease, uttered a cry when his knees were shattered. George looked at him with astonishment and pity. "Brother, will you make a moan like a woman?" George himself neither flinched nor groaned under this martyrdom. His body, from feet to thighs, was mashed to a pulp ere he expired.

Kostantes Kolokotrones, the elder, perished "under such tortures as my pen refuses to describe," writes Pouqueville. Pappa Thymo (Euthemius), the younger Blachavas, after many arduous achievements, was carried captive to Tanina, and exposed for two days to the insults of the mob in the square of the seraglio. Pouqueville writes: "I had met this hero at Milias, on Mt. Pindus, in all the pride of his freedom, surrounded by his pallikari. I saw him for the last time, bound to a stake, his bronzed forehead dripping with the sweat of agony and death. Even in that hour his eye flashed defiance, and turning on me a look more serene than that of the demon who directed his tortures, he seemed to call on me to witness with what calmness a hero can die. Without an utterance of suffering he endured the blows of the executioner. All had tried to extort from the sufferer some information or confession, but in vain. He refused to open his lips. Every species of torture that that cruel one could suggest had been inflicted on this noble sufferer. And, when all was over, his limbs, torn from their torso, were tossed about the streets of the city; the remains of the last klepht of Thessaly."

THE KLEPHT'S NOBILITY OF CHARACTER.

The klepht was far too noble to descend to the ferocity of the Turk. Slay he must, but this he did with dispatch and mercy. He was also chaste and devout, the puritan of the cliffs. A slight to a captive woman be she whom she might, was not to be tolerated. One klepht who ventured on such an indiscretion against a Turkish lady held for ransom, was immediately dispatched by his men.

His religious devotion was in keeping with the rest of his character in sincerity and simplicity. In the early period of the Maroote rising, Theodore Kolokrotones came upon a ruined monastery in a wasted place. He vowed to heaven that he would rebuild the edifice if once his country should be freed from its oppressor, and when it was freed his first care was to fulfil his vow. In all periods of menace, of extraordinary peril, "the power of God" was the power in which he and his brother klephts trusted. Debarred from the scriptures, without teachers of morality, the severe virtue of these sons of the heights seems to have proceeded from the light which lighteth every living man.

Hundreds of folk songs keep green the memory of these heroes in the hearts of those who have entered into their labors. They rest, but their works follow them. The powers, sunk in infamy, receive the contempt of the civilized world, but the mountaineer heroes of Greece, nay Greece, herself, with the ideas she represents, is honored by every lover of his kind, hoped for and prayed for by every adherent of him who directs the visible republic of God.

M. S. ROBINSON.

CAP AND APRONS.

New Styles For Housemaids This Summer.

There is one problem less in the vexed servant girl question. The statement is made, and housekeepers testify to its truth, that the old-time prejudice among maids against wearing a uniform while performing household duties is rapidly dying out.

The really up-to-date maid has no objections whatever to appearing in a regulation costume, her only demand is that she be allowed to adjust said costume to the prevailing style adopted by her fellow-maids.

In every well-conducted establishment the correct dress of the waitress or parlor maid is a matter of distinct importance; but aside from the few cast-iron rules as to the cut of dress, color, etc., the maid is privileged to follow the very latest fashions in collar and cuffs, and cap and aprons. The maid of the fashionable household is as particular about the length of her apron, the size of her cap and the width of her cuffs as her mistress is of the cut of her tailor gown or the latest caprice in Parisian millinery.

The fashions this spring are all for light material rather elaborately made up. The stiffly starched Irish linen, so fashionable a year ago, is no longer worn either by parlor or nursery maid and in the newest display of expensive goods for maids' wear muslin and even cambric are rarely shown.

Lawn is the preferred material this season for the snowy apron and dainty cap.

The most expensive, beautiful and durable aprons are cut from linen lawn. These reach to the bottom of the frock, are very wide and carefully sewed by hand. The six-inch foot hem and the three-inch hem at the sides are deftly hemstitched. The ties, which always measure the width of the foot hem, are also hemstitched. If there are tucks in the apron they, too, are put in with the same display of pretty needle work.

The maid's cap, which must never be confounded with the large mop cap worn by the cook, or with the narrow bands with large streamers, which are the nursery-maid's dainty insignia, is a tiny, coquettish bit of lawn and lace set well on the front of the head.

This year there are two distinct styles, one a four-inch square of lawn and inserting, edged with a smart quilling of lace, and the other cut like an uneven triangle, that is, with two sides four inches long, and one seven inches long, the latter side fitting about the coil of the hair.

The second design is also made of lawn and valenciennes and finished with the same narrow, stiff, little frills. There are no ends worn with the maid's cap.

It goes without saying that this truly frenchy bit of headgear must always be immaculate in its freshness, and worn over well-groomed hair, neatly arranged, and, if it does not cause an entire collapse of the domestic economy, the maid should be requested to do her hair in plain bands, without curls or frizzes. An average head of hair, parted and drawn smoothly back into a braided coil, is becoming to any fresh, young face, and is an attractive setting for the white frilled cap.

There is a distinct change in the fashion for collars and cuffs this spring. The old style of flaring linen bands, exposing the front of the throat, is entirely superseded by the new turnover collar, an inch and a half wide, attached to a small chemisette, which holds it neatly in place. The collar fits close about the throat, and is fastened with a single small stud.

Turnover cuffs match the collar exactly, and fit close about the wrist of the long, rather scant sleeve.

Fine hemstitched collars and cuffs are sometimes worn to match a fancy apron, but the perfectly plain bands have the preference for both morning and afternoon wear.

Amzi's Bluff.

Washington Post: It is said that Amzi Smith, the superintendent of the senate document-room, knows everything, at least everything about Congressional documents. There is foundation for the statement. Ask Mr. Smith if a report was not once made on the commercial relations between the United States and the British North American colonies and he will tell you that it can be found in senate document No. 112 of the first session of the Thirty-second congress.

Well, one day a senator entered the document-room.

"How do you, Amzi?" he said as he dropped into a chair. "How did you know all that you know? I believe you could even tell the number of the report which Noah made of the animals in the ark."

Mr. Smith said never a word, but swung around in his chair and reached for a book on his stand.

"All of our old reports," he said, "were burned when the British destroyed the capital in 1814, but here is a copy of the Bible. You will find Noah's report on his animals in Genesis, the 9th chapter and the sixth verse."

And the joke of it was that the bluff went. The senator actually hunted for the chapter and the verse.

A Missing Chapter.

New York Press: When informed that his last day had come Daniel received the news philosophically. "Well," he observed, "if I am to be put into the den of lions this afternoon I suppose I might as well have a good dinner."

He thereupon ordered capon, with a rich filling of spring onions.

History is not uninformed as to the sequel.

STRANGEST MAN IN NEW YORK.

Nikola Tesla and His Perpetual Motion Machine.

New York, June 25.—The strangest man in this city is unquestionably Nikola Tesla. Within the past fortnight he has astounded scientists the world over by his announcement that he had perfected his wireless telegraph—in other words, that he had sent and received communications between distant points without the use of wires and simply by employing the natural energy of the earth. Nature, he says, teems with power and motion.

Tesla is a young man. He has just passed his fortieth birthday. If he lives 20 years or more and retains his faculties the world will be a different place to live in compared with today. His ideas and projects are so big that it takes time to grasp their real import. He talks as calmly of producing a flash of lightning a mile long as the ordinary man speaks of telegraphing to Chicago. Not long ago, in his laboratory, he said: "I expect to live to be able to set a machine in the middle of this room and move it by the energy of no other agency than the medium in motion around us."

This sounds like the vaporings of a dreamer. It means a perpetual motion machine, and that, in itself, is enough to stamp Tesla, in the minds of ordinary men, as a full-fledged visionary.

But Tesla is the very acme of practicality in all things except money making. If he wished he could be a millionaire five times over. As it is, there are dozens of ordinary mechanics within a mile of his laboratory who could buy and sell him six times over. "If every man," said Tesla, "who uses my machine in electro-terafy alone would give me a quarter of a dollar, I would be very wealthy. I have never received a dollar for it, and there is no way in which I could."

Tesla is strange in all things. He will talk willingly about electrical inventions of the past, present and future, but it is like drawing teeth to get him to say a word about himself. He has a genuine distaste for notoriety when Tesla, the man, is concerned, and politely asks to be let alone.

He is a Montenegrean by birth. His father was a man of unusual mental attainments, and his mother had the inventive genius to a considerable degree. "I am not much of a linguist," says Tesla. "I speak but six or seven or eight languages. My father spoke 18, and, besides, he was a remarkable mathematician."

Tesla is tall, thin and lanky, but quick and impulsive in manner and earnest in speech. He is not much of a talker, but every word he utters means something. His head is big and bony and his ears stick out. He is not a handsome man, by any means, but he is impressive. His hair is as black as hair can be, and is coarse and rumpled.

Physically he does not appear to be robust, but he says his constitution is rugged and he can stand almost any strain. In his youth he was a famous wrestler. He went in for all kinds of sport. The Montenegrans are rare gamblers, and Tesla inherited the national love of excitement over the card table. More than once in these days he went through single sittings of 48 hours at a stretch, and then only stopped because the other players had succumbed.

"I know the fascination of play," he said, "but all the allurements of the game are insipid to me compared with the overmastering excitement of life in the laboratory. No thrill can go through the human frame like that felt by the inventor as he sees the creation of his brain unfolding to success after months and years of waiting and hoping." So Tesla does not gamble now, at least, not over the card table. His laboratory supplies all the excitement that his emotion can stand.

Tesla's father was a clergyman of the Greek church, and it was intended that the son should fit himself for the same life. The idea of entering the ministry was opposed by the boy with such pertinacity that at last his father compromised by agreeing that he should become a professor of mathematics and physics. With that end in view Tesla was sent to the Polytechnic institute at Gratz, and there, in operation, was a gramme dynamo. That simple electrical instrument, the first that he had seen, settled the future calling of Tesla.

Prior to entering the Polytechnic at Gratz he had first attended a public school at Gospich, and later spent three years at the high school in Carstatt, Croatia. It was while he was here that he saw his first steam engine.

Immediately on entering the Polytechnic he began experimenting with electricity, and when his father heard of it there was a stiff family row, but the son came off victor, and, instead of taking the course that would have fitted him for a college professorship of mathematics, he studied engineering. The gramme dynamo became his great pet, and while working about it he got the notion that it could be operated without commutator or brushes. This idea he labored over and experimented upon, and finally, after many years, it resulted in one of his greatest inventions, a rotating field motor.

The world owes a debt of gratitude to the little gramme dynamo, as it instigated the fundamental idea which subsequent elaborations and perfections by Tesla made possible several of the grandest mechanical feats that the world has ever known. When Tesla first came to this country, little was known of the alternating current, and electrical energy was delivered almost entirely by the continuous current system. This is a successful method for short line work, but where the power is to be transmitted to a considerable distance it is impracticable.

One of Tesla's inventions, based upon his first idea, was an alternating current motor that permitted the transmission of energy long distances at high pressure over the wires. This invention made possible the bridling of the power in Niagara, and natural forces by its use can be harnessed everywhere. Originally it was thought necessary to employ two wires for the transmission of power—one to convey it and the other to return it. Tesla proved that the second wire was a needless expense and that the energy could be transmitted with one wire with smaller waste than with two.

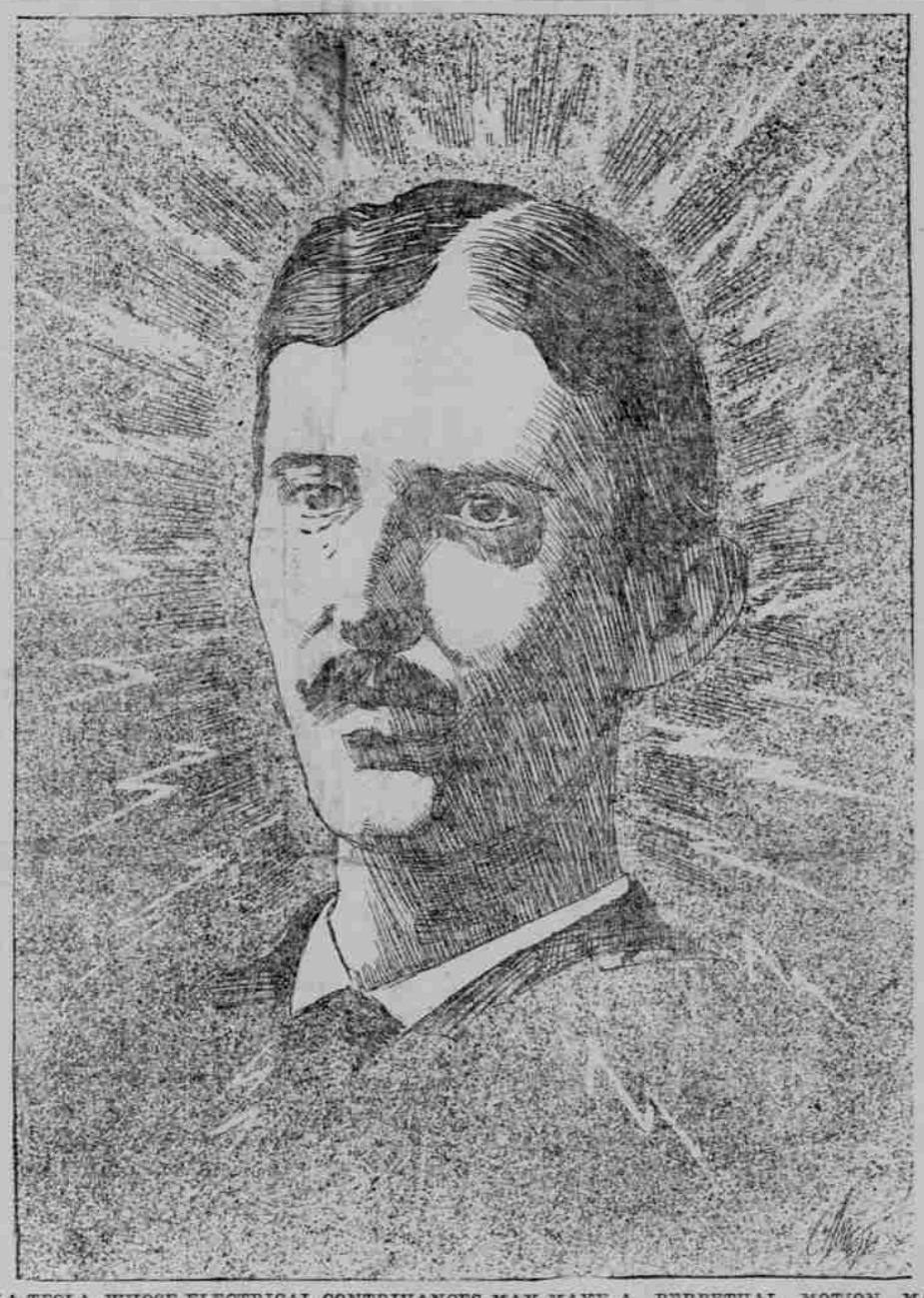
The bulk of Tesla's income is derived from his invention in the rotating field, and it is not a large income either. He also receives a small sum from his father's estate, and these are the sum total of his pecuniary resources. Nine-tenths of this money goes into his laboratory work. He spends next to nothing on himself. He is unmarried. He says an inventor has no business marrying, as the necessary home life would surely interfere with the prosecution of his labors.

From 12 to 18 hours a day he spends in his laboratory. He has no social life. He attended a reception once, was lionized by his hostess and the guests and spent the most unhappy hour of his life. Since then he has avoided social functions with assiduous care.

After leaving the school at Gratz Tesla went to Paris, but he attracted little attention, because his ideas were then in their infancy and were of such magnificent calibre that the mere mention of them made the leading French electricians regard their originator as a fanciful dreamer. Some friend advised him to come to America. This he did, and, hunting up Thomas A. Edison, soon convinced that genius that he was a valuable man to employ.

Tesla's stay with Edison was brief. He had his own ideas, and, it is believed, they clashed with Edison's. Tesla has never said much about this. Right here it should be mentioned that the Montenegrans has not the jealousy common among inventors. He never belittles the work of any man, and he has done more for young electricians just starting out than any other dozen men of his profession.

GRANTLAND GRIEVE.



NIKOLA TESLA, WHOSE ELECTRICAL CONTRIVANCES MAY MAKE A PERPETUAL MOTION MACHINE A REALITY.

HE GOT THEM BOTH.

The Fledgling Lawyer Makes a Splendid Stroke of Business.

Detroit Free Press: "My best stroke of business was when I first hung out my shingle in the west," told the lawyer who now handles none but the most important and remunerative cases. "Living about 50 miles north of the town in which I was impatiently waiting for something to do, was an eccentric old fellow who owned enough land to make three or four counties and enough cattle to feed the armies of the world.

"As I was pacing up and down the little office one morning, wondering what I could go at if my first case didn't come soon, I answered a knock at the door to meet a young lady who had all the glow and vigor of the prairie with the easy society ways of the cultured eastern woman. While I was trying to recover my breath she told me that she was a messenger from her father, who had heard that there was a new lawyer in town, and wanted his opinion in a matter that threatened to lead to a lawsuit. I took the letter she handed me and found it signed by the rich old ranchman.

"'But your father asks an opinion without making any statement of his case,' I said after reading.

"'It's evident that you don't know papa. If you sent back for further information he would denounce you as an ignoramus and have nothing more to do with you. Write something learned in language but obscure in ideas. Quote a lot of your musty old legal maxims in the original Latin, and, above all things, abuse the other man with merciless bitterness.'

"In three hours she was back from her shopping, and the 'learned opinion' was ready. The language was tendrous. The sentences were long and involved. The Latin was injected without reference to the context, and no abuse was underlined with red ink. She read and laughed till her sparkling eyes rained tears down her brilliant cheeks. 'You must arrange to do all papa's law business,' she warned me at parting, and I danced a boisterous solo when she was gone.

"Next day came a letter from 'papa.' He had at last found a lawyer. That opinion was worthy of a Webster or a Choate. He enclosed $1,000, and made me his attorney. Later I got the daughter."

Rapid Stenography.

Washington Post: Amont the prevailing discussions as to the highest speed ever attained by expert shorthand writers here is a story going the rounds of the cut of a Georgia court stenographer, which by long odds broke the world's record in that line of work.

It was when that eminent jurist, the late Judge Richard Clark, was presiding in the Atlanta circuit of the superior court. One of the most remarkable murder trials was in progress. The evidence was conflicting and the judge was called upon to charge the jury on some decidedly new and interesting legal points. Now the judge was a rapid talker. In this instance it was very important that every word he spoke should be correctly recorded, and he so cautioned the stenographer.

Then Judge Clarke began. As he warmed up to his charge he was speaking at the rate of 250 words a minute. Once he glanced toward the stenographer, that worthy official seemed to be half sleeping over his work and apparently writing very slowly.

"Mr. ——, are you getting my words down correctly?" asked the judge.

At this the stenographer seemed to wake up. With little concern he replied:

"That's all right judge. Fire away. I am about 15 words ahead of you now."

Smolenski's Iron Nerve.

Chicago Inter-Ocean: The real name of General Smolenski, the gallant Greek commander, is Constantine Smolentz, and he comes of Dalamatian stock. His father took part in the war of independence, settled at Athens, and married a Greek lady. His two sons adopted a military career, for which they were educated partly at home, partly in France and Belgium. Constantine is the younger of the two, and, besides possessing strategical abilities of a high order, he is endowed with great physical courage. It is related of him that a few years ago he had to visit Germany for the purpose of undergoing a severe surgical operation. The doctors were proceeding to administer an anaesthetic, but Smolentz would have none of it. "Chloroform," he exclaimed, "is only fit for women," and while the knife was being used he said, "Go on, gentlemen," as coolly as though he were a mere spectator, nor did a single expression of pain escape him during the most trying moments.

As Run by Reed.

Washington Post: Representative McMillin puzzled the speaker for half a minute yesterday. He arose and demanded the regular order. It was a new scheme, and Speaker Reed stopped a brief space to think what the regular order was, while Mr. McMillin suggested that a call of the committees under rule 24 would be the regular order. Mr. Reed quickly remembered that there was only one committee to call. He was apparently looking straight at Mr. McMillin, but his wonderful strabismus caused him to see Representative Payne away over on that side of the chamber.

"The gentleman from New York," said the speaker.

Mr. Payne was busy talking with some one else just at that moment, but he knew his cue, and promptly moved to adjourn. The usual roll call was demanded, with the usual results.

You can carry the little vial of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets right in the vest-pocket and it will not make even a little lump. They cure constipation. One "Pellet" is a laxative; two a mild cathartic. One taken after dinner will stimulate digestive action and palliate the effects of over-eating. They act with gentle efficiency on stomach, liver and bowels. They don't do the work themselves. They simply stimulate the natural action of the organs themselves. That is where they differ from all other pills. That is what makes them better than all other pills. You don't become a slave to their use as with other pills, because their help lasts. Once used, they are always in favor.

The manufacture of cans for Three Crown Baking Powder and Spices, recently said he would close down his can factory if it were not for the large orders given him for cans by Hewlett Bros. Co. Now the public can readily perceive by this remark how one industry supports another and if one was forced to close down it might affect many others, but if the ones already started are supported it means that new ones will commence and that will make work for the people of this country instead of the east.