TRIAL SEPARATION OF COUPLE ENDED

California Artist and His Wife Find That Love is Too Strong.

LOS ANGELES, July 8.—The mystery that has wagged tongues for the last three months at studios, teas and other affairs where those of the artist colony foregather is at last cleared up. They have been separated. There is not going to be a divorce. They are going to be reunited in Chicago.

"They" in the case are pretty little Ilylla Lama, the Adriadne in Clawson's painting of that name, and the "idyll" in many other paintings which other San Francisco and Los Angeles painters have produced, and her husband, B. W. Widner, an artist.

It was a "trial separation," agreed upon for a period of from three to six months, when a final decision as to its permanency was to be made. His jealousy of attentions from her dancing partners at the affairs they constantly attended was the immediate cause, superinduced, she thinks, by the terrifying persistency of some mysterious woman, who called up daily for weeks, asking if it was true, as she had heard, that they were separated.

What the Terms Were.

There was no written contract, she says, but the terms were:

He was to go to Chicago and stay there unless she sent for him before three months elapsed, and no word of the "trial" of the affair was to leak out. Letters could be written, however.

This, she says, was how it worked out:

"He wanted to come back at the end of two weeks, and by that time I'd made up my mind that there was not going to be any permanent separation in the Widner family, but I was determined to stick out the three months, at least. They are now up.

"Things might have been different if they had turned out the way you read about them. The divorcee, for instance, is always supposed to revel in 'freedom.'

Not That Way with Her.

"Her matorn's name is suppised to save her from the annoyances that beset the unmarried girl, but she is supposed to have all the privileges of the latter.

"It certainly was not that way with me. I never was so tied down in my life, even before it leaked out that our separation was premeditated.

"Lots of places I wanted to go I couldn't because I didn't have anybody to take me. You can't always get even your most agreeable men friends, you know, every time you happen to want them.

"I thought this part of it would be different after the first couple of weeks, but it got worse instead of better.

Didn't Like Being "Grass Widow."

"Then there are lots of other little things that are hard to explain. I didn't realize that it would be so, of course, but when it was supposed that my husband and I had simply separated, I found that I didn't like the way people treated a 'grass widow.'

"Then when the 'trial separation' became known I was in such an indeterminate status that it was worse than ever."

ROUTE

Of Arcadians to New Orleans Followed by New York Couple in Canoe.

GREENVILLE, Miss., July 8.—Following the flow of the river that carried the Arcadians to their places of refuge in Louisiana 300 years ago, Mr. and Mrs. Elwood Lloyd, of Mayville, N. Y., making the trip in a light, open canoe, have reached here, and after a rest of a few days will continue on their voyage, which will not end until the mouth of the Mississippi has been reached.

Mr. Lloyd is a newspaper writer, and last November he and his wife left the upper reaches of the Ohio river for the lower Mississippi. Upon their arrival at New Orleans they will be met on the shore of the river by a committee of the Louisiania Historical Society and representatives of the Southern Yacht Club.

The trip of the intrepid canoeists commemorates the French discovery of Louisiana 300 years ago and its procalmation of French territory.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd have made the trip in easy stages. The roughest part of the voyage was last winter on the Ohio river. At times the temperature was below freezing. Ice formed on the sides of the canoe and the paddles. Mrs. Lloyd is an expert with the paddles and once saved the canoe from being capsized in the ice of the Ohio river.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd have a complete camping outfit, which is stored in the canoe by day and put into use at night. They have spent few nights under roof since starting on their adventure.

Their little canoe is 18 feet long. It has already covered 4,000 miles.

GOOD SAMARITAN

Must Pay $90 for His Kindness, According to Court Opinion.

PHILADELPHIA, July 8.—Dr. H. E. Latham, Walnut street above Sixteenth was pondering on the high price of gasoline one cold day last winter, when he was amazed to see that a motorist had parked a car in the street and neglected to stop the engine.

The doctor thoughtfully stopped the engine. Near zero the temperature transformed the water in the radiator into a cake of ice. Jacob Lewin, 3308 Euclid avenue, owner of the car wrathfully sought the name of the good samaritan, and promptly entered suit for damage to his car. Judge Crane, in municipal court, decided Doctor Latham must pay Lewin $90.

GAMBLING FEVER RAGES IN SAN DIEGO

Many Women Drawn into the Underworld Net across the Border.

SAN DIEGO, Calif., July 8.—Just across the border from San Diego, in lower California, is Tia Juana, a town of the underworld. So many of San Diego's women have been drawn into the net, and so widespread has become the gambling fever in San Diego, citizens recently held a meeting to take steps to crush Tia Juana and its race track literature on the American side.

They also asked federal authorities to close the customs houses at night and to inaugurate a passport system into Mexico. A recent visitor to the place writes:

Gives Case of One Girl.

"Just at random let us sit near this pretty girl in the San Diego cabaret. Is she speaking now of the San Diego exposition? Is this the reason the woman in black gives attentive ear to her talk? Hardly. The race track and not the exposition is under discussion. She says that she won $100; that she loves to bet on the horse races and that she is $200 loser. Also that she is in debt; that her mother must never know, but she is going to bet again and again.

"And then the pensive smile returns. She picks up a tray and passes through the crowd and sells cigars and cigarets. She is doomed, for she has won and lost. But her mother must never know.

"Come with me into this lobby. This is the United States Grand Hotel. They say it it is one of the finest institutions of its kind in the world.

Mother Learns to Gamble.

"An orchestra is playing softly. Is that beautiful woman in pink silk enjoying the "Humoresque?" Is she telling that corpulant man with the flashing diamonds about the musical education of her two children, who are romping at her feet. No. She wishes to know his opinion of the race horse Ida Cummings.

"Will this horse win from Toastmaster and Ann Tilly? She is a married woman and mother of children, but she has learned to gamble; she has come to this bookmaker for information.

"A train runs to the 'Valley of Evil.'

High School Bettor.

"Hawkers swarm through the coachers. They are selling racing forms and tips on the races. You can't pick a winner without Mannie's Guide.' The crier is sharp-eyed, with a ponderous nose and a raucous voice. He bellows through the train time and again, selling his so-called tips at ten cents each. There are many buyers.

"To the right of us is a high school girl in a green sport coat. At her back lolling at ease and smiking atrocious cigars, we find a negro and a Greek waiter.

"In our rear two bunko steerers, run down at the heels and frayed at the cuffs are conversing in subdued tones. One of them, an old, gray-haired scoundrel, is of venerable appearance, fat, oily and lazy.

"His police record is longer than a mileage ticket. He plays no favorites and he will bunko you for a dime, a dollar or a million.

In the "Valley of Evil."

"The train lurches to a standstill at the crest of a hill. We alight with the throng and gaze below upon the 'Valley of Evil.' Another long walk confronts us, and we wade through the dust to the accompaniment of much small talk and the tramp of many feet.

"Hundreds of women, both refined and unrefined, are surging toward the turnstiles.

"And when the day is done the motloy throng dashes madly for the train, now waiting to convey them to San Diego. The barker for the Tia Jauna gambling holes screams his loudest, and, lest one escape a Mexican repeats the invitation in Spanish.

When the Races are Over.

"We board the train in company with hundreds of men and women and scores of non descripts, and then turn for a last glimpse of the 'Valley of Evil.'

The Mexican chief of police is riding away on his spotted horse, a colored tout is talking to a white girl of refined appearance, a score of women and girls are embarking for Tia Juana's gambling dives, hundreds of motor cars are toiling up the hill, the Mexican flag is fiercely flapping in the breeze and the sun is fast disappearing over the rim of the mountains.

OLD GREENLAW SITS AS JUDGE

Stranger Presumes Too Much on the Fact That He is the Dealer.

By David A. Curtis.

A little man with large ears came into old man Greenlaw's saloon in Arkansas City one evening and looked about him with an air of bewilderment. Aside from his diminutive stature and the size of his ears, which as was presently noted, wagged a little when he talked, there was nothing about him that seemed to call for special attention; but after he had been in the place long enough to be observed more carefully than he was at first it was seen that he had another characteristic that was, to say the least, striking. It was almost disconcerting. Plainly he was a fellow who might perhaps have to be reckoned with as of some consequence.

His eyes were just plain, ordinary human eyes of no particular color and not of a size to attract attention being neither larger nor smaller than was to be reasonably expected in a face that was proportionate to the inconsiderable bulk of his body; but the gaze he projected from them was curiously direct. One could not avoid thinking of him as level eyed. In fact, he was exaggerately level eyed. It gave him a certain distinction.

Makes Proper Salutation.

He did not appear to be wholly at ease when he entered, but after a little hesitation he showed that he had at least rudimentary knowledge of what was to be expected of one who entered a saloon alone. He stepped up to the bar and said "Let's liquor."

There was no possibility of misunderstanding him, for he spoke very distinctly, but they noticed, indeed they could not help noticing, that his voice was slightly cracked and somewhat wheezy. It was not a pleasing voice, though, on the other hand, it was not one that provoked any violent resentment.

Neither were his words objectionable, though the manner of those present in acceding to his suggestion indicated toleration rather than any excess of cordiality. They drank with him with demur and resumed their seats and their tobacco in silence.

Not altogether did the little man seem satisfied. It was as if he preferred that some one else should open conversation, but as no one else did, he spoke again after waiting a little.

"I was reck'nin' on comin' to Arkansas City perm'nent," he said rather diffidently.

Not of Great Significance.

Had he presented signs of affluence the remark might have been received with some enthusiasm, but if he was toting a wad, it was not one of sufficient size to cause a protuberance in his outline, and they did not seem impressed. There was a delay.

At length old man Greenlaw said, somewhat coldly, "There's other places."

"What other places?" demanded the little man not brusquely, but as one honestly desirous of information.

"Oh, slathers on 'em," said the old man, a little disconcerted.

"Where be they?" asked the little man.

"Oh, everywheres. All up an' down," was the vague reply.

"I reckon I done been to most on 'em," said the little man in a discouraged sort of way. "but I hain't found none what 's p'tic'lar d'sirable fo' to live into. Arkansas City don't 'pear to be, neither, but a man 'd ought fo' to stay somewheres."

Too Difficult to Solve.

"Why?" asked Jake Winterbottom.

The little man's air of bewilderment, already noted in this narrative, became an appearance of hopeless distraction when this simple question was propounded. It was evident that he was not in the habit of analyzing his beliefs. Having considered it advisable to find an abiding place, he was nevertheless at a loss to explain the reason for having so thought. He stuttered and stammered a little, and when he found speech eventually his voice cracked worse than before.

"It's gen'lly did that away, ain't it? 'Pears like it's mo' nachul," he managed to say after a little, but the words lacked conviction.

"Some does," said old man Greenlaw slightingly, "but they's some that don't. Settin' hens don't lay no aigs, as the Good Book says."

The little man did not look to him likely to become a desirable citizen and he was not minded to encourage him to remain in Arkansas City.

Likes to Sit in Poker Game.

"I never took no gre't int'rest in aigs nohow," he said, "an' I don't reckon on layin' on 'em. Costs a heap, too, gwine 'round fr'm one place to a other c'ntinyal, like a man does if he hain't got no home. I couldn't never stand th' 'expense if 'twa'n't fo' settin' into a poker game oncet in a while."

"Let's liquor," said Jim Blaisdell suddenly.

He had not thought before of the little man being a poker player because of a certain incongruity between his general appearance and the ordinary aspect of an assemblage engaged in the great American pastime, but Mr. Blaisdell was no stickler for appearance at any time, and his interest was roused.

The little man was entirely amenable to the suggestion of another drink, but when some one proposed casually a little later to start a game of draw in the back room for the purpose of whiling away the evening he was hesitant.

Has Ample Funds.

"I don't gen'ly set in," he said, "not 'thouten I needs the money, an' just now I got enough to git along on."

"Th' ain't nobody never got enough," said old man Greenlaw severely. "Thing to do is fo' to git mo', al'ays. An' th' ain't no way o' ti ek'l to draw poker. Not fo' nobody what's 's genteel appearin' as yo' all, th' ain't.

"Does yo' all reckon what I'm genteel appearin'?" asked the little man as if greatly surprised.

They began to see that he was one who required time to accustom himself to a new thought before adopting it as a part of his own mental concept of things in general. And they saw that he was flattered as well as surprised.

"Sho' be," affirmed old man Greenlaw, what c'mands 'tention. I reckon mebbe it's yo' ears."

Admitted Their Size.

"I al'ays reckoned they was too big," said the little man as if doubtful of the gentility of large ears.

"Not fo' a man o' yo' size, they ain't," said old man Greenlaw. "They 'd al'ays ought fo' to be somepin' big about a man, an' you'n is kynd o' int'restin' 'count o' wavin' 'roun like they does. They 's mo' ornamental like."

"Let's have another," said the little man, highly pleased. They havin had it, he seemed inspired to greater sociability, as if somewhat stimulated, whether by the compliment or by his three drinks.

"I reckon mebbe I mought take a hand if yo' uns is gwine to play," he said. "If I'm gwine to settle down hyar I'd ought fo' to git acquainted like."

Opportunity to Get Acquainted.

"That's right," said the old man heartily. "They can't nobody call hisself reely 'quainted nowheres, not till he's done set into a poker game. That's why I 'ncourage the boys to play in my back room. 'Pears like strangers gits mo' of a idee o' what Arkansas City is like 'n they does any other way.

"'N fact they can't git no idee no other way. Not none what c'n be relied onto, that is. Mebbe that's one reason why the c'mmunity don't grow no faster'n it does. Th'ain't nobody but the best people stays."

"I reckon I'll stay, all right," said the little man complacently. "I done been lookin' fo' that kyind of a place fo' a hellova while."

Meantime there had been no delay in the preparations for the game. Besides those already mentioned, Joe Bassett and Sam Pearsall were in the room, and they sat in, making the party five-handed. Old Man Greenlaw excused himself on the plea that he had to tend bar. Mr. Owen Pepper was also there, and the dove of peace still lingered somewhere around, but Mr. Pepper seldom played and the dove merely looked on for a time with a doubtful air.

Pays With a Yellow Back.

The little man bought a single stack of chips, paying for it from a small roll of bills which he held in a way that prevented close observation; but the single bill he produced was a yellow back and they jumped at the conclusion that the game would be somewhat interesting. It was therefore with a mind wholly at ease that the old man returned to the front room after seeing the game started.

"I reckon mebbe that thar shrimp is done overestimated some c'ncernin' th' time what he's liable fo' to r'main into our midst," he observed grimly to Mr. Pepper, as he took a cigar from his pocket and bit it in two.

"Oh, I don't know," said Mr. Pepper, blithely. "Them sawed-offs is liable fo' to be some s'prisin' at times. Mebbe he's better'n he looks."

"Not with them ears, he ain't," quoth the old man with vast contempt.

"Oh, I don't know," said Mr. Pepper. "He sho' does wag 'em good."

Not for Human to Wear.

"Tol'able good fo' a human," admitted the old man grudgingly, "but a wild ass o' the desert c'n do it a heap sight better, let alone hee-hawing mo' satisfact'ry like. This un hee-haws, too, but some way 'tain't c'nvincin'. 'Pears like he ain't much acquainted with himself; not yet, he ain't."

"Oh, I don't know," said Mr. Pepper, pertinaciously sticking to his original assertion. "Th' ain't no telling 'bout them sawed-offs I knowed one in Tennessee played a flute amazin'."

"Well, wotinell is flutes got to do with it?" exclaimed the old man, greatly exasperated. "Yo' all talks like a hunk o' mud."

"Oh, I don't know," said Mr. Pepper. "Th' ain't many plays 'em. Not good, they don't."

"Oh, shucks," exclaimed the old man, who by this time had finished eating one end of his cigar. His tone seemed almost hopeless, but after he had struck a match and lighted the other end he spoke again as one who renews a controversy after having acknowledged defeat.

Cards More Entertaining.

"Stands to reason th' ain't nobody much plays 'em," he said. "They wouldn't nobody but one o' them sawed offs waste no time playin' flutes when they was cyards to be played. That proves it."

His manner no less than his concluding words indicated that he considered the question settled, but Mr. Pepper was not convinced.

"Oh, I don't know," he said, but before he could say more the old man reached for his bungstarter.

"Th' ain't no 'casion fo' yo' all to say nothin' mo' 'bout not knowin' nothin'," he asserted as he swung the weapon aloft.

"Oh, I don't know," said Mr. Pepper, dodging, and the downward stroke began.

Practice had made the Tennessee trader almost perfect in the art of evasion, but this time he narrowly escaped the blow, and might not have been able to avoid the second one which was already on the way when a howl of extreme anguish from the back room interrupted the proceedings. Mr. Pepper and the dove went elsewhere together and the old man rushed toward the scene of disturbance, waving his bungstarter wildly.

Little Man in Firm Grip.

Arriving he saw the little man writhing in torture while Blaisdell held his right hand and Bassett his left. Both of them were gripped firmly, and, judging from the expression on Bassett's face it seemed not unlikely that the left hand was being reduced to pulp. It was enough to make anybody howl, and the little man continued to do it.

"What's diddni'?" asked the old man, lowering his bungstarter as he saw there was no occasion to use it.

"Nothin' much," said Winterbottom, calmly, "on'y this yer yap was playin' irregular, an' Blaisdell done made 'bjections to it: 'Stead o' putting up a argyment the blame fool reached fo' a gun. Then Bassett done took a hand. I reckon 'twon't be in no 'c'ndition to play with fo' a spell," he concluded with a twinkle of amusement in the corner of his eye. Mr. Winterbottom was one who always appreciated a joke provided he made it himself. No one else, however, paid any attention to this one.

Irregular Play is Barred.

"That's a ser'ous matter," said the old man, addressing the culprit with strong disapproval. "O cose yo' all is a stranger an' yo' can't be 'xpected to know what irreg'lar play is night 'bout the on'y thing what they can't nobody git away with in Arkansas City. Not into my s'loon, any way. Gawd have mercy on yo' soul, an' has yo' anythin' to say why the sentence o' this yer co't didn't ought fo' to be p'nounced?"

"The little man whimpered so pitifully that even Bassett seemed to realize that he was too insignificant to justify extreme measures, and he loosened his hold.

"I didn't reckon I was playin' irreg'lar," whined the little man. "It was my deal, an' I done the best I could."

"That ain't no 'xcuse, not 'thouten yo' c'n git away with it' 'thouten bein' founded out," said old man Greenlaw rebukingly, "but theys al'ways allowance to be made fo' ign'ance. If yo' all had a knowed better mo'n likely yo'd a been tarred an' feathered an' sarved yo' damn' well right, but c'nsid'rin' the circumstances mebbe the ends o' justice 'll be satisfied if I let yo' off with a fine. How much is yo' got in yo' jeans?"

"I dunno 'xactly," said the little man, "but it's c'nsid'rable of a wad."

"Count it out," said old man Greenlaw sternly, and the other did so.

"Th, ain't hardly enough," said the old man, taking it, "but the co't 'll 'dvance yo' th' amount o' yo' fare to the next landing. Arkansas City ain't no place fo' yo' all. Git."

And the little man got.

Powder for Her Nose Sought by a Woman in St. Louis Library

ST. LOUIS, July 8.—That the public library is not regarded merely as an institution of books is indicated in the annual report of the directors, which was filed with Mayor Kiel.

The report says among the unusual requests made was one by a woman who sought to bororw some face powder. She said she wanted to go to a funeral and feared her nose would be shiny.

On another occasion a girl took a fancy to a dress one of the attendants was wearing and begged the wearer to give it to her when the attendant didn't want it any longer.

Another little girl on her first visit was so well pleased with "the big house" she was going to get her parents and uncle to visit it.

In the last year the library has been much used by hobos and men out of work, who, filled the reading room.

The number of books in the library is 443,911.

MANY NEW DOCTORS.

PEKING, July 8.—Forty-two women doctors, graduated from various medical schools, will shortly be given certificates to practice in Peking. These will be the first women granted official permission to practise medicine in the Chinese capital.

BRITISH "BANTAMS" MAKE A NEAT RAID

Of a Trench and Take a Gun from the German Forces in Fighting in France.

BRITISH HEADQUARTERS, France, July 8.—"Good for the little fellows," expressed the feeling of the whole army when the "Bantams," in one of the neatest of trench raids, took a machine gun from the Germans. No commander is prouder of his men than the commander of the Bantams; no battalions so thoroughly have the good wishes of the whole army. The idea of the Bantams, unique among the armies of Europe, was Lord Kitchener's. If little men wanted to fight for their country, why shouldn't they. Put them in an organization by themselves and give them a chance.

No man over five feet three was accepted. Short men who had been turned away by recruiting sergeants in the early days of the new army formed the first battalion. As it was a success, others followed. At the front they were brigaded together; and the visitor to a certain portion of the lines sees sturdy, short-legged men marching along the roads and keeping guard in the trenches.

Many Jokes Passed.

Many jokes have been passed about them. It was even suggested that when they went into the trenches somebody would have to hold them up to the parapet to fire. But the Bantams answered that Napoleon and Lord Roberts were little men; and the Bantams have made good. Other battalions take fatherly interest in them and admire them for their pluck.

Instead of having to hold them up to fire, when they first went into the trenches, the difficulty was to keep them from showing their heads too much. They have the advantage of being small targets, and they are completed sheltered in a communication trench where another man's head would be exposed. Most of them are miners and city bred and some probably owe their stature to poor food and overcrowding. Good food and fresh air have added to the height of some of the young ones and to the girth of chest of all.

Only Drawback.

Their only drawback is that they cannot carry the full equipment of sixty pounds and more for long hard marches. So their equipment has been cut down; they have shorter stocks to their rifles. What they lack in strength they make up in agility.

"They are particularly good at scouting," said one of their officers. "There is no limit to their nerve. It is nothing for them to crawl out in the dark across No Man's Land up to the German's barbed wire."

A German machine gun is a heavy affair. Two strong men are required to carry it. When the artillery had knocked a German trench about one night and the aBntams rushed it to take what prisoners and do what damage they could and then make a run for it back to their own trench in the usual trench raid fashion, they determined to take a machine gun with them to prove their prowess. Half carrying it, half tugging it along the ground, with other German machine guns feeling around in the night for targets through a trying half hour, they finally landed it safe behind their parapet. Many a battalion of big men has failed in the same effort.

MAN'S CRIMES CAUSED BY A BUMP ON HEAD

His Attorney Will Offer That in His Defense of a Burglary Charge.

San Diego, Calif, July 8.—A mysterious proturberance in the center of the forehead, small when he is composed, but as big as a walnut when he is excited or alarmed, will be pointed to by attorneys for James Russell as the cause of his alleged criminal acts.

This became known at the preliminary examination of the man recently on a charge of burglary.

Russell, also known as Colley, has borne this strange malformation of the head since birth. A. K. Rourke, who appeared for the accused man, expressed the opinion that the protuberance is a brain affliction causing persistent criminal tendencies. He will enter a plea of insanity in the superior court and endeavor to have an operation performed upon the head of the prisoner.

Russell was caught in the act of a daylight invasion of the home of Mrs. B. L. Barney, 4624 Campus street, and was captured after a spectacular chase, that was participated in by a number of policemen, who were at home off duty, and other residents of the neighborhood. Later the fellow led the police to a grass plot in a vacant lot, where he had thrown a watch stolen from the Barney home.

Although only 27 years old, Russell has been in trouble frequently. The malformation of his forehead, which varies so greatly in size, under different emotions, will be considered by the court in fixing the blame.

More than 10,000 miles of macadam roads have been ordered built in Afghanistan since the ruler of that country became the owner of an automobile.

Mountaineers to Buy Birch Bark in South

From Government by Mountaineers Who Will Make Oil Out of It.

WASHINGTON, July 8.—An application to buy all of the bark of black birch on a large watershed in one of the national forests in the southern Appalachians has been received by officials in charge, who say that the bark will be used by the mountaineers to make sweet-birch oil, a substitute for oil of wintergreen. Because of the higher price of birch oil and oil of wintergreen, a synthetic oil is widely used in their stead. The rise in price of salicylic acid, which is the base of the synthetic oil, is reported to have increased the demand for the birch oil manufactured in this country. The oil is largely used for medicinal purposes and for flavoring, and a good demand is said to exist. So-called rheumatism cures in particular contain comparatively large amounts.

Sweet-Birch Oil.

Sweet-birch oil has been made in this country for many years and is obtained from the wood and bark of the black birch. The oil is a product of steam distillation plants, where, in addition to the twigs, bark and young sprouts of the birch, the entire tree is sometimes used.

More picturesque, but not very effective, it is said, are the methods employed by the southern mountaineer. A rough camp and crude distillery are erected near a supply of birch. According to persons who have seen both kinds, the "still" is not unlike the type sometimes employed in the same locality for making "blockade" whiskey. The camp is anything which will protect the workmen from the weather.

How Oil is Made.

The bark is peeled from the tree and the rough outer portion is scraped off. It is thean broken into small bits and put into the still with water enough to cook it. A fire is started and the resulting steam is led through a pipe and finally condensed. The heavy oil gathers in a receptacle while the water runs off. Three or four men compose the usual crew. One of these spends all of his time at the still, while the others gather and prepare the bark.

About twenty-two bushels of bark are used for every run and it is said that this amount yields approximately four pounds of oil. Three or four runs a week can be made.

Stills Are Isolated.

The method has been in use for many years, say the officials, and most of the accessible birch in the valleys has been cut. Each year the oil makers have to go farther back in the mountains. Very often the stills are located in isolated places which can be reached onl yon foot and all of the materials for the plant and camp are carried in on the backs of the mountaineers.

It is asserted that manufacturers and dealers are apt to be suspicious of the purity of the oil made in the mountains, because of the ease with which it can be adulterated. Only a chemical analysis will reveal this adulteration, and kerosene, methyl salicylate, and other liquids are often used by unscrupulous people. Last fall several persons in western North Carolina were convicted of this offense.

Tree Not Desirable.

The forests in the East purchased by the government are reported to contain large quantities of birch and are expected to become an important source of supply.

The foresters say that the birch is not a very desirable tree in the southern mountains. It can seldom be sold for lumber and it occupies ground which could support more valuable timber. Consequently they are glad of an opportunity to dispose of it. The officials state that provision will be made to utilize the tree more closely than has been done in the past, and to regulate the cutting in such a way as to provide for a future supply.

CONVICTS GIVEN THEIR DIPLOMAS

Thirty-One Men Finish Their Courses in the Kansas State Prison.

Something brand new in the way of school commencements was uncovered the other day at Lansing Kan., when thirty-one inmates of the state penitentiary were given certificates for work done in prison under the extension department of the Kansas state agricultural college. The prison students completed work in agriculture, electricity, blacksmithing, steam boilers and engines, automobiles and electricity.

Aside from the fact that this was said to be the first commencement ever held in prison walls, there was little to mark it from other commencements. The class members, distinguished from the other prisoners by white instead of blue shirts, white collars and a badge of the class colors, orange and blue, sat on the platform under their motto, "The Dawn of a New Day."

Just Like a College.

President H. J. Waters, of the agricultural college, delivered the graduating address; Professor George E. Bray and Professor M. G. Burton, of the college, and Chaplain Allen, of the prison orchestra, contributed musical numbers. As Professor Burton read the names of the graduates and handed them their certificates, each rose at his place, according to the college custom.

President Waters seized upon the similarity of the exercise to those of a college graduation. To pursue the comparison further, he said:

"Some of our students loaf through college, and then loaf through life. Others go through brilliantly and leap to success later, while still others start with very little promise, work hard and gradually improve. These are the ones in whom we are most interested. The man who mends his record is the man the world has confidence in and will help. To you and to other students I say that it is not what kind of a job you have when you get out that matters, but what you do with it."

Athletic Games on Feld Day.

Chaplain Allen, who instituted the educational work among the prisoners, had the commencement exercises begin with a baccalaureate sermon on Sunday. This was delivered by Thomas W. Brophy, of Chicago. The next day was field day, with races and ball games on the prison athletic field, followed by a big class dinner in the evening.

It is expected that many more prisoners will take the extension work next year, as an adequate school building then will be ready for them. The Kansas agicultural college is one of the few having the extension department, and it now has students in prisons in Georgia, Maryland and other states. The prisoners get the same instruction as all others in the department. Like the college students, they also get a vacation from study in the summer.

TWINS

Are Convicted of Similar Offenses and Both Are in California Jails.

SAN FRANCISCO, Calif., July 8.—Two brothers, twins, as alike in appearance as two peas in a pod, have been discovered in the rogues' gallery records to be serving separate sentences of five years for burglaries committed in Los Angeles.

When the pictures of the brothers reached Adolph Juhl, head of the police identification bureau here, it was thought at first that the prison records were in error, that through a slip two records had been sent out for the same man.

Juhl immediately wired to the officials at San Quentin and Folsom, asking for the finger prints of Mesak Kartangen, which is the name claimed by both men, and it was only when the prints were examined under the glass that it was found that there were two separate and distinct Mesak Kartangens.

The men have prison records in various parts of the country, and both are graduates of reformatories. One was convicted March 20, 1915, and the other March 18 of this year. They are 22 years old.

PAPER PRICE ADVANCES.

LONDON, July 8.—Penny (two cents) newspapers have been advanced a half-penny (one cent) and half-penny papers to one penny in a large number of towns outside of London. This was found necessary because of the increased price of printing paper and materials. A number of these provincial dailies have been forced to suspend publication for the same reason.