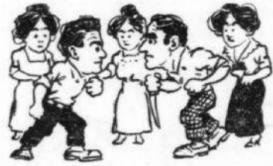


STORIES From the BIG CITIES



Girl Referees Duel Between Suitor and Brother



BOSTON.—With a girl as referee and girls as seconds, William J. Rounds, Jr., page in the Massachusetts house of representatives, and Herbert B. Lerner, a high school boy, met on the field of honor near Harvard university and fought a bitter duel. Rounds for the loyalty of his twin sister and Lerner for the hand of his sweetheart. The fight all but cost Lerner his life. For three days after the encounter he lay between life and death in the hospital and was saved only by his sweetheart breaking into his sick room, against the doctor's order, and kissing him. The consequent change in his spirits placed him on the road to recovery.

Rounds was arrested on a charge of stabbing with intent to kill. It is alleged that, when he found he was getting the worst of the fist encounter, he drew a knife from his pocket and stabbed his adversary in the breast.

Miss Lillian Rounds, the girl over whose affection the duel was fought, is the twin sister of young Rounds.

She and Lerner had been friends from childhood. In time they became lovers and recently Lerner proposed and was accepted. As sweethearts are wont to do, Miss Rounds and Lerner kept the engagement secret. Her brother hated Lerner. He tried to persuade his sister to give him up, but she refused. At times the two quarreled over this difference. Finally Lillian after one of her numerous clashes telephoned to Lerner about her trouble.

Her sweetheart instructed Miss Rounds to tell her brother that he would be over that night to give him a much needed lesson. He would show him how to treat his sister.

"Let him try," growled Rounds. The duel was arranged. Fists were to be the weapons. If Rounds won, Lerner had to give up courting his sister. If Lerner won Rounds had to withdraw all objection.

That night the five went to a field near Harvard university. Rounds was accompanied by Miss Beryl Grogan, as referee. Lerner arrived with Miss Lillian Rounds, while Miss Fanny Rounds, another sister, came along to be second for her brother. Miss Grogan gave the signal. The boys rushed at each other and fought fiercely with the battle against young Rounds. Then in a flash he drew back and in another instant there was a glitter of steel and Lerner was on the ground, stabbed in the chest with a knife Rounds had concealed in his pocket.

"Jagged" Elephant Terrorizes Live Stock Ship

NEW YORK.—Captain Kuhls of the live stock freighter Salamanca, known in shipping circles as "Noah's ark," brought a sad story of a sea of troubles to port with him the other day.

Aside from a thousand monkeys—ringtails, mandrills, ruzis and just plain monkeys—a zebra, ten lions and eight tigers, the ship had no passengers except nineteen elephants and nineteen honey bears.

The honey bear is a capricious animal and a poor sailor. Hans Tost, Karl Hagenback's traveling animal nurse, who had the whole shipload in charge, has found how to keep the honey bears quiet on board. He mixes whiskey with boiled rice and keeps them drowsily "jagged" all the way across the Atlantic.

The day before the ship arrived in port, while he was mixing up their sleeping potion, or meal, he sat down a pannikin containing a gallon of whiskey beside the cages and went up stairs.

Amy, the belle of the elephant herd, who was destined for the Chicago zoological gardens, reached out a thieving and prehensile trunk and



sucked all the whiskey and let it run down her dry gullet. When Tost returned he knew the whiskey was gone; it was not until an hour later that he found out where. Amy was scandalous. She winked flirtatiously at the zebra. She threw a loose link of hobble chain down into the hold among the monkeys. She indulged in jocosely trumpeting.

Not until early the next day did the exaltation at last pass from the big beast and she began to appreciate the inexorable visit of R. E. Morse, and they could think of nothing better than to rig a hose to one of the ship's pumps to play cold salt water on her fevered brow. Amy was sleeping fitfully when the ship was warped into her berth.

Lee Hing Found It Wasn't Safe to Move a Safe



CLEVELAND, O.—A safe is not an immovable object if Lee Hing, a Mongolian resident of Cleveland, can be believed. There is no reason why Hing cannot be believed. He has had experience with a safe—his first, and last, for that matter.

When Lee said good-bye to Huron Road hospital after a two months' stay he ejaculated to the effect that he never wanted to again look a safe in the face.

Lee Hing up to three months ago lived at 1280 Ontario street and had a liking for safes which bordered on the brink of affection. In the room where Lee took his daily siesta there reposed a safe. A very reposing and safety looking safe.

The safe contained nothing but air and was unlocked, but that made no difference to Lee. He would say his evening prayers—to Confucius—climb into the feathers and sleep the sleep of the innocent. He never even dreamed of the Hip Sing tongmen who are the ancient and deadly enemies of the On Leon Tong of which Lee is a member. He even kept a

secret the fact that the safe had been left behind in the rooming house by a Chinese merchant who had formerly occupied the place.

How Lee came to lose interest in safes and his own security is of more interest than the history of this particular safe. Lee was curled up behind his seven-foot pipe and was puffing like a locomotive one afternoon in front of his boarding house when a gentle zephyr brought the startling news that the Hip Sing tongmen were going to pay a visit to Lee's bedroom and hold a post mortem on the safe. Incidentally the informant stated, the Hip Sings might separate Lee from his thinking apparatus.

That was the last straw. Lee almost lost his trousers and shoe leather getting up three flights of stairs to his smoring emporium. With one bound he was at the side of the safe. Rudely he dragged the two ton strong box toward the stairs.

Lee clambered down two steps and lovingly grabbed the safe. With a delicate little start the safe fell forward into Lee's upheld arms. There was a brief hesitation as Lee grasped the object to his breast. The hesitation was decidedly brief. Lee suddenly rolled his eyes like a snake charmer with the delirium tremens and with a wall in Chinese became a victim of gravity.

Lee and the safe landed simultaneously at the bottom landing. Less than ten million yellow sons of China were in line to receive them.

Government Wagon Master Drives Mules 51 Years

GALVESTON, TEX.—With the Fifth Brigade, now encamped at Fort Crockett, is an old man—a quaint German man—who is seventy years of age. Of this three score years and ten he has placed fifty-one years in the service of the United States army, driving teams of mules. From 1862 to 1913 is no short time for a man to be laboring at one thing, yet that is what August Blume, assistant wagon-master of the Seventh Infantry, has been doing practically all his life. He is one of the few men in the army today who served in some capacity in the service during the Civil war.



During the fifty-one years in which he has been in the employ of Uncle Sam he has seen some bad times. Gus, for that is what he is known by in the corral camp at Fort Crockett, came to this country from Germany, where he was born in 1843. A few years prior to the Civil war, in 1862, obeying the call from the government for men in all ranks of the line, he

BACK YARD FARMER

Interesting Pointers on Gardening for the City Man or Suburbanite.

WHAT TO PLANT AND WHEN

Advice by an Expert on Agricultural Matters—Walks and Driveways—Blossoms for Fall—Preparation for Next Year.

By PROF. JOHN WILLARD BOLTE. Where the householder is merely seeking a means of getting from his house to some outside point, without wetting the sole of his shoe in damp weather, there is no substitute for a cement walk. It is clean, dry, smooth and practically imperishable, but it is not artistic, no, not even pretty. And lots of us prefer to be artistic even if it is damper.

Cement sidewalks do not harmonize with formal gardens. They are too modern. Neither do they fit into the beautiful or picturesque landscape, because in both they are too regular and mechanical. In fact the best pavement known to man has a hard time pleasing the doctors of curve and perspective. They tell us that there is little sense in going to a lot of trouble to get the lawn, flower beds, garden, shrubs and trees, all parts of a harmonious picture, and then ruin the entire effect by drawing a white chalk mark across the beautiful canvas, in the form of a straight cement walk.

Of course these sentiments would not apply to walks which are much traveled, but where some effort is made to have the home and its surroundings both beautiful and in harmony, the character and course of the private walks and driveways is of great importance, because it is by them that we approach or leave the house, and along these approaches the eye most frequently travels.

If we must have cement walks, let them be modest in their demeanor, their tint a gray, or best of all, a pale green. The edges snugly joined to the turf, bordered, if you will, by beds of perennials, with clumps of shrubs in the bends, so as to hide the successive views until the full effect is made instantly, upon rounding each bend. This rule applies to roadways as well as walks.

Do not curve a road or walk without some apparent reason. A curve without any excuse is merely a wiggle and it's worse than a straight line—far worse. This does not mean that long lines may not properly be curved, because they should be, but if there is no natural object to curve them around, plant something there, a flower bed, a tree or a clump of bushes. Nature may abhor a vacuum, but she abhors a straight line, too, and all of her curves have some reason.

A brick, tile or flag walk is permissible in a formal garden or landscape, because it is ancient in usage, not because it is natural. In beautiful or picturesque scenes the very best taste in walks is close-cut greenward, high enough to dry off rapidly. Next in good order, and certainly the most popular natural walk, is gravel, round gravel from some old water course or beach.

Gravel is also the best material for the private drive, with the possible exception of crushed limestone. Make the foundation of your gravel walk or driveway firm, with a good crest in the center. Make the first two inches coarse and the next two finer, binding all with a liberal top coating of sand, cinders or fine crushed stone. Roll it with a heavy roller and keep vehicles off when wet. Rake the surface smooth after each rain and keep the weeds out. A good way to kill weeds is to soak them with a solution of one pound arsenate of soda to three gallons of water.

Why not have the same beautiful wild wood colors in our fall gardens? Why not bring the harvest spirit into your own life by growing the harvest flowers about your home.

In the early autumn days, after the riotous summer blooms have gone, we can fill their places with cosmos, salvias and dahlias. Asters with their shades of blue and purple, great blotches of warm colored marigolds, calendulas in a great many shades and forms, annual pinks, breathing of colonial days, and the wonderful hardy chrysanthemums. Many others might be mentioned, as the fall list is very respectably long, but these few will do well under almost any conditions and should be very widely grown.

The scarlet Salvia is an ideal flower for edging, long rows, etc. It blooms continually until frost cuts it down, the long spike like blossoms having the most brilliant red color of any of the fall flowers, except the California poppy.

Salvias can be grown from seed, but the easier way is to buy the potted plants from a florist and set them out in beds. The Bonfire variety is one of the newer ones and it is more compact and showy than the old reliable Salvia Splendens. Put the Salvia in the tulip beds about corn planting time.

The Dahlias offer the flower lover more variety than any of the others, possibly, and we know one man down in Rhode Island who claims to have over 2,500 distinct varieties of Dah-

lias in his garden. It is hard to recommend the best in such a vast wealth of material and we will not attempt it. Here are some of the good ones: White—Plus X and Riesen Edelweiss. Pink—Kriemhilde and Countess of Lonsdale. Scarlet—Standard Bearer and Geisha. Dark Red—Roland von Berlin and J. H. Jackson.

Take the dahlia roots up late in the fall and winter them in the cellar. Separate the clumps and plant three feet apart, in rich, well drained earth the next spring. Do not fail to separate the clumps and leave only three or four shoots on each clump. Stake the plants up as soon as necessary, as they blow down easily. Be sure that the soil is well drained, above all else.

The double Cosmos blooms in late summer and may better be started indoors or secured from a florist. Lady Lenox is a wonderful new sort. In the Asters, plant Comet, Ostrich Feather and Semple's Late Branching, for excellent results.

Preparation of the Garden for Next Year. Here are a few good plans to put your garden in the best shape for next year's crops. After the various vegetables have ripened and the plants died, the garden should be plowed. If you are keeping chickens, it would be well to harrow and sow to vetch or rape, either of which will give you a good crop of green food for the chickens. This can be planted as late as August 15. Sow it thickly and give it plenty of water. This crop will make a good green feed for the chickens until it gets too dry and then it can be cured and made into a water mash as needed. This makes a very good substitute for the green feed during winter months.

If you have no chickens, and therefore have no use for a green feed, we suggest that you plant the garden to clover. Clover belongs to the leguminous class of plants, which put nitrogen back into the soil. Let this crop grow until just before frost, then plow it under. This will enrich the soil and lighten it.

In any event, the garden should be plowed in the fall, particularly where the soil is heavy. This will permit the frost to break up and decompose the soil during the winter months, making the plant foods more available in the spring. Before planting, the entire garden should be gone over with a disk harrow.

It will be still better if you will cover the ground with a fertilizer before plowing. There is nothing better for this perhaps than good sod, which accounts for better crops the first year than later on. Stable manure is good.

If the soil is very heavy and sour, put lime on. In the form of air slaked lime or ground raw lime stone.

MUCH BENEFIT BY SPRAYING. Reasons Why Lime-Sulphur is Best Solution to Use on Apple Trees—Study for Grower.

The growing of apples is an enormous industry which is constantly expanding. This is due largely to the fact that of all fruit the apple is in most steady demand, and is a very reliable crop. The profits on a well conducted apple ranch or orchard are fairly large, the labor entailed in caring for the trees and marketing the crop is not excessive, and there is scarcely any section of the country in which some varieties of apples will not thrive.

Spraying is the one operation above every other which determines the market value of apples, and yet in many instances it receives the least attention of all the orchard work, according to a Farm and Home expert. The matter of spraying is one which must be given careful attention and study by each grower, for the reason that the practice giving the very best results in one section may be of different value in another.

For instance, the Ben Davis is so seriously riddled by application of bordeaux mixture that, as a rule, naturally fine fruit of this variety will be rendered second class if this spray is used.

Lime-sulphur solution is apparently as effective as bordeaux mixture in the control of apple scab, and will control leaf spot and other minor troubles. In sections where spraying for bitter rot is required the lime-sulphur treatment for scab and leaf spot could be followed by applications of bordeaux mixture for bitter rot and apple blotch, as it has not yet been determined that the lime-sulphur spray will control these diseases. Arsenate of lead is unquestionably the poison to use with the lime-sulphur mixtures.

Best Tree for Planting. The two-year-old tree is probably the best for commercial planting, although one-year-olds are very popular with many large growers. The former is a compromise age as the two-year-old is less likely to have been spoiled in the nursery than an older tree, and it saves one year in the orchard before bearing. If, however, suitable two-year-old trees cannot be secured, by all means use the younger trees.

The Calf Pasture. Calves ought to have a separate pasture and one in good, clean order. They cannot thrive on short or soiled grass, nor hold their own in pastures with older animals, as the latter will monopolize them or take all the choice portions.

Planting Early Peas. Early peas may be planted between rows of newly set raspberries or blackberries the first year. As soon as the peas are gone plow the vines under and plant beans. This will pay for taking care of the land until the raspberries fruit.

Care in Planting Trees. Too much care cannot be given the operation of planting trees. No matter how well the land is prepared, nor what classes of trees one has, if they are not well planted the best results will not be secured.

Glimpses of Old Oxford

OXFORD has been much written of since Cecil Rhodes made his bequest and the flower of America's young men have been sent there as "Rhodes scholars." Yet perhaps a few glimpses of old Oxford as seen by an outsider may be of interest.

There are a thousand things in Oxford to attract the visitor. There are the strange old buildings and the strange old town. There are strange old customs and strange old places. There is a charm in the ivy-clad college walls, the memories of great men and events which cluster here, the traditions and customs so carefully guarded and preserved, the high ideals which permeate the atmosphere.

So as the visitor to this quaint old college town wanders about the streets and into the various old buildings, and notes the life here represented, he gains more idea of why England is the great country she is, than he could gain from much observation in other places. For the two great universities of England represent what is best of English thought and culture, and old Oxford, the home of conservatism, "has ever been the huge balance wheel of English life." The very air of Oxford proclaims this fact. Customs old and foolish are observed, yet shall we criticize?

Old Tom's Stroke. When first I heard Old Tom (the bell in the Christ church-tower) strike his hundred and one strokes, I inquired and found that this was a nightly occurrence, that shortly after nine, its time of striking, each college gate was closed and no one was allowed to go out from his college after that time. Students may come in later by payment of a small fee, increasing according to the lateness of the hour.

After nine o'clock no undergraduate is supposed to be out without wearing his cap and gown. The undergraduates consider it bad form to appear at night

to the authorities where or when the knowledge of the student is obtained. The instruction is a combination of tutor and lectures. Each student has his tutor to whom he reports and who watches his progress. He is not required to attend lectures, but pleases himself—and in the end passes or fails. It is not the means, but results that the university cares about.

Ancient Customs Prevail. Such are some few of the Oxford customs and such is its method of instruction. Foolish customs, you say. There are many such. Queer they do not adopt the ways of our own American colleges? Pause and consider; can we show better results than they?

Some one has said: "The college teaches and the university examines," which is true, as in few things do the men of the different colleges come together except in examinations. Each college has its own staff of dons and tutors (professors we should call them.) An undergraduate may attend lectures in any college. But the same lot of examiners serves for all. Thus the examinations are personal.

There are a few more customs which give most clearly the atmosphere of Oxford. The vice-chancellor still goes to official meetings clad in his scarlet robes, and preceded by two bearers in medieval costume. One head master still writes his letters in Latin to those he knows can read them. Each night the student must sleep in his own room, and as a "proof 'his scout" must take a loaf of bread from the kitchen each morning. The man who fails in this is apt to be suspended.

Enough, however, of methods and customs in general. The various colleges attract the visitor. Christ church, one of the best known and largest of the colleges, has about 300 undergraduates. It was founded by Cardinal Wolsey, whose cap appears at the top of all college stationery. Its dining



CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD

in cap and gown. So each night the proctors walk the streets looking for students uncapped or ungowned. He who is caught will have to appear next morning and pay five shillings (\$1.25) to the university chest. But the undergraduate cannot be "progged" unless the proctor is in official garb and accompanied by a "bulldog" (a man fleet of foot) who is supposed to be able to catch the student if he attempts flight. The "bulldog" must wear a derby hat.

The freshmen, instead of being wined and dined as in this country, are breakfasted. The breakfasts are so recognized by college authorities that lectures do not begin until ten o'clock.

Tea is also a meal of social attractions, and "over the teacups" are discussed the events of college life. For social life is a thing encouraged by Oxford. During terms a man gets much social life and during vacation he is expected to do much studying. Three terms of only eight weeks each compose the college year. Hard work, however, must be done by the student during vacation, for Oxford above all demands results, and the examinations are about the "tiffest" known. Yet it makes little difference

room takes us back to the time of Charles I. and his parliament. Its reputation merited no doubt, is that of being the most aristocratic of all the colleges. Its famous "Broad Walk" is very beautiful. Gladstone, Wesley, Ruskin and Reel are famous names of which Christ church boasts. Each of the colleges has a quadrangle, and some have two. Christ church has the "Great Tom Quad," and the "Little Quad."

New Long Ago. New college (it was new long ago), with its gardens is particularly attractive. The gardens, surrounded on two sides by the old city wall, relics of the times of Saxon and Dane, are a little inclosed spot of great beauty.

Magdalen (pronounced Maudlin) college grounds contain many acres and forty fallow deer. It has the old pulpit still, preserved where once a year the university sermon is preached on the festival of John the Baptist. To my notion Magdalen is the most beautiful and interesting of all the colleges.

There are 21 colleges in Oxford town, and to each belongs some pet tradition, some interesting bit of history.

OPALIZED WOOD IS POPULAR

Specimens of Exquisite Beauty Are Brought from Nevada and Made Into Jewelry.

Fashion is rejoicing these days in a new jewel—opalized wood. The newest gem is brought from Nevada, where extensive deposits of it have been found. As Aladdin's garden glittered with rare stones, so the forest of old has been converted into ornaments for this generation. The new jewel consists really of petrified wood, the fiber of which had been gradually replaced by particles of the silicate commonly known as opal. It is of dark red and blue shades with many flashes of color through it. In the sunlight the stone has a fascinating play of hues. There are specimens brought into this market which are of exquisite beauty.

Opalescent wood is used for pendants, brooches and also for rings. In appearance it rivals the precious opal which is bought from Hungary. Wood opals hitherto have been found in the western United States, but none of the

quality of those which have recently been brought here. The finer specimens are quite expensive. They are usually cut with a convex surface in order to bring out the play of colors.

It is an old belief that the opal brings good luck to him who wears it, and there are various qualities attributed to the stone which may be traced to the ancient belief in talismans. Some of the opalescent wood specimens show the grain of the tree, the structure of which they follow, as they were gradually deposited from the waters which carried in solution the elements from which they were formed.

Use Power of Tide. A scheme has been prepared by a Hamburg engineer for the utilization of power purposes of the ebb and flow of the tide at Husum, in the North sea. As doubts have been entertained in various quarters as to the practicability and economy of the project, a water power installation company has been formed at Hamburg to erect an experiment plant at Husum, of ten horsepower, to test the merits of the system.

ACTS AS SHERIFF; KILLS HIS BROTHER

Boys Stage "Movies" Show of Their Own.

USES A REAL SHOTGUN

Peter Kaderan, Aged Eleven, Shoots His Brother Michael, Five Years Old, Who Played Part of "Bad Man"—Didn't Know It Was Loaded.

Chicago.—Michael Kaderan was a bad man. Peter Kaderan, his brother, was a sheriff. Katherine, their baby sister, was a heroine.

Michael was young for a bad man. He was only "five, going on six." But Peter wasn't much more mature as a sheriff, for his years number only eleven. Katherine is four years old.

This was the scenario of a moving picture drama that was staged in a basement flat at 1635 West North avenue the other night. Today Michael, the "bad man," is dead, and Peter, the "sheriff," is now a very bad but wiser lad.

Peter was the stage manager of the tragedy. It wasn't his intention to have a real death in the action. He thought, when he pulled the trigger of his father's shotgun, that the loud "bang!" which he intended to shout would inform Michael that another bad man had bitten the dust.

Instead the gun made its own "bang" and Michael fell to the floor with a charge of buckshot buried in his breast. He was dead before Peter realized that the gun really had gone off.

The parents of the children, visiting next door neighbors, heard the shot and ran into the house.

Katherine was the only one of the actors in the tragedy who could tell how it happened and she didn't have a very clear idea. But from the story she lapped out the police were able to see it all.

It seems that the family came from Tennessee only a few weeks ago, and the children went to their first school show shortly afterward. They saw a cowboy picture.

The following night Peter decided the play should be changed a little. "Mike" he the bad man," he ordered, "and Katherine, you be the rancher's daughter. Mike, you shoot



Michael Fell to the Floor.

Katherine and carry her off. Take her in the bedroom. That'll be your bandit's cave. I'll be the sheriff."

Peter added a touch of realism never before permitted, for in the absence of his parents he had procured his father's gun. He knew all about cocking it, and the hammer was up as he shouted an order to halt at the fleeing Michael.

Michael also was up in his part, and he jeered at the sheriff just like a real bad man. The shotgun hammer fell. The play was over.

DOG GUARDS ITS DEAD MATE

Companion Is Run Down by a Buffalo Car and So Injured It Had to Be Shot.

Kansas City.—For twelve hours a Newfoundland dog stood guard over the body of a bird dog run over by a street car at Independence and Indiana avenues. The bird dog was so badly hurt Policeman Lashley had to kill it. When a wagon was driven up in the morning to take the dog's body, the Newfoundland was still standing watch. Considerable coaxing and sharp commands had to be used before the men could get near the spot.

The two dogs have been seen to gether frequently by persons living in the neighborhood. The Newfoundland was close by when the car ran over its mate. Immediately after the policeman shot the injured animal, the other dog took up the watch. When the officer attempted to go near the dog's body the Newfoundland resisted. Rather than disturb this "grieving companion" Policeman Lashley allowed the remains to lie all night on the street corner.

RELIC OF TITANIC DISASTER

Barnacle-Covered Lifeboat Seen at Spot Where Ill-Fated Liner Went Down.

Baltimore, Md.—Almost on the exact spot where the ill-fated Titanic foundered a little more than a year ago the lookout of the North German Lloyd steamer Eisenach, which docked here with 1,302 immigrants, sighted a barnacle-covered lifeboat.

The derelict was sighted on the morning of June 4 floating keel upward, and the officers of the Eisenach said that from its appearance it must have been at the mercy of the waves for at least twelve months.