

BUNGALOW MAKES AN IDEAL HOME

Design That Is Adapted to Either City or Country.

ATTRACTIVE IN APPEARANCE

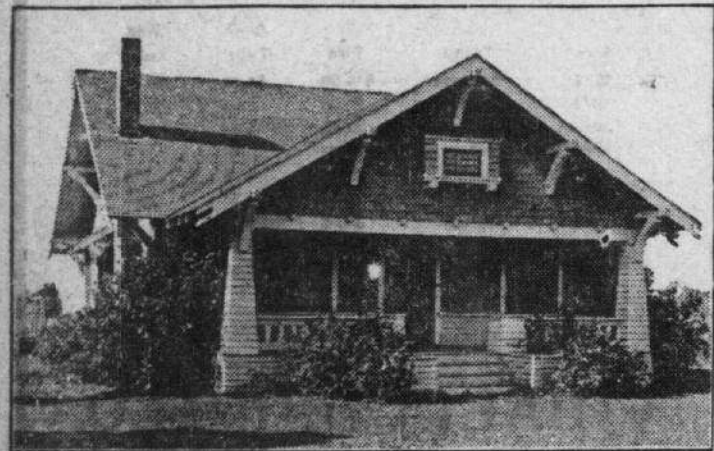
Six-Room, One-Story House Is Arranged to Accommodate Small Family and to Lessen Labor of Caring for It.

By WILLIAM A. RADFORD.
Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF COST on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building, for the readers of this paper. On account of his wide experience as Editor, Author and Manufacturer, he is, without doubt, the highest authority on all these subjects. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 1827 Prairie avenue, Chicago, Ill., and only enclose two-cent stamp for reply.

The least number of rooms that will comfortably accommodate the family; convenient arrangement of these rooms; and an attractive exterior appearance are the three prime requisites for the modern home. Because they are all found in the bungalow type of home, they are extremely popular with present-day home builders.

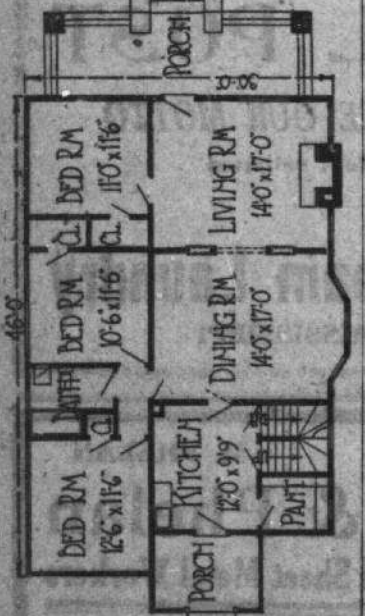
Bungalows originated in California, or at least the name did. In the middle and eastern states bungalows were built for many years before the name was known—they were called cottages. But bungalows have a distinctive style about them and are a great deal more attractive in exterior appearance, and their interior arrangement is much more convenient than the cottages of the past generations.

With the increased cost of everything, including homes, whether they be built or rented, the home-builder



must exercise economy when selecting the design for his new home. Every room added to a building adds a considerable sum to the cost, thus the keen home-builder decides on a house that is plenty large enough for the family, but contains no more room than that. Also he insists on a room arrangement that will permit the work of caring for the home to be done easily and that the house be equipped with the labor-saving and money-saving home conveniences.

These desirable features have been incorporated in the bungalow design shown in the accompanying illustration. Here is a handsome home—one that any family may be proud of—so



arranged that it will house a good-sized family and allow the work of caring for it to be done with a minimum amount of labor.

The bungalow is of wood construction, set on a concrete foundation and has a full basement under it. While the floor plan shows only six rooms, all on the first floor, the roof is designed so that additional rooms may be built in the attic. The gables of the roof, the shingle and the ship-lap

side and the artistic front porch all combine to give it a fine outward appearance. Also the high attic insures a cool house in summer and a warm one in winter.

The floor plan shows the sizes and arrangement of the rooms. Ranged on one side are living and dining rooms and kitchen and on the other three good-sized bedrooms and bath. The front door leads directly into the living room, which is 14 x 16 feet, a good-sized room. This room is equipped with a large fire-place in the outside wall with windows on either side. Through a double cased opening with a colonnade is the dining room, also 14 x 16 feet, with a three-window bay. This arrangement makes these two large rooms virtually one and permits a free circulation of air in the hot months. At the rear of the dining room is the kitchen, 12 x 12 feet 9 inches. At the rear is a porch, and at the side a pantry with an outside window. The stairs to the basement and to the attic lead out of the kitchen.

Three bedrooms are ranged along the other side of the house on the first floor. One room, which might be used as a library or den opens off the living room. The other two bedrooms and bath room are on a short hall, which is reached through the dining room. The front bedroom is 11 feet 6 inches x 11 feet; the center bedroom is 10 feet 6 inches by 11 feet 6 inches, and the rear bedroom is 11 feet 6 inches x 12 feet 6 inches.

The basement is arranged for the accommodation of the heating plant, the fuel storage, and the laundry and other storage rooms. This is the type of house that can be heated nicely by a pipeless furnace, as the two rooms that demand the most heat are really one.

While this plan is suggested for the home builder who has not a large family, it is well to consult an architect if one is available, and the local contractor and lumber dealer before finally deciding on the plan for the new home. These men are experts in building and their knowledge and experience will

be of great help to the prospective home builder. They know what is best in home design and construction and what should be avoided so that the home will cost as little as possible.

This fall is a time when everyone who possibly can should build homes for their own. Rents everywhere are again being raised this fall, and there seems to be a certainty that another increase will be put into effect by the property owners next spring. Homes are scarce and like everything else in a like condition bring high prices, either at sale or in rents. The home owner is secure in the knowledge that he is his own landlord and that he and his family have a comfortable, convenient and attractive place to live, which is worth considerable.

Building costs have come down considerably since early spring and, experts say, have now reached the bottom for several years to come. There is nothing in the present situation that should deter those who possibly can from building a home and becoming their own landlords.

Ishmael Tamez.
We may or may not identify the Arabs with the Ishmaelites, those desert-dwelling descendants of Hagar whose hands were to be against every man and every man's hands against them, but the Arabs and kindred tribes, Bedouins or however named, have fulfilled the prophecy until now. They have dwelt in the presence of their brethren for some thousands of years, plundering them with perpetual incursions and finding in their desert a fortress and sure refuge from pursuit. Only by the laborious expedient of building a railroad into their sand wastes could they be overtaken and subdued; and not until the death of Gordon roused England to a frenzy was this mode of fighting them tried.

Way to Victory.
The longer I live the more certain I am that the great difference between man and man, the feeble and the powerful, the great and the insignificant, is energy and invincible determination—a purpose fixed, and then—death or victory! That quality will do anything that can be done in this world, and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities, will make a two-legged creature a man, without it. Fowell Buxton.

carry them out of the course mapped on the heavenly chart. But these hereditary predilections are being overcome. At the last annual missionary collection at Koko-gola, a Solomon Islander, ex-head hunter, attired in spotless raiment, walked down the aisle of a Christian church and deposited \$50 on the plate, to help send the gospel to the heathen. Others who had no money gave coconuts or shells.

Replacing Lost Blood.
The successful use of artificial fluid as a substitute for the blood lost by wounds, or removed from the circulation by disorders of the blood vessels, has just come to light as a surgical triumph of the war, reports the Popular Mechanics Magazine. It has long been known that a simple salt solution is capable of taking the place of blood in the circulation for a time, but it is soon lost by transpiration through the walls of the veins. This is prevented in the new solution by the presence of a gum, which gives the fluid sufficient body to retain it in the veins for some time.

Generous Islanders.
In the natives of the South Sea Islands there are white undercurrents of a heathen heritage which tend to

HER SHARE OF "WAR WORK"
Young Girl at Least Was Doing Something for the Defenders of the Country.
"Now that the war is over, now that the war clouds have drifted away, we perceive that a lot of war work was graft, while a lot of it was bunk, pure bunk."
The speaker was Hamilton Holt, the brilliant young New York editor. "War work," he went on. "It reminds me of the young girl whose chin, called her up on the telephone in 1918 and said:
"Dear, will you go to the movies this afternoon?"
"No, I can't," was the reply. "I'm on war work."
"War work? You?"
"Yes, war work, me. I'm washing papa's armor!"

On Queensboro Bridge
The Queensboro bridge, New York, is almost deserted these summer evenings. An occasional pair of strollers, embraced in the shadows of the great girders, a solitary man whom years have taught a love of peaceful places, a group of small boys lured by the adventure that beckons from boats and moving waters, a duo of schoolgirls, giggling over secrets. Otherwise you may have the bridge and the quiet grandeur of the view to yourself, says a writer in the Christian Science Monitor.
The best time for your visit is that indefinable quarter of an hour between sunset and the beginning of twilight, the hour of color, when commonplace objects appear in the rich tones that fade into dim color under the intenser light of day.
This evening the blue of the sky was just beginning its dissolution into twilight's gray when I came up the long approach to the bridge. Faintly greenish, it stretched above and behind the great superstructure, which has the eccentric curves of Siamese temple roofs, with pairs of delicate, needle-spikes shooting up from the gables.
I am on the bridge, and the city lies before me.
How can I describe what I see? Far below is a broad flowing river, with the rich olives and yellow browns of a mossy jade. To the left, as I lean on the southern parapet, is Queens, its low-lying factories and work-yards now redeemed from their insignificance by the rusty browns and yellows that they wear. Nearer is the symbolic geometry of Blackwell's island, its grass plots emerald with new grass. To the right, and curving into the background, is Manhattan, rich in color and, built haphazard as it is, amazingly inevitable in composition.
Brick factories and brick and brownstone houses built in the '80s line the shore in the near-foreground. Tonight they glow with incredible reds and russet browns. The sun's touch lingers in them, and in the warm grays and yellows, purple shadowed, of the city that rises behind them.
A City on a Hill.
Seen from the Queensboro bridge, New York is a city on a hill. From the low buildings that line the shore, touched once with the green of willows that have been miraculously spared by the tramping city, there is a gradual rise to the heights of "down town." The graceful twin towers of St. Patrick's, the medieval bell tower of the Grand Central terminal, Madison Tower, the Singer building—I can find them all, though they are veiled from my vantage by an unaccustomed romance. They are part of a beautiful painting, harmonious in color and composition. In the background, the Williamsburg bridge stretches in delicate outline, and beyond it is Brooklyn bridge, a vague, graceful garland in the fading light.
The shadows are deepening now. The towers are blue against the pale sky, just sinking into gray, and the buildings along the shore are losing their identity. Evening, a careful shopkeeper, is laying a gray-black cover over them. Curiously, the city is seen now in three distinct planes, the dark shore line forming one, the group of higher buildings a few blocks back, a second, all in black and white, the long line of Broadway, blue and purple shadowed, the center of the third.
In the Evening Shadows.
Ten minutes of tenderly reminiscent blues and grays, with lights appearing one by one. Wall street is a town on

thau in indicating gold locations in the mining districts, because in searching for gold-bearing veins it will not determine the quantities or depth at which the metal would be found, and therefore the operators would not know whether it would be in sufficient quantities to justify development.
This is given as the reason of the inventor in searching for hidden treasure from founded ships or buried by pirates in the South Sea Islands.

The Other Girl.
I was on the road traveling and making only the small towns in a car. In one small town I met a girl and took her out for a ride; we got home early, and, well, she was rather a bore, so I told her I would have to leave as I had a terrible headache and wanted to get some sleep. After going back to the hotel a traveling man friend of mine said he was going over to see a friend of his and as there was an extra girl he wanted to know if I would go with him. I did, and much to my embarrassment I found myself being introduced to the same girl I had taken riding.—Exchange.

Money Gifts.
Take a new bill and fold it in such a way that only the portrait upon it will show; then fit it into a pretty little gift frame which may be found at any department store. For people who dislike to give money outright this may fill a want.

Search for Rare Plant.
In 1893 a scientific man named Drummond discovered one solitary aronia plant in the woods of St. Tammany parish, Louisiana, and it is cherished today at the Arnold Arboretum. New Hampshire has written to New Orleans asking to have Louisiana search again for the rare growth, and the New Orleans Garden society has offered a prize of \$5 for the discovery of another aronia plant. Harvard also wants Louisiana searched for a certain variety of ash, discovered near New Orleans about a century ago and never seen before or since.

Why Omit Jonah?
Each of the following-named gentlemen, being off on a time with the boys, concocted a famous excuse and got away with it.—Ulysses, Rip Van Winkle and Robinson Crusoe.—Boston Transcript.

New Lamp for Bicycle.
A new electric bicycle lamp is to be carried low on front fork and has a red jewel in the back to make it serve as a rear light as well.

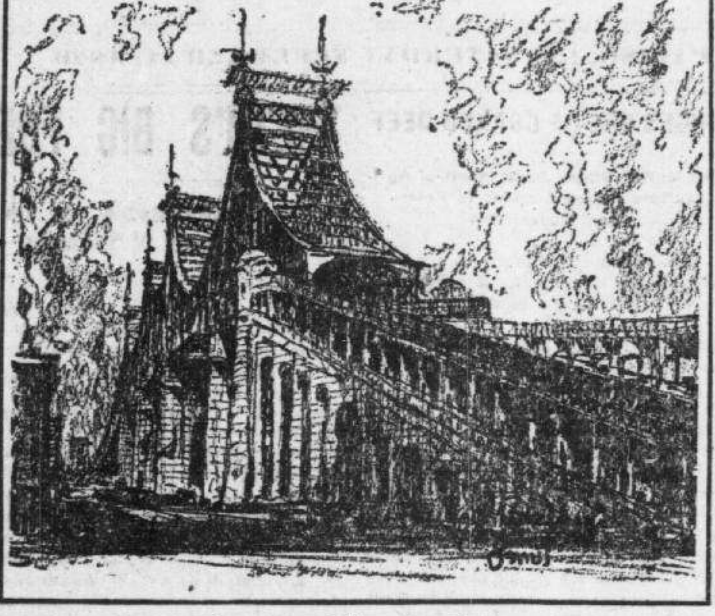
Be Master of Difficulties.
Grapple the first difficulty that comes up. Wrestle till you down it, if it takes till break of day. Get on top of it with both feet.—Archer Brown.

"One Way to Dispense."
A pharmacist was dissatisfied with a youthful assistant and requested him to look for another job, remarking to a customer as the boy was leaving: "I can dispense without him."—Boys' Life.

Dog Saved Boy From Death by Bull.
Rogersville, O.—Diverting the attention of a bull that had gored sixteen-year-old Earl Ladrach, a pet dog saved his life. While the dog held the bull's attention, the lad was able to flee to safety.

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CONDENSED CLASSICS

KENILWORTH

By SIR WALTER SCOTT

Condensation by Rev. Dr. R. F. Foy, Chicago, Ill.

THERE could be no fitter setting for a story of love and tragedy than that afforded by the court of England during the reign of Elizabeth.

It was the heyday of gorgeous costume and an age saturated with the occult. Everyone patronized the astrologers and the alchemists. The queen coupled with the dignity and strength of the monarch the foibles of the weak. It was her policy to play one favorite against another and thereby secure the working of her own strong will, but she often gave way to furious temper and she was most susceptible to flattery. She was forever undecided between her duty to her subjects and her attachment to Robert Dudley, the earl of Leicester, whom it was commonly reported, she really intended to marry, for he was a courtier par excellence, and his ambition to share the throne overpowered every other purpose of his life. He had, however, been secretly wedded to Amy Robsart, and so, to further his chances to be king, he consorted with one Richard Varney, and plotted the murder of his wife, which was accomplished at Abington manor.

These threads of fact, with many others of fancy, Scott wove into the fabric of "Kenilworth."

The story opens at an inn kept by one Gosling, whose nephew, Michael Lambourne, a swaggering drunkard, returns after years of absence and finds that Tony Foster, an old crony, who lighted the fires when Latimer and Ridley were burned, is keeping guard over a beautiful woman at Cumnor mansion. Lambourne gains admission there, accompanied by Tressilian, a knight of peerless character, who is in search of her to whom he has been betrothed and who has been lured away from her father's house. Lambourne becomes an accomplice in crime with Foster, and Tressilian meets the mysterious lady, who proves to be none other than Amy Robsart, for it was she who was his promised bride.

He tries to persuade her to return to her father, but in vain, and in attempting to escape from the premises he meets Richard Varney, master of horse to Leicester, a shrewd calculating villain, who is a constant spur to the earl's ambition to be king.

Tressilian naturally concludes that Amy is this fellow's mistress and, drawing his sword, overcomes and would have slain him but for the timely arrival of Lambourne, when he was obliged to flee, and, knowing the queen's interest in such affairs, he resolves to obtain her intervention in Amy's behalf.

And here Scott makes use of a superstitious bent of the age. Tressilian's horse loses a shoe and a blacksmith cannot be found until an imp of a boy leads the way to a mysterious farrier, named Wayland Smith, who is thought by those who know him to be an emissary of Satan and who turns out to be an alchemist with a laboratory underground, and who is persuaded to enter the employ of Tressilian and with him visits Sir Hugh Robsart, who signs a warrant of attorney to help to secure Leicester's powerful influence in persuading the queen to free Amy from Varney.

Tressilian and Wayland soon after this make a visit to Lord Sussex, and when he, for a seeming courtesy to the queen's physician, is called to court for explanation, they accompany him. Sussex, upon examination, is fully exonerated, and thereupon calls the queen's attention to the fact that Amy Robsart is cruelly held prisoner, and forthwith Varney and Leicester are summoned into the royal presence. And before the latter has opportunity to speak, Varney affirms that Amy is his wife; and, as everyone is cognizant of Leicester's confusion, Varney assures Elizabeth that it is due to the earl's transcendent love for her gracious self. The case is apparently settled, and Varney is ordered to appear at the coming festivities at Kenilworth, and to bring with him the woman who has been the occasion of so much trouble.

Here is a problem! Amy will never consent to be received as Varney's wife. She must somehow be detained at Cumnor!

It resolves into a battle of the alchemists. Demetrius, in Varney's employ, prepared a drug for Amy, but Wayland, as Tressilian's servant, enters her apartments as a peddler and provides an antidote for the poison. He also apprises her of the enemies by whom she is surrounded and with him she flees from Cumnor.

The time of the great carnival at Kenilworth is near at hand. Multitudes are on their way thither. Every avenue of approach is crowded. Wayland and Amy attach themselves to a group of strolling players, and after many interesting experiences, reach the castle where she is by chance lodged in a room in Mervyn's tower, which had been assigned to Tressilian.

Here she writes a letter to Leicester, beseeching him to come to her and, after tying it with a true love knot of her hair, intrusts it to Wayland to deliver, but it is stolen from him. Meanwhile Tressilian had occasion to return to his room, and is dumfounded to find Amy there; but as she expected Leicester would come in answer to her letter, she bound Tressilian not to speak or act in her behalf for the next twenty-four hours, and he departed to witness the coming of the queen. According to the history it was a wonderful preparation that Leicester made for the reception of Elizabeth at Kenilworth.

The queen is adorned with countless jewels and attended by the ladies of the court and valiant knights magnificently attired, among whom Leicester glitters like a golden image. The procession advances over a bridge built for the occasion, and here the courtiers dismount; a floating island reaches the shore and the "Lady of the Lake" announces that this is the first time she has ever risen to pay homage, but she could not refrain from obedience to her gracious majesty. Then, as the queen enters the castle, there is a discharge of fireworks, new and wonderful in that age, and she moves on through pageants of heathen gods and heroes of antiquity to the great hall, which is hung with gorgeous silken tapestry, where she is seated by Leicester upon a royal throne, who after kissing her hand and eulogizing her most profusely, retires and shortly reappears apparelled from head to foot in dazzling white.

The queen very shortly after sends for Varney, and asks why his wife presumes to disobey the mandate of her sovereign and absent herself from the festivities, and he replies that she is indisposed and presents certificates to that purpose. These Tressilian madly asserts are false, but remembering his promise to Amy to keep silent for twenty-four hours, he halts and stammers and the queen orders Raleigh to place him under restraint.

Then follows the banquet, served upon a most magnificent scale, and at its close Varney seeks Leicester and assures him that the stars promise that he shall marry the queen, and he also notifies him that Tressilian has a mistress in Mervyn's tower.

From here events hurry to a climax. The next morning Amy escapes from her room and is in hiding near the palsance, when close at hand Leicester avows his love to Elizabeth, and is given great encouragement; but, as they separate, the queen discovers Amy, who declares that she is not the wife of Varney, and that "Leicester knows all."

Accordingly she is hurried to the presence of the earl, where Elizabeth rages violently, but Leicester's marriage remains still unrevealed, and Amy is thought to be insane and she is placed in custody. Moreover, Leicester is angry with Amy for coming to Kenilworth and exposing him to the resentment of the queen, and he resolves to see her and insist that for the present she must consent to be known as Varney's wife.

This proposition is scornfully refused. Amy, no longer a child, but with the strength of injured womanhood, calls upon the earl as a man and as her lawful husband to take her to Elizabeth and acknowledge that she is his wife.

Leicester yields to this masterly plea to his honor and prepares for the ordeal, but Varney, clearly perceiving that this involves his own personal ruin, concludes that "either he or Amy must die," and is not slow in deciding which it shall be. He persuades Leicester that Amy is convulsed with Tressilian and so convinces him of her perfidy that the earl finally consents to her doom.

That evening Leicester and Tressilian meet. The latter still believes that Varney holds Amy in his power, and he begins to plead for her, but his words and motives are misinterpreted. Swords are drawn and they do battle, but are interrupted and meet again on the morrow in a secluded spot. Just as Leicester is about to prevail, his sword is seized by the young rascal, Dicky Smudge, who delivers to him Amy's letter, which he had stolen from Wayland. The tangle of affairs is unravelled and Amy is proclaimed as the countess of Leicester.

At this revelation, Elizabeth is beside herself with rage. In the violence of her chagrin and anger she forgets for a while her royal dignity, and recovers command of herself only when Lord Burleigh warns her that "such weakness little becomes a queen." Meanwhile Varney fatally shoots the drunken Lambourne and conducts Amy to Cumnor, where she is confined in Foster's bedchamber, a mysterious room reached by a drawbridge, which she is admonished never to attempt to cross; but when Tressilian and Raleigh come to take her to Kenilworth, and she hears the sound of their horses' hoofs, she thinks it is the earl and rushes from her room, and Varney has so manipulated the drawbridge that she falls to her death. When, however, this villain learns how matters have developed, he commits suicide. His alchemist is found dead in his laboratory and Tony Foster disappears and his skeleton is found long afterward in a secret chamber where he hid his gold. Leicester retires from court for a season, but later is again a favorite in waiting upon the queen, and dies at last by taking poison he had designed for another.

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STOLE TO FEAST MAN SHE LOVED

Girl Cashier of Baltimore Insurance Firm Charged With Embezzling \$9,673.

CONFESSES HER GUILT

Told Detectives She Would Do Anything for Man She Loves, and Later Expresses Willingness to Marry Him.

Baltimore.—That she had embezzled thousands of dollars for the purpose of lavishing it on the man she loved, was the admission of Miss Bessie L. Pick, twenty-seven years old, a cashier employed by an insurance firm, when she was questioned at police headquarters. She is now locked up charged with embezzling \$9,673 from the National Life Insurance Company of Vermont.

Following a close questioning of the young woman, the detectives arrested Frank Schultz, who is being held on the charge of violating the Mann act. Miss Pick said Schultz had accompanied her in a taxicab to Charlestown, W. Va., and spent the night of July 4 with her at a hotel. John A. Hunt, a chauffeur, told the detectives that Schultz had paid him \$50 for the trip and that his hotel bills for the night at the West Virginia town had been paid by the couple.

Woman Involved in Case. Involved in the case also is Mrs. Hilmar Stearns, fifty years old, at whose house the couple is alleged to have spent many nights, and where they had obtained a large quantity of whisky. Mrs. Stearns is locked up on the charge of having maintained a disorderly house. According to Miss Pick's admission, the juggling of the insurance firm's accounts has been going on for some time past, but the defalcations escaped detection until the early part of this month. Miss Pick had been with the firm seven years and besides acting as cashier, was confidential bookkeeper.

Miss Pick told the detectives that she had often accompanied Schultz in



Would Hand Him the Money.

taxicabs, and that often when they had ordered dinner at a hotel she would hand money under the table to him so that he would not be embarrassed when the time came to settle the bills.

She told the detective that she loved Schultz and she would do anything in the world for him. She said she was willing to be married to him, and he has said he wishes to marry her.

PUT NAKED CHILD IN YARD

Father Arrested for Forcing Mother to Compel Babe to Sleep in Shed.

Camden, N. J.—In order to get his twenty-month-old babe out of the house, Frank Luchi, twenty-nine years old, placed it by day, naked, in a filthy yard. At night he forced it to sleep in an open shed.

Sick and emaciated from lack of proper food and care, the child was found exposed to the heat of the sun without any covering or clothes, and tormented by flies from an open garbage can nearby, by Mrs. W. P. Walsh, secretary of the Camden branch of the Society to Protect Children from Cruelty.

A housekeeper at the Luchi home, mother of the babe, who says she is the common law wife of Luchi, testified against him.

BOSS PUT KICK IN MILK

North Carolina Farmer's Cow Thought Dying Only Drunk on Whisky Mash.

Durham, N. C.—John King, a farmer living near this city, found two of his cows dying on the ground of their pasture in a stupor, apparently suffering from some strange malady. A veterinarian was called and after lengthy examination pronounced both animals as merely "heavily" drunk.

A search for the cause led to the discovery of a big "moonshine" still in a secluded corner of the pasture. The cows had eaten a quantity of the mash used by the illicit whisky manufacturers.

Dog Saved Boy From Death by Bull. Rogersville, O.—Diverting the attention of a bull that had gored sixteen-year-old Earl Ladrach, a pet dog saved his life. While the dog held the bull's attention, the lad was able to flee to safety.

Paid \$3,000 for Boxful of Paper Trash. Trenton, N. J.—Paying \$3,000 for box which was supposedly of great value, Leonard Chomo, a merchant, was told not to open it for three days. When Chomo opened the box he found it stuffed with paper.