

TRAGEDY WHERE COMEDY REIGNS

Roses Stolen From Chicago Theater Found Right Spot After All.

SOLVE DEEP MYSTERY

Three Detectives' Work Several Days on Case, When They Find the Culprit—the Hat Is Passed for Real Flowers.

Chicago.—Folks who went to the La Salle theater the other night saw a comedy. Upstairs in the office of Nat Royster, the manager, a tragedy was being enacted.

Several days ago Royster received complaints from Joe Daly, property man, that artificial roses used in one of the sets were being stolen. The flowers were not taken in large numbers. But every other day or so three or four would be missing.

Three detectives worked on the case for a few days. The roses continued to disappear.

Then the detectives arrested Sophie Korab, a theater scrubwoman. When the detectives and Royster questioned her she sobbed violently, but would not talk.

Where the Roses Went.

Finally she found a champion in Miss May Dowling of the theater staff, who pleaded for her release. Then Mrs. Korab broke down and told her story.

Six months ago her husband, Anton, joined the army, leaving her to take care of the two children, John, 2 years old, and Mary, 3.

A few weeks ago little John contracted an ailment. There was no



"Purloined a Couple of Them."

money for adequate medical attention and he died. The day of the burial Mrs. Korab appeared as usual to do her scrub work at the theater.

She saw the roses and purloined a couple of them. Next day she went to the cemetery and put the artificial flowers on John's grave.

Real Flowers for the Living. The detectives made an exit. Miss Dowling slipped out and returned with a handful of real flowers.

"For Johnny," she said, and wiped her eyes.

The scrubwoman fearfully asked if she could go. Royster requested her to stay. He left the room for a few minutes and he saw Daly, the property man; Charlie Heede, in the box office; Bob Goring, the superintendent; the stage hands, the ushers, the doorman, the cigar store man next door, and the cafe fan next door, and when he returned he handed \$60.35 to Mrs. Korab.

"For Mary," he said.

BEAR HUNTS THE HUNTERS

Misses Men in the Fog and Is Shot, White Mate Escapes the Bullets.

Newton, N. J.—James N. Dobbins and Henry DeWitt returned to their camp at Montague township recently with the carcass of a black bear, weighing 201 pounds, and with a thrilling story. For two days they had been chased by the bear and his mate in the woods near Dingman's but they were aided by the fog in eluding the animals.

One of the gunners ran short of ammunition and had to make his way alone to Dingman's for more, and then the two of them undertook the work of seeking the bears. They came upon the big black bear in the woods, and, after repeatedly shooting at him, managed to kill him. Leaving this bear where he had fallen, they made a search for his mate, but, after several hours of this work, had to give it up. They obtained a large log, strung the bear on it, and marched into camp.

Rescued After Twenty-Four Hours. Ashland, Pa.—Patrick Gilroy, entombed in the Blast mine, near here, for 24 hours, was rescued by miners who found that a stone barrier had saved his life.

LIVER MOVERS MOVES ALL LIVERS

The greatest remedy ever known for liver spots and clearing up the complexion. Removes pimples and blemishes.

Keeps the System in a Healthy Condition. Once tried, always used. Sold only in sealed original packages. Take no substitute. Trial size, 10c; regular size, 25c. For sale by all druggists.

The Alco Chemical Co. 1838 Valencia St. New Orleans, La.

HELP FRENCH MORALE

General Pershing Asks Encouragement for the Poilus.

Nation Has Kept Up Its Heroic Fight in the Face of Great Odds.

Chicago.—General Pershing was asked by Dr. W. T. Foster, who was sent to France to inspect the work of the American Red Cross, what this organization could do during the winter that would be the greatest help in the prosecution of the war.

"Assist in sustaining the morale of the French army," the commander of the American expeditionary forces replied without hesitation.

According to Doctor Foster, who recently returned to the United States, the Red Cross is accomplishing this purpose. In addition to aiding French army hospitals with surgical dressings and other supplies, the Red Cross is saving many civilians from starvation, caring for orphan children and rebuilding the devastated areas.

"The impression some have that more supplies are being produced in America than there is need for would be quickly dissipated," he declared, "if every one could see as I did, the record of surgical dressings supplied to 1,869 hospitals. I also saw one French soldier so badly wounded a whole case of dressings was used to save him."

Americans who think our army expansion is cutting deeply into our civil life will find a comparison with the situation in France decidedly illuminating. A Red Cross official just back from France said:

"In a city of 15,000 people which I visited only one man, an old doctor, too old even longer to practice his profession, was left. I passed through 20 French villages in which there was not a single able-bodied man remaining."

It is stripping France in this manner that the nation has kept up its heroic fight against great odds. Today the French army is larger and more effective than ever, and hundreds of thousands of African and Asiatic workmen have been imported to carry on the duties abandoned by the French to fight for their country.

"Can a nation be whipped that has such a spirit as that?" asked the Red Cross official.

MISS MAY PERSHING



HARRIS & EWING

Miss May Pershing, sister of Gen. John J. Pershing, is jointly responsible with a married sister for some interesting sidelights on General Pershing. They vouch for the statement that his hobby is gardening and that but for a newspaper story he would never have entered the army through West Point.

NO-TOBACCO DAYS IN PARIS

Shops Open Half Hour Each Week When Police Guard Smokers' Lines.

Paris.—French tobacco and cigarettes are now obtainable in Paris only once each week and even then during the space of but about thirty minutes. During that half hour the tobacconists' shops present about the same appearance as did the coal and wood yards during the fuel famine last winter. It takes from three to a half-dozen policemen for each shop to keep waiting smokers orderly while the weekly supply is being dealt out, and to pacify those that are still in line when the "no more tobacco" sign is hung out.

Bumper Ice Crop. New Haven, Conn.—The Connecticut ice crop is to be a bumper one. Already the majority of ice houses in the state are filled and in many places ice is being stacked.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS

Six feet of bathtub make all men equal.

Everybody expects everybody else to set a good example.

The road to success is slippery and he who travels thereon needs a lot of sand.

Nearly every piece of jewelry a married woman owns represents a peace offering.

NINE BLIND MEN IN SUICIDE PACT

Grievous Vow Made in School Is Revealed in Death of Last One.

Allene, Neb.—A suicide pact in which all the members of a graduating class at the Nebraska state school for the blind joined as one of the secret ceremonies of their graduation, was revealed when the body of Clarence Gish, aged 34 years, was found hanging in his father's home, near here. Of the nine members of his graduating class Gish was the last. Each had been faithful to his promise to his class members. Gish had



"The Body of Clarence Gish Was Found Hanging."

sought to escape the penalty of his rash participation in the pact, for he loved life and wanted to live. But the memory of the passing of his classmates obsessed him, his mind broke and he kept the pact to escape further mental torture.

Intimate friends of the young man knew of the suicide agreement, for Gish had confided to them his fear that he would not be able to keep his faith with his comrades and had been buoyed up by his friends' attempts to relieve his mind. He had promised them that he would forget the past.

Each student in Gish's class had learned a trade and had gone from the school to more or less success. As each took his life, some by shooting, some by poison and some by the noose, the word was sent to those who remained. They kept in touch with each other until only Gish survived. The eighth member of the class shot himself two years ago.

Gish had learned piano tuning. He lived with his father on a ranch. He left with his friends a record of the graduation class and its tragedies, with the request that they be kept in confidence until a certain length of time after his death.

OFFERS APOLOGY FOR ATTEMPTED MURDER

London.—William Muller is wondering just why some people are so rude. He is doing his wondering in the Old Bailey. William attempted to murder a pretty young woman clerk, but the young woman seemed to be obdurate—she didn't wish to be murdered. There are many ways to pass out, and the girl thought she had a privilege of being consulted in the matter. When Mr. Muller was arraigned he was just a little the worse for wear. When given the opportunity to say something, he broke out with: "I apologize." The young woman refused to consider it.

SHOT NIECE BY ACCIDENT

Woman Tried to Take Away Gun Girl Was Handling—Death Results.

Ironton, Ohio.—Mrs. Mattie Steed, held in connection with the death of her niece, Irene Adkins, aged fourteen, confessed to the police that she accidentally killed the girl in attempting to take a 45-caliber rifle from her.

The story was confirmed by the girl's grandmother, Mrs. Darius Adkins, at whose home the accident occurred. Mrs. Steed was released from custody by the coroner.

The grandmother and aunt, when the police arrived, told different stories, saying the girl had killed herself.

Mrs. Steed was arrested following disclosures by the coroner, who said it would have been physically impossible for the girl to have killed herself in the manner described by the women.

Six Months for Stealing Penny. Wilkes-Barre, Pa.—James Brennan, thirty-two years old, was sentenced to six months at the county poor farm for stealing a penny from a boy. Brennan declared that he took the coin to see if the boy would cry. Magistrate Ruddy, who heard the case, said it was no joke to break a boy's heart.

Accidents will happen and a girl might as well get used to having her heart broken once in a while.

Our idea of a wise man is one who isn't foolish enough to try to convince a woman by arguing with her.

And many a poor man has gone broke because his wife gazed too persistently into the glass of fashion.

When a man refuses to argue with a woman she considers it a sort of acknowledgment of her mental superiority.

FRENCH WOMEN IN 1,000 TASKS

Girls Help in Mending of 30,000 Pairs of Soldiers' Boots a Week.

DO ALL KINDS OF LABOR

Old and Young Rendering Good Service in the War Industries—Only 30 Per Cent of Waste Is Ever Salvaged.

Paris.—French women, old and young, are nobly performing their tasks in war industries, thousands working in all kinds of industries within the sound of German guns.

They are praised for their intelligence and industry, from the little girl from the lycee to the old woman who has come back to work because she wants to see the Boche punished for what he did to France in 1870.

The French workers formerly had been lacemakers, and a few of them fisher girls. Of the former there were a few who were the children or grandchildren of English people from the great English lace centers at Nottingham, who had settled in France many years before and been absorbed into the life of the French people.

In the salvage centers at an ordnance base I saw them working in the biggest boot repair shop in the world, where 30,000 pairs of boots are repaired a week; and here I saw old women cut into disks, which in their turn were made into boot laces. These salvaged boots, swept up from the debris at the front, emerge finally in three classes: 1, those that can be used again by men at the front, and are often preferred to new, as they are softer in wear; 2, those for men on the lines of communication; and, 3, for prisoners and colored laborers.

Only 30 Per Cent Salvaged.

While I was going round these repairing shops I noticed an American officer being taken round also, and heard his eicerone giving him information on the importance of salvage—all of which he was carefully noting. There were Frenchwomen cleaning old web and leather equipment by revolving brushes; French girls sorting salvaged ammunition, the "empties" being sold to the French government; there were girls washing discarded haversacks, cleaning rifles, picking through masses of horseshoes to see if there was any wear left in them; there were girls sorting out old helmets and picking the few good ones to be washed, sandpapered and "camouflaged." All of these things had been swept up from the debris of the recent fighting. Yet only 30 per cent of waste is ever salvaged from the fighting lines.

They were repairing and riveting spurs; they were making wooden sticks for Watson's signaling fans; they were sharpening blades of horse-clippers; they were repairing wheels and cleaning the bolts and hubs of the wheels, and doing a thousand other curious routine things. Most of them sang at their work ribald little French songs, which occasionally changed to the defiant "Marsellaise" when they saw a stranger near them. Industry means happiness in France, where all who eat must work, even the dogs.

In the textile factory there were girls handling over five tons a day of old tents; others were repairing them upstairs at the rate of hundreds a week. They cut out disks for signaling, and the tabs for soldiers' greatcoats; they were making up the parcels that go in Tommy's greatcoat pocket, buttons, thread, etc., each one at a great table having her share in the process.

Help in Clerical Work.

There are French girls also helping in the clerical section of ordnance, working side by side with W. A. A. C.'s, filing papers, though they know no English, by numbers, and becoming very skilled and quick at a monotonous job.

The pay is that prevailing in the town in which they work and arranged with the French authorities. One of the great advantages of employing French women is, in addition to their quickness and skill, the fact that they live close at hand, thus saving the need for importing English people for unskilled work.

The French woman's labor has one characteristic that is recognized by the military employer. It is a little erratic. Six francs a day is the usual pay, and if a woman does not choose to work a consecutive number of days she stays away, and no one says anything. They are also a mobile labor, and if a group decide to move else, where owing to air raids and other causes, they depart with all their goods and chattels. Always they please themselves in purely personal matters while remaining on the best of terms with their employers. Of their strict honesty I heard constant praise.

Kaiser Changes His Name. New Haven, Conn.—"Is Mr. Kaiser in?" queried a business acquaintance of the traveling manager of a chain of stores, as he entered the local branch here recently.

"Sh!" warned the local manager. "No such party here."

Then he confidentially informed the visitor that Mr. Kaiser was there, but for business and patriotic reasons he had changed his name to Kingdon.

TEN YEARS AGO

Skirts at shoe tops were indecently short.

Women who wore only one petticoat were talked about.

People were just beginning to believe wireless telegraphy was impossible.

They were saying that eggs would never be a nickel apiece.

The Hague Peace Tribunal was mentioned on the first page.

HIS DRIVER

By MILDRED WHITE.

Glen Truesdale, alighting at the village station, looked quickly about for the usual hotel conveyance. It was a mile and a half to the center of the town, and his time there was limited. No customary bus presented itself to his vision; impatiently he strode up the roadway, and there, just at the bend, waited a large automobile. In the driver's seat sat the most beautiful girl he had ever seen.

Truesdale was debating with himself whether he might dare to ask of her the information the brusque station agent denied, when the girl leaned forward.

"Auto for Lyndenville?" she asked. "You mean—" he blurted out, "that you would drive me there?"

The girl pushed open the car door. "That is my business," she answered.

With alacrity he placed his valise in the machine and seated himself by the driver. Her gauntleted hands were upon the wheel.

"Where?" she asked briefly. Truesdale answered with the house-name of his destination. There was no invitation for further remark in her businesslike manner.

Once she turned to smile at him. "Great morning, isn't it?" she said. To Glen Truesdale it was a "great morning."

"There's the 'great' business block ahead," laughed the girl, "and your office the center one. Twenty-five cents, please."

"So soon," said Truesdale. His tone bespoke disappointment.

The driver flung open the door, and even as she descended she prepared to whirl her car about in departure. Then inspiration came to him. There was so little of interesting variety in his tread-mill life, this glorious morning spin had seemed like an hour from his boyhood. The car and the services of this lovely, baffling maid were miraculously for hire.

"This afternoon," said Truesdale, "I would like to be carried over to the next town; could you do it?"

The girl considered. "Yes," she said; "and there will be other passengers. Call for you at two."

The other passengers were tucked into the back seat when she arrived. Silently he resented the presence of the two old ladies, but on their swinging way again, he was glad. The driver seemed to feel free now, to include him in the merry, descriptive remarks she made to the others. Back, with the station lights gleaming through evening dusk, Glen Truesdale lingered beside the big car.

"It will be necessary for me to pay a weekly visit here for some time," he told the girl; "may I ask you to drive me each Wednesday?"

For a moment she regarded him beneath her soft cap brim.

"Certainly," she agreed impersonally. It was altogether strange and inexplicable how that winsome, girlish face haunted him through the days which followed. Mockingly it smiled from perplexing papers; resentfully it seemed to withdraw at his own returning smile. Unaccountable anger filled him—that "she" should be carrying people about, here and there, at so much a mile, and why? And what was it all to him, he who did not even know her name?

"My name is Glen Truesdale," he abruptly informed her upon one of their later rides. "I would like to know yours."

"Margaret Carstairs," she replied in mimicry.

This last ride down through the early starlight, was one of enchantment. Truesdale dared hardly glance at the glowing face near his own, lest he must tell the girl how lovely she was, and forever break the charm. Instinctively, he knew that one step out of his stipulated role of "customer only" would be the end. But how to see her under other and more promising conditions—that was the problem. Then, because he must know more of her, he sought the station agent.

"Whom did you say she was?" he asked casually, "the young woman who drives the auto-bus?"

"Don't know much about 'em," the agent replied. "Come here a couple of months ago and rented the old Gage place. Carstairs, the name. Her husband started to run the auto trips, when he was called to war. Then, she took it up. Pretty plucky."

Truesdale's head was swimming. He stepped out into the night. Her husband—and he had gone—to war. Yes, it was pretty plucky. And Glen Truesdale came back to the country town no more.

The girl's eyes grew wistful as Wednesday after Wednesday passed. But the haunting eyes looking back from Glen's paper were mocking ones. When business forced him again to the country his face whitened with fear that she would be there, but when he saw her his heart quickened in joyous response. Speechlessly he stood gazing into her reproachful face.

"You have been away—so long," she said. Disappointment was in her tone. Business method seemed to have vanished. "When I heard of your husband being away at war—" Truesdale began.

"My husband!" cried Margaret Carstairs. Then she laughed. "They do get things mixed up here!" she said. "It is my brother who went to war. Mother did not want me to take his place, but—"

Glen Truesdale jumped into the seat at her side. "But I'm mighty glad you did," he said fervently.

The "Divine Sally" was making her "farewell tour" of America.

The automobile industry was staggering on its last legs.

Thirty-cent porterhouse steak was called an outrage.

Some foolish women were talking about demanding the ballot.

The little Singer building was the tallest in New York.

A Bird in the Hand

(Special Information Service, U. S. Department of Agriculture.)

KEEP THE POULTRY HOUSE PEST-FREE



A Few "Pinches" of Sodium Fluorid—A New Remedy—Placed Among the Feathers Kills Lice of Chickens.

SODIUM FLUORID KILLS ALL LICE

Refuse Aid and Comfort to Enemies of Poultry Flock.

PLAN TO ERADICATE MITES

Kerosene or Crude Petroleum Sprayed in House Cracks or Crevices Will Destroy Little Blood-Sucking Parasites.

Don't tolerate mites and lice in your henry. They are unnecessary pests and they sap the vitality that should go into egg production. Nowadays, effective ways are known for eradicating lice and mites altogether. First, a dust bath should be accessible to the hens. Usually there will be a place in the yard where the hens can dust themselves in the dry dirt. If such a place is not available, a box large enough (about 2 feet square) for the hens to get into it should be provided in the house and a quantity of dust such as ordinary road dust or fine dirt placed in it to allow the hens a place to dust themselves. A dust bath aids the hens in keeping lice in check and therefore adds to their comfort. Usually the lice are not present on the birds in sufficient number to prove particularly harmful. However, it is better to keep the hens as free as possible from this pest, and if they are not able to keep them in check by dusting themselves, other measures can be undertaken.

To Eradicate Lice. To rid the hens of lice, each one can be treated by placing small pinches of sodium fluorid, a material which can

use a small quantity of blue ointment, a piece about as large as a pea on the skin an inch below the vent. If mercurial ointment is used instead of blue ointment, it should be diluted with an equal quantity of vaseline. Any of these methods will be found very effective in ridding the hens of lice and should be employed whenever the lice become troublesome. Two or three applications a year usually prove sufficient.

Mites Are Blood Suckers. Mites are more troublesome and more harmful than lice. They do not live upon the birds like the lice, but during the day hide in the cracks and crevices of the roosts and walls of the house, and at night they come out and get upon the fowls. They suck the hen's blood, and if allowed to become plentiful—as they certainly will if not destroyed—will seriously affect her health and consequently her ability to lay eggs. They may be eradicated by a few thorough applications of kerosene or some of the coal-tar products which are sold for this purpose. A crude petroleum, to the interior of the poultry house. The commercial products are more expensive but retain their killing power longer, and they may be cheapened by reducing with an equal part of kerosene. Crude petroleum will spray better if thinned with 1 part of kerosene to 4 parts of the crude oil. Both the crude petroleum and the coal-tar products should contain foreign particles, so should be strained before attempting to spray. One must be sure that the spray reaches all the cracks and crevices, giving special attention to the roosts, dropping-boards, and nests, and the treatment should be repeated two or three times at intervals of a week or ten days.

VENTILATION OF HEN HOUSE

As Necessary for Laying Fowls in Winter as in Summer—Keep Windows and Doors Open.

The henhouse needs fresh air as much in the winter as in the summer. It is as necessary to laying hens of clean water and good feed. Well-ventilated houses make hens less likely to lay fewer eggs, and often become sick and stop laying altogether. Ventilation is needed also to keep the house dry. When the circulation of the air is poor in cold weather, moisture collects on the inside of the walls and roof. At a freezing temperature under such conditions there is an accumulation of "frost" on these surfaces which makes the house very uncomfortable.

Ventilation to provide pure air and dryness in a poultry house is a matter of keeping doors and windows open as much as is necessary to keep the walls dry. Few poultry keepers have any difficulty in doing this until the temperature goes high enough to freeze water in the house. Then the tendency is to close doors and windows to keep the house warm. A general rule which may be followed is to open doors and windows as much as is necessary to keep the house in cold weather and to keep them open when water in the house will freeze.

Keep the hens confined to your own land. Don't keep a male bird. Hens lay just as well without a male. Don't overstock your land. Purchase well-matured pullets rather than hens. Don't expect great success in hatching and raising chicks unless you have had some experience and have a grass plot separate from the yard for the hens. Build a cheap house or shelter. Make the house dry and free from drafts, but allow for ventilation. Fowls stand cold better than dampness. Keep house and yard clean. Provide roosts and dropping boards. Grow some green crop in the yard. Spade up the yard frequently. Feed table scraps and kitchen waste. Also feed grain once a day. Feed a dry mash. Keep hens free from lice and the house free from mites. Kill and eat the hens in the fall as they begin to molt and cease to lay. Preserve the surplus eggs produced during the spring and summer for use during the fall and winter when eggs are scarce and high in price.

Obtained at most large drug stores, among the feathers next to the skin—one pinch on the head, one on the neck, two on the back, one on the breast, one below the vent, one at the base of the tail, one on either thigh, and one scattered on the underside of each wing when spread. Another method is to

Agiers Auto Supply House, H. L. HARDING, Prop. SPELOUSAS AND VALLETTE STS. Phone Algiers 445

We are Agents for ALLEN, COLE & ANDERSON

Well Equipped Repair Department.

R. D. Pitard Hardware Co. (Inc.) 222 DAUPHINE STREET

Phone Main 2425-2426 PROMPT DELIVERIES

ICE CREAM FREEZERS PAINT AND BERRY BRUSH VARNISHES

COURTEOUS TREATMENT