

THE MADISON JOURNAL... PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY... GEORGETOWN, MISSISSIPPI... CHICAGO HOME

COMPROMISE MADE WITH RAILROADS

INTERCHANGEABLE MILEAGE BOOKS GOOD WEST OF THE MISSISSIPPI AGREED UPON. TRAVELING MEN APPROVE

Accept Offer of Roads in Lieu of Flat Rate of 2 1-2 Cents Per Mile.

Western Newspaper Union News Service. Baton Rouge.—The railroad's proposition, and the Louisiana Commission accepted a proposition from the railroads to issue an interchangeable mileage book, good on all roads west of the Mississippi river, based on a mileage rate of 2 1-2 cents for 1,000 miles.

SEEK GOVERNMENT REFINERY

Baton Rouge Citizens Ask Aid of Louisiana Congressmen.

Western Newspaper Union News Service. Baton Rouge.—Mayor Grouchy and the officers of the Baton Rouge Chamber of Commerce are co-operating in an effort to secure favorable consideration for Baton Rouge as a site for the fuel oil refinery which the government may establish.

NO INCREASE IN PENSIONS

Confederate Veterans Will Get No More Money Before 1915.

Western Newspaper Union News Service. Baton Rouge.—The State Pension Board has finished its quarterly session, approving the quarterly pension of \$21 for the Confederate veterans and their widows in order that the money may be gotten before Christmas.

CITY BONDS TO BE SOLD

Baton Rouge.—The advertisement for the sale of the city's bond issue of \$25,000 will be made at once and sale fixed for December 23.

NEW LOUISIANA POSTMASTERS

Washington.—The following Louisiana postmasters have been commissioned: William J. H. Gray, Albert; Arthur H. Riley, Flournoy; George D. Armstrong, Hunter; Eldred G. Blakewood, Kleinwood; Joseph A. Bertelot, Loyd; Pinkie E. Holloway, Montrose; Mary K. Sutton, Mount Lebauch; Edwin W. Thomas, Pioneer; John H. Allen, Plain Dealing; Francois Proulx, Remy; William E. Smith, Stevensson; William T. Tugwell, Tugwell.

FIRST WOMAN LAWYER DEAD

St. Louis.—Miss Phoebe Cousins, one of the first woman lawyers in the United States and the only woman who ever served as deputy United States marshal, is dead. Miss Cousins was 72 years old and death came as the culmination of a long illness, which she had suffered in poverty in a squalid room in a crowded section of the city. Miss Cousins was the first woman lawyer in the United States, having been graduated from the Washington University law school.

HUMAN CHAIN BREAKS; POLICEMEN IN RIVER

Go to Rescue of Rejected Lover and Are Themselves Dragged From Chilly Water.

Chicago.—Four policemen, forming a human chain to rescue John Smith, 3109 South Paulina street, who jumped from the South Halsted street viaduct into the river the other day, fell into the water themselves, and it required five other bluecoats and two civilians to drag them from the chilly water.

Smith, who started the procession into the river, had been rejected by his sweetheart, and wished to end his life. His leap over the bridge rail was witnessed by Patrolman B. Leahy, who threw a life preserver toward Smith, and then telephoned the Canal



The Three Fell Into the River.

port avenue station. William Touhy, Elmer Baumgarden, Mollak Miller and Benjamin Collins soon arrived in the patrol wagon.

Baumgarden stood upon the bridge holding the feet of Touhy, who in turn held Leahy's feet, while Miller formed the last link. Baumgarden's hold broke, and the other three policemen fell into the river. As Baumgarden ran under the bridge to get a life preserver he was warned by Patrolman Creed of an open drain.

Just as the warning was sounded Baumgarden fell into the sewer, and was emptied into the river, near where the other men were struggling.

CUT "BOBBIES" SUSPENDERS

Newest Form of Militant Strategy Made Known Through Boast of Suffragettes.

London.—The police have been subjected to considerable criticism for the small number of arrests they made at the recent Bow Baths riot in the East End, when Sylvia Pankhurst was rescued by her followers, but modesty has prevented the London policeman from coming forward with a perfectly adequate excuse for his small suffragette bag.

The story of the newest form of militant strategy might never have been made public had not some of the victorious suffragettes boasted about it to their friends. According to these fighters every time a policeman grasped a suffragette one of her comrades, told off for that purpose, would rip open the officer's coat and cut his suspenders. Torn between conflicting senses of duty and modesty the constable had to sacrifice his capture or his dignity, and everyone who knows the London "bobby" will guess that the prisoner escaped.

The troubles of the much-abused police did not end with the escape of their prisoners, for when they were lined up before the inspector to report off duty, they got a rating for their failure to stand at attention with hands at their sides. The chaffing of their comrades in the station house, when they discovered the cause for this slackness, did not add to their happiness.

PASSES DOG OFF AS A BABY

Russ Succeeds and Mrs. Welch Puts One Over on the Railroad Rules.

Zinc, Ark.—Because it would cost one dollar fare for her dog while babies could ride free, a Mrs. Welch of near Lead Hill recently "put one over on the railroad company" by dressing her pet dog in baby clothes.

Mrs. Welch alighted from the train here carrying carefully in her arms a tiny bundle from the edge of which there peeped the dainty trimming of a baby's clothes.

WHEN SANTA CLAUS BOARDS MAN-O-WAR

ABSURD as it may sound to every one, the bluejackets still believe in Santa Claus.

That rotund, rusky-cheeked little old man pays as much attention to the thousands of boys on board the warships as he does to the thousands of girls ashore. Instead of coming in a sleigh with reindeer and merry bells, he comes in a precarious-looking boat, fully armed and convoyed, with the boom of musketry and the loud blowing of horns.

On Christmas day Santy is the highest ranking officer of the fleet, and all flags are junior to his flag hoisted to the masthead. With his flag lieutenant, his aide and the rest of the staff, he cruises about among the ships distributing the gifts with which his argosy is laden.

In order to hold to the traditional custom used in the time of Paul Jones and down through the years, the boat is rigged like a brig, that is, with two masts and yard arms crossing, with jib and staysail and spanker out astern.

Baumgarden stood upon the bridge holding the feet of Touhy, who in turn held Leahy's feet, while Miller formed the last link.



PLAY TIME ON BOARD

pose the saluting battery and heavy main battery also, and are manned and fired by the boatswain of "Der Prosit," who is a ponderous man in his official garb and daring in the way he approaches the ships, whose crews through the sides and answer the salute with a revolver shot from the poop.

The saluting takes place before "Der Prosit" is within hailing distance, and all hands have a laugh at the tiny sounds, strongly contrasted in their minds with the salute of the big guns which they are accustomed to hear. Next the boatswain gets up in the bows and resting one hand almost on top of the foremast and lifting a megaphone as long as himself to his lips, calls out at the top of his voice, "Ship, ahoy!"

The crew of "Der Prosit" then gets out oars and pulls alongside while on deck the real boatswain's mate pipes eight side boys to stand at the head of the gangway and salute the admiral and Santa Claus when they come aboard.

No less a person than the captain of the ship meets the admiral of "Der Prosit," his wife, Santy, laden with a huge basket full of presents, the boatswain and the crew, while the bugler sounds three portentous ruffles and the ship's company, assembled at, stands at attention.

NOT OF THE SAME STRAIN

Famous Dogs of St. Bernard's Pass Are Not the Equals of Those of Former Days.



EXCHANGING CHRISTMAS GREETINGS BY FLAG SIGNALING



CHRISTMAS DINNER IN THE U.S. NAVY



BLISS JACKER'S WRITING CHRISTMAS LETTERS

pair of binoculars in the form of two quart wine bottles lashed together, to his eyes and makes a pretense of getting his bearings by scrutinizing the sailors about him.

Santy begins then to pick up presents and read the names aloud, giving them to the crew of "Der Prosit" and the admiral's wife, and even to the admiral himself, who distributes them accordingly, cutting many ridiculous capers.

But the greatest gift that Santy can bestow falls to the lot of those who, through some misfortune or slip, have come in line for punishment. It is customary for Santy to walk boldly up to the captain and ask him to "whitewash" the books.

The event which forms a background for all this merriment is the regular "big feed," as the sailors call it. For the last week this has crept into their conversation. Pie, turkey and plum duff are the three great delicacies to the sailors, and they have more respect for them than for the three graces.

What kind of a feed is the commissary gonna hand us? one sailor asks of another. During this time of anticipation excitement runs high and the commissary is a very much respected person.

Plant Grapefruit Seed. A single grapefruit seed, planted in rich soil and watered diligently, will develop into a graceful little tree, with glossy, dark green leaves—just the thing to stand on the porch step in summer and on a hall table in winter.

BLACK PIN A CLEW

Owners Go Into Consultation to Construct in Proper Order the Acts of the Burglar, Beginning With Removal of Glass Panel.

Chicago.—When Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Guldner of 512 Deming place came home the other night the husband detected the fact that a square yard of plate glass had been removed from the front door.

"Somebody has been here," he told his wife with conviction. She could not logically dispute the statement, but a few minutes later her turn came—when her eyes caught sight of a little black pin on her dressing table.

"A woman has been here," declared Mrs. Guldner, for she never uses black pins. So the police were at once informed that an intrepid "lady burglar" had removed a panel from the front door, ransacked the house, made her selections with a good deal of discrimination, and departed.

"Have you any clue—something like a description of the lady?" asked the detective who was summoned from the Sheffield avenue station.

"Well, let me think," said Mrs. Guldner. "Of course, I didn't see her, you understand, but—oh, yes, she wears a beautiful Knight Templar plume in her hat."

"Marvelous—my name must be Watson," the detective said. And then he and Mr. and Mrs. Guldner went into consultation to reconstruct in proper order the acts of the burglar, beginning immediately after the removal of the glass panel.

"In the first place," said Mrs. Guldner, "she did not wear one of the new tight skirts, because if she did she could not have managed to climb through the place where the panel used to be."

"Perhaps," put in her husband, "she just reached through and unlocked the door." And thus Guldner



Stole the Knight Templar Plume.

evened the score. From that time on, however, Mrs. Guldner shone alone. "What makes you think the burglar wears a plume?" the detective asked.

"Because," Mrs. Guldner explained, "the burglar stole the plume from my husband's Knight Templar hat—and having stolen it, she could not refrain from wearing it."

This is the sequence of the burglar's maneuvers as figured out by Mrs. Guldner:

"Maybe she did unlock the door and walk in instead of climbing through. I'll grant that. Then she looked for things to wear. There's a chest that looks like a strong box and she didn't open that—although I can open it with a button hook. She stole my Eastern Star emblem, and my new winter hat, and my two best evening gowns, and four pair of my best gloves, and nearly a trunkful of lingerie, and my smartest street suit, and my opera cloak, and my automobile coat, and my best umbrella, and a little packet of letters, and—"

"That proves she was a woman—that about the letters," cut in Mr. Guldner.

At the Sheffield avenue station they are making a catalogue of the clues.

FISHERMEN FIGHT SHARKS

Kill One and Win Victory, But Bear Signs of the Conflict—Boat Is Damaged.

Portland, Me.—With their hands cut and slashed, their clothing covered with blood and badly torn, Mel and Frank Darling, two fishermen of South Portland, arrived here, bringing a stirring tale of an hour and a half's battle with three giant hammerheaded sharks while fishing off Cape Porpoise.