

# STORIES OF AMERICAN CITIES

## Young Motz's Act of Desperation Proved Happy

**KANSAS CITY.**—When husband and father left them in their shabby room in a lodging house at Sixteenth street and Broadway to search for work, Mrs. Ruth Ray, 23 years old, and her five-year-old daughter were hungry. Neither had eaten for 24 hours. And under such circumstances a young mother may be pardoned for trying to break the law in an effort to get food—at least that's what some policemen think. By trying to cash a forged check, the mother secured a good dinner for herself and little girl and a job for her husband that considerably brightens her future.



The husband, Charles Ray, twenty-three years old, is an electrician. He lost his position in Springfield a few weeks ago and went to St. Joseph to hunt another. Failing there he came to Kansas City. He met with no success here and his money became exhausted. The room rent was due, but the husband had spent his last 15 cents for bread and milk the morning before. He put the landlady off until evening, hoping to find a job during the day.

When he had gone Mrs. Ray, to rest her mind from its worries, opened a magazine which a former occupant of the room had discarded. The first story she read told of a young woman in straits similar to her own, who had forged a check and had repaid the money thus fraudulently received when her circumstances bettered.

Mrs. Ray thought if a magazine heroine could do that, so could she. She made out a check for \$25, payable to herself, signing the name "Arthur Kelley."

The store employees suspected the check and called Detectives Ed Kitzer and Joseph Koshies, who took her to police headquarters. She told her story to Sergt. Michael Cassidy, and the detectives. The sergeant passed his cap among the policemen on headquarters duty and collected enough to fill a basket with steaming good things for a real dinner.

The husband appeared at six o'clock—still jobless. Sergeant Cassidy gave him a note to the terminal yard foreman, and his wife gave him the part of the dinner she had saved for him. The Jones Store company refused to prosecute and offered to help when it heard the story. The Provident association took charge of the family for the night. The husband was given a job by the Terminal company, and a new contribution from Sergeant Cassidy and the detectives paid the room rent for a week with a little left for groceries.

## Child Wife Surely One of Youngest on Record

**CINCINNATI.**—Millie Grissman, or Mrs. Millie Pittto, said to be Ohio's youngest bride, stood on her marital dignity and protested against being removed to the detention home, 2905 Franklin avenue N. W. As a wife, she protested the law's right to treat her as a child merely because she had "played hooky" from school.



I STAND ON MY RIGHTS AS A WIFE—AM I YA CANT BLUFF ME, IM MISSUS PITTO (M)

Millie and her mother insist the girl is "going on seventeen." The school census gives her age at ten. The juvenile court, which has records of the ages of the Grissman family, also says she is ten.

Magistrates of Millie at Case-Woodland school tell school authorities that the little bride said she is eleven. Truant officers, responsible for the order of the juvenile court sending her to the detention home, said she might be twelve. The Grissmans live at 2510 East Thirty-first street. Millie is a slender, diminutive child. She looks more than ten, but not sixteen.

Her husband, a youth of nineteen or twenty, was with her at the Grissman home. Mrs. Pittto was helping her mother prepare the supper. Her black hair straggled over her shoulders, and she seemed proud of the gold band on her wedding finger.

"I am sixteen," the child bride protested, but beyond that she declined to answer questions.

Millie had absented herself from school for more than two weeks. When truant officers investigated they were informed that the child was married a few days ago in Akron.

Mrs. Marie Grissman, the mother, accompanied Millie and her husband when they went to Akron to get married. Both mother and daughter, it is claimed, informed the Akron justice who performed the ceremony that Millie was sixteen.

The warrant issued by Juvenile Judge Addams charges Millie with being an "habitual truant."

## Famous Old Burial Ground Now Belongs to Past

**TOMBSTONE, ARIZ.**—"Boot Hill," the burial ground for the men who died with their boots on when Tombstone was a lawless camp town, has been converted into a municipal waste heap and is now fast being covered with tin cans and waste. When Tombstone was a "Bad Man's Town," back in the eighties and nineties, Boot Hill was a busy burying ground. Dozens of men were buried there with the simple ceremonies of the times and no slab remains to mark their graves. Five men, who were hanged legally, and a good many more who were shuffled off less formally, are buried there in what used to be known as "Scuffold Row."



WHAT KINDA FLOWERS DO YOU PREFER?

THAT'S WHAT I'M ASKIN' YOU

There is nothing now on "Boot Hill" to recall the early days, but some of "the old timers" recall a notable or so who lies on "Boot Hill." "Bad Jess" Sprague, noted in the early Arizona days as a gambler and gun man, was buried there after his duel with an Easterner named Bastian. Sprague and Bastian played poker for high stakes and Bastian won. Sprague challenged Bastian to fight it out and the duel was staged in what was known as "The Red Owl saloon." Sprague was armed with two formidable-appearing six-shooters; Bastian's weapon being an innocent-looking small-caliber. Sprague lost his nerve at the stranger's coolness, fired wide and was killed instantly by a bullet in his heart. It developed later that Sprague had wronged Bastian's sister and that Bastian had some West intent on getting Sprague.

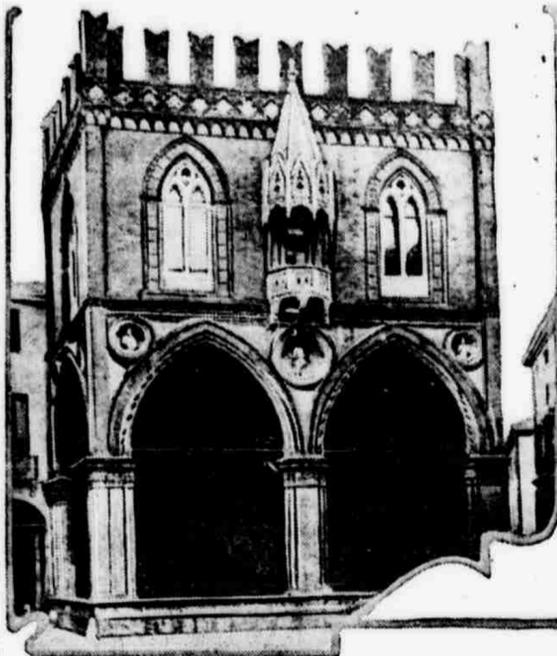
## Why Man Clings to Shanty in Squalid Street

**DETROIT.**—There is a Street. It ends in a row of brick factories. On one side of the Street at the end of the square there is a saloon. Across the intersecting thoroughfare there is a second saloon and diagonally across from the first there is a third. Next to the first saloon there is a one-story frame dwelling. The shutters on the windows are always closed.



Next door to the second saloon a shanty leans toward a two-story frame building. In the front part of this building there is a barber shop. In the rear a negro family lives. A blind negro beggar sits in front of the barber shop. He sells pencils and chewing gum. Certain men come to him and give him silver coins. He smiles and reaches in his pocket and gives them little paper packages. They contain cocaine. In the shanty there is a man and his seven children. He is a drunkard and works for a brewery. His children are fed by the moonkeepers and a woman who stays in the house with the shutters. When his wife died his neighbor, a policeman, went in the shanty. The corpse lay near the front window. "The rat went up to the black casket and pinched the cheeks of his dead wife, 'Maggie, get up,' he said. The youngest child began crying in a monotone. A cat dashed up against the policeman's clothes. It had dirty yellow and white fur. He went out because the house smelt. Out the man loved the Street. He was born there.

# IN LEARNED BOLOGNA



Foro dei Mercanti, Bologna.

**B**OLOGNA deserves greater attention from the world than it commonly receives. For some reasons most travelers leave unvisited this very old yet strangely modern and democratic city of over 110,000 inhabitants. Yet hardly anyone in the world but has heard of the town. For this is the home of Bologna sausage, renowned and savory mortadella, writes Edgar Ansel Mowrer to the Chicago Daily News.

First a Ligurian, then an Etruscan, a Roman, a medieval, a thoroughly modern Italian town, Bologna is today the seat of a good museum and a fine collection of paintings of the late renaissance, type Guido Reni. Architecturally, however, it is predominantly medieval. The finest of its fine old public buildings are a sort of Lombard gothic. Over its fine palaces, its solid picturesque old-worldliness, rise many towers—that of the Asinelli more than 800 years old and 320 feet high. It leans four feet out of the perpendicular. Near it, near enough to astonish a visitor—one cannot imagine why these two should have been begun within a year and within thirty feet of each other—is the other leaning tower, the Torre Garisenda, unfinished, only 156 feet high, but eight feet out of the perpendicular. Pisa's famous leaning tower is 23 feet higher and only leans 14 feet. But all this and more can be found in any guide book.

More interesting are the intimate sensations and aspects of the place, its personality among cities. These demand and will repay a visit to the handsome medieval town—medieval yet quite modern—thronged with historic specters. Here Enzo, son of the Emperor Frederick II, was confined for some twenty years after Bologna with the rest of the Lombard league defeated the emperor at Fossalta. Here in 1547 was held a session of the Council of Trent, here Rossini studied music early in the last century, and later built himself a house. And here, too, Carducci, modern Italy's greatest poet and a splendid figure, taught literature and wrote beautiful and defiant words.

At the hotel where I write is an inscription to the effect that Lord Byron once "lived and conspired" in this very house. And the inscription is by Carducci. Yet perhaps the greatest citizen of Bologna was Giovanni Galvani, the inventor of the galvanic battery and a contemporary of Franklin.

**Oldest University There.**—"Bononia docet"—Bologna teaches—announces the inscription on many an old coin. The university, the oldest, if I am not mistaken, in Europe, is reputed to have been founded by Theodosius the Great in 425. For nearly 1,500 years it has been a mecca of students. Even today its reputation, though less than it was, is considerable. But in 1282 the number of students is supposed to have reached 10,000. During the middle ages its name was synonymous with legal learning. Bologna led in law, as Paris in theology. Women were students and even occupied professorial chairs.

The beauty of one fair pedagogue, Novella d'Andrea, must have been disastrous for the good lady was compelled to lecture from behind a screen. The Archiginnasio, an old building formerly the seat of the university, bears painted on its inner walls the coats of arms of thousands of former students, literally from every country in Europe. The newer buildings, near the Pincetone, lack atmosphere. Yet there are still many woman students. I noticed today with pleasure a constant passing of co-eds through the dignified main entrance. Alas! the university is itself party to the war. A placard outside the building proclaims it a place of refuge in case of air raids, so far unattacked.

**Disturbed by the War.** Yet not for nothing is Bologna a fortress guarding the Apennine passes and the seat of an army corps. At the beginning of the war it was for a short time the seat of the general staff. Even today its streets, cafes and hotels are thronged with soldiers. They monopolize everything. They have taken one of the eight churches which go to make up the intensely interesting basilica of Santo Stefano. Tearfully the sacristan's wife told me how they are using the building for a storeroom, how they have damaged the walls and ruined the paintings. As the guide book fails to give even the merest description of the church in question, it is doubtful if it contains anything worth special protection. Possibly the sacristan's wife exaggerates. But she is antimilitarist and wound up a long recital of her woes with the reiterated ejaculation: "And to think that there are some people who wanted this war!" Since the war began hardly a soul has visited the tombs of Saint Vitale and Martyr Agricola. Churches Seven and Eight are closed. Life is indeed askew.

The military have occupied the park above the Piazza dell'8 Agosto—a reminder of the heroic days of 1848 and Italian "risorgimento." Here as throughout the entire European world the military are the masters.

# AGRICULTURE THE MAINSTAY OF THE NATION

## The United States and Canada Have a Great Responsibility.

This is the day when the farmer has his innings. The time was when he was dubbed the "farmer," the "mossback," and in a tone that could never have been called derisive, but still there was in it the implication that he was occupying an inferior position. The stiff upper lip that the farmer carried, warding off any approach that his occupation was a degrading one. His hour arrived, though, and for some years past he has been looked up to as occupying a high position.

Agriculture, by a natural trend of economic conditions, stands out today in strong relief, as the leader in the world's pursuits. Never in the nation's history have the eyes of the world been so universally focused on the farmer. The farmer is the man of importance; the manufacturer of its most necessary product, and he now enjoys the dual satisfaction of reaping a maximum of profit, as a result of his operations, while he also becomes a strong factor in molding the world's destinies.

Manufacturers, business men, professional men and bankers realize the importance of agriculture, and gladly acknowledge it as the twin sister to commerce. In commercial, financial and political crisis, the tiller of the soil takes the most important place. Maximum prices, the highest in many decades, show the world's recognition of the necessary requirement for more farm stuffs. The time was coming when this would have been brought about automatically, but war time conditions urged it forward, while the farmer was able to secure land at reasonable prices. Throughout several of the Western states this condition exists, as also in Western Canada.

Never has such a condition been known in commercial life. It is truly an opportunity of a lifetime. Large and small manufacturing concerns and practically every other line of business have been limited in their profits to the point of almost heroic sacrifice, while it is possible today to reap dividends in farming unequalled in any other line.

Thirty, and as high as fifty bushels of wheat per acre at \$2.20 per bushel and all other farm produce on a similar basis, grown and produced on land available at from \$15 to \$40 per acre represents a return of profit despite higher cost of labor and machinery, that, in many cases runs even higher than 100% of an annual return on the amount invested. Such is the present day condition in Western Canada. How long it will last, no one can foretell. Prices for farm produce will likely remain high for many years. Certainly, the low prices of past years will not come again in this generation. The lands referred to, are low in price at present, but they will certainly increase to their naturally productive value as soon as the demand for them necessitates this increase, and this day is not far distant. This demand is growing daily; the farmer now on the ground is adding to his holdings while prices are low; the agriculturist on high priced lands is realizing that he is not getting all the profit that his neighbor in Western Canada is securing; the tenant farmer is seeking a home of his own, which he can buy on what he was paying out for rent, and many are forsaking the crowded cities to grasp these unprecedented opportunities.

The tenant farmer, and the owner of high priced land, is now awakening to the realization that he is not getting the return for his labor and investment that it is possible to secure in Western Canada. Thousands are making trips of inspection to personally investigate conditions and to acquaint themselves with the broadening benefits derived by visiting Western Canada. Such trips awaken in a progressive man that natural desire to do bigger things, to accomplish as much as his neighbor, and frequently result in convincing and satisfying him that God's most fertile outdoors, with a big supply of nature's best climatic and health-giving conditions lies in Western Canada.

The days of pioneering are over; the seeker after a new home travels through all parts of the country on the same good railway trains as he has been accustomed to at home, but on which he has been recorded a special railway rate of about one cent a mile. He finds good roads for automobile and other traffic; rural telephone lines owned by the provincial governments; rural schools and churches situated conveniently to all; well appointed and homelike buildings, and everywhere an indication of general prosperity, cities and towns with all modern improvements, and what is the most convincing factor in his decision, a satisfied and prosperous people, with a whole-hearted welcome to that country of a larger life and greater opportunities.

To Western Canada belongs the distinguished honor of being the holder of all world's championships in wheat and oats for both quality and quantity. For many years in succession Western Canada has proven her claim for supremacy in the most recently contested National exhibitions and to her is credited the largest wheat and oat yields America has known. The natural conditions peculiar to Western Canada

and so adaptable to grain growing has been an insurmountable barrier for her competitors to overcome. In the last few years the yields of wheat and oats per acre have surprised the agricultural world. As much as sixty bushels of wheat per acre has been grown on some farms, while others have furnished affidavits showing over fifty bushels of wheat per acre, and oats as high as one hundred and twenty bushels per acre. One reputable farmer makes affidavit to a crop return of over fifty-four thousand bushels of wheat from a thousand acres. While this is rather the exception than the rule, these yields serve to illustrate the fertility of the soil and the possibilities of the country, when good farming methods are adopted. Western Canada can surely lay undisputed claim to being "The World's natural bread basket."—Advertisement.

**Canary Girls in England.** They have a new kind of "canaries" in England. These are girls who work in the munition plants and whose hair and skin are yellowed by the fumes of the explosives. Many of them have died from the effects, but if treatment is given in time recovery is possible.

**STOP THAT HACKING COUGH.** Munsfield (formerly Hungarian) Cough Balsam heals the inflamed and irritated membranes and quiets the tickling nerves that lie underneath the infected portions. Invaluable for babies. Price 25c and 50c.—Adv.

Some men know so much that their knowledge gets in their way when they attempt to talk.

**WOMAN'S CROWNING GLORY** is her hair. If yours is streaked with ugly, grizzly, gray hairs, use "La Creole" Hair Dressing and change it in the natural way. Price \$1.00.—Adv.

**Inefficient Efficiency.** There are plenty of men who are sufficiently efficient to accomplish great things, but who lack in that they are not sufficiently anxious.—Exchange.

**The Quinine That Does Not Effect Head** Because of its tonic and laxative effect, Laxative Quinine can be taken by anyone without causing discomfort or ringing in the head. There is only one "Quinine Quinine."—W. W. GIOVANNI'S signature on box. 2c.

**A Cruel Hint.** "I wish I knew what to do to kill time." "Why don't you take singing lessons?"

**BOSCHEE'S GERMAN SYRUP** Why use ordinary cough remedies, when Boschee's German Syrup has been used so successfully for fifty-one years in all parts of the United States for coughs, bronchitis, colds settled in the throat, especially lung troubles. It gives the patient a good night's rest, free from coughing, with easy expectoration in the morning, gives nature a chance to soothe the inflamed parts, throw off the disease, helping the patient to regain his health. Sold in all civilized countries, 30 and 90 cent bottles.—Adv.

**Quantity.** "You prefer beans to pork?" "Yes. Pork shrinks in cooking. Beans swell."

**EAT SKINNER'S THE BEST MACARONI**

WHY SIGNATURE? Because it's the only one that's guaranteed to be pure and delicious. SKINNER'S MACARONI. ON EVERY PACKAGE.

**RBM CO. BAKING POWDER**

WHY SIGNATURE? Because it's the only one that's guaranteed to be pure and delicious. RBM CO. BAKING POWDER.

**When Eating Pie, Do You Leave the Crust?**

In these days when food must be saved, and it sure would be a pity to see a crust would mean that much wheat wasted.

There's no reason for leaving the crust, if the crust is as it should be. Pie crust can be as tempting as cake or doughnuts, if made right. Use R. B. M. Baking Powder and your pie crust will be crisp and toothsome, irresistible to a hearty appetite.

R. B. M. Baking Powder is efficient, wholesome and economical. It costs like a pound can; 5 pound cans for \$10. Ask your grocer.

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Write for booklet and testimonials. 10 Cents per Blacked Pill, \$1.00 per 50 Cents per Blacked Pill, \$4.00 per 100 Cents per Blacked Pill.

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A toilet preparation of merit. It restores the hair to its natural color and beauty. It is the only hair preparation that will cure itching, dandruff, and all scalp troubles. It is the only hair preparation that will cure itching, dandruff, and all scalp troubles. It is the only hair preparation that will cure itching, dandruff, and all scalp troubles.

Write for booklet and testimonials. 10 Cents per Parker's Hair Balsam, \$1.00 per 50 Cents per Parker's Hair Balsam, \$4.00 per 100 Cents per Parker's Hair Balsam.

The Cutter Laboratory, Berkeley, Cal., or Chicago, Ill.