INTERESTING ITEMS FROM THE CITIES

Long-Buried Bucket of Gold Dug Up in Phoenix

PHOENIX, ARIZ.—Guided by a map and directions given by the man who buried it deep underground many years ago, a local business man, assisted by two Mexican laborers, unearthed a bucket said to have contained between $4,000 and $5,000 in gold. The digging of the treasure is vouched for by reliable witnesses.

Armed with pick and shovel, and a dipping needle, the men made their appearance at the point where the Arizona Eastern track crosses Ninth avenue. Proceeding west along the right of way they finally came to a stop at a point approximately 150 feet from the crossing, where, after a careful examination by means of the needle, they began to dig. Passersby, interested in knowing why they were making an excavation that rapidly assumed proportions, were given evasive answers, and after the hole had attained a depth of eight feet were given to understand that they were not needed. Boys, playing in the vicinity, were ordered away after one of the Mexicans had uncovered an old bucket, which appeared to be heavy, and which was hoisted out of the hole with some difficulty. An automobile, which had apparently been waiting in the vicinity, drove up, and without waiting to fill the excavation the men drove away.

A number of people visited the excavation, which they found to be nine feet in depth. Their examination justified the belief that the men had located an old well, which many years ago was filled up, and that the treasure, or whatever it was they secured, had been concealed there in the early days of the city. Then a young Mexican in the neighborhood, who was a member of the party, and who evidently knew more about the affair than he cared to tell, returned with the two men who dug the hole and had it refilled.

Whether the treasure was cached in the old well after a big robbery, or whether it had been hidden there by an old prospector, are among the questions being debated. One story has it that the money was the property of an old and crippled prospector, who had been taken in and cared for at the home of a Mexican in that vicinity, and that as a reward for their kindness he directed them to the place where he had, years before, hidden his fortune

Dogs Are Made to Feel Unwelcome in New York

NEW YORK.—It is dog daze and not dog days in New York just now, and if the enemies of the canines continue to put over "reform measures" in the same profusion as they have within the last few weeks, the lot of these erstwhile pets will be almost unbearable. Recently dogs of every size were ordered muzzled and leashed whenever they appeared in the open, which, in addition to their collars and license tags, gave them considerable impediments to tote about. Of course, the owners of the dogs objected, and probably the animals did not welcome the innovation, but the officials of the health department stood pat, holding that canine life in a great city should be made as uncomfortable as possible.

So the stores dealing in toilet and other articles for dogs did a thriving business, and every canine appearing in the streets was as effectually trussed up as if he had been a wild lion.

Noting, however, that the dog owners had bowed to the mandate concerning the muzzle and leash as the best way out of a bad bargain, but had steadfastly refused to send their pets out of town, the health department cast about for some further means of handicapping the city dogs. And, being more prolific with ideas to curb dogs than to stop the soft coal and the unnecessary noise nuisances, they came forward with a new list of "don'ts," which will prevent such of "man's best friend" as live in New York from doing almost anything while in the public thoroughfares but wag their tails. That even this form of pleasurable exercise will be stopped by the board of health before it has ceased its efforts to worry the dog is a foregone conclusion. The latest order from the officials of the august body having the health of the city in its keeping is that persons owning dogs shall not take them into any place where food of any kind is sold. The New York dog is certainly up against it, and his future promises to be a dog's life indeed.

Chicago Street Car Makes New Route for Itself

CHICAGO.—Street car No. 6042, running on the North State street line, had been downtown many times—twenty or thirty times a day for some years past. It was considered a tame car, tractable, unafraid of automobiles, and one that would stand without hitching.

Imagine then the surprise of the 24 passengers in the car when it tossed off its nosebag, so to speak, and ran away the other afternoon. It almost got lost.

Conductor 9072 and motorman 5507 saw, when the car came to State and Lake streets, that they couldn't cross the bridge. There was some trouble there. The car grew restless. It wouldn't wait. It galloped west in Lake street. At Dearborn street the conductor and motorman got out, looking for a switch. There was none. Several cars piled up behind it. At Clark street the car crew hunted another switch, and at La Salle street and at Fifth avenue and at Franklin street.

At Franklin street there was a switch—south. The car took the curve and sped on south to Randolph street. A long string of cars was in its wake.

Old 6042, in a place it had never been before, remained cool and unperturbed, although it was becoming homesick. East in Randolph street it wandered until a wide open switch revealed itself at Clark street. Then up Clark street, and over the bridge to Kinzie went 6042, and over Kinzie to the good old, familiar State street pasture.

The passengers, who had been wondering what was what, breathed sighs of relief. It had taken the car just 25 minutes to go from State and Lake streets to State and Kinzie street, a matter of about three blocks.

Sneeze Bombs Halted Legislation in Harrisburg

HARRISBURG, PA.—The free and continued use of "sneezing powder" and malodorous chemicals and the bombardment of members with pamphlets, books, newspapers and "spitballs" have developed as the latest and most effective means of halting the passage of legislation of unpopular character in the Pennsylvania house of representatives.

The officials of the chamber were unable to abate such performances and much important legislation as a result was delayed.

One night "sneezing powders" were scattered throughout the house and these, together with malodorous chemicals, made the air so bad that it was necessary to open the windows.

A number of persons, among them women, were also forced to leave. Speaker Ambler repeatedly called the house to order and asked that the scattering of the powders be stopped.

Members threw their files of legislative bills into the air and at each other. Men who tried to speak on bills were howled down. Shouts, catcalls and yells continued throughout the evening.

Next day conditions were even worse. One debater who tried to make his voice heard on an important bill was utterly disregarded. When Representative Hess, who was in the chair, asked the house to "kindly be in order" he was answered with a chorus of "Noes" from all over the floor.

HOW RIGHT CARE OF FRUIT TREES PAYS

Cutting Deadwood Out of Tree.

(By J. C. WHITTEN.)

There is perhaps no phase of farming in which careful methods pay better than they do in fruit growing. There is probably nothing else grown on the farm that suffers more if neglected than does the orchard. Most of our essential farm crops are annuals.

The plants which produce them grow but a single season. If the farmer neglects them, or if the season is bad, or if mistakes are made, the misfortune which results lasts but a single season.

The farmer may plant another crop next year and start afresh with new plants. The orchard trees are perennials; once planted they should last for years. Any misfortune which overtakes them in a given season may show its bad effect for years, or even through the life history of the trees.

Mistakes made in the management of fruit trees may not easily be rectified next year.

Again, annual farm crops live during the favorable growing season of the year. They are out of the way before winter comes.

Fruit trees must not only grow in summer, but must live over winter and endure the inclement season. They should be kept in the best condition in order successfully to do this.

The grower should keep the fact in mind that a fruit tree is at all seasons a living, sensitive, plastic, shapable thing. It is affected by everything that is done to it.

It will show the results of any phase of treatment, whether of culture or pruning or of spraying. Whatever is done to it will make it different from what it would have been if left alone. The farmer should strive to do those things to it which will make it better, rather than be injurious.

The man who begins seriously to study his trees will soon begin to realize more fully that they are living, shapable things and that they easily show him by their appearance whether they are profiting or being injured by anything which is being done to them.

Right now is a good time to begin that study. One should be able to tell the age of the tree, or of any of its branches. He should determine how much of it has been produced each year.

By beginning at the outer tip of the limb he can determine how much of it grew last summer, or in any previous season, by the rings or circular scars around the twig which mark the spot where growth began in the spring.

Reflect that growth began in spring from a terminal bud. As growth began from the center of this bud its winter scales fell off, leaving semicircular scale bud scars quite close together, around the twig.

These are the "rings" that mark the dividing line between each year's growth. The amount of length growth of each year may be associated with what was done to the tree or by the character of the season which influenced that growth.

A knowledge of the fruit buds and the wood buds is important. The former are those large, well-rounded buds which in spring will produce blossoms and fruit. The latter are the smaller, flatter and more pointed buds, which produce wood growth and leaves. Fruit-buds which will produce flowers and fruit this spring were formed the previous summer.

By their character and abundance one may in winter judge the prospect of the fruit crop the coming season.

From the blossom scars and fruit scars left on the branches one may be able to tell in what years the trees have borne fruit in the past.

If the trees have blossomed and fruit failed to set only the small blossom scar will be visible as a cluster of little pits where the flowers fell from the twig. If the fruit set, the larger fruit scar will indicate the fact.

The character of this fruit scar will indicate in a general way whether the fruit was well developed or whether it fell prematurely.

In fact, the characters of the twigs tell pretty accurately what the trees have been doing in past years. From them the skillful grower may read the life history of the tree.

Careful reflection upon the relation between what the tree has done and what has been done to the tree may be an important guide to the best methods of treatment to be adopted.

Anything which draws the grower's attention to his trees usually results in better care, for he then sees what they need, and when they need it. Among the most urgent needs of fruit-growing trees is spraying to prevent injury from insects and fungous diseases.

The best growers are now coming to recognize the fact that spraying has become a necessary factor to success. Spraying should be looked upon as something more than merely a means of saving or better perfecting the immediate crop of fruit.

It promotes the general health and vigor of the tree and may determine the character of a subsequent crop and also promote the longevity of the orchard.

Fungous disease and insects not only injure the fruit crop, but they may seriously injure the trees by destroying the leaves or by causing them to drop too early in the autumn.

Most of the most serious diseases and insects may be controlled by spraying. Bordeaux mixture should be applied for the fungous diseases, and to this paris green or some other arsenical poison should be added for insects.

The spraying should be done at the right time. For apple scab the first spraying should be made shortly before the flowers open, just after they fall and twice subsequently, at intervals of ten days or two weeks.

The poison may be put in the two first sprayings after the blossoming period to kill codling moth and canker worm.

For bitter rot two later sprayings should be made shortly before the time when the rot usually appears in the neighborhood.

The spraying should be done thoroughly. All parts of the tree should be well covered with a fine spray.

The power sprayers are more efficient, as the work can be done far more rapidly and the spray can be broken up into a fine mist and got effectually to all parts of the tree. For all large orchards power sprayers are to be recommended.

In addition to spraying, proper pruning and general care are essential. The man who sprays is likely to prune, as it enables him to spray more efficiently and with less labor and less waste of time.

All diseased or injured fruit should be kept out of the orchard. A few infected apples left on the trees or under them may infect the orchard next year.

Those who are beginning spraying should send to their state experiment stations for free bulletins, giving detailed directions for mixing and applying the sprays.

Strict Orchard Pests.

Many of the common orchard pests are restricted in their range because they have not yet reached the full limit of their distribution.

Neglected Pigs.

Young pigs kept in dry, dusty lots and fed on corn exclusively will not make money for their owner.

The Married Life of Helen and Warren

By MABEL HERBERT URNER

Originator of "Their Married Life." Author of "The Journal of a Neglected Wife," "The Woman Alone," etc.

Helen Is Depressed at Their Homecoming Until a Real Calamity Threatens

"Dear, it's so late—must you go to the office tonight?"

"Got to look over some of that mail before I see Griffin in the morning. This the one you want opened?" Warren was unstrapping one of the trunks.

"Both of them, and you'll have to open this suitcase." Helen handed him the key. "That lock catches."

"Now, see here, don't try to unpack tonight. Just take out what you need and get to bed—don't stay up for me. Here, I'll not want this," taking a steamer cap from his bulging overcoat pocket.

"Wait, dear; do wear your muffler. It's much colder here, and you're not used to it yet."

But Warren, scorning the muffler, buttoned his coat with a vigorous, "Cold? This is fine—not that infernal dampness we got in London."

Anxiously Helen followed him to the hall door, and stood there until with a final nod he disappeared into the elevator. Then she turned back to the dusty, dismantled apartment with a feeling of utter depression.

How strange and unfamiliar everything looked! As she switched on the lights and went from room to room, Helen almost wished herself back on the steamer. Even their stateroom seemed now more familiar than this. And their London apartment she pictured with an almost homesick throb.

After the excitement of traveling, there is always a "let down" in getting home. And now, instead of a feeling of relief at having left a war-menaced country, Helen had a lurking longing to be back there.

How she dreaded the unpacking! Every article would bring a rush of memories of those weeks in London that now seemed so wonderful.

Never had her home life appeared so humdrum, so dully uneventful. She shrank from taking up its daily routine. Yet with the feeling that such thoughts were disloyal, she tried to crush them out.

She had turned on the heat and the sizzling of the radiators emphasized the loneliness of the place. Everything was covered with dust. She gazed about helplessly—where should she begin?

When she had changed her traveling suit for an old kimono, Helen went out to look for a dust cloth. As she swung open the kitchen door there was a sound of dripping water, startlingly loud in the stillness.

Stumbling against a sharp corner of the table, she groped in the dark for the light. One of the faucets in the pantry sink was leaking! No, it was not turned off! Had it been dripping all these weeks?

Nora was too careless. They should never have left her to close the apartment, but Warren had insisted that it would be all right.

How had she left the refrigerator? A strong, musty odor greeted Helen as she opened it. Far back were a couple of shriveled tomatoes. In a greasy brown paper was a piece of bacon green with mold. And her last warning to Nora had been to leave nothing in the icebox!

There were no clean dusters. Nora had left them all in the bottom of the broom closet, black as floor cloths.

Not having the heart to investigate further, Helen turned off the kitchen light. In the hall closet rag bag, she found one of Warren's old undershirts which she took for a duster.

Even the toilet things on her dresser Nora had not put away, and the air had tarnished the silver and rusted the pins in the cushion.

The first thing tomorrow she would call up that Danish employment agency. She would never take Nora back, of that she was now grimly determined.

The snow blew in from the outside sill as she raised the window to shake out the dust cloth. It was piercingly cold. The wind was growing stronger. It rattled the window panes with a dismal whine. Oh, why had Warren gone down to the office on such a night? How desolate it must be in that great deserted building with only the night watchman on guard.

She pictured him unlocking his dark office with the silent covered typewriters, the closed desks and safe. He had taken her there once at night, and she had never forgotten that impression of deathlike stillness, of tense suspended activity.

Her nerves already taut, she startled violently as the phone shrilled out. It was Warren! He was calling her up just to break the awful loneliness of that office. She flew into the front room, falling over an open suitcase in her eagerness.

"Hello!" joyfully.

"Number, please," snapped central.

"Why—you called me!"

"Mistake. 'Cuse it, please."

Resentful and disappointed, Helen turned away. The wind was now shaking the windows with a whistling wail. She thought of it howling through those deserted canyonlike streets around Warren's office.

Impulsively she turned back to the phone—she would call him!

"Cortland 1428!" Then she waited eagerly. It had been so long since she had heard Warren's voice on the wire. There had been no occasion to phone him in London.

She could hear the buzzing at the other end, but the expected click of his taking down the receiver did not come. Then at last, "Cortland 1428 don't answer!"

"Oh, ring them again, central. I'm sure someone's there."

Another long wait, then central's voice with a note of finality, "They don't answer. I'll ring you if I get them."

Baffled, Helen hung up the receiver. He must be there! It was only thirty minutes to his office, and it had been an hour since he left.

Vaguely anxious, she went back to her work. Taking off the dusty sheet that had protected the bed, she turned down the covers and laid out her nightdress and Warren's pajamas. Somehow the bed, now ready for the night, gave the first touch of home to the place.

Three times within the next half hour she called Warren's office, but still that baffling, "Cortland 1428 don't answer."

Even if he had started home before her first call, he would be here by now. What could it mean? Every gruesome possibility now obsessed her—an accident in the subway, in crossing a dark street, or in the elevator, run by the sleepy watchman.

Was this a swift punishment for her rebellious thoughts at the monotonous routine of their home? Was this routine to be broken by some tragedy? Abject in her remorse, with a tempestuous change of feeling, her home life now seemed ideal. If only nothing had happened to Warren!

By eleven o'clock Helen had worked herself into a state of feverish anxiety. Unheeding the stinging cold, she had thrown up the library window and was leaning far out, hoping to recognize Warren in every muffled figure that came up the street. Once more she turned to the telephone.

"Central," pleadingly, "see if you can't get that number now!"

Again the empty buzzing and again central's indifferent, "They don't answer."

Then, with a desperate determination, Helen found the number of a well-known cab company and called for a taxi.

In blind, trembling haste she got back into her traveling suit. This suspense she could not bear a moment longer. She was going down to his office. If he was not there or had not been there—then she would have to call up some of his family.

She was slipping on her long steamer coat when the front door banged. A breathless second was followed by the sound of Warren's heavy step.

He was struggling out of his overcoat, as with an inarticulate cry Helen rushed into the hall.

"Oh, I—I—"

But just then the telephone rang out clamorously.

"Who in thunder knows we're home?" Shaking off Helen's clinging arms, he strode into the front room to answer it.

"Hello, what's that? A taxi? You've got the wrong number," crossly. "We didn't order any taxi here."

"Oh, yes—yes, we did," excitedly Helen caught his arm. "You'll have to go down and give the man something—and send him away."

Warren stared at her.

"Oh, I couldn't get you on the 'phone—and I was terrified! I thought some thing had happened. I—I was going down to the office!"

"Going down to the office? Of all blithering—"

"Don't, dear, don't scold me now. If you won't send that cab away—I'll have to!"

"You stay where you are!" Warren caught her by the shoulders and almost flung her back in the room. Then the hall door slammed after him.

When he came back, Helen was curled up on the couch, her face in the dusty sofa pillows, sobbing nervously.

"Now what I'd like to know is," Warren stood over her, his hands in his pockets, "if it's softening of the brain—or if you're just plain dippy?"

He listened grimly, with an occasional snort, while Helen sobbed out an account of telephoning and her frantic anxiety.

"What number did you call?"

"Why, Cortland, 1428."

"Got the new book, haven't you?—right there by the phone. Why in blazes didn't you look in it? My number's changed to Broad 8120. Now if you think you've had enough dramatics for one night—I'd like to go to bed."

Not to Blame.

A large map was spread upon the wall and the teacher was instructing the class in geography.

"Horace," she said to a small pupil, "when you stand in Europe facing the north you have on your right hand the great continent of Asia. What have you on your left hand?"

"A wart," replied Horace, "but I can't help it, teacher."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Rather Risky.

"What's the proper way to indorse a check?"

With the name of a man who has a good bank account."

Delays Are Dangerous.

"How is it that Jones always acts before he thinks?"

"If he thought first he'd never act."

The virtues of some men are never apparent until brought out by the criminal lawyers who defend them.