

STORIES of AMERICAN CITIES

San Francisco's "Regular Bishop" 3,500 Years Old

SAN FRANCISCO—A newly opened mummy in the coffin that has been his bed for three-thousand years is the latest curiosity to be seen at the Memorial museum, Golden Gate park, and is being inspected by many visitors.

The mummy was brought from the land of the Pharaohs by the late Jeremiah Lynch many years ago and by him presented to the museum.

It had been left slumbering in its sarcophagus until Curator Pomeroy took charge recently. He opened the case and set it forth in the main entrance hall, where all who come may see the relic.

The mummy himself is now nothing but a figure of brown clay, unrecognizable in its ornaments of long forgotten ages. But in the old days, about the time that Rameses, the king was making the Israelites build his Pyramids, and before the cohorts of Amenophis were swallowed in the Red sea, this mummy was an ecclesiastic, a high priest in the Temple of Isis at Ekhnin. And in those days the priests were the aristocracy of Egypt.

Now, soundly he sleeps in a land then unborn, and today the people of a world to which his people and his times are still a mystery contemplate his mummy in the Memorial museum and say:

"So that guy was a regular bishop in those days! Well, what do you know about that?"

Man in Washington Discovers the Singing Mouse

WASHINGTON—Reginald Rutherford has a mouse story. Rutherford swears to it. He works in the Union Trust company, and last week was made assistant treasurer, and people who work in banks have got to be honest. He's a champion canoe paddler on the Potomac in the summer, and when a man is used to the bright sun and the clear water he is not in the habit of making up stories on poor mice.

Rutherford lives on Lanier place, too. Residents of that street have to be able to steer a clear and truthful course through life in order to pronounce the name of their street correctly. If you say it with the accent on the last syllable, the saleswoman will say, "Oh, Lanier place," whereas if you say it after the latter fashion the correction will come, "Oh, Lanier place."

All these considerations will establish in the fair mind the absolute truth of Rutherford's statements concerning his famous mouse.

Rutherford happened to be visiting a Maryland town that summer. He had gone to bed, when a strange sound came from the window sill.

"Gee, crickets," said Rutherford.

He flashed a pocket electric light on the spot from whence the sound seemed to come, but saw no crickets.

He deployed out of bed toward the window.

There on the window sill Rutherford saw—a mouse.

Sure!

The mouse was singing merrily away.

"Chirp, chirp, chirp," sang the mouse.

Rutherford says it chirped a regular tune for an hour, much after the fashion of Indian tom-tom music, its monotonous but sweet sound lulling him to pleasant dreams at last.



Foolish Burglar Tackles an ex-Judge of Detroit

DETROIT—Very little judgment was shown by a burglar who tried to rob the home of Judge William F. Connolly, 219 Boston boulevard. Any crook would tell him there is no sense in picking out the home of a man as close to the judge who will try the burglar's case and sentence him as Judge Connolly is to Judge Charles T. Wilkins, recorder.

Judge Connolly went home Wednesday a private citizen for the first time in 12 years, during which he has sat on the bench and sentenced hundreds of burglars. Perhaps the burglar thought because the judge was retired he wasn't formidable any more, but the burglar evidently doesn't know politics. Anyway, Judge Connolly was sound asleep at 4:30 a. m. A few seconds later he was awake. He heard a window downstairs being opened, and heard a man climb through it into the house.

Judge Connolly was now on his feet, shivering and waited only to reach for an automatic pistol and his bathrobe. Then he attempted to surprise the burglar. But when the first step felt the weight of Judge Connolly's 200 pounds the step creaked, the burglar jumped right through the window.

Judge Connolly telephoned police headquarters and an automobile load of detectives arrived on the scene.

A bright thought occurred to a friend of the judge.

"Are you going to demand another grand jury to investigate this matter?" he asked.

"O tempora, O mores," said the judge sternly.

Skeletons of Jawsawahoo and His Lover Found

CHICAGO—One of the strangest of the love legends of the North Shore may have been proved true the other day. The legendary tomb of Lucy Falstaff, daughter of one of the earliest white settlers, and Chief Jawsawahoo, her young Indian sweetheart, each of whom died for the other's love, has been found, if James R. Skinner, student of Indian lore, is not mistaken.

The discovery was made on the estate of D. S. Boynton, known as "Tanglewood Villa" at Highland Park. Laborers had been put to work in the snow to raise a "tower" which has long stood a crumbling relic.

Suddenly as the weathered stones rumbled away a crevice was opened. As the opening became larger a sort of cave was disclosed. Then, to the amazement of the workers, two human skeletons were revealed by a shaft of light. They lay upon the floor of the cave, as though they might have died in embrace. A little to one side stood an old earthen jar. It was partly filled with something which might have been tobacco.

The police came and examined the place and after a conference sent for Mr. Skinner, who has made a study of early Illinois life. Mr. Skinner declared his belief that at last the legendary tomb of Lucy Falstaff and Jawsawahoo had been found.

Then he retold the old story, which has been handed down from the days of the Indians. Lucy Falstaff, the legend goes, was the beautiful daughter of one of the earliest settlers on the western rim of Lake Michigan.

Jawsawahoo, pursuing game, came to the cabin of the Falstaffs and fell in love with the pale face maiden, winning her. One day, hand in hand, the Indian and the girl set off to join Jawsawahoo's tribe.

But the squaws were jealous and ostracized her. The young lovers were called before a tribal court. The color line was drawn and the decision of the high chiefs was that the two, Lucy and Jawsawahoo, were to be sealed up in a cavern and left to die. Legend says that this sentence was carried out.

As further evidence that the discovery might prove this ancient romance, a rudely fashioned club was found inside the sealed cavern. Apparently it is an Indian club. Certainly, those who examined it say, it was not made by white man.



FOR BETTER ROADS

IMPROVING THE BAD SPOTS

Certain Small Ruts That Are Usually Wet and Soft Determine Load Farmer Can Carry.

The worst holes in the road always determine the load the farmer can market. No stretch of roadway is uniformly good, because every road has certain small spots that are usually soft and wet. These spots cause more trouble than the rest of the road combined. How these spots are to be improved depends on the character of the soil, and the nature of the country. Many such spots owe their character to a soft subsoil, due to springs. Before these roads can be permanently improved they must be under-drained. If a tile is laid in these places there will usually be no trouble in the future. The surface of the road should then be filled with dirt and crowned, so any surface water may run off. If this is done there will be no trouble from subsurface water.

Many roadways that are closed in with shade trees are bad. If a goodly portion of the scrub timber along these roads be removed, the ground will dry out and no trouble result. If the character of the soil is soft and pliable, so that it will not pack and remain firm, new material should be applied to the surface. The best and cheapest material for improving roads is gravel. Where gravel beds are accessible a day's work with a team and wagon will improve any roadbed permanently. If the soil is very sandy a Simch application of clay to the surface will effect wonders. The road patrol should spend a considerable portion of its time in remedying the bad spots in the road.

ANSWER TO PRISON PROBLEM

New York and Other States Have Tried Experiment of Using Convicts to Improve Roads.

New York and many of the Southern and Western states have tried the experiment of using convicts to improve highways—and it has worked to perfection. The official organ of the New York state prisoners says that "no man of all the inmates who went outside last year had a word of fault to find with his treatment. All are anxious to join these camps again. The freedom of movement and the exer-



Convict Gang at Work.

cise shortens the time yet to do in a wonderful manner. Many states have found road work to be the answer to the prison problem. Colorado and California have rebuilt the better portion of their roads with prison labor, and besides feeding the inmates with an extra supply of food, it has also led to a lessening of time through provisions made by the farsighted legislators.

WIDE TIRES IMPROVE ROADS

They Have Same Effect on Country Highway as Roller on Field—Also Pull Easier.

Wide tires build up roads and save horse labor. They have the same effect upon a country road as a roller on a plowed field. On the other hand, the narrow tire cuts up a road like a disk. It has been found by actual test in this matter that the wide-tired wagon pulls easier in nearly all cases than the narrow-tired wagon. In deep mud on a country road the wide-tired wagon pulls 6.2 per cent easier. On the country road with a thin surface of mud or deep dust, however, the narrow tires pull 4.9 per cent easier. In a cornfield the wide tires pull 30.5 per cent easier, in a dry alfalfa field 17.7 per cent easier, and on a dry country road 10.2 per cent easier.

Ontario Makes Good Roads. The Province of Ontario has approximately 55,000 miles of roads. More than 43,000 miles have been treated and are in fairly good condition. About 20,000 miles are well graded earth roads; about 3,000 miles are surfaced with broken stone, and about 19,000 are surfaced with gravel.

All Roads Lead Home. All roads lead to home. You are not at fault if they are not all good roads, but you are to blame if it's not a good home.

PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

ITALY'S NEW WAR CHIEF



Lieutenant General Diaz, now head of the general staff of the Italian army, has had a rapid career through all the branches of military activity. He first entered the army.

Since August, 1916, he has taken part in all the battles on the Isonzo and Cadore, first in the capacity of commander of a division and later as leader of the Twenty-third Army Corps.

Diaz is a silent and temperate man, a tenacious and untiring worker. He is cool in face of danger. He gave his first orders for crossing the pass of the Austro-German forces on the Piave with the same unshaken calculation with which he directed the battle for the conquest of Sile last August. He is invulnerable before defeat, and before unexpected success. He believes his mission similar to that of the legendary hero who does not flinch before the heaviest obstacles of a conquest. His voice has the same imperiousness that is in his look, so that his men are filled with that sense of blind obedience which in the crucial moment compels all, even the most timid, to action.

CHIEF CONGESTION SMASHER

When William G. McAtee took over the railroads for the government as director general the most pressing necessity was to break the jam of freight congestion along the Atlantic seaboard—a tangled mass of tracks and main lines that stretched back far from the waterfront at every port.

The man picked by Mr. McAtee as chief congestion smasher for the East, the man who has brought order out of this seemingly to the layman—hopeless chaos is Alfred H. Smith, president of the New York Central and Hudson River railroad and a past master at handling difficult railroad problems.

Mr. Smith was selected because of his extensive practical railroad experience. He is a finished chief of operations, having worked at every job on the Central lines, from section hand up, and at fifty-three he is one of the youngest and most vigorous of railroad presidents. Mr. Smith inspires by his personality almost as much as by his example. His relations with the men under him who win his confidence have always been close, and it is not unusual to hear some of his old comrades on the road or one of his assistants who come in daily contact with him call him Al, and the friendly diminutive contains a world of respect as well as liking.

His prominence in the railroad world, aside from his acknowledged ability as an operating executive, may be judged from the fact that he was chosen by the Canadian government to be chairman of a commission to find out why certain railroads in the Dominion did not pay.



Alfred H. Smith, Chief Congestion Smasher.

RECRUITS FOR ORDNANCE DEPARTMENT



Mrs. Martha Nelson McCan, field representative of the United States ordnance department.

Sounds rather well, doesn't it? And it marks the advent of a woman into some of the most important work of the war department.

Mrs. McCan has charge of a big campaign for recruiting thousands of civil service employees for the rapidly expanding ordnance department and the publicity work attaching thereto. She will try to get all kinds of workers for Uncle Sam, from fingerprint experts to plain stenographers, high-class technical workers, such as engineers and inspectors of explosives and big guns, and also be procured by her.

In person, the new field representative of the ordnance department is a tall, handsome, well-groomed woman, whose executive ability is apparent in her crisp sentences and clear direct manner of handling questions brought to her attention. Mrs. McCan has had ample experience to fit her for the important job just handed her. She had the distinction of being the first woman civil service commissioner, having been president of the Los Angeles civil service commission for four and a half years.

For a number of months past she has been in England studying working conditions there.

MAYOR WHO HAD NO HUMOR

John F. Hylan, New York's new mayor, began by exercising a sort of paternal care over his appointees, telling them to say nothing to newspaper reporters, to spend only one hour at luncheon and not to disturb their digestion by smoking fat cigars while riding in city automobiles.

If the new mayor is deficient in humor as he is currently reported to be, he has a large supply of dignity. In the heat of the campaign, when a platoon of reporters filed in to have a talk with the candidate, one of them remarked: "We will make him human yet." The remark was taken to the candidate; the reporter was identified and Judge Hylan warned the offender not to be seen again at headquarters.

The new mayor has had little previous experience with the public, except as judge of an inferior court in Brooklyn. In the courtroom everyone rises as the judge's arrival is announced. In the city hall there is no heralding of the mayor's approach and the crowd who think they have business in the mayor's office range from millionaires to panhandlers.

There is a large room reserved for reporters, but it is of use now principally as a place in which reporters can keep warm or pick coats. The mayor won't talk to them and his subordinates have been warned not to say anything to them of the business of their departments. The mayor's secretaries hammer out on a typewriter all the news that the mayor thinks is fit to print.



WASH THE KIDNEYS!

All the blood in the body passes thru the kidneys every few minutes. This is why the kidneys play such an important part in health or disease. By some terrible process the kidney secretes what enters in some part of the blood and takes it out. If the kidneys are not good-workers and become congested—poisons accumulate and we suffer from backache, headache, lumbago, rheumatism or gout. The urine is often cloudy full of sediment; channels often get sore and sleep is disturbed at night. So it is that Dr. Pierce, of the 'Fruitful Herbs' and 'Standard Institute in Buffalo, N. Y.' advises "Washing the Kidneys," by drinking six to eight glasses of water between meals and then if you want to take a harmless medicine that will clear the channels and cure the annoying symptoms, go to your druggist and get Vacher's Kidney and Bladder Treatment. This "Auric" which is so many times more potent than lithium—will drive out the uric acid poisons and bathe the kidneys and channels in a soothing liquid.

If you desire, write for free medical advice and send sample of water for free examination. Experience has taught Doctor Pierce that "Auric" is a most powerful agent in dissolving uric acid and hot water uric matter. Send Dr. Pierce 10c for trial package.

New One to Pa. S-n-Pa, what is Bunker Hill? Pa—I don't know whether it's a mine or a steamboat golf course.

Bad Colds, Pneumonia, and Croup, may be prevented by using Vacher-Balm in time. Everyone should keep it in the house.—Adv.

Natural Position. "That man is in a grave rever." "Naturally, when he is buried in thought."

Piles Cured in 6 to 14 Days. Druggists would supply if PAID. PAYMENT MADE BY CHECK OR MONEY ORDER. First application gives relief. No.

SENSE OF GUILT IN ANIMALS

Proof That They Know When They Are Doing Wrong, and Seek to Evade Consequences.

In military stables horses are known to have pretended to be lame in order to avoid going to a military exercise. A chimpanzee had been fed on cake when sick. After his recovery he often feigned coughing in order to procure dainties.

The cuckoo, as is well known, lays its eggs in another bird's nest, and to make the deception sure, it takes away one of the other bird's eggs. Animals are conscious of their deceit, as is shown by the fact that they try to act secretly and noiselessly; they show a sense of guilt if detected; they take precautions in advance to arouse discovery; in some cases they manifest regret and repentance. Thus, bees which steal hesitate often before and after their exploits, as if they feared punishment.

A naturalist describes how his monkey committed theft. While he pretended to sleep the animal reappeared him with hesitation, and stopped every time his master moved or seemed in the point of awakening.

A man may make a profitable business reputation even by the way he scrapes and washes his barn.

Conservation of space is a good idea—but a man doesn't have to locate a brewing-vat in his stomach.



Your comfortable healthy well-to-do neighbor uses INSTANT POSTUM instead of coffee. Ever ask him the reason? Might be worth while—especially if you are one of those with whom coffee doesn't agree. "There's a Reason"