

NEW YORK JEWELERS TO QUIT MAIDEN LANE

District Has Been Home of Gem Business for 80 Years.

New York.—No more diamonds will be stolen from Maiden Lane by "gem bandits" after next spring. Police learned that no ambitious plots for fortunes in pearls, rubies, rhinestones or amethysts can be carried out there and there. Not that there won't be any robbers left to operate, but there won't be any gems to operate on.

The diamond district is moving uptown. Maiden Lane, for more than eighty years the home of the watch, diamond and jewelry trade, will become just plain Maiden Lane in a few months. Firms which have been established in this street for more than fifty years have made arrangements to move to a new center in Forty-seventh street.

There has been a gradual exodus from Maiden Lane for some time, following the general trend northward of both wholesale and retail trade.

But there has been no concerted movement until the present one, arrangements for which have been perfected during the last year.

The pioneers among the dealers who moved up town settled on Fifth avenue. Now the others virtually will take possession of Forty-seventh street from Fifth avenue to Sixth avenue. This will tend to concentrate the shopping centers of all types in one district, taking into account the northward movement of department stores as well as jewelers.

"Wizard" of the Treasury Is Only 24 Years of Age



Washington.—A. W. Gregg of the bureau of internal revenue, only twenty-four years of age, holds the position of special assistant to the secretary of the treasury. He is a tax expert and a wizard at figures, his duties consisting of advising the secretary with regard to tax matters. He has been connected with the bureau since March, 1920, and for a time was connected with the office of the solicitor and was chairman of the special committee on appeals and review. Later he was chairman of the committee on the revision of the revenue act. Mr. Gregg was in the army during the war and is a native of Palestine, Tex.

Cop Emulates Solomon; Geese Pick Out Owner

Fairfield, Conn.—Tony Bennett who recently lost a flock of cheshead geese, got a tip to look for the missing birds in the chicken coop of George Vaseo, a neighbor. He did so and found the coop full of geese. Averring that he recognized the geese and the geese recognized him, Tony started to take them away. George objected vehemently and finally called Policeman Bennett, who listened to the arguments of both sides and rendered a decision that the birds should be turned loose. The decision was executed and the geese promptly made for Tony's house, cackling in delight or terror, according to the varying interpretations of Tony and George.

"Sure, then ducks belong to Tony," announced Bennett, eminently satisfied with the vindication of his decision, but George is threatening a civil suit to get the geese back.

U. S. Eats 45,093,892 Bunches of Bananas

Washington.—Every man, woman and child in the United States ate two-fifths of a bunch of bananas during 1922, or at least the total number consumed, if divided equally among the entire population—would have given each that amount. During that year 45,093,892 bunches of bananas were imported into this country valued at \$19,145,911.

This country also bought abroad during 1922 around 111,005,000 pounds of bananas; 84,712,185 pounds of figs, 53,000,000 pounds of dates and 21,437,820 pounds of currants.

English Roads Safe

London.—There was only one railway accident in England involving loss of life during 1922, according to the Railway Gazette. This was at Dimple in July, when two passengers were killed. Since the beginning of the present century there have been 2,001 and 1,606 without a loss of life to passengers. In only one year have more than five people been killed, and in twenty-three years the number (scale seventy-three)

USE OF MULES ON FARMS INCREASES

Washington Was the First to Breed Them in U. S.

Washington.—The ability of the mule to endure hardship and perform sterling service under adverse conditions has established him as a real asset in American agriculture. While the mule is essentially a draft animal, it is used widely for utility purposes, especially in the South. A smart, alert mule, with a long, free stride at the walk and a snappy, balanced trot is highly desired. Mules vary in height from 21 hands to 17½ hands and in weight from 600 to 1,000 pounds.

The importance and popularity of the mule as a work animal are attested by the greatly increased use of the animal in our farm operations. In 1910, the number of mules on farms and ranches was 4,209,769. The number on January 1, 1923, was 5,432,391, an increase during the decade of 1,222,622, or nearly 30 per cent. Of the 5,432,391 mules on farms in 1920 3,172,797, or nearly three-fifths, are in the nine cotton belt states. The only states outside the cotton belt having more than 175,000 head of mules are Missouri, with 389,045; Tennessee, 352,510; Kansas, 243,332; and Kentucky, 232,857. The total number of horses in the cotton belt states on January 1, 1920, was 2,855,257, or about 90 per cent as many horses as mules. The only cotton belt states having more horses than mules are Texas and Oklahoma.

Can Endure Hardships.

"The mule is a hardy work animal," says J. O. Williams in a bulletin of the United States Department of Agriculture. "While this humble creature responds to good treatment and gives best service under favorable conditions of feeding and management, it is his ability to endure hardship and to perform sterling service under adverse conditions that has established him so firmly in American agriculture. Those who are staunch supporters of the mule say that, in comparison with the horse, he will live longer, endure more work and hardship, require less attention and feed, is less liable to digestive disorders, lameness and disease, is more easily handled in large numbers, is less irritable and is more capable of performing work in the hands of a mediocre or poor horseman. Whether or not all these claims may be substantiated, it is a fact that the mule is well established as a work animal in those sections where climatic conditions are most severe, feed less abundant and horsemanship is not a prevailing art.

His Eccentricities.

"The mule is an animal with possibly more eccentricities and undeniable virtues than any other domestic animal. One would naturally expect from his heritage a rather unusual temperament requiring the most thoughtful treatment. The difficulty is to know how to handle the mule in order to keep the desirable qualities of his maternal ancestry in the foreground and to keep subservient the latent donkey characteristics. To treat consistently a conglomerate of stubbornness and willingness, temper and sullenness, contentment and restlessness, styness and docility, faithfulness and waywardness, with no knowledge of which virtue or vice is going to assert itself next, is a problem which may well tax the qualities of the best horseman.

Must Be Treated Gently

"There are some peculiarities which belong to the mule alone. He does not like to be hurried, worried or cuffed about; to try to force him to do things against his will is practically impossible and only makes matters worse. The mule must be understood and gently but firmly persuaded to do things out of the ordinary. He is naturally suspicious of everybody who comes around him, and it can be readily observed that he never takes his eye off a person near by, and when the ears begin to wag a little the person watched had better be on the lookout. There seems to be a code system of ear signaling among mules that all understand. A mean mule can deftly handle his hind legs, and his forelegs are not to be ignored. He has been known to handle his 'mitts' in a clever fashion.

Wrong and Right Way

"There is a wrong and a right way to lead a mule. A man who looks at a mule and fags at his head will never make any progress. The mule will not be pulled. He will usually follow, however, if a man will walk away in the direction he desires to go. Neither can you 'bully' mules in going through tight places; they are somewhat like sheep, and if the leader can be induced to go the rest will follow.

"The importation of jacks, and consequently the production of mules, dates back to colonial times. About 1787 George Washington was presented with a jack by the king of Spain, which was used in the stud at Mount Vernon. Many good mules were produced in those days, and the value of the mule as a work animal was soon recognized by intelligent planters. It has been within the last forty years, however, that the production of mules has been an extensive enterprise and that much attention has been given to the rearing and selection of the best jack stock.

"The American Jack of today is a composite of the bloods of some of the best foreign breeds, and in attaining the highest standards of excellence prevailing in the jack stock of America the breeders have emphasized the valuable quality points so much desired in the best jacks, such as size, weight, bone, style, quality and action."

JOHNNY WAS A HOME-MAKER

By BENTON GREY

(© 1914, Western Newspaper Union.)

"YOUR baby's come, Mr. Johnson," announced the postmaster, as the young settler halted his team in front of the post office at Alliance, Miss. "Just wait a minute and I'll bring him out to you." He disappeared within the door that led to his parlor, and presently emerged again, accompanied by his wife and a little boy of some three years, who smiled up confidently into Johnson's face. "Never knew you was a married man, Mr. Johnson," continued the postmaster sympathetically. "He seems to have made a sure enough long journey across the water all by himself. My wife says she'd be scared to death to send our Ella that distance by post. The mother ain't dead, I hope?"

"My baby!" Johnson yelled. "I'm a single man, Mr. Smith. How can it be my baby?"

The postmaster shook his head dubiously. "He's tagged," he said, "and there's postmarks from most all the places he's passed through. 'C. Johnson, Alliance, Miss.' it reads. This is Alliance, and this is Mississippi, and you're sure enough C. Johnson, aren't you?"

"It's a mistake," growled Johnson. "I never even dreamed of having a baby."

"Of course, Mrs. Smith will take charge of him for a while, if the sender can be found," said Ed Smith, gloomily. "But, having one of our own, you'll understand that it would be kind of hard on us to keep him."

"You keep him for a few days until something more is heard about him," said Johnson. "Can't you have the sender traced?"

"I'll do my best," said Mr. Smith, and Johnson rode away.

"That night the loneliness of his situation appealed to him more than ever before. He had almost forgotten the faithful young woman who had been the cause of his migration to this half-settled and almost uninhabited region. He had the normal human need of companionship; yet he had no one to call his, neither wife nor parents nor family. He surprised Mr. Smith by appearing at the post office again the next morning.

"I think I'll relieve you of the boy for a few days," he said. "It might be companionable and then, when you get word of the sender we can have him shipped back again."

He did not return for several days, and when he did appear at the post office, Mr. Smith was amazed to hear the child calling him daddy.

"Well, you see," explained Johnson, sheepishly. "I came to the conclusion that I was a sort of selfish cuss, living all alone, and I might as well do a little good in the world. So Johnny and I have sort of struck up a partnership. He's going to run the home and I'm going to run the farm, aren't we, Johnny?"

"Yeth, daddy," said Johnny, clinging to his new father's coat.

Ed Smith turned to his wife when the cart had rolled away.

"I hate to think of Mr. Johnson's feelings when the real father turns up," he said.

"Perhaps he won't turn up," answered his wife. "Do you suppose—"

"No, no my dear, it isn't his," her husband answered. "But it's a mighty queer situation."

The problem was solved a few days later by the arrival at the postmaster's office of a pretty and highly excited young woman who inquired breathlessly for the boy.

"I got word at Alliance, Ark," she explained. "My dead sister's boy, sent from Scotland. She was my only relative. You love him here?"

"Well, not here," the postmaster admitted, rubbing his chin reflectively. "Might your name be Johnson, Miss?"

"Yes, Charlie Johnson."

"Well, it's odd; but the boy was addressed to C. Johnson—that stands for Charles; and as there's only one C. Johnson around here, I gave him to him."

"Then you must take him away at once," answered Miss Johnson.

"Well, I'll try," the postmaster said. "But Mr. Johnson kinder look a bawking after him."

"But he can't have him," cried the young woman indignantly. "How can a stranger take a child away from his aunt?"

"He can't," admitted Mr. Smith. "Only he's sort of done it. However, you wait here, miss, and I'll get Mr. Johnson down by telephone inside of a couple of hours."

Two hours later Johnson, looking very uncomfortable, arrived with the boy. But Johnny absolutely refused to go with his new-found relative.

"I guess you'd better spend a day or two here, miss," suggested Mrs. Smith. "Then he'll grow sort of used to you, and it won't be so hard on them."

She accepted Mrs. Smith's hospitality. And soon the situation was self-evident. The child had evidently destroyed the original tag, and in re-writing it, the prefix Miss had somehow got placed at the end, where it read Mississippi.

But Johnny proved so reluctant to leave his new-found father that, long before the "day or two" was up, Johnson, having ascertained that Miss Johnson had no ties at Alliance, Ark., made a proposition embracing—

"But what other sort of proposition would one expect at a town named Alliance?"

Falcon Exhausted by Flight Captured on Ship

One of the most recent additions to the London zoo is a peregrine falcon which, alighting on a vessel in the Atlantic, a thousand miles from land, was captured and brought to London. It is still a mystery how birds can exist during these terrible journeys across the seas.

This falcon had evidently completed half the journey on which he set out, and there is no reason to doubt that the strongest members of the tribe do succeed where this one failed.

All hawks (the peregrine falcon is one of the most beautiful of them) are swift and strong on the wing. Our ancestors set high value upon good specimens, which were trained to hunt and bring down game.

The king's falconer was a personage of some importance. There are records of the sport so far back as 2000 years ago. The falconer carried a bird on his wrist, and when the game had traveled a certain distance the hawk was released. It gave chase and brought down the game by swooping on it from above.

In India falcons were trained to hunt deer and similar large game. Rising high in the air, the bird descended with lightning speed and struck its talons into the head of the animal, which thus became flustered and panic-stricken and was easily caught up by the hunt—London Tit-Bits.

Paul Revere Was Artist, Engraver and Dentist

Paul Revere, famous for his historical role during the Revolutionary war, seems to have been one of those men who can do anything and do it well. He was an artist and an engraver of both wood and metal. He was a silversmith of rare skill, and he even turned his attention to dentistry in the early days when dentistry was barely beginning to be a science. There is still extant one of his advertisements of 1778, reading—

"Whereas, many persons are so unfortunate as to lose their Foreteeth by Accident, and otherwise, to their great Detriment, not only in looks, but speaking both in Public and Private—This is to inform all such, that they may have them Replaced with artificial Ones, that looks as well as the Natural, and answers the End of Speaking to all Intent, by Paul Revere."

When, quite a while after Bunker Hill, it was desired to remove the body of General Warren from its first resting place at sea, Paul Revere who identified it by an artificial tooth and the wire he had used to fasten it.—Detroit News

In State of Ignorance

A man who said he lived in Chicago a few days ago to answer to a charge of vagrancy.

"On what street do you live?" the judge asked.

"I just can't remember the name of that street your honor," replied the prisoner.

"Well, does it run east and west or north and south?" queried the judge.

"Well, sir, I'm not positive which way it does run, I never was no good on directions."

"You should be in vaudeville," the judge said when he ordered the man discharged.

"Just where is that town, judge?" asked the man. "Seems like I don't remember I ever heard of that place before."—Hannapolis News

Radio Used by Police

When the telephone was perfected it was considered a valuable ally of the police in apprehending escaping criminals; but the automobile has largely spoiled its usefulness. One person can only phone to one place at one time while a hand in an automobile may be going elsewhere in any direction. Police departments are now adopting printing telegraphs and the radio as a supplement to the phone. Outlying and suburban police stations are equipped with receiving apparatus and one operator at the central station can flash the description of the fleeing criminal in all directions instantly, laying down a barrage of publicity through which it is more difficult to escape.

He Was Game

There was a very pretty nurse passing in and out. The patient eyed her with admiration. By way of a pleasantry the doctor said: "Be a good boy and I'll prescribe a kiss for you at four o'clock."

But at four o'clock an extremely homely nurse came on duty, as the physician knew she would. However, the next day he ventured to ask the patient how things had gone.

"I took my medicine," briefly reported the young man.

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COLONY OF WHITES FOUND IN JUNGLE

Explorer Describes Trip Into Ecuador and Peru.

New York.—Indian women who stain their cheeks, noses and teeth in a checkerboard pattern and Indian men who believe the dreams that come to them while they are under the influence of a certain drug portray their success or failure in battle have been the subjects of investigation by Carl Lester Liddle, twenty-six, probably one of the youngest official explorers in South America. He recently arrived in New York and is here to catalogue his investigations. For nearly three months Mr. Liddle has traversed the jungles of the upper Amazon in quest of information for the government of Ecuador and for the University of Quito. He had no white companions on his trip, although an Indian medicine man provided him with a native escort that numbered 50.

It was into the vast area known as the Oriente of Ecuador and Peru that Mr. Liddle's travels took him. Sometimes he traveled by canoe or dugout, sometimes afoot. Often he had to cross plains of mud and at other times his course wound precariously over mountains at an elevation of 12,000 feet. There were dangers, seen and unseen. Vampire bats attempted to suck his blood at night, insects beset him by day and always there was the jungle tangle.

Find Whites Far in Interior.

Two centuries ago the dense jungles of civilization lives a community of 1,000 persons who retain the pure Spanish type, with blond hair and blue eyes, Mr. Liddle says. Their language is that of the Indians and their habits are similar, for they live in leaf thatched huts of split chonta palm. They never have intermarried with the Indians, he says.

Mr. Liddle had a narrow escape from death when a native boy he had photographed suddenly was seized with epilepsy and fell down. Had the explorer not administered immediate relief the Indians would have killed him, he said.

Gradually he made his way to the headwaters of the Orinoco and into the country of the head hunters. These fights in intertribal wars, Mr. Liddle says, if the war is successful, head including fiestas follow. The bodies are attracted and the features are reduced to the size of an orange.

Drug Visions Sway Them.

"But before they go into battle," the explorer added, "they retire to the dream hut, where they eat natema, a powerful narcotic that produces weird dreams. The dreams become the prophecy of success or failure to them."

"They will not steal. They believe that any property contains a portion of the owner's spirit and that if they steal this portion it will attack and kill them at night."

The Indians use the checkerboard pattern on their teeth, which is matched by that on their cheeks and noses, but once they are married, and a man has four or five wives, the wife pierces a hole in her underlip and inserts a small bamboo stick.

Mr. Liddle brought to New York for analysis and classification various kinds of poisons used by the Indians. These are all of vegetable substance, he says, but he believes some of them are unknown to American chemists.

Mr. Liddle expects to return to South America in two weeks and will make a new trip into Peru to study another tribe of Indians and later will visit the Kunas in Panama. He is a graduate of the Culver Naval Academy and a native of Ohio. He served in the navy on various line ships during the war and received his commission as ensign on his twenty-first birthday.

Floating School Sails to Teach Indians in Alaska

Seattle.—Equipped as a model floating school, the auxiliary power schooner Borer sailed from Seattle on a novel expedition for southeastern Alaska, where her officers will undertake to teach the natives various trades, including wireless telegraphy and navigation. It was announced by J. E. Wagner, supervisor here of the United States bureau of education. Fifteen villages of the Thlinget, Talmpean and Rhydash Indians are on the vessel's itinerary.

Find Bomb in Car in Nick of Time.

Chicago.—Remembering that a spark plug had been causing trouble, Edward Dewey raised the hood of his car and found a bomb fastened to his engine. He saved his life, for it would have exploded when the engine started.

Shoots Craps in Jail.

Detroit, Mich.—When he appeared for trial for vagrancy, James Richards told the court that he had lost his trousers during a crap game in the jail. He was released.

Academic Palms to Clowns of France

Paris.—Three clowns, the Fratelli brothers, have been awarded academic palms by the French government in recognition of their services to the public in spreading good cheer.

This is the first time such an award has been made since the days of the court jesters.

The Nerve of Him

Mrs. Hoolihan—Sure so the landlord flirtd this mornin'.

Mr. Hoolihan—Wot? Wid you?

Mrs. Hoolihan—Naw, wid death.

He had the nerve to ask me for the riat, and us only four mont's behint.

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