

Moving Two Blocks Down the Street

By ELLA SAUNDERS
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Forty years Mike Donovan had lived in the little old house, and his father forty years before he was born. His father had built it. It was a good enough house for his father's days—it was a fine house in the early days of Clarence, when it was a small, isolated village, before the big town extended into it. But it was a poor-looking house now.

Forty years Mike had lived in it, but he had known it sixty. Twenty of those sixty years he had been out West. He had returned in middle life to take up his abode in his father's house with his wife, Kitty. Kitty had been born across the street—so the old house was home to her, too.

She knew every inch of it. She swept it every day. How many brooms had she worn out? How many gallons of water had she washed it down with?

But in his later years the children kept pestering Mike to move. He was rich now. The contracting business had paid well. He ought to give up the old home and move to a good one—on Lawrence avenue. Yes, Lawrence avenue was one too good for him. With his money, and his son Dan principal of the school—certainly he couldn't go on living in the old home.

Besides, Mike was having admirers, and how could they go to visit her, there? What would they think of her? What chances would she have?

The children pestered Mike and their mother. Mike was willing to move. "It's for the children's sake, Kitty," he said.

"I can't give up my home. I won't give it up for the finest house on Lawrence avenue," mourned Kitty.

But she was persuaded. In the end the new house began to go up. Tenderly Kitty swept and dusted the old home after that. It was like tearing her up by the roots, that razing two blocks down the street to Lawrence avenue.

In the end she fell sick and had to be taken to the hospital. "She's grieving for the old home," everybody said. Mike knew it—but what could he do with the children pestering him? "Kitty, girl, we'll stay," he said, and he sat at his wife's bedside. "I'll stay in the old house."

"No, no, Mike, we've got the children to think of," answered Kitty. "They will have to live in our old age even without getting married, if we stay on there. And Dan—it isn't fair to Dan."

Mike went out shaking his head, but next day when he called he was radiant.

"Maybe it won't be as bad as you think, Kitty ashore," he said mysteriously.

Kitty looked at him. She knew her husband's manner portended something, some surprise. What could it be? What surprise could take the place of the old home?

"When you're well we'll have good times in the new house, Kitty," Mike would say. "Sure it's a jewel of a house. You'll forget all about the old home then, Kitty."

"Forget it? Kitty wept secretly. She would have wanted to die, still there, were the children—children still in her mind, though a man and woman grown. For their sake she must get well.

And at least the day came when she was taken out of the hospital in a taxi. As the vehicle passed the site of the old home Kitty looked and saw only an empty patch of ground. The tears sprang to her eyes. So already they had pulled down the old home. They hadn't told her that, they had spared her. Never again would she see the old house.

And now the taxi was speeding up Lawrence avenue. And here was the new home—an ugly, solid building of red brick. Kitty looked at it and shuddered. How she hated the new home! How could it ever take the place of the old?

How could she enjoy sweeping and dusting that brick monotony? Years and years it took to make a home.

"Kitty, girl!" Mike was taking her by the arm. "Come round at the back. I've something there to show you."

Kitty gasped. At the back of the new house stood the old home, complete. She uttered a cry. "Mike, darling!"

"Sure I had the old home moved, Kitty. It's our home as long as we live—and the new one's for the children."

Novel Float for Bathers
A novel float for supporting bathers in water by encircling their bodies is made of waterproof material filled with light packing and has an image of an animal's head in front.

Small Denomination
Benham—Everything he touches turns to money.
Mrs. Benham—if he touched you, I suppose you would turn to a German mark. —New York Sun and Globe.

To Develop Arid Lands
The Mexican government has decided to spend about \$3,000,000 on an irrigation project to develop several million acres of arid lands in Chihuahua, Durango and Coahuila.

New Plates Invented
A new kind of printing plates have been invented for photographing.

ODD LAW CODE OF OLD HITTITE TRIBE

Translations Disclose Many Facts About Ancients.

Philadelphia. — Translations of a code of laws by Dr. George A. Barton, professor of Semitics at the University of Pennsylvania, are disclosing many facts about the Hittites, a tribe driven out of Palestine by the Israelites.

The tablets of laws, containing about 200 sections in all, of which but 15 are missing, form part of a find made in 1906 by Prof. Hugo Wencker in Cappadocia, Asia Minor.

The tablets, Doctor Barton said, were probably written between 1370 and 1320 B. C., during the reign of Subiluliuma and his successor, Mursili. His researches, he said, prove the language of the Hittites to have common roots with Greek and Latin.

"The Hittites," said Doctor Barton, "were an agricultural people, holding lands from the king or from cities with certain feudal obligations. Bardity is provided for in the code. Provision is even made for distribution of the plunder."

"The laws deal with almost every sort of offense—assault and battery, separation of wife and husband and breaking engagements. When a man and wife decided to separate, the house was divided and the children, with the exception of one, went with the father."

"The people were great raisers of bees. The code provided that anyone guilty of stealing bees should be punished by being stung to death."

"All prices were regulated by law. The charge for bronze axes, kettles, domestic animals and even wages is specified."

Pacific Coast Swept by Dangerous Storms

Los Angeles, Cal.—A danger sign was hung out over parts of the Pacific coast when little weather information has been published when Dr. Stephen S. Visher of Indiana university gave members of the American Meteorological society meeting here recently figures on the number of hurricanes sweeping those waters.

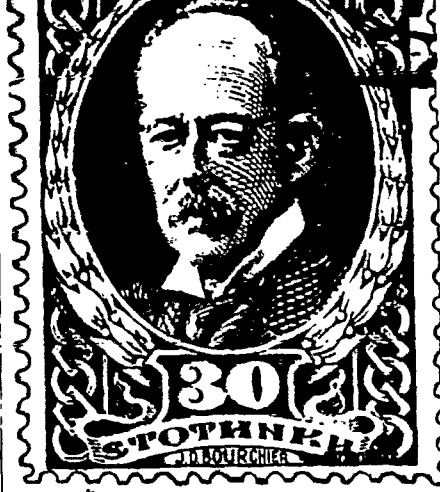
On the average two or three violent cyclones occur annually off the west coast of Mexico and Central America, he said. There are few islands between Hawaii and Mexico, and relatively few ships passed that way before the Panama canal was opened. The Panama canal has been written about the storms in that region and now it is very desirable that the danger be known.

The central Pacific likewise is not without dangerous storms. Doctor Visher said, although few appear to attain the hurricane violence that is the case in the eastern and western parts of the ocean. About twenty-seven cyclonic disturbances have occurred in tropical latitudes between longitudes 140°W and 140°E in the last three years. Of these an average of three a year were accompanied by gales.

Honolulu, which is reputed not to have severe storms, nevertheless suffered from a wind of 56 miles an hour in January of this year.

British Journalist Honored in Bulgaria

In recognition of his devotion to and championship of the Bulgarian cause, the government has issued a stamp bearing the portrait of J. B. Bourchier, a British journalist who resided in Bulgaria for 33 years.



Atlantic City, N. J.—Falling asleep in his bed while smoking a cigarette, Clarence Hann, of Atlantic City, was seriously burned. Neighbors smelled smoke and rescued Hann from his burning bed.

Two States Double Wealth in Ten Years

Washington.—The wealth of Michigan and Maine more than doubled in the decade from 1912 to 1922, but Maine's per capita wealth showed a larger increase than that of Michigan. Statistics for those states were issued by the census bureau.

Michigan's wealth at the close of 1922 was \$11,340,150,000, an increase of 116.7 per cent over 1912. The per capita wealth was \$2,983, an increase of 59.5 per cent.

Maine's wealth was \$2,006,531,000, an increase of 100.1 per cent. The per capita wealth was \$2,583, an increase of 4.1 per cent.

ISLE OF SOLID IRON IN PACIFIC OCEAN

Koolan, Off Northwest Australia, Has Great Harbor.

Melbourne.—Far away, off the north-west coast of Australia, 2,000 miles from any city of importance and many hundreds of miles from the nearest white habitation, is a spot destined to play an important part in the future of the British empire, writes a contributor to the Melbourne Argus, describing Koolan Island, a veritable lump of solid iron resting on the sea.

This island lies in the Yampi sound and is only thirty or forty miles off the regular sea routes of western Australia—a nugget of black ore, estimated to contain 70,500,000 tons of the metal, probably much more valuable as an actual asset than all the gold that has ever been mined in Australia.

The writer, whose account deals at length with a trip to Koolan Island which he had just completed, is not only impressed with the material aspects of this newly discovered additional wonder of the world, but speaks of the beauty of the tropical sea wherein this treasure lies. He speaks of its "untouched loveliness," and says he felt like one of "those early pioneers who, first entering Sydney harbor, had revealed to them one of the most majestic of God's handiworks, unmarred by the suburban builder and the advertising agent."

Three White Men Slain.
"Parts of the island," he continues, "carry a fair amount of medium-sized timber and a number of flowering shrubs somewhat similar to the hibiscus."

He noticed a variety of bird life, but no sign of human occupation, although it has been established that natives do from time to time, visit the island from the mainland. It is said that some years ago three white men who had gone out prospecting were murdered by the aborigines in this vicinity. When, later, their boat was discovered, it was found to contain a quantity of rich, gold-bearing stone, but it still remains a mystery where they collected it.

Koolan Island, which is seven miles long in an eastern and western direction, with a maximum breadth of three miles at its eastern end, is 670 feet high near its center, and rises almost sheer from the sea. It is one of several islands almost parallel to the mainland, forming a magnificent harbor, perhaps ten miles long by a mile wide, with deep water everywhere, sheltered from all prevailing winds. Here in time of war, says our observer, a fleet might find shelter, but preferably it is here that a fine mercantile harbor might be established as part of the development of Australia's great but at present almost empty "Norwest."

The outcrop of iron ore, which forms the crest of a ridge on the southern side of the island, is in many places 100 feet thick and of apparently all solid metal. A very large part of this ore could be obtained without the expense of removing any "overburden." Our observer says:

"This is a mining project from which conjecture and uncertainty have been almost entirely eliminated; the very unusual and complete exposure of the ore bodies in the wonderful soil sections available make it possible to dispense with a great deal of preliminary work, and attack the lode with such certainty that both quality and quantity can safely be regarded as already proved. One can actually see and handle the ore bodies in the cliff along the whole length, and for a depth of as much as 60 feet."

The estimate of experts: 78,500,000 tons refers only to the ore obtainable above the high water mark, mostly by open quarrying. Intensive mining might even double the quantity of ore available. Thus Koolan island ranks high among the great iron deposits of the world from the point of view of magnitude. It belongs to the class of bedded hematite deposits of sedimentary origin, which comprise about two-thirds of the total known iron reserves of the world.

The Koolan beds are believed to extend under the sea, and may even cover an area of several hundred square miles; and as it is the geological nature of this class of deposit to be large in linear dimensions, experts state there is every reason to believe that if mining operations should be begun on Koolan an average grade of 60 to 75 per cent of metallic iron could be depended upon for many years.

"Analyses of four samples taken from Koolan Island," concludes the contribution to the Argus, "showed the presence of 94 per cent, 92 per cent, 95 per cent and 97 per cent, respectively, of ferric oxide, while of those two most harmful ingredients of iron stone, sulphur and phosphorus, there was of the former no trace at all and of the latter 4 per cent, 3 per cent, .33 and .32 per cent, respectively."

"To realize the value of this deposit one should compare the analysis of some well-known hematite iron ores. Lake Superior yields 59.45 per cent of metallic iron, Newfoundland, 51.85 per cent; Cuba, 57.90 per cent; France, 57.28 per cent; England, 48.84 per cent; Spain, 50.56 per cent; China, 60 per cent to 62 per cent; India, 64 per cent to 69 per cent; and Algiers, 43.65 per cent to 57.10 per cent."

"The situation of Koolan Island, with deep water to within a few feet of the lode, makes for easy working on a large scale. So favorable is the situation that with very little trouble the ore could be sent direct from an open-cut quarry into the ship's hold without intermediate handling."

BRITISH EMPIRE'S FAIR AT WEMBLY

Visitors to See England's Colonial Policy in Review.

Washington.—For eight months the British empire, counting one-fourth of the people of the world, will be put under the microscope when the British Empire exhibition opens at Wembley, England, in April. More than 30,000,000 people are expected to inspect the world-girdling colonial union transported to England in miniature.

"After walking down a street of Hongkong, China, a sightseer in the London suburb next summer can cross the roadway to visit a native West African village," says a bulletin of the National Geographic society from its headquarters at Washington.

"At the end of the street a duplicate of India's wondrous Taj Mahal will point its minarets into London's fogs, yet from this Mohammedan temple of temples to a Burmese pagoda will be only a few steps. Palm trees of Borneo may throw shadows over a Labrador Eskimo hamlet."

Every dominion and the mother country itself is to have a separate building to tell its story. Australia's 3 1/2-acre palace will be surrounded with trees and shrubs of that island; continent's native flora. Canada, South Africa, Rhodesia, India and others small and large, in turn will bring the essence of their plains and hills to Wembley.

"But to the discerning the fruits and products of the dominion will be secondary to the fruits of England's 300-year-old colonial policy in full panorama. The British world's fair will prove that the Stuart king's idea of a colony producing raw materials which the mother country exchanges for manufactured products was successful."

"This is the pageant of human activity the exhibit will present. One by one British colonial states will step forward and say: 'I control the world's supply of this. More than 50 per cent of that comes from my soil.' Malay states will tell the story of rubber and tin; South Africa of diamonds; India of jute, manganese, shellac, spices; Ceylon of tea, sugar and copra; Canada of asbestos, nickel, silver, wheat and lumber; Australia and New Zealand of wool and mutton; South Africa, Australia and Canada of gold; and so the parade will go.

Britain's Greatest Competitor.
"Some major products are conspicuous by their absence. Many of those missing are found in the United States. Another significant fact not apparent from the exposition is that the United States is the greatest competitor of England in the fields of manufactured exports of machinery and cotton cloth. England, even with a world empire still leans heavily on the United States for raw cotton, tobacco, corn, pork and for much beef, though she imports vast quantities of this staple from South American states and Australia. She requires American petroleum, pig iron, vanadium, lead, zinc, sulphur and phosphate.

"England's colonies have done their part. Has England played its role according to the old 'mercantilist' role, as mill for its dominions? For Ceylon's contribution, she exchanged last year, iron and steel goods from penknives to milk crushers, textiles, tobacco, coal, paper (made from Canadian forests) and soap containing 10 per cent of her export products are said to go to empire colonies.

To "Sell" Colonies to Empire.
"Australia's exhibit plans are typical of the efforts of every British colony and dominion to 'sell' itself to the rest of the empire. For eight months the island continent will have a 'Little Australia' at Wembley. Agriculture, forestry, mineral and pastoral products, education, health, town planning and art will each be allotted a special section. A vast refrigerating plant is being installed to show all the frozen products of Australia. In one gallery a huge restaurant will serve only Australian foods. Continuous motion pictures in the basement theater will show the whole range of Australian industry and agriculture. Even Australian sheep will be sheared before spectators' eyes.

"Chicago's epoch-marking world's fair was known as the 'White City' because, unlike most fairs, all the structures were architecturally similar with their designs worked in white plaster. Britain's Wembley exhibition will also be a white city, but will not disappear as did Chicago's palaces, since all major structures are of concrete. The great stadium, largest in the world today, which will be turned over to boy scouts of the empire for the opening days, has been erected especially for the exhibition and will be a permanent convenience to nearby London. It seats 100,000 people and probably will some time see the Olympic games. Although the Empire exhibition will bring the dominions and colonies to England in miniature, it will also be a fairly large miniature since the grounds set aside cover 241 acres."

Was Left for Dead

Jewett, O.—John E. McPeck, ninety one, a captain of the One Hundred and Twenty-sixth Ohio Volunteer Infantry during the Civil war, who was left on the field of battle for dead in 1864, has died at his home here. He had been sheriff of Harrison county for two terms.

Displayed Animal Telepathy

By JAMES BLACK
(© 1924, Western Newspaper Union.)

"SAY, listen, listen!"

"Say, you go and sleep off that cough, old feller!"

"I gotta tell you something!"

"Forget it!"

The old man in the tattered coat buttoned a number of persons in vain. It was, in fact, one of the most interested crowds that had been seen for a long time. An incident had happened such as stirs the emotional fervor of every crowd. A dog had just rescued a child from the water.

A little fair-haired boy—why does tradition demand that drowning children, boys or girls, shall be fair?—had fallen into the lake, off the little pier from which he was trying to catch "minnies." He had been alone. He sank, struggling and crying. Just as he was going down for the third time—observe the popular touch again—a large black retriever dog dashed into the water.

By the time the crowd had begun to collect the dog had seized the drowning child by the collar and was bringing him ashore. Once ashore the boy was soon resuscitated and restored to his terrified mother.

Everything had gone off according to schedule. The boy was fair-haired, he sank three times, he was rescued by a dog, and he had a mother. So far all was well. And just now the enthusiasm of the crowd was being expended on the dog.

The sagacious animal shook himself in the traditional style over the nearest bystanders, and, with his tongue lolling out of his mouth, looked into their faces, saying as plainly as could be: "Thank you for your pats, but wouldn't a bone be more in order?"

Meanwhile the ragged old man with the smell of hooch on his breath was ascending more of the bystanders. He succeeded in buttonholing one man as the crowd was beginning to disperse.

"Say, did you see that?"

"Sure I saw it. What of it?"

"Say, I had a dog like that, the very image of that."

"Well, what if you did?"

"My wife was drowning. It was in a mill-race. It was all the dog could do to bring her to the shore. He was a big heavy feller, with a touch of tan on one ear."

"Well, all right; that ain't unusual, dogs saving people."

"Well, this dog acted queer. Spot was his name. You see, Spot and me had always been pals. Why, that dog knew everything I said to him—and thought, too. He could do everything except talk."

"Well, all right, but I'm in a hurry."

"He got my wife as far as the middle of the pond and let her go. She sank like a stone. Spot looked up at me with a queer look in his eye, and swam back for the shore."

"Did your wife drown?"

"Sure she did. Never came to the surface again. Folks said it wasn't the dog's fault. Most of them said it was too big a job for him. My wife was a big heavy woman."

"Well, it sounds interesting, but I—"

"Others said the feller ought to be shot. Said to dog worth his salt would let my wife go down and swim back to the shore. Acted as if he was ashamed of himself, that dog did, too. They said he ought to be shot."

"I don't think—"

"I shot him. Had to. I couldn't never hear the look in Spot's eyes afterward."

"Yes, I can understand that," said the other man, beginning to grow impatient. "And then, of course, you couldn't bear to look on the animal again after having lost your wife through him. Yes, I think you did quite right to shoot him."

"That's all right, but the reasons ain't quite the same as you're giving me, mister."

"How's that?"

"I told you that dog understood everything I thought. It was uncanny sometimes, the way he'd know what I wanted him to do. My wife and me never got along together very well. When she was struggling there in the millpond I knew it was my one chance of happiness. If she went down, and when Spot gripped her I was praying, 'Spot, let her go down! Let her go down!' That was why he looked at me the way he did."

A Choice of Evils

"Bobby," said the teacher sternly, "do you know that you have broken the eighth commandment by stealing James' apple?"

"Well," explained Bobby, "I might just as well break the eighth and have the apple as to break the tenth and only cover it."—Forecast.

All Depends

"What did she say when you proposed?"

"She said 'Come here.'"

"What does that mean?"

"Hard to tell."

"Was she laughing or crying?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

She Knew Him

Husband—One night while you were away I heard a burglar. You should have seen me going downstairs three steps at a time.

Wife (who knows him)—Why, was he on the roof, then?

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