

Guards Mails Against Fraudulent Promoters



Rust L. Simmons, chief post office inspector, whose army of 535 inspectors guards the mails against the fraudulent promoter, runs down mail bandits, robbers and holdup men, negotiates leases for post office buildings and investigates post offices to discover discrepancies in accounts and makes reorganizations for more efficient service. Mr. Simmons was born in Lake Mills, Wis., in 1865, and first served in the department in 1889 when he was appointed inspector and assigned to Denver, Colo.

Baboons Fond of Jazz; Tigers Don't Like It

Los Angeles.—Playing a waltz puts a tiger to sleep; lions come nearest to laughing when they listen to a saxophone, and baboons are almost human in their weakness for jazz, psychologists and students from several California universities and colleges have deduced.

The scientists invaded a motion-picture zoo here with a noisy orchestra and carried on numerous experiments to obtain accurate data on the reaction certain types of music might be expected to produce in various kinds of animals.

While professors and students took notes the musicians ran the gamut of melody from lullabies to jazz symphonies. Inside the cages the following results were observed:

Jazz numbers: Angered the tigers. The baboons danced to a tune built up on a once-prevalent scarcity of bananas; a brown bear went into a tantrum when confronted with a moaning saxophone. An elephant ignored the orchestra ensemble, shied at the bass viol, trumpeted at the roll of a drum, but appeared immensely pleased with the trombone.

The mountain lions were not much interested. And Mary, the ape, smoked cigarettes through the whole two-hour performance.

University Latin Class Dines as Old Romans Did

Burlington, Vt.—Something unusual in the way of a dinner was recently given when 50 students in the three upper Latin classes at the University of Vermont gathered at a Roman feast as guests of Prof. M. B. Ogle, Miss Doris Perry and Prof. L. M. Friddle of the Latin department of the university.

The guests, according to Roman custom, brought their own napkins. In place of benches, upon which the Latins used to recline at meal time, the students lounged upon cushions on the floor. A course dinner was served to them upon plates and they used their fingers and spoons.

Prior to the dinner bowls of scented water and towels were passed. At the conclusion of the second course a libation to Jupiter was drunk from a loving cup. Three Latin songs were sung by the students at the end of the dinner. Menu cards were written in Latin.

Gray Moss in Northwest Warning of Fire Danger

Washington.—The heavy gray moss which grows in the Douglas fir regions of the Northwest is being used by United States forest service experts to indicate the danger of an outbreak of forest fires.

The amount of moisture in this moss promptly changes with the slightest change in the amount of moisture in the air. By placing a quantity of the moss on a balance with a pen arm attached, changes in relative humidity are recorded satisfactorily.

By close observations in this way, the approach of such exceptional dryness and possible fire losses can be detected.

Bees Keep Tenants Out

Sacramento, Cal.—Entrance to the Y. M. C. A. building was blocked for more than an hour recently when a swarm of bees congregated on the awning over the doorway. The bees held the fort until an unidentified man, armed with a torch and necessary equipment, induced the queen bee to take up quarters in a hive. The rest of the subjects followed the queen.

Would Let All Have a Chance to Make Good

By MILDRED C. GOODRIDGE

DAVID ROSS had received a heavy blow financially and to his affections as well. He was an odd, silent old fellow, but when an impulse swayed him he carried it to the full limit.

Thus he had done with the son of an old-time friend now dead—Vance Peters. Mr. Ross had formerly operated a little shop in Virden, given to the manufacture of hardware specialties. He took a fancy to young Peters and retired from the business in his favor. He still retained ownership of the business, but gave Peters full sway, asking only a monthly statement of the business.

One night the shop burned down and Vance Peters disappeared. Within twenty-four hours it was known that he had been embezzling money. The day after the fire Mr. Ross sat at home gloomily immersed in thought. His adopted daughter, Elsa, watched his mood pityingly.

"Father," she spoke finally, "do not let this trouble distress you." "If I had followed your advice I should have been better off," was the frank reply. "You never liked Vance, you believed that he was deceiving me, and you were right. For one thing I am sincerely thankful! That is that I did not urge the wish of my heart that you and Vance should make a match of it."

"I find that Vance had little or no system in the business," Mr. Ross told Elsa. "He had a bookkeeper, and under manager and a traveling man. They were all here this morning to learn what the prospects were of the plant starting up again."

"Why are you thinking of that, father?" asked Elsa in some surprise.

Rogers, the bookkeeper, turned out to be quite an exquisite. He lay around smoking and reading in a comfortable hammock most of the time, but was always on hand for his meals. The old assistant manager, Mahon, devoted most of his time to hanging around the village billiard hall. Both borrowed money from Mr. Ross, who entered to their necessities and studied them.

Young Bert Delancy was restless and out of sorts the first day he arrived.

"See here, Mr. Ross," he said in his independent off-handed way, "you're a generous-hearted old man, but I'm no sponge. I don't see why three husky fellows like us should be dependent on you."

"Don't you want to resume your old position when we start up business again?" inquired Mr. Ross.

"Surely, but I'm not born to be idle." "Ah, right; I'll make a new bargain with all three of you fellows. There's a big garden to take care of, there's a crowd to saw and all kinds of odd jobs about the place. Put in your time about them and I'll pay a fair price for the service."

Rogers regarded his well-manicured hands and the rough garden tools, hugged his shoulders and betook himself to his hammock.

Mahon tried clearing some brush, got a few thorns in his fingers and tied him to cure and iveries for solace. Bert pitched in forthwith. He mended the broken fences. He made the straggly garden look as if an expert had gone over it. One morning Mr. Ross came out to find him with saw and buck tackling a four-cord pile of stove wood.

The old man's eyes twinkled secretly. That evening when work was suspended, he stole out to the woodpile and put a little clinking bag way under the last log of the heap.

Bert rather liked the task. The wood was just behind the kitchen where the fairy-like form of pretty winsome Elsa constantly flitted. Several times she brought the worker a glass of cool lemonade and then they had an enjoyable chat together.

"See here Mr. Ross," said Bert, two days later. "That wood is all sawed and I found this little bag under the last log."

"Oh! you did?" chuckled the old man. "What's in it, now?"

"A dozen gold half eagles." "That so?" chirped the old man. "I reckon the fairies have rewarded you for your industry. See here, Mr. Delancy, I put them there and you're going to keep them."

"I don't like overpay—" began Bert. "There's better than that coming," announced Mr. Ross. "I've been studying you, and that ladylike bookkeeper, and that shiftless assistant manager. You can have the position if you want it."

Bert did not reply. His face grew so serious and thoughtful that Mr. Ross stared at him in wonder. "Why!" he exclaimed, "you don't mean to say you turn down that kind of a chance of a lifetime, do you?" "It depends," said Bert deliberately. "On what?"

"No—on whom," corrected Bert. "I'm a plain, blunt fellow, Mr. Ross. I'm half in love with Miss Elsa. I'll be wholly in love with her if I stay here. That might not suit you."

"Does it suit her?" challenged Mr. Ross.

"I think so, I hope so," answered Bert. "Then go and settle it with her and decide on my offer."

And an hour later Bert had accepted the position, for Elsa had accepted him.

MONUMENT TO MARK VALOR ON THE SEA

Shrine on Potomac for Navy and Merchant Sailors.

Washington.—A new shrine to American valor at sea is to take its place soon among the monuments and memorials here in the nation's capital to the great dead of America. Wrought in bronze, it will stand at the brink of the peaceful Potomac, that the river may bear with it to the sea a message of remembrance to those who have gone down in ships for the flag, whether in men-of-war or plodding merchantmen.

Across the wide river, high among the rolling Virginia hills, are the clustering shafts of Arlington National cemetery, where many who died heroic deaths rest amid their military honors. The monument will be built by popular subscription. It will cost \$300,000 or more. The site has been set aside by law and the form of the memorial itself has been decided upon by the members of the committees who are, for the most part, men who have served America on the sea.

No Such Monument. Rear Admiral Bradley A. Fiske (retired), chairman of the committee in charge, said:

"There is no such monument anywhere in the world. There is no monument that attests any appreciation by the men and women of the dangers which the men of the sea have braved or the conquest of these dangers which they have achieved. There is no visible reminder of our debt to the men of the sea which has welded widely separated countries into a coherent world."

"Though monuments to military commanders adorn selected spots in all the civilized countries of the earth, only a few monuments to naval men exist, and virtually all of these commemorate war achievements only. The long and hazardous voyages of merchant seamen who made the ocean safe for commerce and spread civilization over the earth, though told in song and story, have never received the recognition which all men know to be the highest—that of an enduring monument, erected on some exalted spot, where it can be seen of men."

"Such a tribute it is the intent of the Navy and Marine Memorial association to render the men of the sea; but it will memorialize, as well, those from whom the supreme sacrifice was not required, but who saved the same dangers as those from whom it was required, and stood equally ready to make it. It is to the countless millions who have perished by their work that they must not forget that work or neglect the men who did it."

Deserved Tribute. "So, while this monument symbolizes the grandeur of the sea, it powerfully suggests the grandeur of the seaman's art, which has made a conquest of the sea and marked a myriad of paths cross its forbidding waters. And it calls upon every one to visualize what seamen have done for him, and to pay a rightful tribute to those who, through all the dim centuries of the distant past, have gone down to the sea in ships, and have done their business in great waters."

Associated with Admiral Fiske on the executive committee are Walter F. Firth, treasurer; William Fellows Morgan, Jr., secretary; Anna M. Graham, Col. Robert M. Thompson, Col. Edward A. Simpson, Ray C. Shepherd and Herbert N. Davidson, headquarters of the committee being New York city.

The honorary national committee is headed by Secretary Wilbur of the navy as chairman, and includes Assistant Secretary Theodore Roosevelt, Admiral Leigh C. Palmer, president of the Emergency Fleet corporation; Maj. Gen. John A. Lejeune, commandant of the Marine corps, and Rear Admiral William S. Benson, U. S. N., retired, of the shipping board.

British Expert Reveals Oil Secret at Death

London.—A method of eliminating sulphur from shale oil, thus making it available for full lubricative and illuminating purposes, was discovered by Professor Burle, who recently died, apparently from overwork connected with his investigations, according to the Daily Mail.

He had been employed for years by the government in experimental work at Kimmridge, Dorsetshire, where there are considerable shale deposits, and after heartbreaking efforts discovered a process whereby he was able to reduce the sulphur content of the oil to less than 1 per cent, which was below the government's requirement.

Not satisfied with this, he continued his researches, despite warnings that he was overtaxing his health, and seemed on the eve of achieving complete elimination of sulphur when stricken with the illness resulting in his death. When virtually on his deathbed he disclosed the secret process which, if it proves applicable on a practical scale, says the paper, will open vast sources of valuable oil for Great Britain.

Deer Increasing

San Francisco.—California has a population of 800,000 to 400,000 deer, according to estimates of the California fish and game commission and the United States forest service. In the national forest alone, chiefly in northern and central California, the deer are estimated to number 185,000. The deer are increasing despite the fact that hunters each year kill 20,000 bucks and mountain lions kill at least 10,000.

MASTER CROOKS ARE SNARED BY CAMERA

Tricks to Circumvent Police Photographers Futile.

New York.—A photograph studio, the largest and most up-to-date in the world, with a clientele of more than 50,000 persons and electrical equipment for developing photographs with lightning rapidity, has become one of the most important adjuncts of the New York police department.

Tricks of criminals to circumvent police photographers have become so futile that the old-time requirement that four detectives hold a prisoner for a pose is no longer necessary. The only delay nowadays is caused by vain women who powder and rouge or by "shells" who slick their hair.

Paris police not long ago sent over here a photograph of a man named "Hussey." New York police immediately recognized the portrait as that of the notorious "Dapper Dan" Collins, despite the fact that when photographed in Paris he had turned his head forward to give a distorted image.

The so-called "diamond bank robbery," in which two bank messengers were shot to death by a gang of holdup men, was solved with the aid of the police studio. One of the gang was known, and within five hours 5,000 copies of his picture were sent to police in all parts of the country. Fingerprints accompanied the portraits. A few days later Barlow M. Diamond, one of the gang, was recognized and caught in Cleveland.

But even more striking was the case of a trusted bookkeeper who disappeared when his accounts were found to be \$20,000 short. Police sent his portrait broadcast.

Three months later, in an obscure western town, the fugitive was recognized and arrested by the town's lone motorcycle policeman.

Grant's St. Louis Home Will Be Made Memorial

St. Louis, Mo.—Dilapidated, its rafters nailed tight, its walls splattered with glaring signs, such is the present condition of the quaint brick building here in which President Grant spent several happy years of his life.

In this building the great military leader, then a lieutenant, married Miss Julia T. Dent in 1848, and here he lived for several years following his graduation from West Point, when assigned to Jefferson barracks.

Here is planned a shrine to St. Louis, a home for the memories of his life, and a headquarters for patriotic societies and organizations that care to use it.

Solicitation of relics of pre-Civil War days and later years, which will remind visitors of Grant's greatness, already has begun.

The property, acquired by John H. Gundlach of St. Louis, president of the Grant-Dent Memorial association, was turned over by him to the association and a campaign has been launched to raise \$10,000 that the old house may be restored.

Jills Outnumber Jacks by 2,000,000 in England

London.—It is well known that there is a heavy majority of the fair sex in this country—an excess of nearly 2,000,000 was revealed by the census of 1921—but little, if anything, is known as to the distribution of this surplus, says the Daily Mail. In Scotland, in Devon, there were only 844 males to 1,451 females, or over 17 of the latter to 10 of the former. At Bexhill there were 12,853 females to only 7,530 males.

But there were places where the masculine superiority in numbers was almost equally pronounced. Tisbury had only 3,651 males to 5,695 females, so that for every ten Jills there were no fewer than sixteen Jacks, while Cheriton, in Kent, had 4,200 males and only 2,784 females.

Sussex was the county with the highest proportion of females, there being 1,274 of them for every 1,000 males, while Monmouth, at the other end of the scale, had only 940 to 1,000 males.

Charon Runs Ferry in Valley of Tennessee

Cornland, Miss.—Charon has been found. His name is John Schofield. The River Styx, in this case, is Coney Fork at the foot of the Tennessee mountains far from the towns and cities.

Few roads have been cut through the mountains and the sparsely settled country provided mainly horseback trails. The cemetery of the county is some ten miles from the center of population on a plateau girdled by towering hills.

"Uncle John," as Mr. Schofield is best known, holds two flat bottom boats/lashed together, in readiness for the last journey of his neighbors. On the bottom of one boat rests the coffin and in the other the dead man stands and guides the twin craft down the fast-running stream. The funeral party follows on foot along the banks.

Uncle John also furnishes the coffins. They are hand-made and hand-polished and are highly prized by bereaved families.

He also is a bee raiser. His surplus of honey is stored in his surplus of offins.



WITCH TEG'S SON

YACO, the son of old Witch Teg, who lived in the mountain side, wanted to be rich. He did not want to live in a cave with his witch mother, though she did everything within the power of her magic art to make him happy.

It was not, however, in the power of Witch Teg to give gold to her son, or to any one else.

Stones she could change into animals or mountains into rocks and trees, and it was whispered she had changed more than one into the shape of a wild animal.

So when her son asked for gold that he might become rich and live in a



palace, Witch Teg knew she could not grant his wish.

There was one thing she could do, and that was to help him get money, and this she did by changing the big rocks around her mountain cave into fat pigs, which Yaco drove to the market and sold for gold.

Soon the gold began to pile up in the corner of the cave, for Yaco's pigs were then found in the market and brought the highest prices.

"Good I will be a rich man, mother," said Yaco one day, "and I shall live in a palace, and when you see me riding in my coach with four splendid horses you will be proud of your son."

Witch Teg listened with downcast eyes for the words he understood that this talk was but a dream, but he would not leave her as soon as he wished enough to satisfy his greed.

A great commercial enterprise was developing about the cave, and many a motor and a great many horse-drawn wagons were passing up the mountain side, and the ancient proprietor stood upon the verge of a great fortune was thinking of spending a good deal of money.

The last of the summer of the old man's life, finally the count was up, and the money was ready.

"Pop, you're wanting time here," said the merchant, "come with me and I'll make you head bookkeeper of my department store."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

It is all very simple, and the money was ready. The old man was reported last March that he had made a fortune of \$100,000 and had moved to the city.

He had gathered during a journey to the head waters of the Amazon, and had sold to the government of Brazil the rights to the gold mines of the region.

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