GRAND OPERA WINS PORTLAND AUDIENCE

Italian Company Delights With Fine Voices, Scenery and Orchestra.

"AIDA" SUNG BEAUTIFULLY

Opening of Season at Baker Theater Finds Great Audience; Miss Katherina Lynbrook Wonderful in Title Role of Production.

"AIDA."
Italian Grand Opera in Three Acts, by Verdi, and Presented at the Baker Theater.

Aida.....Katherina Lynbrook
Amneris.....Luisa Cecchetti
Radames.....Eugenio De Folco
Amonasro.....Filippo Benyan
Ramphis.....Olinto Lombardi
The King.....Umberto Rovere
A messenger.....Aristide Neri

BY JOSEPH MACQUEEN.

Success in every particular—voices of principals and chorus, playing of the orchestra, fine scenery and audience that taxed the capacity of the house, and abundance of applause—crowned the opening performance of The Italian Grand Opera Company Thursday night at the Baker Theater.

"Aida," the most opulent and glittering of the latter Verdi operas, received an adequate presentation. It was really a notable performance of Italian grand opera in America at popular prices, and we would have to travel far to find its equal.

Company Well Balanced.

Mario Lambardi has succeeded again in bringing under his direction a talented and well-balanced opera company. He has brought opera to our doors at a "poor man's" price, yet there is nothing poor about the staging and singing of "Aida." Taking last night as an example and experiment, it looks to me that Mr. Baker should have no difficulty in giving us in Portland an opera season that will not only be a home event, but a red-letter one.

The scenery and costumes are new and ornate, the former having been recently received from Italy. The scenery used in the first scene of act four is remarkable for its artistic beauty and skillful treatment of perspective. One bit of canvas is so skillfully painted that it represents a courtyard, with pillars emerging to the left, looking so natural that one could almost swear that these columns projected.

"Aida" in Right Hands.

Miss Katherina Lynbrook, dramatic soprano, is a young Nordica in the making, and she is destined for starry heights in public estimation. She was a realistic "Aida," and looked the barbaric princess of Ethiopia to perfection. Verdi, in creating such a romantic part, clearly meant it to be played and sung by an artist of strong, commanding personality. Miss Lynbrook is made for such a stage character. Fine looking, dramatic by instinct, tall, regal, and the possessor of a sparkling dramatic soprano, Miss Lynbrook made "Aida" a star one.

It is good to know that although she sang and acted the part of an Ethiopian princess, and with facility used the Italian tongue, she is one of ourselves. She is an American girl, and belongs to New York. She has only been 16 months on the professional stage. She was educated in singing and opera, in Italy, and so rapidly has she succeeded in winning recognition as an artist that she was recently a court singer in Germany, about the time that the war broke out. She at once hurried home to America. Her singing is a treat, especially in the upper register.

De Folco Brave Figure.

Radames, the successful and dashing Egyptian General, is the leading character in this opera. Much depends on him for its dramatic weight, and in this instance it is lucky that the Lambardi people have as its dramatic star tenor Eugenio de Folco, of Florence, said to be a descendant of the great Italian poet, Dante.

De Folco is a brave figure as Radames, and he invests it with rare dignity. His voice is clear and sparkling, and high-set. Last night he sang the high C in alt. in "Celeste Aida," and so much did the audience like his rendition of this celebrated number that De Folco had to repeat it. His repetition was equally successful. De Folco and Lynbrook would make an ideal Radames and Aida, were he just one bit taller—but where is the mortal who can regulate his height?

Bass Pleases Audience.

Lombardi, bass, made a powerful and manly Ramphis, and it is a joy again to hear such a deep, sonorous voice in opera.

Luisa Cecchetti, as Amneris, daughter of the King of Egypt, has a fine mezzo soprano voice which she uses with much skill. She looks the part of Amneris, and is an actress of much charm.

Luigi Cecchetti is orchestral conductor, and he handles the musical forces with skill and artistic success.

Tonight, the opera is Verdi's "Traviata."

OPERA ATTENDED BY SOCIETY

Dress Appears Secondary Consideration at Event.

Without any apparent preparation or much comment, society folk at the eleventh hour decided to attend the opening of the opera season at the Baker Theater last night. The house was filled with smartly-attired women and their attractive escorts, all intent on the music and the artists. The fact that dress was a secondary consideration left little or no time for discussion of anybody's gown or jewels. True, the loge parties, one of which was given by Hugh Hume and the other by Mr. and Mrs. Wheelwright, scintillated from the midst of the lovers of the music for their festive rainment. In both parties the affair was preceded by a dinner. Street attire in most cases was evident, in others pretty, simple little dinner frocks were in order and the boxes held a representative gathering of men and women from the social ranks, who chose to devote their energies to the opera rather than bother to get into evening clothes.

Mr. and Mrs. Wheelwright's guests were Mr. and Mrs. John G. Edwards, Dr. and Mrs. Holt C. Wilson and Miss Sullivan, who is their house guest. Mr. Hume's party included Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Ainsworth, Mr. and Mrs. J. Andre Fouilhoux. Miss Constance Piper entertained a group of friends in one of the second boxes, and Mr. and Mrs. James Heilig and daughter also occupied one of the west boxes, another being held by Mrs. Rose Coursen-Reed and party.

Among those in the pit of the theater were Dr. A. M. Cumming, Miss Shanna Cumming and Miss Leslie Smith; Mr. and Mrs. John Emerson Cronan, Mrs. R. W. Schmeer, Mr. and Mrs. John F. Logan, Mrs. George L. Baker, Miss Dorothy Shoemaker and sister, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Hart, Dr. and Mrs. Arthur W. Chance, Dr. and Mrs. Alan Welch Smith, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. S. Wood and Mr. and Mrs. George Kirkham Smith; Mr. and Mrs. Samuel M. Mears and Mrs. W. D. Washburn, of Minneapolis; Paul Deady, Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Cook, Mr. and Mrs. Wells Gilbert, Mrs. C. E. Grelle and Mrs. W. B. Mackay, Mr. and Mrs. Hartridge Whipp, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. T. Bushong, Mrs. James H. Murphy and Mrs. Paul E. Froehlich, August Berg, Mr. and Mrs. A. Heilbruner, Mrs. M. Leavenson and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Ambrose M. Cronin, Mrs. Thomas Carrick Burke, Frederick V. Holman, Dr. and Mrs. Wiley Woodruff, Edmund Elton, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar E. Coursen, Miss Geraldine Coursen, A. Montrazza, John T. Whalley, George A. Story, Dr. and Mrs. M. C. Murdo, Charles Huggins, Walter Wolfe, Mr. and Mrs. M. Delahunt, Mr. Farrington and Mr. Page, of Astoria; Thad Vreeland, Mrs. Charles Kahn and Jacob Kahn, Dr. Ralph Walker, Colonel and Mrs. R. E. Montgomery, B. B. Beekman.

Many of the singers had a large following of friends and relatives in the balconies, whose artistic souls were in attune with their brother artists in the beautiful opera, "Aida." At the close of the opera, merry, chatty little groups of friends supped at the grills, others adjourned to the homes of their hosts and had delicious suppers.

MILK CRITICS END MEET

INSPECTORS DISCUSS WORK AT FINAL BANQUET OF SESSION.

Governor Speaks of State Problems, Vancouver, B. C., Is Chosen and Officers Are Elected.

A sumptuous banquet in the Elizabethan room of the Imperial Hotel Thursday night brought the two-day convention of the Northwest Association of Dairy and Milk Inspectors to a close.

E. L. Thompson, president of the Cloverhill Dairy Farms, presided as toastmaster. The speakers were Dr. D. W. Mack, F. H. Bothell, assistant in market and milk inspection for the United States Department of Agriculture, Tacoma office; A. N. Henderson, assistant milk inspector, Seattle; R. L. Sabin, owner of the Sabin dairy; O. M. Plummer, vice-president of the Union Stockyards; Robert Ireland, manager of the Portland Pure Milk Company; Dr. M. B. Marcellus, city health officer; Professor T. W. MacDonald, of Victoria, Livestock Commissioner of British Columbia; Dr. Wall, health officer of Tacoma; Mrs. Sarah H. Evans, E. C. Calloway and others.

Earlier in the day Governor Withycombe told of the dairy conditions in Oregon and their development. Dr. L. G. Stickney discussed the problem that confronts the Health Bureau in controlling the one and two-cow dairies in the city. Politics, he said, played a serious part in enforcing ordinances and presents a serious question to a health officer.

Dr. Schrock, Deputy Dairy and Food Commissioner, spoke of the advantages gained by attending the National convention of dairy and food inspectors, laying stress on the educational features, scientific and practical.

Robert Ireland, manager of the Portland Pure Milk Company, talked on the city's milk supply in the future. He said that there is a milkman to every 12 houses and urged co-operation in the matter of distribution. He said that he believed that the future milk supply of cities would be either certified or pasteurized.

The following officers were chosen for the ensuing year: President, Professor T. W. MacDonald, Victoria, B. C.; first vice-president, Dr. Wall, city health officer of Tacoma; second vice-president, Dr. D. W. Mack, Portland; secretary and treasurer, A. N. Henderson, of Seattle Board of Health. Vancouver, B. C., was selected for the next meeting, which will be held in February.

GRESHAM FACULTY NAMED

Elmer F. Goodwin Chosen Principal of New Union High No. 2.

Elmer F. Goodwin, principal of the Brownsville, Or., high school, was elected principal of Union High School No. 2, to be established at Gresham, at a meeting of the directors of the union district Thursday. Mrs. Nellie M. Wade, of Portland, and Miss Vaughn McCormick, of Eugene, were elected members of the Union High School faculty, and F. A. Anderson and Miss Eva Struggles were re-elected teachers.

Election of Professor Goodwin as principal separates the grammar school of Gresham from the high school. J. E. Stubbs had been principal of both grammar and high school. Owing to the fact that the schools will be a mile apart it was considered necessary to have separate faculties. The new principal will begin his duties in the new building next Fall. It will be completed in September.

MULTNOMAH FETES 1800

Professional Entertainers Provide Amusement and Feast Follows.

Thursday night's smoker at the Multnomah Club was a gala affair. Eighteen hundred were present and the gathering was most enthusiastic. The entertainment committee, of which A. H. Allen is chairman, provided an excellent programme. Local entertainers and a number of professionals from the theaters helped materially in amusing the vast throng. After the entertainers had finished, sandwiches, "hot dogs," coffee and lemonade were served, followed by "smokes."

The assemblage was then escorted to the various departments of the club, each of which had prepared special numbers. Another gathering has been scheduled for next month, with the principal event being "amateurs' night."

ROUMANIA PASSES GUNS

Shells and Artillery on Way to Turks Through Neutral State.

LONDON, April 9.—Considerable supplies of ammunition and artillery are reaching Turkey through Roumania, according to the Daily Mail's Athens correspondent.

The Roumanian Minister to Turkey is quoted by the correspondent as having said that Germany refused to deliver certain gun parts ordered some time ago by Roumania unless Roumania consented to allow Turkish shipments passage through Roumania.

John Wesley Gaines Arrested.

WASHINGTON, April 9.—John Wesley Gaines, ex-Representative from Tennessee and now secretary of the International Boundary Commission, was served today with a warrant of arrest sworn out by a Washington haberdasher, who charged that Gaines assaulted him in a Pennsylvania-avenue shop in a dispute over a fancy waistcoat.

'FOLLIES' HIT HIGH SPOTS AT HEILIG

Ziegfeld Gives Portland All and More Than New York Stood for in Great Show.

BEAUTY RARE; FUN GALORE

New "Stuff," Gorgeous Girls, Bert Williams, Vera Michelena, Anna Bennington, Errol—New York Cast for Sure in Fun Frolic.

BY LEONE CASS BAER.

It was the New York cast all right, all right!

A trio of those inevitables who "saw it in New York" sat behind me at the Heilig Thursday night and compared notes for the common people around who never get further East than Pendleton. A thin-voiced gent behind them leaned over and conversed loudly and blithely with the trio and we were taken on a personally conducted tour of observation of the "Ziegfeld Follies."

Not one thing was missing, they agreed. Once or twice a new joke that had been slipped in since it left the metropolis surprised them into silence. But when they delightedly pointed out the very rooms they occupied on the painted picture of a grand hotel on Forty-second and Broadway, then I knew that Florenz Ziegfeld, Junior, had been on the level with Portland.

For once a praise agent had told a string of truths.

Flo had withheld nothing from us.

And when I saw the beauty chorus I was more convinced that he had kept nothing whatever from us.

It's a Real Leg-itimate Show.

For the rest of the week I am strong for not uplifting the drama. With the tired business men and other hard-working individuals I want to forget what the stage really needs—or what the people want, and soak my eyes and ears and nose in the wonderful follies.

You feel just as you do when royalty rides graciously past in its coach and four, when you gaze on the multitudinous and manifold charms of the monumental merry makers. Every girl is a raving, tearing, smashing beauty and their talents are not all tied up in their twinkly toes and their gorgeous clothes.

With his chorus as a plot, Flo Ziegfeld goes on with the story.

Bert Williams Is There.

First of all there is Bert Williams, who gave us $111, 1 cent and 1 mill's worth of art last night. I figured that out myself, so it may not be correct—but anyway he gets $1000 for one week's performance.

Naturally he is superior to any of his imitators and wholly unlike most of 'em. He is quiet and slow-moving, a dyed-in-the-wool natural comedian.

With Leon Errol, who is as delightfully companionable as bad company, and a rascally comedian with a never-failing fund of tricks, the Ebon Williams has a couple of set-tos. Their comedy is convulsing in effect. That is, in the main, the most fascinating thing about the follies—after its spectacular scenic value has been noted. There's a real wit in its lines, a smoothness and humor in its jokes and lines that causes deep rumbles of laughter. It's more chortled than roared at, which is a good sign. Every word Errol, or Williams, or that remarkably-funny Ed Wynn utters, gets its snort of appreciation.

Scenic Marvels Many.

We all fairly rolled in delight. There's neither plot nor sequence of anything in "The Follies." The acts are two, and each has 3000 scenes. The first is the reception-hall in Hades, with Vera Michelena, an alluring and lovely deviless, bored to death and passing judgment on various customers in the place. An eugenic couple, a show girl, September Morn chased by the law, and a dozen like evils are sent back to earth. Arthur Deagon doubles up and we doubled up watching him, first as Jennings Ryan yodeling and later as Satan's royal chef turning one of the Ziegfeld Broilers—honestly a live chicken—on a spit.

Ed Wynn as a joke king puts in much that is new since we saw him in vaudeville.

Louise Meyers, who pounded her little wooden heels on a Holland floor in Gaby Deslys' company and who carried away the show, does it again. She has a sweet, flute-like voice, she is adorably pretty and has a dozen specialties. Anna Pennington is the dance spirit incarnate, a modern spirit with a beautiful body and wicked eyes that laugh. She, too, has specialty after specialty.

You can't describe the Follies as you would a reg'lar musical comedy, the sort we're used to. The Follies continues forever. It has marvelous tricks of mechanism. The Follies is ultimate perfection. It's incomparable, and mere printer's ink cannot tell of its decorative beauty and entertainment.

It's colorful enchantment. Aladdin's fairy palace come to life may be like it. It is worth staying away from six more shows to see this one. It will be repeated tonight, tomorrow night and at the matinee tomorrow.

QUIT KIDDIN', WILSON TOLD

Little Miss Tumulty Can't Believe It Is President Calling Her.

WASHINGTON, April 2.—Miss Mary Tumulty, eldest daughter of the President's secretary, was 13 years old recently.

The Tumulty telephone rang and Miss Mary was called. When she said "Hello," a voice on the other end of the wire replied:

"This is President Wilson. I want to congratulate you on your birthday."

"You quit kidding," said Miss Mary, "you can't fool me."

"Why, this is the President," the voice replied. "I trust you do not object to me calling you on the phone. I merely wanted to congratulate you."

Mr. Tumulty appeared and immediately assured his daughter that she was not being "kidded," but was really talking with the President of the United States, and then Miss Mary blushed.

ROTTEN EGGS IN CAKE

Government Sends Seven to Jail on Conspiracy Charge.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 3.—Seven of the men connected with the Western Egg Yolk Company and the Excelsior Baking Company, of New Jersey, who were convicted of conspiracy to violate the food and drugs act in the interstate shipment of rotten eggs, have been sentenced in the Federal Court at Trenton, N. J., to terms in prison ranging from three months to a year and a day. Hyman Lewis, Bernard Edelberg, Samuel Edelberg and Morris Sladkus received the latter sentence. Herman Zwicker and Harry Lewites six months each, and Scheir Weissman, who was recommended for mercy, three months.

Some of the defendants, it was alleged, were doing business under the name Western Egg Yolk Company and others under the name of the Excelsior Baking Company, for the purpose of purchasing eggs which had been condemned and denatured in New York City and selling them to bakers in Jersey City, N. J., in violation of the Federal food and drugs act.

In practically every shipment of eggs there are certain to be at least a few that cannot pass the candling test and are therefore discarded by dealers. The law forbids their use for human food, but permits them to be denatured and sold for technical purposes, the chief outlet being tanneries. The Western Egg Yolk Company, it was said, purchased these denatured eggs, but instead of selling them to tanneries, or finding other legitimate markets for them, removed the denaturing substance and sold them to certain New Jersey bakers for use in cheap cakes and other similar articles.

DOUBLE TRAGEDY OUT

PHONE CALL TO HOTEL CLERK REVEALS DEATH.

Husband of Erring Wife, in New York, Calls Up Employe of Hostelry, and Couple Are Found Dead.

PHILADELPHIA, April 4.—"Ting-a-ling!"

The room clerk at the Hotel Windsor picked up the phone.

"Hello! Yes, this is the Windsor Hotel, Philadelphia."

It was a man in New York who wanted to know.

"Are Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. St. Clair, of New York, registered with you?"

The clerk looked at the book and returned to the phone.

"Yes, sir," he said.

"Well," came the excited voice from New York, "if you'll go to their room you'll find them dead. I'll be over there myself before midnight. Good-bye."

The clerk ran up the stairs to room No. 26, on the second floor. The door was locked. He called the houseman. They broke in.

In the bathtub, her fingers clinging to a towel, and the soap floating in the water, lay a young woman, dead. On the floor lay a man, dead. His fingers clutched a revolver.

On the bureau lay a cent. Beside it was a note. It said:

"I am Charles C. St. Clair, 156 East 61st street, New York city. Please notify Mrs. Charles C. St. Clair, same address, 'phone 4413 Plaza. I am sorry for the trouble I am causing you. Please take care of my cane. It is valuable."

To this the man added a final, foul sentence and signed his name. Then he went to the ghastly business that had its discovery in the telephone call from New York.

At 9:30 o'clock in the morning, St. Clair, who is the owner of the Mineola Garage, New York, mailed a letter. Doubtless this was the message to the man in New York, who, it is taken for granted by the police, is the husband of the young woman. They were married on October 23 last. This much was told by the inscription on her wedding ring, the only piece of jewelry found in the room.

St. Clair and the woman went to the hotel on Saturday. They brought several bags, containing much expensive clothing. The woman was faultlessly gowned. They gave evidences of being the happiest of married couples.

In the morgue, side by side, now lay the bodies that were living beings. The woman's forehead, it was found upon examination, was shattered by the explosion of the revolver, leaving no question but that the man held the weapon against her brow and then fired. This being true, the police want to know from the man from New York if he has any idea why the woman submitted to being murdered. Her position in death indicated anything but a struggle.

St. Clair, after killing the woman, turned the weapon toward himself, pushed the barrel into his mouth, then fired.

LIFE'S PRESSURE IS HIGH

"CANNED" FOOD AND "CANNED" AMUSEMENTS ARE DECRIED.

St. Louis Archbishop in Lenten Sermon Criticises Modern Mode of Living. Many "Homeless" Today.

ST. LOUIS, April 5.—"Canned goods fed to the children in the daytime and canned amusements at night" is the reprehensible course of the average American family, according to Archbishop Glennon's comments on modern "high-pressure" living, made at the noonday Lenten service at the old Cathedral here.

"Most of our business men are dying young," said the archbishop. "People say they are working too hard. No, it is not because of the amount of work, but it is the way they have approached work. They have reached out for work with such feverish activity that the work becomes an infatuation, a passion.

"Then after the business man reaches home, the high pressure drives him out again to the theater, opera or moving pictures. He is incapable himself of diffusing any joy. He has to pay for being entertained, instead of entertaining himself.

"His wife feeds the children canned goods during the day; they go out to get canned amusement in the evening. Is that enjoyment? No, it is not helpful, not even merciful.

"It would be far more helpful and merciful for them if they went to bed after supper."

The archbishop deplored the "machine in everything."

"We have machine politics, we talk about the great war machine in Europe. That war machine is made up of human lives, thousands upon thousands of mangled corpses scattered over the fields."

The archbishop paraphrased Goldsmith's lines to read:

"Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where machinery accumulates, and men decay."

"The slave of the machine is the one who tends it. The mills of the gods grind slowly, but the modern mills of industry grind fast. They are grinding out human lives," he added.

The archbishop gave as a condition destructive of joyousness "the homeless condition of many people." He said that he supposed within a mile of the Cathedral there were not 10 homes in the old acceptance of the term.

To one of the homeless ones the archbishop recently had given a quarter.

"I found out how he spent the quarter. He spent 10 cents on the movies and 15 cents on the saloon," the archbishop said.

Robbers Beat Saloonman.

Frank Banain, saloonkeeper at Chapman and Jefferson streets, was set upon and robbed by three men who rushed on him as he was passing a blacksmith shop near the saloon, beat him with some blunt instrument and severely wounded him.

The highest mountain in Montana, Granite Peak, with an altitude of nearly 12,000 feet, is in the Beartooth National forest.

HETTY GREEN TALKS

Advice to Girls Given by Rich New York Woman.

SCORES HELPED BY WEALTH

"A Girl Has Hard Time to Be Decent on $6 a Week, but She Must Learn to Save Better Than She Does Now," Says Advisor.

NEW YORK, April 4.—Mrs. Hetty Green, who recently celebrated her 85th birthday, has given some advice to young girls in an interview. Reputed to be the richest woman in the world, she is living in a comfortable little room just off the butler's pantry in a brownstone house, in East 62d street, near Madison avenue.

A single cot, one straight-backed chair and a high old-fashioned bureau complete the furnishings. The room is heated by a small oil stove when the heat which comes through the curtained doorway is not sufficient for comfort.

"Why don't girls dress more simply?" she asked her interviewer. "Why, a young girl is the prettiest thing in the world. It makes me sick to see her beauty spoiled by silly dressing and a make-up that screams for notice, no matter where she goes. Every girl should have pretty clothes, if she can afford them. But more important by far is her ability to save the money she earns. That should be first.

"Suffrage may help a girl's wages. I sincerely hope it does. A girl has a hard time being decent on $6 a week. But she must learn to save better than she does now."

"What do you think suffrage will do for business women?" she was asked.

"I have no ideas on suffrage, she answered. "That's not my business."

Helping 58 Persons Is Business.

"I have 58 persons, including three widows and one old maid, whom I am helping, and it does my soul good to make them happy.

"My ideas of thrift are not entirely responsible for my way of dressing," Mrs. Green said, looking down at her simple gown. "I have to protect myself in some way from the public. If every one knew who I was I'd need a squad of police around me to keep off the folks who would try to sell me gold bricks.

"I remember how I laughed over the violent efforts of a man who accidentally discovered my identity when I used to cross over on the ferry every morning from Jersey. He tried for a week to get me to take stock in a Western mining venture. Lots of people think because I have money and am a woman I am necessarily 'easy,' but that again is not my idea of good business.

Quaker Simplicity Favored.

"I just want to say this," Mrs. Green remarked: "I'm a Quaker, and I believe in simplicity. No one ever makes such of a success if continually hampered with luxuries. I'm not a bit superstitious, but I do know this: If God is with me, everything I do comes out right. I never go into anything without a clear conscience in the matter. I think that's what the business world needs above everything else if it is to be the power in the country that it should become."

Mrs. Green laughed when told of a recent rumor that she was ill. "Look at me. I never felt better in my life." She leaned confidently toward her visitor as she spoke and her finger shook with a characteristic gesture.

HOLLAND MENACE IS SEEN

Germany Said to Be Preparing to Take Strip of Land.

LONDON, April 9.—A neutral correspondent of the Times, who has been traveling in Germany, says that among the German people, especially those of military rank and caste, the opinion is strong that if Germany does not take a strip of Holland during this war, the time will soon be ripe for her to take Flushing and the mouth of the Scheldt, with sufficient land on each side.

"Dutch neutrality is spoken of with the utmost contempt," says the correspondent. "Germany is making preparations on the Dutch frontier, especially on both sides of Limburg Province, in view of a possible attack."

CHURCH PIANO IS STOLEN

Arthur Conklin, Fugitive From Chaingang, Accused of Theft.

LOS ANGELES, Cal., April 9.—Artnur Conklin, alias Arthur McDowell, who recently escaped from the city chaingang, was arrested late today by the police on a charge of stealing a baby grand piano from the Second United Presbyterian Church here.

According to the police, Conklin engaged an auto truck, went to the church, informed the two truckmen that his father was "the parson" there and wanted "to get the songbox toted out."

FEAR OF WIFE DECLARED

Woman Threatened to "Shoot Up Home," Says Mate.

ATLANTA, Ga., April 1. — Emmett Hight, millionaire clubman, has filed suit for divorce.

Hight alleges he was forced to leave home and go to hospital because his wife quarreled with him.

One way she annoyed him, she alleges, was by getting a shotgun and carrying it about the house while he was confined to his bed, threatening to "shoot up" the house. At another time, he declared, she affected "two pistols," while on still another occasion Hight says she stood over him, stretched upon a bed of illness, and waved a poker at him.

The divorce suit is the culmination of long trouble between Hight and his wife. Some weeks ago Mrs. Hight filed a divorce suit, alleging her husband had turned over the control of Hight's home to a pretty trained nurse employed to wait on Hight during his illness.

Mrs. Hight was induced to withdraw the suit, and she and her husband were reconciled. The trained nurse was discharged.

"The trained nurse is responsible," said Mrs. Hight when told her husband had sued for divorce. "Otherwise he would not make such baseless charges against me. I never threatened him."

Turks Retreat in Egypt.

CAIRO, Egypt, April 9.—The following official statement was given out here today by the military authorities:

"A small body of Turkish cavalry was seen by our patrols yesterday a few miles northeast of Kantara (on the railroad midway between Port Said and Ismailia). A few shots were exchanged and the enemy retreated. There were no casualties on either side.

"All aeroplane reconnaissances show there are no bodies of troops within reach."

Cruel to Smoker.

Judge.

"Now this," said Skinflynte, "is the cigar I smoke myself. Just try it, and tell me what you think of it."

Buttles lit the weed and took two puffs.

"Ha! Hum!" he said, with a slight cough. "Fine! What are you trying to do, Skinny—break yourself of the smoking habit?"