FOREIGN CAPITALS AND OTHER CITIES CONTRIBUTE GOSSIP

GREAT BRITAIN IS AGITATED OVER NATIONAL AERIAL PERIL

Aviation and Naval Experts Join Political, Army and Journalistic Leaders in Lively Discussion of Question.

BY NORMAN H. MATSON.
(Copyright, 1922, by The Oregonian.)

LONDON, Aug. 5.—(Special Cable.)—It is evident that the agitation for the world's biggest aerial striking force for Great Britain has just begun and that it has the active support of many of the empire's political, military and journalistic leaders.

Lloyd George's announcement in commons last Thursday that 500 planes were to be built at once for "home defense," is a step in the gigantic programme. It will be recalled that the Washington conference placed no limit upon airplane construction.

A very determined effort is being made to worry London into a case of air nerves; one cannot open a morning paper these days without being startled by headlines such as "Peril of the Air" and "London in Danger," as well as realistic drawings of dreadnaughts flying to pieces under a rain of bombs from planes. Air and naval experts are daily detailing the pros and cons of the situation.

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The immediate discussion was stimulated to its present vehemence by the government's proposal to spend $50,000,000 on the two new battleships authorized at Washington. Early in July torpedo planes made a sham attack on the Atlantic fleet. The experiment was inconclusive because the ships made no attempt to defend themselves, but aerial enthusiast declared that it definitely proved the dreadnaught to be a back number. What happened, apparently (no official report has been issued), was that the airmen attacked through a smoke screen of their own creation and in 45 seconds made 10 hits. Further experiments will be made and planes will drop real bombs on an obsolete battleship. Huge expenditure on superdreadnaughts before thorough and conclusive experimentation has been made, are distinctly unpopular.

Another phase of the controversy is the attack by powerful naval and military interests against the present policy of a separate air ministry and a separate air force. The critics declare that in three years the present policy has resulted in the loss of air supremacy. They would split the air service into branches subordinate to the military and naval organization.

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The parliamentary air committee recently submitted its report, urging the necessity for building up the air force and for encouraging aerial navigation. Here are the characteristic statements:

Admiral Sir Percy Scott: "The country has never before been open to attack like this. It is a most serious situation. Our air defense has been neglected in building, development and personnel. In the words of Viscount Curzon, 'it is rotten to the core.'"

General Sir Frederick Sykes, founder of the royal flying corps: "It is by no means clear to me that the results attained in the tests would be the same had the warships used their guns to beat off the attack. I am satisfied that a single aeroplane would not be a match for the concentrated fire of a warship but a number of aeroplanes could probably effect their purpose and destroy the ship without difficulty."

Lord Montague, member of the war air committee during the war: "England is no longer an island and half the justification of the navy to keep our shores inviolate has now disappeared. It was not in the past able to stop air raids and wholesale destruction and in the future bombing on a gigantic scale of London and other vital places, the destruction of our means of communication and the blowing up of the factories engaged in making war materials will be the first object of the enemy, while navies and armies are mobilizing or remaining in a state of stalemate. In the next war to all these horrors will be added the horror of bombs on a huge scale, poison gas and the subsequent paralysis of most of our civilized life and of the nation's resources."

C. G. Grey, editor of the Aeroplane: "The attacking force will probably consist of three types—fighting, bombing and torpedo planes. The fighting machines will attack the crews of defensive anti-aircraft munitions with machine gun fire and possibly small bombs; the bombing machines will drop enormous bombs, say of 4000 pounds, sufficiently near the battleship to blow it pretty well out of the water and probably break its back; the torpedo machines will appear from 10,000 feet at 250 miles an hour and discharge their torpedoes. I can't see that a battleship would be much use under such conditions."

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While there is much criticism for the air ministry there is none for Britain's designers. The Sea Lion II, built secretly at Southampton, will represent Great Britain at the Schneider cup flying boat race in Naples next month. It is 25 feet in length and 28 feet from wing to wing tip and is said to be the fastest air boat in the world.

An official test shortly will be made of a huge cargo-carrying triplane, designed to transport war stores or commercial loads by night or day. It is unique in that it is equipped with a central engine room, in which are installed a number of separate engines capable of developing a total of 1000 horsepower. The designers claim they have practically eliminated the risk of forced landing through engine trouble.

NEW YORKERS HAVE WEEK CROWDED WITH INTEREST

Brooklyn Bridge Dispute, Flo Ziegfeld's Start Home, and Mathilde McCormick's Sailing Have Town Agog.

BY JESSE HENDERSON.
(Copyright, 1922, by The Oregonian.)

NEW YORK, June 5.—(Special.)—What with the Brooklyn bridge sagging, the disputing over whether it is still safe for 100 years or for 30 days, the Brooklyn Rapid Transit subway flooded by a broken water main, lightning knocking the corners off bungalows, and the roofs of 22-story buildings, Mathilde McCormick sailing for Europe, Flo Ziegfeld sailing for New York—this week has been practically one thing after another. Add a dramatic fire, a bird store on the rampage and the society for the suppression of vice telling the court all the awful things concealed between the lines in some recent literature, and you can see the past seven days have bulged with interest.

It truly is surprising what atrocities one can yank out of apparently innocent paragraphs in a best seller when one happens to be an agent for the society intent on suppressing vice. There is a book, for instance, translated from German, and said to have been written by a child of 12 years, which inexpressibly shocked the vice agents.

Court to Read Book.

Inexpressibly, however, is scarcely the word. It took John S. Sumner some hours to express to the magistrate the innate dreadfulness of such ideas as "kiss" and "hug," even though the national Sunday Review of the Methodist church had indorsed the volume. But the magistrate adjourned decision until he could read for himself.

Once again, it has been demonstrated that a policeman's life is not an easy one. Three patrolmen became heroes at three fires which occurred within a few hours of one another. Patrolman Heines, though only a rookie cop, got two men to hold him by the legs while he swung a woman and a boy to safety from a fire escape licked by flames. Patrolman Mandel, already a medal of honor man, later saw a woman preparing to jump from a sixth story window behind which fire was burning brightly. He shouted a warning and ran to the building next door, where he found a four-inch ledge on which he edged his way till he could grasp the woman. He swung her across the front of the building and into an open window where several were waiting to catch her.

Not very much later another rookie, Patrolman Rupple, found a woman in bed on the fourth floor of a burning house. The woman weighed 190 pounds, but Rupple fought off a bad tempered police dog and carried her down the three long flights of stairs.

Ziegfeld Coming Home.

Meanwhile, Flo Ziegfeld, who, it will be remembered, spent a lot of money and most of last week cabling to his wife, Billie Burke, that if Marilynn Miller said things about him they were probably not so—this same Flo Zeigfeld started for New York from Paris with 18 new hats for Billie. Even a dozen new chapeaux ought to be sufficient to settle most domestic disputes.

It is doubtful, however, whether Billie's 18 new hats or the new imported costumes for next season's Follies will give the customs people such a start as was handed them this week by Mr. and Mrs. W. Hignett of London, England. Hignett is European sales manager for the Troy Laundry Machinery company of Moline, Ill., and while he believes cleanliness is next to godliness, he evidently believes likewise that cleanliness without some decorative appeal is scarcely worth while.

Mr. and Mrs. Hignett accordingly made a blinding entrance into our town wearing $100,000 worth of diamonds. Perhaps this does not sound like much when you consider the national debt or the number of rabbits born each year, but customs officials are still in dark glasses recovering from the impact of their collective eyes of a 12½ carat ring worn on the Hignett left hand, a 16,000 candle-power shirt stud and a watch chain flashing with diamonds as big as cobblestones. In addition to this dazzle there were Mrs. Hignett's earrings set with three-carat diamonds, and her two finger rings that coruscated to the tune of five carats apiece.

Record Is Broken.

Mr. and Mrs. Hignett not only broke the customs people's eyes off, they also broke the record for high, broad and standing diamond display by entrants into the port of New York. They must likewise have broken the heart of Bandits' local No. 12, because what's the use stealing jewels so big you have to hire a truck to cart 'em away?

Bandits' local No. 12 is playing in hard luck, anyway, of late. It looked like a perfectly simple task for any primary class yegg to take Mrs. C. C. Babb's $400 ring from her empty bedroom and get away with it. But Mrs. Babb, who entered the room as the yegg was leaving, happened to be unsportsmanlike enough to carve him with her embroidery scissors. She had not cut more than three or four bits of eyelet embroidery on his features before he decided to go away from there, leaving the ring as he went.

It seems, too, that local flappers are encroaching on many fields hitherto sown exclusively to men's wild oats. Matherine Fleming and Anna Mullen, each aged 13, thought up a cute joke on the crew of the Majestic. Anna and Matherine crawled from beneath a lifeboat 500 miles out at sea and announced themselves as stowaways. A wireless message brought the news to the parental Flemings and Mullens, who registered annoyance but not surprise, for the girls had mentioned a desire to see Europe and had tried once before to stow away on the same vessel. Nor can you blame them for wanting to see Europe, with the weather what it is in Gotham.

Poor Jest Reveals Why Gambler Won't Laugh.

"Sorry, I've Just Lost My Wife," Says Big Winner.

BY FLOYD GIBBONS.
(Chicago Tribune Foreign News Service. Copyright, 1922, by the Chicago Tribune.)

PARIS, Aug. 5.—This intensely human story from Ostend was sent to the Tribune by one of its American readers at Ostend on July 21:

"Being an American, I am sending you this piece of news. I trust that you will publish it at your convenience without my name. Last night I witnessed a most remarkable performance in the Casino here. There was a fellow American, one of our real ones, whom we wish to apologize to. He was clean cut, well groomed, a slightly bald man about 40, with large, sad brown eyes.

"He was seated at a table with many well-known gamblers, where the play was the largest, but he seemed to know nobody at the table and spoke very little. He played cards in a most reckless and daring manner for large sums without effort and smiled sadly when he lost, but showed a stern face when he won.

"It seemed as though he wanted to lose, but could not, and the harder he tried the more he won, and his face was expressionless, excepting for the sadness which everyone noticed. He continually won large sums until 3 o'clock in the morning, when he was too tired to continue.

"The gambler got up from the table with 2,000,000 francs, and, after generously distributing large amounts to everyone around him, said good-night and walked out with a friend, the saddest big winner I have ever seen.

"The money made quite a large package, wrapped up in several newspapers, and he was followed to the door by the crowd, who congratulated him, but he quickly entered a large motor waiting nearby and instructed the chauffeur to start for Paris via Brussels.

"He looked so sad that I forgot myself and shouted: 'Smile, you lucky Yankee, smile!' and he turned to me and said: 'Sorry, old chap, I cannot. I have just lost my wife.' With that he started away and all those standing around heard and at last understood and I felt ashamed.

"I heard later that his name was Ellis, a lumberman from America. His friend called him 'Bobby.' If you can find him in Paris through the Tribune, please tell him I'm sorry for my jesting remark and wish him the best of luck for being the most generous and plucky gambler I have ever seen win.

"I'll sign this, 'The Man Who said Smile, You Lucky Yankee, Smile.'"

Station Not Divorce Bureau.

CARSON CITY, Nev.—The Nevada agricultural experiment station of the University of Nevada complains in its annual report just published that it is sometimes mistaken for a divorce bureau for farmers. "A letter received from a man in Kansas stated," says the report, "that he was having domestic difficulties and that he planned to come to Reno for the typical short sojourn. He asked the director, apparently as a friend of all farmers, to try and find him a job and to give him the name of an attorney whose advice could be relied upon and whose charges would be moderate."

HERE ARE SOME OF SOUSA'S SHOES.

—Photo Copyright by Underwood.

FAMOUS COLLECTION OF MARCH KING VALUED AT $5000.

Although this remarkable collection of shoes is insured for $5000, that amount would not cover, nor in any way meet the original cost or sentimental value attached to the 100 and more pairs of shoes of John Philip Sousa.

Begun as a fad when 16, many presented by famous admirers, and all having been worn through interesting or thrilling experiences, these souvenirs furnish inspirations that reach the public through his myriad compositions, including 170 marches, which crown him "king," and ten operas, of which the fame of either "El Capitan" or the "Charlatan" would have sufficed.

The military boots worn on 10,000 miles of march, snow-frayed tops, discernible in the picture, along with soft tan Wellington boots worn at Hunt Ball, South Sea, England. Neither of these, nor the handsomely stitched top boots, gift of the late President Roosevelt, are likely to be seen by the reader, but the next time Sousa raises his baton for your favorite march, let your glance travel where you can recognize the natty lace or formal button shoes of the picture.

HIRAM JOHNSON COULDN'T STICK ABOUT CAPITAL NOW

Colleagues in Senate Watching Battle in California—Senator, Confident as Ever, in Thick of Fight for Renomination.

BY R. T. S.
(Copyright, 1922, by The Oregonian.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 5.—(Special.)—His colleagues in the senate are watching with keen interest the battle being waged by Hiram Johnson for renomination in California. Senator Johnson has been perfectly sanguine of the result of the primaries, but nevertheless and notwithstanding he thought it just as well to go home and see that everything was all right.

"They tell you to stick here in Washington and the folks back home will look after you," said the senator some of his close friends before he departed for the west. "Several senators already have been 'looked after.' I believe the Lord helps those who help themselves."

Senator Johnson loves a battle too well to remain idle here in Washington while his friends are looking out for his interests in the old Bear state. If there is a head to crack, Senator Hiram wants to be the first one there to give it a wallop.

About the only attack being made upon Senator Johnson by his opponent, C. C. Moore of San Francisco, who was head of the Pan-Pacific exposition in 1915, is that his mind does not run along with President Harding's. The anti-Johnson people are trying to make the issue an administration and anti-administration fight, claiming that the friends of President Harding would like to see Senator Johnson beaten. They have attempted to make the relationship between Senator Johnson and the president "the issue" in the primary fight.

Copies of a statement issued by W. B. Mathews, one of the Johnson supporters in southern California, denouncing this issue, have been received in Washington. The statement is in the form of a letter addressed to Senator Johnson's opponent and among other things it says:

"You must know as I do, that the relations between the president and Senator Johnson are most cordial; that the president consults the senator on nearly every important national question, and that he has voluntarily expressed respect for Senator Johnson's sincerity in those instances when they have not been in agreement in matters of public policy.

"You undoubtedly know also, as anyone at all acquainted with official Washington must know, that the brilliant successes achieved by Senator Johnson in obtaining the highest protective tariffs ever placed upon California's principal products can only mean that he enjoys to the fullest degree the co-operation and support of the republican leaders of the senate, for they are the men whose votes and influence enabled him to carry his phenomenal tariff programme through."

Senator Johnson, by the way, has never forgotten his fealty to the progressive party of 1912. In all the official senate documents he calls himself republican and progressive.

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Speaking of politics, Washington had another thrill this week. It came with the announcement that William Jennings Bryan is to campaign in Nebraska this fall in the interest of the candidacy of his brother, Charles Bryan, for governor and to advocate the re-election of Senator Hitchcock. The healing of the Hitchcock-Bryan differences in Nebraska is one of the outstanding political incidents of this very unusual political year.

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A notable figure of the war passed into the background the past week with the retirement of General Harry L. Rogers as quartermaster of the army. General Rogers had served in that capacity during a large part of the war, being recalled from France in 1918—to assume the heavy duties and responsibilities of the great supply post. His friends inside and outside of the army made a strong but unsuccessful fight for his reappointment.

It has been said of General Rogers that with the exception of General Pershing himself there is no army officer better known among the men who served in France. His feeding and clothing of the vast overseas army, 3000 miles from its base, was a feat such as the world had never known before. General Rogers was picked by General Pershing from among the younger officers of the army to go to France on his merit and record in the way that Pershing picked all of his generals, regardless of age, position or political influence.

When he returned from France to become quartermaster-general, General Rogers brought with him the intimate knowledge of the man direct from the field of battle. He made to the then secretary of war, Mr. Baker, 21 recommendations for improvements and economies in administration. Secretary Baker opposed them at first, but afterward adopted 19 of the 21 suggestions and within the next seven months it is said $60,000,000 was saved to the nation.

General Rogers was decorated by nearly every foreign government for his service in France and also honored by the Washington government.

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Frank P. O'Donnell, of Philadelphia, master printer, bon vivant, a visitor in Washington the past week, is not ordinarily a believer in spooks, nor is he at all superstitious. Nevertheless, he possesses a flashlight picture of a small dinner party given in Philadelphia a year ago which causes him to pause and wonder.

When the picture was finished it was noticed that the faces of two of the diners were cast in a shade which made them scarcely recognizable. Their faces seemed to have faded out despite the penetrating glare of the flashlight. The fact was commented upon at the time but no particular significance was attached to it.

However, within six months after the picture was taken both of the men were dead.

SECRETARY OF LABOR AND LABOR LEADER IN CONFERENCE ON STRIKE.

—Photo Copyright by Underwood.

LEFT TO RIGHT—JOHN I. LEWIS AND SECRETARY OF LABOR DAVIS IN CONFERENCE AT THE LABOR DEPARTMENT.

U. S. WOMEN POLITICIANS HAVE WEEK OF REVERSES

Party Leaders Fear That Sex Will Bolt in Election as Result of Defeats in Recent Primaries.

BY CAROLYN VANCE.
(Copyright, 1922, by The Oregonian.)

WASHINGTON, Aug. 5.—A luckless week for women politically has just ended. It was a calamitous week for women aspiring to office in five states where primaries were held, and many men candidates favored by the women bit the dust at the polls. Particularly tantalizing to women generally was the victory of James A. Reed of Missouri in obtaining renomination to the senate.

It was a mournful week because up till now the woman voter in politics had been pictured as an invincible force. Had not the women put over Beveridge in Indiana, Pinchot in Pennsylvania and Brookheart in Iowa? It has been generally accepted that they had and that the women were quite het up about it. Also, one of the two major parties had actually nominated two women for the senate, Mrs. Peter Oleson of Minnesota and Mrs. Ben Hooper of Wisconsin.

Fickle Luck Changes.

But Lady Luck frowned felinely upon the politically-ambitious of her sex this week and the candidacy of Izetta Jewell Browne for the senate in West Virginia came to a sad end along with a lot of other feminine candidates for office, state and national.

It is true that in Oklahoma Miss Alice Robertson won renomination, but that could hardly be considered as a victory for the sex, since women's organizations fought her renomination because she had not been amenable to their ideas of legislation favoring women.

In Virginia, the pet of the League of Women Voters, Westmoreland Davis, aspiring to be senator, lost out at the primaries.

Bitterness and intensity marked many of the campaigns in which women were especially interested. Practical politicians are eyeing them enviously to see how women are going to take the defeat of favored candidates. Are they going to be good losers or bad? To the practical-minded politician a bad loser is one who scratches his ticket at the general election should the candidate he favors fail to procure the nomination at the primary.

Election Stand Questioned.

"Are women going to be good sports and stick by the party?" they ask.

"Women are more apt to stick by their principles rather than by their party," answers Mrs. Minnie Fisher Cunningham, executive secretary of the League of Women Voters. "Women do not make a fetish of party," she says. Woman has never been a sporting animal," is the way Mrs. Emily Blair, the leader of the democratic women, analyzes her sex. "They do not take their defeat as a joke. One cannot be sportsmanlike about the defeat of good or the victory of evil. Men may make politics a sport as an antidote for intolerance or a salve for rancor. Women take politics too seriously to view it as a sport."

Mrs. Blair is not at all pessimistic about women's tendency to be solemn in politics, rather she looks upon it as a force for good.

Scratching the ticket in the fall elections, particularly Senator Reed's name, by many democratic women of Missouri, is a possibility that politicians who hope for democratic gains in the senate fear. The women who were members of the "Rid Us of Reed" club in Missouri, and a lot of them were democratic women, are not expected to vote the straight democratic ticket this year. Reed is regarded as the cave man of politics because of his treatment of women in the senate.

Mistake Is Feared.

Some of the experienced women politicians believe that women are making a mistake in not sticking by the party, though the party does not nominate the man of their choice. It was pointed out that in one state when republican women voted in the general elections for a democratic nominee because he was a man of better standing in the community than their own republican nominee, they could not get him to vote for legislation they were interested in even when they showed him that they were largely instrumental in electing him. He explained that he was in sympathy with their cause, but his party would not back him in his stand and therefore he could not vote the way they wanted him to.

"The party is the thing," says Mrs. Harriet Taylor Upton, "the individual can do little without the backing of the party. Do your best to make your party better, but stick by your party."

Machine System Defended.

Mrs. Upton deplored the disreputable reputation that the word "machine" had acquired. "Most women think that machine is synonomous with corruption and the thing to do is always overthrow the machine.

"The machine is merely the motive power of the party. You cannot do anything together without the aid of a machine. You could not have a successful picnic without a machine. One person cannot do everything either at a picnic or in politics. Someone has to bring the lemons for the lemonade and somebody else the cake and sandwiches and so on, otherwise you would not have a picnic."

POINCARE WISHES TO TEACH PIQUET TO LLOYD GEORGE

French Premier Is Asked Whether He Will Take Golf Lesson From British Prime Minister.

PARIS, Aug. 6.—(By Associated Press.)—Premier Poincare, on the eve of his departure for London to discuss reparations and other knotty allied problems with Mr. Lloyd George, was asked facetiously today whether he was going to take a golf lesson from the British prime minister.

The questioner, an intimate friend of the French premier, had reference to the now famous game of golf between Premier Briand and Mr. Lloyd George at Cannes, photographs of which, purporting to depict the former French premier in attempting to drive but actually giving a fine reproduction of a wood chopper's swing, were published in French newspapers, causing considerable laughter. Moreover, the fun produced by the photographs helped the French to forget the failure of Briand's viewpoint at the Cannes conference, resulting in the downfall of his ministry.

"We have had our lesson in golf," Premier Poincare replied, "but perhaps Mr. Lloyd George will let me teach him piquet."

Piquet is as popular in France as pinochle is on the east side of New York.

"Just one more palaver," is how the man in the street here characterized the coming London conference. The general French public apparently has lost confidence in the settlement of Europe's troubles by conferences.

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An atmosphere of peace and quiet now reigns in the Rue de la Paix. The doors of famous dressmaking establishments with most of their staffs at Deauville, Dieppe and other renowned summer resorts, present a forlorn appearance.

Meanwhile the smaller houses, now having their innings, are busy designing fresh frocks and frills, so that no visitor need leave Paris empty handed.

One of these houses has designed delightful tea gowns that would really pass for dinner dresses on many occasions. A particularly fascinating model is carried out in yellow satin with winged sleeves.

Hand bags of soft charmeuse with large clasps either of ivory, tortoise shell or platinum set with diamonds, are also being pushed along as Paris souvenirs while the leading houses are busy at the seaside.

Of flat envelope shape, these bags are very convenient for everybody's use. Some are made of red or blue Russian leather, designed to hang by a cord which slips over the arm. They are big enough to contain all that is necessary for a hasty make-up, with powder puffs, lip stick, rouge, eyebrow pencil and other cosmetic accessories.

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France has a record containing the names of several thousand Frenchmen and foreigners, among whom are from 500 to 600 Americans, who are considered by the managements of gambling casinos as undesirables around the gambling table. The record comprises a volume about one inch thick, and is consulted whenever a newcomer applies for admittance.

The list of names is made up by the ministry of the interior from reports made by all the French casinos, made up of players who are not welcomed by the various managements.

Grouchy losers predominate on the list. It also includes persons habitually dining too well, who are loudly exuberant when winning and equally vituperative against fate when losing.

Casino managers detest noisy players and especially bad losers. Many of the players barred are prominent members of their respective communities, ranking high in the world of finance and business in France and other countries.

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The inhabitants of France are threatened with a general rise of 20 per cent in the cost of living before winter sets in, according to the official at the prefecture of the Seine, whose duty it is to collect statistics on prices of raw materials, food, clothes, rent, etc., with a view to forestalling probable future prices.

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The expulsion from the French turf of the most successful trainer of the season for doping and other cases now under way have brought to light the extent to which the administering of stimulants to thoroughbreds has gone in France. The practice of doping is an invention which the French generously concede to American origin.

French racing sheets openly charge American trainers with being responsible for its introduction into France.

Madam Pelee Returns to Her House of Fire.

Goddess of Kilauea Volcano Renews Pyrotechnics.

HONOLULU, T. H., Aug. 5.—(By the Associated Press.)—The glory of Hawaii, Madam Pelee, goddess of Kilauea volcano, has come back to Halemaumau, her "house of fire" in the ancient crater, and things are as they should be in the molten pit.

Pelee performed some strange and wierd acrobatics this summer and concluded her exhibitions with a dive out of sight into the bowels of the earth, leaving her devotees dismayed at the prospect of never seeing her again.

The great firepit, where for centuries the lava lake has glowed, surged and fountained, lay dead as a pile of cold ashes, with only an occasional wisp of smoke reaching the top of the crater rim, and not a sign of the vivid, molten red below.

Then in the "wee sma' hours" of a day a week or so back a messenger came running to Dr. Thomas Jagger Jr., official observer of Kilauea and interpreter of the wayward Pelee's moods, with the information that the goddess had returned. And she had.

From the side of the crater, a hundred feet above the deep floor, was pouring a tumbling cascade of incandescent lava, reforming the dead lake below and starting once again the leaping fountains as of old.

That night "Pelee's grandson," the old Hawaiian who has guided tourists about the crater since 1882, slept once again in peace, for Pelee had returned.

MOSQUITOES BITE BIRDS

Canaries in New York Annoyed by Insect Pest.

(By Chicago Tribune Leased Wire.)

NEW YORK, Aug. 5.—Mosquitoes this summer, invading New York in unprecedented numbers, have found a new victim in the domesticated canary.

A woman doctor at Virginia Pope's sanitarium today explained what many canary owners had thought was a baffling malady—bringing restlessness and songlessness to even the best of songsters.

"It's the mosquitoes," she said. "They've taken a fancy this year to canary legs. We have hundreds. Every bird hospital in New York is filled with the victims. We estimate that more than 100,000 birds have been attacked."