

Loyalty-In A Deserted Palace

Last Mistress Of Decayed Manor



George Remus' mother; a close-up, and a view showing her preparing him a special dish in the empty kitchen of his big mansion on the hill.

Mother Of Bootleg King Carries On For Him Lives In Mansion Slain Wife Once Ruled

BY ALLENE SUMNER
NEA Service Writer
CINCINNATI, Ohio — (AP) — "Mother Remus," the 77-year-old mother of George Remus, bootleg king now on trial for his life, a self-confessed murderer, has come back to her son's Dream Palace on the hill.

And "Mother Remus," who preferred her own tiny and shabby Chicago flat in the days when priceless rugs and tapestries and carvings and oils and bits of bronze and marble littered "The King's" mansion of many rooms, now sleeps, or tries to, in a great bare room at the top of the barren palace and trembles to hear the bare boughs of the trees in the park below scrape and grate across her window.

"Mother Remus," who preferred her coffee from a thick white mug and her kuchen from a thick china plate to all the squabs and terrapin and truffles and woodcock and caviar served on her son's solid gold service plates, now stirs lentil soup on the huge kitchen stove of the empty palace where once were cooked veritable Lucullan feasts for her son and his guests.

And George, "The King," smiles in his cell when "mama's soup" or kuchen or hassenpfeffer is brought him nearly every day.

As an Empty Palace
And "Mother Remus," who "didn't feel right" in George's house in the days when gold and ruby wines flowed like water at his great feasts, when his maid tried to help her bathe and dress and eat, when five gardeners trimmed the holly and holly and sweet briar in the vast acres about the mansion, now sweeps the cobwebs from the bare tinted walls of George's stripped and gutted home, or scrubs on her knees the corners of the priceless marble fireplaces, the sole ornaments in the nude rooms. As she scrubs or sweeps or cooks, she mutters words at the dead woman, Imogene Remus, who brought her son so low.

She is almost happy now, because "Mr. Remus needs me now." She never calls her only living son anything but "Mr. Remus." To her he is still the pompous, dignified, all-great "King" who staggered his mother and sisters with tales of his wealth, and who laughed at their pleadings to stop spending money "so crazy like."

"Maybe he would not like me photographed in an apron and not dressed up so fine," she said in her broken English. "They got my picture once when I was in just my home apron and 'Mr. Remus' didn't like it at all. He said his mother should not be seen like that."

But "Mother Remus" does not see that things are different now and that George Remus, attorney as well as prisoner at the bar, wants the world to know that he has a choicer and shabby little old mother who believes in him with all her heart and who lives in his empty, dismal house when all others have fled.

The days when "Mr. Remus" kept mother more sequestered than when Imogene Remus, his second wife, now dead by his own

hand, blundered from her house on the hill all Cincinnati with the glory thrown by her \$100,000 worth of diamonds, the pearls on her breast and fingers, and the rubies and emeralds in her hair.

Those were the days when the marble swimming pool, which a glass-roofed promenade connected with the mansion, saw hundreds of the world's prettiest girls collected by Remus diving there.

Praises Her Boy
Those were the days when orphans made the air of the Remus greenhouses heavy with perfume, when the whole city and the whole world were trying to part "The King" from his money, charging him ten times what other men paid for their wife's clothes and jewelry and furniture.

But no word of reproach to "Mr. Remus." Only rhapsodies of praise for the little four-year-old boy whom she brought with her from Germany near a half century ago. The boy who at 13 went to work in his uncle's Chicago drug store when his father, a lumberman, could no longer support his family.

"Such a good boy till he married that woman," the little old woman said.

"Mother Remus" led me through the half hundred rooms of "The Mansion of Many Rooms," pointing out with anger and disgust traces of the ravages made by her son's wife who looted the house while her husband was securely behind penitentiary bars.

She took me to the odd card room on the third floor with its murals of aces of clubs and hearts and diamonds, the billiard room with the massive mahogany claw-footed table.

"That was too heavy for her to move or it wouldn't be here," she said.

She showed me the vast third floor ballroom and showed me where the leather seats along the

wall had been pried from their hinges. She showed me solid old doors, with hollow cavities where plate glass mirrors had been. She showed me jagged corners on fireplaces and mantles from which marble figures had been hacked away.

The dining room with its huge built-in hand-carved buffet, which once groined under trays of rich foods and decanters of wine, contained only a bare picnic table. The only other furniture in the house were the three or four cheap beds where "The King's" mother, his sister and her husband, and a care-taker sleep.

The stone lions which Imogene Remus had torn from their mooring before a Cincinnati store and brought up Price Hill, casually writing a \$4000 check to pay for them, are gone now from their station before the Remus driveway.

Only Desolation Now
The park is a tangled, sodden mass of leaves and brambles. The huge servants' clock beside "The King's" bed can summon no servants now. The silver fixtures in his bathroom are tarnished, and only black holes in the wall tell where various unique toilet articles of silver and gold and mother of pearl were fastened.

On the wall of "The King's" bedroom is a picture of his mother and one of himself. She likes to sit alone in this empty room and gaze at the two pictures. She is here in his mansion—almost happy, because to her he turned, and the woman who possessed him in days of plenty is gone and spurned.

"Poor boy, he always wanted a home," she moans, "and all he got was this place."

Asbestos torches made of bur-jap and soaked in kerosene can be used to go over fruit and shade trees and destroy winter cover nests of caterpillars and other pests. The experiment station reports the fall-web worm to be especially numerous on English and black walnuts this season.

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Holiday Candies Easily Made And Are Appropriate Christmas Gifts

As the holiday season approaches, the urge to make candy becomes stronger. The best, the best that the cold weather keeps us indoors more has something to do with it, for candy making is a fascinating sort of indoor sport. The chief reason, however, is that this is the time of year when sweets are most appealing. We need more heat producing foods during cold weather to keep up the body temperature and sugar fulfills this requirement.

The making of Christmas candies has become conventional. Candy, properly made and suitably wrapped, is always an appropriate Christmas gift. It offers the maker the opportunity to work in her own individuality both in the choice of the variety, its preparation and its enclosure.

When the housewife starts making candy she will find a plenty of help for it is a job that everyone enjoys. Children, especially, love to dabble in candy making and the older boy or girl who succeeds in making good fudge is the envy of all the others.

In the home-making of candies, evaporated milk should, by all means, be used for it gives a creamy smoothness that can be obtained in no other way.

Honey Nut Fudge
2 c sugar
1 square bitter chocolate, cut fine
1 c milk
Pinch salt
1-4 cup strained honey
1-2 t vanilla
1 c pecans

Cook sugar, chocolate, milk and salt 5 min. Add honey and cook to soft ball stage (235 d. f.). Remove from fire, add vanilla and nuts. Cool and beat until creamy. Drop from a-teaspoon to form patties or press out into a square pan and cut like chocolate fudge. Yield: 1 1-2 lb. or 24 pieces.

Mexican Orange Candy
1 c sugar caramelized
1-4 c boiling water
2 c sugar
1 c milk
Pinch salt
Grated rind 2 oranges
1 cup nut meats

Add boiling water to caramelized sugar and boil until sugar is dissolved. Add 2 cups sugar, milk and salt and boil to soft ball stage (235 d. f.). Just before the candy is done add orange rind. Remove from fire, add nuts, cool and beat. Drop from a-teaspoon on to oiled paper. Yield: 1 3-4 lbs.

Apple Crystals
2 c granulated sugar
1 c water
5 apples, preferably Jonathans or Spitzenbergs

Combine sugar and water. Cook over a low flame and stir until sugar is dissolved, then bring to a boil and drop in 12 slices of apple prepared by paring, coring, quartering and cutting each quarter into 3 slices. Cook gently until apples are tender. Remove from syrup, drain, and let stand on oiled platter 24 hours. Roll in granulated sugar, let stand 24 hours and roll in sugar twice again within 24-hour intervals. Allow fruit to remain on platter until no moisture exudes. Pack carefully in flat boxes and keep in a cool dry place. Do not try to make more than 12 at a time. Between each batch add 1-4 cup hot water to the syrup to maintain proper consistency. Yield: 5 dozen slices.

Marshmallow Fudge
3 squares chocolate
1 T corn syrup
2 c sugar
1 T butter
1 c marshmallows
3-4 c milk
1-2 c water
Few grains salt
1-2 t orange

Combine all ingredients except marshmallows and vanilla. Boil, stirring occasionally to 236 d. f. (113 d. C.), soft ball stage. Cool to 110 d. f. (43 d. C.); then add flavoring and beat until stiff and creamy. When it is ready to pour into pan add the marshmallows cut into bits.

Pralines
1 c sugar
2 c white sugar
3 t corn syrup
1 1-2 c nuts
3-4 c milk diluted with 1-2 c water
2 t mapleine

Combine ingredients, except nuts, and boil to the soft ball stage, 236 d. f. (113 d. C.). Cool to 110 d. f. before beating. Add nuts. Beat until stiff and creamy. When mixture is stiff, drop from a spoon on a buttered sheet. Yield: 1 3-4 pounds.

Peanuche
2 1-2 c brown sugar
3-4 c milk

1-2 c water
Few grains salt
1 t vanilla
1 t corn syrup
1 t butter
2-3 c chopped nuts

Combine all ingredients except nut, and boil to soft ball stage, 236 d. f. (114 d. C.) Cool to 110 d. f. (43 d. C.) Beat until stiff and creamy. Add the nuts just before it is pressed into the pan. Yield: 1 1-8 lbs.

Reedsport — Contractor Remstrom moves \$2,000 yards rock and earth in 5 weeks on Roosevelt Highway.

Child Movie Fans Checked

WASHINGTON, Dec. 1.—(AP)—Children in Greece can't flock to the movies as they do in the United States. Children under 10 are prohibited from going to moving picture shows, unless special educational films are being shown, under recent regulations sent to the Commerce Department here. Children between 11 and 15 may go only if accompanied by parents or guardians.

Every moving picture show operator is required to show every week a short historical film or one featuring contemporary events. Before a picture may be exhibited in Greece, it must be filed with the Chief of Athens police and licensed.

Harrisburg—Mountain States Power Co. rebuilds and improves service here.

Portland exported more than 7,000,000 bushels wheat during October.



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