FINDS WOMEN LIARS AND REAL PURSUERS

Judge Looks at 'Em for Six Years and Learns.

New York.—Lovely woman would be shocked to know how she appears to Magistrate Alexander Brough, who has been peering at her with judicial and unbiased mind during six years he has presided over the New York family court.

Magistrate Brough learned about women in court and he tells some of the things he said he learned, though he makes the statement that he does not mean all the women. He's talking of the type of women that come into court. Here are some of his conclusions:

Women are liars.

They have no sense of law and order.

Finds Them Unfair, Too

They have no consideration of kindness toward their husbands.

Instead of being the pursued they are the pursuers, often seeking a wedding ring simply to avoid the social stigma (among women) of appearing undesirable.

They marry a $25 a week man and yell because they can't live on a $60 a week scale.

Given $15 a week as the maximum for the family budget, they will blow $10 on a permanent wave.

They are so lacking in sentiment that they don't remember their own wedding day. They say, "I was married three or four years ago," and that does them nicely.

"Why, a woman was in court yesterday wanting me to increase the payments her husband was making for her support," said the judge.

"Our social workers investigated and found he couldn't pay her any more. When I denied her request, she got so angry she slapped her husband right there in court. What can you do to her? You can't send a mother to jail for contempt and let her children go without care.

"Another woman wanted more money and said she wasn't working. Our investigator knew she was.

"'Oh, well,' she admitted, 'I knew I'd get more money if you thought I was dependent on him.'

"And when I threatened her with prosecution for perjury she just laughed and said, 'I don't care.'

All Have Some Old Clothes.

"They've all got old clothes to wear in court. They all dress to look seedy when asking money. Usually they accuse the husband of going around with other women. I figure the absolute minimum for a man to live on alone is $2 a day. And when he is paying $15 to her out of $30 wages, there isn't much left for other women.

"Usually they try to say the husband's wages are much higher than they really are.

"They feel that the courts must give them everything they want. They know all about their rights, but they recognize no responsibilities."

Having relieved himself of these views, Magistrate Brough expressed some of his ideas of what he thinks of the woman who does not get into court.

He still likes to believe that they are ladies riding behind their knights on milky white palfreys, eager to be rescued from dragons and grateful if they are.

Kiss in Court to Prove Innocence of Embrace

Paris.—Saturnin Fabre will be asked to kiss Mme. France-Ellys in court before his wife, her husband, three learned judges and a roomful of onlookers.

He must kiss her as he kissed her once before, knowing that at the last smack the court will decide whether or not his osculatory exhibit is an outrage against public decency.

Fabre is an actor and the last time his lips touched those of Mme. France-Ellys, which happened to be during the love scene in a frothy farce, a cry of indignation rent the theater. It came neither from Mme. Fabre, nor the actress' husband but M. Taflet, architect, who was a disinterested spectator.

Court Held in Plane Over California Canyon

Los Angeles.—The "hear ye, hear ye" of a Los Angeles court sounded high in the skies as Superior Judge Albert Lee Stevens continued his airplane hearing on a land condemnation deal.

The airplane was called into use by Judge Stevens when he was confronted with condemnation proceedings brought by Los Angeles county in San Gabriel county, where a score of gold claims must be abandoned to make way for a dam.

To become better familiar, the judge held the hearings as the plane soared over the canyon, attorneys for both sides arguing their cases above the hum of the motors.

Plant Thrives in Bottle Without Air or Water

Boston.—Can a plant grow without air? This question arose when Capt. Ed Forbes of the schooner Gossoon brought to port a bottle, apparently air-tight, in which a plant, believed of the gulf weed variety, was growing. The bottle, found floating in the La Have fishing grounds, was tightly corked, but the plant seemed to be thriving despite a lack of air and moisture.

Fifteen pallbearers were required to officiate at the funeral of Mrs. Ada Smith of Merrick, L. I., who weighed 555 pounds.

If you want to develop Personality go do someone a favor.

Try to look natural riding in a rumble seat on a windy day.

Gentlemen may prefer blondes, but they don't always remain gentlemen.

At the Blossom Place

By IRENE DAVIDSON

(Copyright.)

"TSCHAIKOWWWSKH!"—or however you spell a sneeze!

Lynn dug her hot little face into the damp and doubtful relief of a perfumed pillow. It was apple leaves perfume; she had bought the bottle, "By Blasco, Perfumer," at the five-and-ten the day before. If one had to be miserable, one might as well do it to music—or perfume, as it was in this instance.

Besides—Lynn had just missed the apple blossoms when she left home where about eighteen million apple trees were scattered over the hills. At least it looked that way, in apple blossom time.

"Tschaikowwwskh! Tscha-ikowww-SKH!"

If he sneezed one more time she'd throw shoes at the wall . . . she'd knock on it with that old andiron.

This was the second day he'd been sneezing. Didn't he TAKE anything for his sneezes? How could she have the flu—or whatever this was—in peace, with that racking explosion in the next room every ten minutes?

Tears of sheer nervousness got rubbed into the Apple Leaves pillow. A nice way to land in Washington, anyway! Homesick already, and physically sick, too, on top of that. Just how sick she was afraid to speculate. But it was funny—feeling this way; so sort of jazzed up and unsteady.

Let's see—she was supposed to start work the 15th; this was the 9th. She had figured, back there at home, on giving herself a week to see Washington. She wanted to see Blossom place—like the picture— Lynn jerked herself up on the pillow. Her mind was certainly wandering if the Blossom place was the first thing that came into her mind in the matter of seeing Washington!

She pulled the light string determinedly, stepped down into the blue slippers and walked unsteadily to the rocking chair by the window.

Could it be possible she'd fought the flu all winter to fall a victim to it at this most inopportune moment? Surely, the gods who had sorted her own papers from among those certain thousands in the Department of the Interior and had directed the letter-of-adventure that notified Lynn Wheeling that a job waited her in the Capital city, weren't going to leave her flat, like this? What would they do (in that mysterious department) if she should fail to report for duty on the 15th?

"Tschaikowwwskh!"

Mother of ! ! ! Serene little Lynn felt suddenly wild. Flu is one thing—but sneezing! Any kind of pills will stop sneezing—for awhile, anyway. Her eyes fell on the white box on her table, and widened. She reached for it with one movement, and with a continuation of the same movement slipped to her door, then to the door next her own, then knocked.

It was a minute before the knock was answered, by a slightly disheveled figure in a brown dressing gown. Lynn held out the white box.

"It will stop the sneezing," she said simply. And then the world went gently dark.

Ten minutes later when she opened her eyes they traveled up a length of brown dressing gown to a pair of puzzled, but nice blue eyes.

"I'm all right, now," she heard herself saying. And then her voice kept right on; she couldn't seem to stop it. "I gave myself a week to see Washington, you see, and now I'm afraid I'm going to have the flu. I wanted to see the Blossom place. Over there—by the Potomac. We have apple blossoms at home, you know—

"I don't know what they'll do in the Department of the Interior if I don't show up the 15th . . . I'm all right now, but I have a feeling I'm going—to be—sick."

Another voice cut through, gentle, yet a commanding sort of voice. "In the name of the great god Pan—you must come from the apple country, too! Don't worry—I'll get a doctor—and get in touch with your department. Go to sleep, can't you—or something—while I get busy. You're a sick woman, child!"

* * *

Two weeks later John Winton maneuvered his car along a beautiful driveway so that the Blossom place fell like a drift of snow out of fairyland directly in front of them.

Lynn gasped, and there was a sudden film of homesick tears in her eyes as they met his. "Honestly, John, I don't know whether I can stand it or not!"

Then they looked in silence a minute. John laughed. "Two dubs from the apple country, kid!"

"And maybe you think I didn't know how you felt that day . . . Lord! It does seem like ages ago! But you weren't as bad as I was, Lynn! I was the greenest thing you ever saw. I'd never been out of the home town in my life; got all my training in correspondence schools. Gosh, but I was homesick for apple trees.

"Somehow—" the blue eyes looked straight into the hazel ones— "Somehow I don't seem to figure on being homesick or lonesome ever again, Lynn . . . Do—you—?"

The girl from the apple country laughed softly. "Don't you remember what I kept saying that afternoon, when I came to? 'I'm all right—now.'"

Thrills are peculiar things. The more you chase them, the harder they are to find.

The problem of the larger fuel tank, it seems, still occurs to vex transatlantic aviators.

Americanism: Broadcasting the roar of Niagara falls: Having it introduced by a radio announcer.

Rarer than the day in June is the person who really appreciates it as it ought to be appreciated.

UNKISSED HUBBIES IN DIVORCE COURT

Experiment in New Style Matrimony a Failure.

Los Angeles, Calif.—Flaming youth's latest innovation, the "kissless," platonic marriage, has been tried in Los Angeles.

And did it work? Well, perhaps the two young men selected for the experiment were not esthetic enough. They appeared in local courts and asked to be released from their college girl wives and their new style of matrimony. Both were granted annulments on the grounds that they had been defrauded.

The two girls, who had attempted to revolutionize marriage and substitute an ideal platonic relationship sans all caresses, did not appear in court to witness the failure of their experiment.

"It was a great little plan, but that was all," said A. A. Anderson, one of the young husbands.

When he appeared in Judge Leonard Wilson's court he told how he had lived with his wife for two years and had never received a kiss or a caress.

"She told me that she loved me, but she just would not kiss me," he explained. "Kisses," she said, "were repulsive to her."

Almost simultaneously Richard V. Watson, a young banker, was relating a similar story in the court of Judge Elliott Craig.

"I met her at a University of Southern California sorority dance," Watson said. "She was the prettiest girl there. She seemed to care for me. We were married in two days.

"Then I discovered her strange ideas about marriage. She refused to kiss me. Kissing was degrading to women; it typifies the subjection of the female to the male, she said. I lived with her for half a year and could not change her viewpoint."

Coon Cat Adopts Baby Foxes on Master's Farm

Holbrook, Mass.—The credit for one of the strangest "adoptions" on record belongs to "Betty," an intelligent coon cat, and her master, Lester Wilson of this town, owner of a silver fox ranch, who has persuaded "Betty" to nurse three little silver black foxes besides one of her own children.

This strange exhibition of mother love pleases Wilson, who may be indebted to "Betty" in $500 or more, the value of the trio of "reynards" if they survive.

The cat loves the little black fellows as though they were her own, and by sharing the family milk supply with them, has tided them over to the point where there is good reason to hope they will survive.

"One morning a month ago I visited the pen and discovered the trio of new-born pups," Wilson related. "The next morning it appeared that the mother of the pups could not nurse them. I was at my wit's end to know how to solve the problem. Then I recalled that my pet cat had had a litter of kittens the previous day.

"Although I believed there was only one chance in a hundred that the cat could be persuaded to nurse the foxes, I resolved to try out the experiment. I took all except one of the kittens away from the cat. I took one of the little fellows and cuddled him beside the cat. The first move was made by 'Betty.' She sniffed the strange baby, then she kissed him, and the battle was won."

Dune Leaves Town It Buried 400 Years Ago

Koeslin, Germany.—After having been buried 400 years under a giant wandering dune, the fishing village Lonzke on the Baltic shore is being given up by the sand mountains. Interesting finds, including coins from before the Sixteenth century, are being made in the first buildings which have reappeared. Summer guests at seaside resorts are flocking to Lonzke to view the spectacle.

The giant dune, the wandering of which centuries of effort have been unable to retard, engulfed the village around the year 1540. Since then it has slowly traveled on and is now on the opposite site of the little settlement.

Sunday School Teacher Has 15-Year Record

Watsonville, Calif.—H. A. Hyde, prominent local florist and teacher of a Sunday school class at the First Methodist church here, prides himself on the record he has established for teaching a class every Sunday for the last 15 years. Even when Hyde broke his leg and was confined to his home he notified the class of his injuries and Sunday morning at the regular hour the class members presented themselves at his home.

People had fewer "advantages" 50 years ago, but they had more time in which to enjoy and appreciate those they possessed.

Thoughtful wives may find comfort in reflecting that the average husband is at least a little better than the average man.

Characterization: The kind of a girl who would fix up something of celery and peanut butter for a man who just had his tonsils out.

Cloud of Sparrows Stops Band Concert

Regina, Sask.—Invading the tedium rink at Estevan, where the Regina Symphony orchestra was billed to stage a concert, thousands of sparrows made it impossible for artists to continue. Chirping loudly and flying over the heads of the audience, the birds refused to be driven out until the hall was cleared and a number of the feathered invaders shot.

She Was Caught Napping

By CORONA REMINGTON

(Copyright.)

"I'VE had a wonderful time, Mrs. Denton, and I hope I may call again soon," said Robert Foulaine sincerely.

"You're a dear boy," smiled his hostess, "and I'm very fond of you. Of course you may come again and as often as you wish."

"It's great to have you to confide in, and I don't know how I'd ever get along without you."

"You'll learn how, pretty soon, after you find the right girl. You'll forget all about that middle-aged friend you used to run to with your troubles," laughed Mrs. Denton.

"But I never expect to find the right girl and you know I shall never forget you."

"Pooh! I've heard that a thousand times before and from many discouraged young people; but don't you worry, she's probably waiting for you right around the corner this minute."

"Well, we'll soon see—as it's now—" (he drew out his watch) "ten minutes of eleven there isn't much time left."

"All right," she smiled, "and good-night once more."

Foulaine went down the broad steps rapidly and jumped into his car. In a moment he was whizzing along the boulevard toward home. His talk with Mrs. Denton encouraged him as it always did, and he felt decidedly optimistic as he slipped into his garage and turned the engine off.

"Oh, where am I?"

He looked quickly about the garage as he heard the frightened voice of a girl.

"You're all right," he assured her. "Where are you? Wait till I get my flash—thought it was in my hip pocket—no, here it is.

"What! Not in the car?" Foulaine exclaimed as he saw a terrified young face looking out at him from the back seat of the car he had just left.

"How on earth did you get in there?" he asked, has eyes growing big with admiration.

"I—I must have fallen asleep."

"Something tells me you did," he laughed, "but how did you get in the car in the first place? By mistake, I suppose."

"No, it wasn't a mistake, either; but I'm ashamed to tell you. It'll seem so crazy to you."

"Nothing you could ever do would seem crazy to me," he told her as if he had known her a lifetime.

The girl smiled gratefully at him and went on with her story.

"Just after dinner this evening I was up in my room and I saw a—an acquaintance of ours coming up the walk. I knew he had come to call on me, and I knew, too, that mamma would make me see him, and I didn't want to. I made up my mind last time that I—I'd never never, never, see him again. So, without even stopping to get a hat or a wrap, I slipped down the back stairs and out the kitchen door. I had no idea where I was going, but realized that without money I couldn't get very far, so I spied your car standing next door and jumped into it. It seemed providential to me, and I felt so thrilly as I sneaked in and shut the door," the girl laughed.

"A very sensible thing to do," he assured her.

"What time is it?" she asked abruptly.

"Twenty minutes of twelve. You must let me take you home. It's five miles from here to Grant Place."

As they drove slowly along the boulevard Robert talked to her as if he had known her always.

"I'm scared to tell you how much meeting you has meant to me," he said solemnly.

"And to me, too," she answered simply. "You—you're so sympathetic and you understand."

"And I'm going to bring the car here every night in the hope that fellow'll come and you'll run out and hide in it again.

"All right," she smiled, "and thank you ever so much—you've been too good to me."

"Not half as good as you've been to me."

He escorted her to her door, then stood there absently a few seconds after she had slipped noiselessly into the hall.

He looked up at Mrs. Denton's house, large and somber in the half light of the night, then tiptoed around the sidewalk and threw a pebble against her window. The girl next door heard the funny "pinking" sound and went to her window to see what it could be. She recognized the man standing below and waited breathlessly. He threw another pebble.

"What on earth is he doing that for?" she wondered.

A second later he threw one which was followed by the light flashing in Mrs. Denton's room, and in another moment a plump silhouette advanced toward the window.

"Who is it?" she asked, peering down into the darkness.

"It's Robert," said an exultant voice, "and I've found her! I've found the girl for me!"

"You crazy boy. I told you you would. Now go to bed and tell me about it in the morning."

With a joyful little squeak the girl next door buried her head in her pillow.

"So he feels that way, too," she kept saying unbelievingly, as she finally dozed off to sleep.

It wouldn't seem half so hot if people with nothing to do would quit watching the thermometer.

China has so many bulls in its political shop that it is a wonder that more crockery is not broken.

Monster Codfish

Provincetown, Mass.—What was believed the biggest codfish ever caught in Massachusetts waters was brought in by Capt. George Brier off Truro recently. The giant weighed 100 pounds.

NEW YORK PLANS IMMENSE GROWTH

Envisages Great City of Twenty Millions.

New York.—A great city of the future, providing for a population of 20,000,000 with its industries, schools, homes and facilities for comfortable living, is envisaged in the regional planning committee's report for a new and greater New York city.

The report contains proposals designed to meet a situation of continuous growth in the metropolitan area. It considers a city of 5,528 square miles in and about New York, and recommends a vast system of airports, parks, playgrounds, railway, highway, rapid transit and parkway communications, and the building of new bridges and tunnels wherever necessary.

The report was sponsored by the Russel Sage foundation at a cost of $1,000,000 and represented the work of seven years. It was presented by George McAneny, a member of the regional planning committee, before a crowded meeting at the Engineering Societies' building recently.

The regional plan looks ahead to 1965 and takes as its city 22 counties in and about New York. The area considered is a tenth that of England, as large as the state of Connecticut and nearly five times the size of Rhode Island.

This world city, so vast that the mind of man had never before attempted to cope with such a problem, would be modeled not only for the efficiency of industry but for happiness of its millions of inhabitants.

There would be parks, playgrounds, golf courses and boulevards, and enough transportation facilities so that the people could move about comfortably and live without undue crowding.

Since the future of aviation is "an unpredictable thing," the plan provides for 16 new airports, making a total of 38.

From these airports passengers would be coming and going in a steady stream. The motif of speed would be maintained in a metropolitan belt line, connecting with all railroads entering the region, so that all points of the city could be reached easily by rail, both by passengers and in the handling of food stuffs and freight.

The city would contain 421 separate communities, in the states of New York, New Jersey and Connecticut—all the territory within a radius of 50 miles from the New York city hall.

Elizabeth Popular as Name for Babies

Berkeley, Calif.—A baby girl born now has an exceptionally strong chance of being named Elizabeth. This name has replaced Mary as the favorite for girls. Grace is increasing in popularity. Mabel, Ann, and Emily are on a decline.

These facts are pointed out by Prof. George R. Stewart, Jr., of the English department of the University of California, who has found that the popularity of given names may be plotted in cycles. His data were collected chiefly from records of officers and students at the university.

Predicting what names will be fashionable is difficult, he states, but it is likely that Frances, and various forms of Ann and Emily are destined to grow in popularity until they become too numerous, when they will lose favor again.

Professor Stewart's researches show that 12 conservative names have been used in every generation in the past fifty years. These, in order of popularity in 1925, are: Elizabeth, Mary, Helen, Dorothy, Margaret, Marie, Katherine, Louise, Ruth, Eleanor, Lucille and Evelyn.

Egg Under Tombstone 12 Years Still Fresh

Fayette City, Pa.—Why an egg buried twelve years ago should have remained fresh until it was dug up is the question interesting chemists here.

The egg was unearthed in Mt. Auburn cemetery by Frank Lowers and N. E. Murphy while they were replacing the headstone over the grave of Pierce Kendall. Knowing it must have lain under the headstone since Kendall was buried, twelve years ago, they brought it to this city for examination. Both the yolk and the albumen were fresh.

Bans Sunday Auto Washing

Fall River, Mass.—As a result of the revival of an old blue law, Fall River motorists no longer will be permitted to have their automobiles washed at garages on Sunday. Police Chief Martin Feeney has dusted off the ancient statute and has indicated that it will be enforced even if it becomes necessary to make arrests.

Why couldn't some afternoon bridge outfit put up a prize of a nice, hot boiled dinner for the winner, to take home to a hungry husband?

An Ohio oil well is being drilled to a depth of a little more than a mile. This is thought to beat the best dental records by several feet.

Speaking of the good old days, what ever became of the bath towels, found on some of the prewar ocean liners, that were big as horse blankets?

Gold in Soil Under Busy Halifax Street

Montreal, Que.—A gold lead, containing particles of pure gold and traces of galena and sulphides of iron, was discovered in downtown Halifax by workmen excavating under a filling station on Barrington street for the installation of a gas tank. The ore will be assayed and the lead investigated to determine whether metal is present in a workable quantity.

THE MARKETS

Portland

Wheat—Big bend bluestem, $1.34; soft white and western white, $1.28; hard winter, northern spring and western red, $1.25.

Hay — Alfalfa, $18@18.50 per ton; valley timothy, new, $19@19.50; eastern Oregon timothy, new $20.50@21; clover, new, $15; oats, $15; oats and vetch, $15@15.50.

Butterfat—44@47c.

Eggs—Ranch, 30@36c.

Cattle—Steers, good, $11.50@12.25.

Hogs—Good to choice, $10.50@12.75.

Lambs—Good to choice, $10@12

Seattle

Wheat—Soft white, $1.28; western white, $1.28; hard winter, $1.25; western red, $1.25; northern spring, $1.25; bluestem, $1.34.

Eggs—Ranch, 27@36c.

Butterfat—48c.

Cattle—Choice steers, $10.50@11.50.

Hogs—Prime light, $11@11.25.

Lambs—Choice, $11@12.50.

Spokane

Cattle—Steers, good, 9.75@10.50.

Hogs — Good and choice, $10.50@12.75.

Lambs—Choice, $9.00.

Cherry growers in Grande Ronde valley are harvesting the finest crop of cherries they have had in years. There is an army at work picking and all the packing houses are running at capacity. With an output of about five cars daily, Union, La Grande and Cove are all busy. The yield in this valley will be around 80 cars and will bring about $300,000.

Excitement of the gold discovery on Mule creek, a tributary of Rogue river, about 45 miles from the sea, has grown to almost a stampede and prospectors and fortune hunters are trickling in from three directions: coming up the river from the west; trailing south through the forests from Powers, a two-day trip, and leaving from Grants Pass by trail.

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