

SARDINIA LOSES HERO BRIGANDS

**Picturesque Figures Passing
as Result of New
Police Campaign.**

Rome.—Sardinians look on their brigands as heroes and betray a feeling of regret over the passing of these picturesque figures owing to the strict policing of the island during the last few years. "There are only a few outlaws left in the mountains of Nuoro," laws left in the mountains of Nuoro, a Sardinian said recently, "as the bold, brave ones have long since been caught in the net, and those remaining are only small fish, and they will soon lose heart and give themselves up."

The impression one gains in discussing brigandage with the people of the island is that, while these delinquents of the law are second in the popular mind to the legendary heroes, all realize that their day is over.

The intensive campaign begun about three years ago by the authorities to rid the mountains of Nuoro of outlaws is similar to that undertaken in Sicily for the rooting out of the Mafia. It may take months or even years, but the fate of these brigands is practically sealed.

Six Thousand to Capture One.
Possibly they will die fighting for their relatives, or be surrounded, as was the case of Samuele Stocchino, one of the cleverest brigands of modern times. His death when he was arrested made a hero of him, as in order to catch him it was necessary to surround the mountains above Arzana with 6,000 men, who closed all roads of escape.

Every one knows Stocchino's history throughout Sardinia, and in the town of Nuoro he is second in fame only to the patron saint of the island, Saint Eufemia. His history has one detail in common with that of all brigands; he considered himself wronged. He had fought valiantly during the World War—so much so that he received a silver medal. After long service at the front he returned home and found that his mother and sisters were not receiving a large enough pension to live on.

He decided not to return to the front, but to remain on the island and support them. Orders were issued for his arrest, but he escaped to the mountains and became an outlaw. Whenever word reached him that some one had notified the police about his hiding place he swore vendetta against the informant, and to his first offense of deserting he added several murders which were committed in Barbagia Ogliastrea.

There was one man who gave information that almost cost Stocchino his liberty. His name was Niedo. Stocchino warned his friends and followers, "Niedo must die. I have sworn it." It was not a simple death he planned for his former friend. He first caught him in an ambush. Then he tortured him, as he was tied in a cave, and having shot him threw his body to the pigs.

Family Swore Vendetta.
The Niedo family swore a vendetta against the whole family of Stocchino. The news of this was brought to him in his hiding place. He never worried for himself, but he feared for his brothers and sisters, as well as his mother.

He decided to visit the village and warn them to keep indoors. He was walking down a road in the vicinity when he saw three children playing. He asked two of them if they were related to Niedo, and they replied no. But the youngest, not recognizing the brigand, answered yes. He drew his long knife and stabbed her.

The two others rushed away to bring the news to the village. The authorities redoubled their efforts to bring about his capture. It was decided that a certain number of military police should disguise themselves as shepherds and strive to find the hiding place of the brigand.

Escaped Traps of Police.
Three times they thought they had him cornered, and three times he slipped through their fingers. The police were baffled. One man, Vittorio Carta, of Olussani, received a letter from Stocchino warning him that unless he brought him 10,000 lire he would be shot. The brigand said he was weary of the continual police search and wanted to get off to Corsica. With 10,000 lire he could live on the island.

Vittorio was not anxious to be killed or to pay the sum demanded. So, in desperate straits, he suggested to a friend to take the woods and play the part of the outlaw. The latter agreed and made for a part of the mountain far removed from Stocchino. Word was brought later to Stocchino that there was a man in hiding. The brigand went over to the part of the wood where the new outlaw was, so that he could take a good look at him. "Who are you?" he asked. "You can speak freely. I shall not betray you as I have my own vendetta. Remember, before I became a murderer I was a victim of man's iniquity."

The newcomer gave him his name and said that he was hiding from the police as he was accused of stealing a litter of pigs in the nearby province, but that he was innocent. "If I am thrown into prison, I shall never be able to clear myself." This appealed to the brigand, and they agreed to watch during the night. When dawn came, and they sat in a cave close to the fire, Stocchino unbundled himself of all his troubles.

It seemed almost too good to be true that he who had kept his own counsel for so many years should now tell a new-found friend his plans for the next day. "I am going down to Arzana and paste up some notices regarding those two carcasses who spied on me, and then I think I shall return here," he said.

Plans Sent to Police.
How the pseudo-outlaw managed to get a letter down to Arzana is not known, but the police were warned. Never before had the brigand fulfilled his program. Usually he did the opposite to what he had planned. But this time he followed the plans he had outlined.

The police had received the order from Rome that Stocchino must be caught, dead or alive. Six thousand military police and national guards surrounded the woods, leaving not a stretch of this district unprotected. Stocchino, unconscious of the large numbers, walked down the mountain road toward Arzana.

Suddenly he felt he was being watched and made for the upper slope of the mountain. Here again he saw shadows. He had a secret hiding place, a cave, and he knew if he could only reach it in time (it had loopholes with many guns) he could keep a large force at bay. But every step was watched. Then he decided to kill as many of his pursuers as he could and to die fighting.

Body Taken to Church.
The price on his head was \$10,000, and besides this the carabinieri who were hunting him remembered that twenty of their companions had been killed during the nine years' campaign to catch him.

Hidden behind a tree at first, and afterward in the branches, he fought, but soon he fell dead at the foot of the tree. His body was carried to the police station, and later to the church. When his body was laid out in the chapel, all the villagers walked past the bier, kissing the feet of the dead man as a sign that they had forgiven him.

While outlawry in Sardinia is centuries old, in modern times it has been confined to mountainous districts of Nuoro, as here there are woods, hills and caves as hiding places. It was here during the World War that the deserters could live and evade arrest. It has been estimated that more than 100 soldiers found this district a good place to live in. Once they chose to become brigands their friends and relatives were bound to help them, not only by supplying them with what they needed but also by warning them when the police were on their track.

**Hobo Arrested; Defaced
Signs at Rendezvous**
Upland, Calif.—Out-of-town hoboes are becoming a bit "snooty" over the scenery surrounding their rendezvous adjacent to the Santa Fe railroad tracks.

When Dallas Chapman, twenty-one, tramp from Minnesota, was arrested by Chief of Police J. F. Sawyer for destroying signs recently placed near the "Willies" jungle, Chapman said that it had been a place for bums so long that the general public has no right to deface its beauty by erecting signs near it.

The priority rights plea fell on deaf ears, and Chapman was lodged in jail.

**Led to the Altar, Then
Will Not Take Vows**
Lawton, Okla.—You can lead the bride to the altar, but you can't make her get married.

A couple and several friends called on Justice of the Peace G. W. Horn. The couple wanted to be married, they said.

The party and the court clerk went to the courthouse to procure a license. As the license was about to be delivered the would-be bride said she was not going to be married.

And she was not.

**French Farmers Seek
Right to Kill Larks**
Paris.—The lark, the symbol of poets and favorite dish of epicures, has lost prestige in France, where a movement has just been started for its extermination.

As a result of losses to agriculture caused by larks sweeping down from the skies and making a meal on newly sown wheat seeds, deputies representing the farming districts of the country have asked for a revision of the hunting laws to bring about a more general slaughter of these birds.

Venerated for Strength
When you consider venerated furniture you usually consider it as a cheap and economical method of using expensive woods. But strength, as much as economy, is the motive, points out the American Architect, citing the famous desk used by Napoleon as an example. The desk accompanied the Corsican conqueror to the ends of Europe, packed on muleback or jolted over the country on artillery caissons. But now, more than 125 years old, it is on exhibition at Fontainebleau in perfect condition.

Bi-Lingualism in Finland
Before Finland was seized by Russia in 1808 to become a grand-duchy under the czars, it belonged to Sweden. Swedish remained the sole official language until 1888 when Finnish was given equal rights. Today both languages are on an equal footing, but Swedish is the commercial language of the maritime towns, including Helsingfors, the capital, where it is the mother tongue of a large portion of the population.

**Chinese View Plane
as Deadly Dragon**
Hankow.—There is at least one district in interior China where the airplane is regarded as the greatest enemy of mankind and is given the name of the most wicked creature known in Chinese mythology.

One of the American-imported planes recently flew over Shenchow, an ancient city in West Hunan, on its way to the fighting front. The populace in the district had never seen or heard of an airplane and when the machine sped above the clouds with its roaring noise a great consternation was caused.

DORIS WINDOW HOME

(By D. J. Walsh.)

DORIS WELLS, drawing herself up as tall as her 4 feet 11 inches would permit, walked jauntily along a busy downtown street. No one could have guessed from her cheerful expression that she wished this city street would turn into Main street, Wendenere, by a sudden wave of some fairy wand.

In Wendenere a girl could be 4 feet or 6 feet tall and she could get a stenographer's job anyhow. If she could take her shorthand notes and read them fast enough later at the typewriter. But in the city it seemed that business men had more compassionate hearts—if one could call it that, taking away a girl's job because she was so tiny!

Only that morning Doris had been writing at her machine when the manager came to her desk: "Get your typewriter, Miss Wells. We have another girl for your desk. I'm sorry, but I just can't stand it to see a girl as little as you are doing that mammoth amount of work every day! It's too much for you."

A hundred answers had sprung to Doris' lips: "Wasn't it better to have a hard job than none at all? Hadn't she done the work well, cleaning up every thing at 5:30 every evening before she left for the day? The girl who had held the position before her had often enough had eight or ten letters left for the next morning. Doris knew this by the soiled-looking notebook that the other girl had left behind her."

And back in Wendenere—Doris sighed. She could have kept on with her job there only it had sickened her to see the girl making money "dead" at Wayne Griswold's. Wayne, the mayor owned the lumber yard, the coal yard, the ice plant, was president of one bank and a director on the board of the other one—oh, Wayne Griswold was undoubtedly a good "catch" and well worth hunting down any man, she told herself.

Time had been when Wayne asked her to go to all the school parties, but that had been before the girls had started asking him boldly and baldly if he didn't want to take them. And Wayne, like many another man, liked flattery.

At this moment Doris passed a window where a large, sullen girl was throwing flour on the green rug before she ran the sweeper over the floor to prove to the onlookers what a good vacuum was for sale within. The manager of the store, to guess from his assured bearing, entered the window at this instant and said something that apparently displeased the demonstrator. Probably he had told the girl to smile for he bared his own teeth as an example.

The girl stared at him coldly for a moment, shrugged her shoulders and threw with some temper all the flour in the box at hand on the green rug at the back of the window. Doris smiled. She almost ran into the shop. "That demonstrator has left her job!" she asked of the man who was by now following the large girl out of the window.

"Yes," he said shortly. "Then I'd like the job," said Doris promptly. "But you—you're too little to stand there all day demonstrating that thing," he said doubtfully.

"It doesn't take any great amount of strength to run a vacuum back and forth," said Doris. "and, besides, when people see a tiny woman doing the work they will have no doubt that can do it if they are of even ordinary size."

"You win," said the man, grinning. "Ready to work now?" "All ready," said Doris. "Only that's a silly window advertisement if you happen to ask my opinion. Sensible folks don't pour flour on a good rug and then take it up again. That display doesn't come within folks' perception. Now if you put a little partition between the two halves of the window and made one half up to look like a garden with a large sand box, like a garden with a couple of puppies playing in the sand—a couple of bones would insure these digging there—and then have me at the piano or at a sewing table where the dogs run in, bringing sand on their feet. I clean up the sand with the vacuum and presto—the sales will run up something amazing."

"We'll try it," the man assented. "I'm not sure it will work, but sales have been a little slow."

"Yes, because you people have seen that four stunt so often that they pass right by the window," said Doris. "More than that, folks always stop to look at dogs."

Doris enjoyed arranging the window. They had let down a drop like a stage drop to hide them while they worked at the sand and garden part of it. Tall hollyhocks nodded at a back fence of cardboard.

"You can let the curtain up again while I straighten out the living room part," said Doris. "there's no use wasting good time when people are passing the window."

"I believe it's going to work," the manager said, enthusiastically. "And I'm telling you that something had to work and sell cleaners around this shop or I—I was going to be on the outside looking in instead of inside looking out!"

Doris pulled over a little sewing table close to the comfortable davenport and sat down to wait there until the dogs got their feet covered with the dampened sand. She did not notice a familiar face outside of the window looking at her in amazement. She could hear voices in the store and she smiled. That meant customers! When the little door at the back of the window opened she turned her head. Was the manager coming to congratulate her on her idea or to dismiss her as he had dismissed the other demonstrator? When her

SAW MURDER OF CZAR'S FAMILY

**Writer Gives Only First-
Hand Account of Russian
Royal Tragedy.**

New York.—Gleb Botkin, son of the personal physician to the late Czar Nicholas of Russia, has written for the North American Review what he describes as the only first-hand account of the murder of the Russian royal family at Ekaterinburg, on the night of July 17, 1918, by a Bolshevik firing squad.

Botkin's story, he asserts, is the eye-witness version of the massacre told to him by the mysterious "Princess Anastasia" whose arrival in America two years ago created a sensation, which was heightened by the fact that she never gave public confirmation to the claims made by her friends that she was the youngest daughter of the czar and the only survivor of the massacre.

"I not merely believe her to be Anastasia—I know that she is," declares Botkin, whose childhood was spent as a playmate of the czar's children, who accompanied the royal family on the first stage of its exile, and who, since his arrival in America in 1922 has made a livelihood as artist and author. His father was among those slain along with the czar, czarina, Prince Dolgoroukoff, and the grand duchesses.

Saw Czar Shot Through Head.
"She tells in detail of all the events preceding the shooting on the night of July 17, 1918," he relates. "Her last recognition is that she saw the Comissar Yurovsky shoot the emperor through the head. She herself hid behind her sister Olga. Then she heard Olga scream and lost consciousness."

"She came to herself in a peasant cart, traveling along the highway with two men and two women. She was covered with wounds and for a long time remained semi-conscious. Later it was explained to her that the two men were among the Bolshevik shooting squad and accompanied the bodies of the victims to the forest. They noticed that Anastasia was alive and in the night preceding the cremation of the bodies, stole her and brought her to their farm. From there, taking along their mother and sister, they started on the same night in a cart in a southwestern direction. After a few weeks of weary travel they reached Romania."

"There Anastasia married one of her rescuers and gave birth to a son. Soon afterward her husband, Tchakowsky, was killed in the streets of Bucharest. Anastasia's son was taken away from her and placed in an orphan asylum where he is said to have died. Anastasia made her way to Germany, where she wanted to find her god-mother, Princess Irene of Prussia. Arrived in Berlin, she threw herself from a bridge in a fit of despair, but was rescued by the police. Since she refused to answer a single question, she was placed in an insane asylum. It was there that she was recognized by Russian visitors who had known her in childhood. They obtained her release from the asylum in 1922."

At the instigation of his sister who had visited the young woman then known as Madame Tchakowsky in Berlin, Botkin went abroad in 1926 and was instrumental in bringing Anastasia to New York.

Leeds Oppose Her Fight for Fortune.
Here she was received as the guest of Mrs. William B. Leeds, the former Princess Xenia of Greece, a distant cousin of the czar. But later, Botkin charges in the North American Review article, the Leeds took the side of other distant relatives who were claiming the considerable fortune left by the czar in England, Germany and Finland.

"They readily admitted her identity," he says. "But somehow the policy of the imperial family prevailed. Anastasia was not to be officially acknowledged."

Anastasia left the Leeds' Long Island estate suddenly, spent a short time in the tiny studio apartment of John R. Colter, New York newspaper man, then found haven for a year with friends in Garden City, L. I., relates Botkin. For the past year she has been living with Miss Annie Burr Jennings, a member of an old New York family, in her suburban home.

Canadian Bituminous Sands
In what is known as the McMurray country in Canada, 300 miles north of Edmonton, there is to be found extensive deposits of bituminous sand. The future commercial significance of these deposits is as yet not generally realized. It adds, although it is possible that eventually they may prove to be of real national importance.

It is thought the bituminous sand in Canada is in many respects similar to the oil shale in the United States and that the development of bituminous sand should be considered quite as seriously as that of the oil shales. Yield per ton from the latter will, in some instances, be higher than from bituminous sand, but, from the point of view of mining costs and certain other factors, the development of bituminous sands will probably have advantages over oil shales.

Sweetness of a Good Life
As shrubs which are cut down with the morning dew upon them do for a long time after retain their fragrance, so the good actions of a wise man perfume his mind and leave a rich scent behind them. So that joy is, as it were, wafted with these essences and owes its flourishing to them.—Mutch.

Deceit in Invention
There should always be some foundation of fact for the most airy fabric; and pure invention is but the talent of a deceiver.—Byron

Trick Watches Latest Fad Among Parisians

Paris.—European watch manufacturers have gone modern and this year's watches look like anything but a watch.

The smartest boulevard shops show watches with only four hours indicated—3, 6, 9, and 12. You have to guess the rest. There is another without hands. When you want to know what time it is you press a button and the dial lights up with lighted hands pointing directly to the hour.

There are watches hidden in cufflinks, in women's neckties, and in a leather strap wider than a shoelace. It seems, however, the smaller they are the higher they come.

**Roaming Buffalo Once
Looked Upon as Pest**
New Zealand complains that it has too many deer and wild pigs and not enough hunters. Red deer imported to the country have refused to mount and tame fastnesses, multiplied rapidly and now descend on farms and grazing lands. The government, to afford some relief, has sent out shooting parties one of which got 700 deer and another 600 deer. The hides of these animals were sold at \$1 each, but no mention is made of the destination of the venison.

What the deer overlook the wild pigs root up. So great are the ravages of these descendants of docile British perkers that the government pays a bounty of 25 cents for each snout turned in, but the farmers complain that there seems to be no diminution in the numbers of the wild pigs.

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Mexican Coat of Arms Traced to Aztec Fable

That the name "Mexico" comes from "mexitli," the Aztec word for the native maize or pulque plant, is the conclusion of Enrique Juan Palacios, of the Mexican direction for archeology, who has searched for its origin in native Indian documents, as well as in other sources of information. Every Mexican school child knows that his national coat-of-arms is an adaptation of the ancient Aztec hieroglyph or place-name for "Tenochtitlan," as pre-conquest Mexico City was called. Mexico's shield, therefore, is at least six centuries old. It represents an eagle in mortal struggle with a snake, which he holds with one claw and his beak. With the other claw he is balanced on a rocky island growing on a rock in the middle of a lake. This pictorialization of an extremely difficult position illustrates the Aztec fable of the founding of the ancient city that is now the capital of the Mexican republic.

Possibility That Great Auk May Still Exist

Does the Great Auk still exist? The last authentic case of one having been seen was in 1843, but "Bird Notes and News" raises the question as to whether a bird which has been seen in the Lofoten islands (off the coast of northern Norway) is not a Great Auk. A writer tells how a Finnish hunter and naturalist saw a strange bird which he could not recognize. He was shown a picture of the Great Northern Diver, but said it was not the same. He was then shown a Razorbill, but declared that the bird was bigger. The book was opened casually at the Great Auk, and he immediately identified it and persisted in his story, which was corroborated even to the identification by an independent witness who had also seen it. The bird was never seen again, but it is possible that on such a wild coast a few Great Auks may have survived.

Odd "Break" in Sermon

The former pastor of a Tiocha church tells a good one on himself which shows the queer breaks a man can make, even in the pulpit.

The pastor was preaching on "Faith" and among his illustrations of the value of faith declared that "it was by faith that Moses discovered America."

He noticed a smile spread over the faces of the congregation, but couldn't imagine what it was about, and reported that but for his faith Moses would never have crossed the stormy Atlantic to America.

Having observed that his wife was as much amused as anybody, he promptly asked her on reaching his home what the people were smiling at. When she told him, he was forced to wonder at the restraint the congregation had shown.—Philadelphia Record.

To "Turn State's Evidence"
State's evidence is the evidence produced by the government in criminal prosecution. The term also applies to a person who gives such evidence. When a person implicated in a crime voluntarily confesses his share and gives testimony that will incriminate his accomplices he is said to "turn state's evidence," namely, he becomes a witness for the state. In such cases there is generally an express or implied promise on the part of the authorities that they will not prosecute the witness who thus testifies, or that he will at least be dealt with leniently. Prosecutors do not usually promise such immunity unless there is insufficient evidence to convict the defendant without the testimony in question.—Pathfinder Magazine.

Correct this sentence: "He told her that he loved her, and wanted her, and wanted none of her money."

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DENTIST**
United States Dental Examiner for this district
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