

POLICE BAFFLED BY FACE SLAPPER

Curious Things Happen in French Peasant's Home.

Paris.—Husky policemen have prowled in vain, learned scientists have investigated without discovering a single clue, and neighbors have held watch parties galore—yet the mysterious face-slapping thing that inhabits the home of Jean Rossier, a peasant living near Rochepique, France, continues its ghostly depredations.

Face-slapping by invisible hands continues, and even the police and curious scientists have felt husky, but unseen, blows. Furniture tumbles about, a noise like the rumbling of distant thunder comes from the attic at night. Beds are unmade and faces in the cook stove extinguished.

And members of the Rossier family are awakened sometimes at night by the screams of the children, whose faces are bloody scratches.

"I have challenged the Thing to come out and fight a dozen times, but never yet have I had even a brief glimpse of it," explains Rossier himself, who is a veteran of the World war and a husky, middle-aged farmer. "This house belongs to me, though, and I'll not leave it in spite of what may happen. One of these days I'll get hold of the Thing and teach it a lesson, and then my family and I can again live in peace."

Neighbors say the ghostly actions are actually the epitome of an eighty-year-old woman who lives alone in a shack in the town. She has cast a spell over the Rossier family because of some fancied wrong, the old woman says. Feeling angry, she is forced to maintain a constant guard around her home to protect her from violence.

The Rossier case has become the talk of France, and daily stories of its last outrages are carried by the Paris newspapers. Scientists have been called in on a great many such cases, especially in the rural regions, and usually have succeeded in exposing some clever trickery. Never, however, have they encountered a case so baffling and so apparently without solution.

Use "Masonic Surgery" to Restore Brock Statue

Queens, Ont.—By the use of "masonic surgery" workmen are busy restoring the 18-foot weather-marked and storm-battered statue of Gen. Sir Isaac Brock, hero of the war of 1812.

Seventy-five feet above the grave where the general's body lies beside that of his aide-de-camp, Lieut. Col. John Macdonnell, stands a stone effigy of the British troop commander who was killed in the battle of Queenston Heights October 13, 1812.

About a year ago, during a thunderstorm, the general's 1,800-pound right arm, extended before him with the hand clutching a scroll, was broken off and shattered on the ground at the base of the monument.

When workmen had raised a scaffolding about the column on which Brock's effigy stands they discovered that weather had played havoc with the statue in the 75 years it has stood on the plain looking over the Niagara river which flows 500 feet below.

Wright Brothers Showed Genius in Early Years

According to the first biography of the inventors, "The Wright Brothers: Fathers of Flight," by John R. McMahon, they showed their inventive minds at an early age. When Orville was ten and Wilbur fourteen they constructed a wood-turning lathe out of lumber from the wood pile, parts from an old buggy and marbles for ball bearings. Its power plant was a foot treadle long enough to accommodate the feet of six boys. When Orville was seventeen and Wilbur twenty-one they built a printing press with a second-hand tombstone as the flat bed. Their first revolutionary discovery was made from a cardboard box from which Wilbur had just sold a bicycle inner tube. Orville had previously concluded that lateral balance would be necessary to successful flight. As his brother twisted the sides of the box he evolved the very principle they had been seeking. This became the wing which, in its present form of aluminum, is essential to the sidewise balance of airplanes.

Insect Resembles Leaf

The walking leaf, an insect species the female of which has disguised herself to resemble vegetative life, probably more cleverly than any other, comes originally from the island of Ceylon, but has been raised in Europe, whence eggs have been imported to America. When the young emerge from the eggs they are very active and a bright red in color, says Nature Magazine. They do not begin to eat until they are about one week old. A week later they have begun to turn brown and by the time a fortnight has passed the females are green, which color they maintain until they perish. The older and larger they get—and they grow to be four inches long—the more they resemble a leaf. In their native country they feed on tea leaves and leaves of certain species of lemon trees.

Proves He Is Sober by Unbroken Eggs

London.—A London cockney has put one over two policemen and a prison doctor. He was charged by the three at a Tottenham court with being helplessly drunk. The prisoner pleaded that he had indisputable evidence that he was not disorderly. His lordship, the judge, commanded him to call his witnesses. The cockney produced six eggs from his pockets, not one of which was even slightly cracked. His honor dismissed the prisoner at once.

Scientists Unable to Cope With the Locust

Scientists have studied the locust for centuries. They still do not understand the inspiration of its migrations or the irregular abundance of the insects. Where do such armies come from? They have flown in solid phalanxes from Africa to England; swarms have been seen at sea twelve hundred miles from the nearest land. Apparently most of them remain for years in remote desert regions; then something within them impels the advance upon man's gardens.

The gulls once saved Salt Lake City from a locust invasion, and the grateful citizens raised a monument to their winged saviors. In the old days our plains farmers kept flocks of turkeys, regarded as the locusts' mightiest enemies. But apparently the plow was more potent still, for when the plains went into cultivation the great hordes of locusts ended. And the Rocky mountain locust that ravaged the prairie states in the 70s and 80s is a rare insect today. The Russians have had some success with pesticides distributed by airplane; but airplanes are not always readily available when the swarms begin to fly. In most of the Arab countries today a flight of locusts is still as appalling as in the day of Joel.

Carthage Made Great by Its Able Leaders

Ancient Carthage was the world's first experiment in straight plutocracy. Its frame of government was much similar to that of Rome. Its ruling families governed through a senate, checked in one way or another by a popular assembly. Some of the ruling families were allied by alliance with the great, but what really made the Carthaginians great was the ability of a few men, many of them of the Barcid family—Hanno, Hamilcar, Hasdrubal and, above all, Hannibal.

Yet the spirit of the city differed from that of Rome. Its people were at once more oriental and more commercial. Its religion was a weird affair, with the sacrificing of children in the burning mouth of a god. And its trading spirit went so far as to weaken its strength. Its mercenaries were good fighters, while they were paid, but in the end the Roman legion, manned by citizens of the republic, brought them to the ground.

Frascati and Tusculum

One of the most delightful excursions from Rome is south to Frascati and Tusculum. This section is higher than Rome, and cooler, so it has become a favorite summer resort for Romans and foreigners alike. There are many beautiful villas owned by famous Roman families, and often the public is admitted to the gardens of ancient trees and splashing fountains, and to the interior courtyards and galleries. It is a hard climb to see them all, so many people prefer to hire little donkeys before leaving Frascati. The road to Tusculum was built by the ancient Romans—Cicero's chariot used often to pass over it on the way to his summer place, and the patricians came this way to the theater which is in a fine state of preservation to this day.

Fleeing Bandit Stopped by a Well-Aimed Rock

New York.—A bandit entered Mack Schulman's drug store and robbed the owner of \$50 while two pals waited outside. When the robber emerged from the store he discovered that his accomplices had decamped.

The gunman leaped on the running board of a passing car, ordering the driver to stop on it. He pulled his gun and threatened to shoot him. James Fleming, a pedestrian, observed the approaching car with the bandit pointing his gun at the driver. Picking up a stone, Fleming threw it with a sure aim, and the bandit, struck in the back of the head, dropped the gun and fell to the street. He was a prisoner in a hospital cot when he recovered consciousness.

Paper Barometer

Henley's Twentieth Century Book of Recipes publishes the following method of making a paper barometer: Saturate white blotting paper with the following liquid and then hang up to dry:

Cobalt chloride, 1 ounce; sodium chloride, 1/4 ounce; calcium chloride, 75 grains; acetic acid, 1/4 ounce; water 3 ounces.

The amount of moisture in the air is roughly indicated by the changing color of the paper, rose red indicating rain; pale red, very moist; bluish red, moist; lavender blue, nearly dry; blue, very dry.

Unfortunate Early Savant

Henry, Marquis of Villena, a Castilian savant in the reign of John II, studied astronomy so diligently that he lost all run of his worldly affairs and caused a wit of his day to comment sarcastically: "He knew much of heaven and nothing of earth."

His blind neglect of his financial concerns cost him all his possessions and reduced him to extreme poverty in his last years. He was suspected of necromancy, and at his death in 1524 the king's ecclesiastical agent threw more than a hundred of his precious books into the flames.—Detroit News.

Do Bees Know Beekeeper?

One often hears the statement that bees know their master. This is not true. During the working season a bee lives for only about six weeks, two of which are spent in the hive. It is hardly likely that a beekeeper would examine a hive frequently enough to become known to these short-lived creatures even if they had the ability to distinguish between different hives.—Belmont.

Girl, 11, Church Organist

Colford, England.—Stella Dix, eleven-year-old schoolgirl of Short Stanning, has been appointed organist of a local church.

Dick and His Tomorrows

By CLARISSA MACKIE

(Copyright.)

"BROKEN your engagement to Dick?" repeated Mrs. Merton, with a long searching look at her daughter.

There was an almost inaudible "yes" and then silence on the part of the girl at the window, staring down the straight garden walk.

"Would you like to tell me about it?" Helen?

Helen shrugged her shoulders. "Any one might guess, mother. It is Dick's habit of taking the little end of things in such a cheerful way. At the office, for instance, he will not push himself toward a better position. He always says, 'I'll just put along—my turn will come tomorrow.' Yesterday, it seems that Mr. Franklin suddenly resigned his position as head of that department, and Arnold Smith walked right into the president's office and asked for it—and got it. Dick just calmly poked along, never thought of asking for the advancement, thought it was a fine chance for Arnold Smith! When I scolded him about it he merely laughed and said the same old thing!"

"That his turn would come tomorrow?"

"Yes. Then—one word led to another—and I told him I would not marry a man who did not recognize opportunity when he saw it—and so I ended it."

"Yes, dear, you ended your engagement for the same reason that you blamed Dick—you could not see and recognize an opportunity to hold the love of a mighty fine man with a great future!"

It was an unhappy summer for Helen Merton. Dick must be working very hard this summer for he looked rather thin and worn, but Helen met him face to face only once, and then his greeting was gravely courteous. He was seen driving Beth Blake in his shabby little car, and Mrs. Blake was quoted as saying that "Dick was a rising young man."

Then one night the blow fell. Mrs. Merton sat down at the dinner table one August evening and glanced toward her son. "Oh, James, I am so sorry. Poor Dick has worked so hard—"

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TELLS OF RACES IN DANCE HALLS

Musher Describes Curious Contests in Alaska.

St. Louis.—A grizzled old marathon runner who mused dog teams in quest of gold in the Far North remembers when the events were for fifty miles—and took place in frontier dance halls.

H. N. Huber, now seventy, competed in these races in Nome, Alaska, while in these races, some of which were on a cheering mass of gold miners looked on the best bets—some of which were the legs of her tables.

Stools, kags and other bits of furniture were prominent with the old time dance hall constituted the "cheaper seats."

Huber, whose record in point of years compares with that of Clarence De Mar, sensational Boston marathoner, smiles when he reads of the achievements of the present day racers.

"The Nome races, more grueling than those of today, according to the weather, and as a result of cold weather, and the first thing I'm—"

"The bitter weather halted business conditions one year and we had to have some sort of excitement while awaiting spring."

"A marathon race was suggested. 'Well, up there the boys did not do things by halves and when they got down to business they fixed the distance at fifty miles and called in surveyors to figure the exact distance in the largest dance hall."

"It was some hall, too," the old timer said.

"The house was full on the night of the first race—so were most of the spectators and a few of the runners."

"About twenty of us, old and young, lined up for the start, but most of the kids dropped out before the race had gone far."

"With the race half over there was but four of us left, and at last the remaining three fell by the wayside and I ambled into victory."

"I covered the fifty miles in 7 hours and 40 minutes, receiving \$500 plus aches and burns for my trouble."

Roads Spend \$2,500,000 a Day for Improvements

Chicago.—Expenditures for improvements on the railroads of the United States in the first quarter of 1930 exceeded by \$2,500,000 the amounts which the railroads assured President Hoover in December that they would spend in that period.

The budgets of the railroads anticipated the expenditure of \$212,000,000 for additions and betterments in the first three months of the year, but actual expenditures in that period amounted to \$224,000,000, according to R. H. Ashton, president of the American Railway association.

This is more than was spent by the railroads for improvements during the first three months of either 1928 or 1929, although railway earnings were substantially lower for the first three months of 1930 than for the corresponding periods of the two years mentioned. These large expenditures, amounting to around \$2,500,000 a day, aided materially toward stabilizing industrial activity and employment.

Loses His Pay Gambling; Then Fakes Holdup Story

Vienna.—Because he feared his wife more than he feared the police and because he tried to deceive both his wife and the police, Gustav Stocker, a tailor's apprentice of Wiener-Neudorf, for several weeks has been a free boarder in the village jail.

Having lost all of his week's wages gambling in a saloon and then becoming frightened at what would happen to him when his wife learned of his losses, Stocker went to the police and reported that he had been attacked and robbed by a highwayman while on his way home.

Within a few hours, however, the police had discovered that his statements were untrue. Immediately he was arrested on a charge of perjury with intent to deceive law enforcement officers.

Sun Tan Ages Features, Specialists Declare

New York.—American women are being strongly urged by beauty specialists to shun the sunbath rage that swept the country's last vacation season.

Throughout the winter specialists have been telling vainly to undo ravages of the sun to which some women, exposed themselves last summer, but they have found in many cases that the merciless rays had added years to the faces of their clients which cannot be wiped out.

Planned Great Memorial

Nearly 80 years ago a Santo Domingo, Don Antonio Delmonte y Tejada, conceived the idea of a fitting memorial to Columbus. His proposal was: "Let us erect in the most visible and notable place in America, in a central point and where it may be visited by travelers as they approach her shores, the statue that his greatness and remembrance demand. Let this statue be a colossus like that of Rhodes, and let it be surrounded by the best sculptor available, and with funds raised by popular subscription in all the cities of Europe and America, and let this statue have its arms extended and pointing to one and the other of the American continents."

Miss Tackett admitted in court that Collyer gave her a lift near Tulare, about 25 miles distant. In Porterville, she admitted, he went on a business errand and left her in the car and gave her permission to drive around a bit while waiting for him.

She took him at his word and even stretched his intention a little, she admitted, and drove to Tulajana, about 400 miles south of here, before law officers were able to locate her and the car.

A Prompt Suggestion

"What can I do," roared the fiery orator during a demonstration, "when I see my country going to ruin, when I see our oppressors' hands at our throats, strangling us, and the black clouds of hopelessness and despair gathering on the horizon to obliterate the golden sun of prosperity? What, I ask you, what can I do?" "Sit down!" shouted the audience.

That Ukulele Player

By LEETE STONE

(Copyright.)

THE Simpsons were at breakfast; that is, Mr. and Mrs. Simpson were, but Betty was absent. Simpson spoke with a rasp in his tone:

"I suppose you realize that Betty didn't come in until two last night—and it's the second time this week?"

"Yes, father, mildly, but—"

"Out with that ukulele player again! I'll bet." The rasp sharpened.

"Now, father, Jim Leeds is a nice fellow. You'd have got me a lot easier than you did if you'd done a little serenading."

At this juncture Betty Simpson entered, her pretty head tilted a trifle and her eyes dancing.

"Don't tell me I'm making conversation again, Dad."

"Betty, where were you last night? Ominous inquiry."

"Dad," with delicate haughtiness, "you know if you had a thousand dollars for every time you've asked me that question at breakfast you could make quite a killing downtown today."

"You won't gain anything by being disrespectful, young lady. From now on I'm going to take charge of your affairs and the first thing I'm—"

"Why, Dad," Betty laughed her most engaging laugh, "you mustn't talk to me like that, you really mustn't."

Mr. Simpson's naturally high color took on a deeper hue and he spluttered. Lydia Simpson, devoted herself calmly to her soft boiled eggs. Betty assumed a dutiful expression and slipped around the table daintily.

"I'll talk to you just as I please and you'll listen. The first thing you'll do is stop running around till two and three in the morning with that ukulele player."

"What's your grudge against Jim, Dad? He's straight, has a good job in a good orchestra—and he loves me as if he meant it. Why, Dad, Jim's romantic, and that's rare with you, you call the younger generation 'He'll lead a symphony orchestra some day.'"

Simpson turned toward his lips with his napkin, withdrew his chair a few inches from the table, straightened out the creases in his waistcoat, and leaning slightly forward, placed both hands on the edge of the breakfast table.

"Now, let's be sensible. Daughter, your mother and I have given you everything education, pleasure, travel, everything you've needed or wanted. Consider us! It's time you married. We want you to marry Cornelius Worthingham. I won't say he's particularly romantic, but he's a sportsman and a gentleman and very fond of you. You like him or you wouldn't have played around with him so much this last year. You see my dear—"

"I knew it," Betty broke in laughing again. "You seemed in particularly high spirits this morning. I can speak your little piece for you. Dad, listen: Betty marries Corny. Betty's father, wedding mangle wand of re-entrapment, with profit society and financially financially especially because faces of figures Wolf of Wall Street will be drawn as far as Betty's father is concerned. Does it listen, well, Dad? Betty's dimples deepened as she gazed at him with humorous interrogation."

His next being so succinctly called that Mr. Simpson veered to another tack. Exponentially, he addressed himself to the difficult daughter.

"Nonsense, my dear! It's entirely of you I'm thinking. I want you to be happy, as your mother and I have been happy."

"Oh, I see," Betty responded meditatively.

Believing he saw signs of weakening, Simpson Senior continued:

"Now here's my plan, Betty: A week from Saturday we'll have a party to invite every one that counts and announce your engagement to Corny. He's always asking you to marry him. You say, 'Well, see that he asks you that night if not before—and accept him this time.' Mr. Simpson's mouth widened to the correct proportions of his best business smile. "You'll never regret taking Daddy's advice, dear."

"I'll have to think it over, Dad. Betty's dimples and eyes were poised to flash in their attempt to cloak a burning elation."

Every few seconds she turned her head and looked down the wide hall to the base of the broad stairs. In the little silence that fell at the breakfast table, her footstep were heard as they fell on the floor above.

"Mother—please tell Hilda to set another place."

Father and mother both looked inquiringly at their thoroughly up-to-date daughter. Above the now descending tread, rose the soft twang of ukulele strains in that particular number, "There's Danger in Your Eyes, Charlie."

Mr. Simpson's horrified stare betokened apoplexy. Lydia Simpson smiled a knowing smile. Betty addressed Hilda, the maid, who stood at her side.

"Hilda, that's my husband, Mr. Leeds, coming down. We were married last night. Get him some orange juice and toast and coffee, please."

"Yes, yes—Madam."

Small, but Powerful

The area of Manhattan Island is 22 square miles, only one-fifth of the area of Greater New York.

CROOK DOPES GIRL THEN ROBS HOME

Thumb Print on Dress Leads to His Arrest.

Berlin.—How a Berlin crook posed as a doctor, gave a fraulein from the fashionable West End quarter a shot of alleged tonic in the arm, which sent her off into a deep sleep, and then took her key and robbed her father's house, became known smugly, intimately with the maid's arrest, after the police had discovered his thumb print on the girl's black satin dress.

The little rich girl—she is Fraulein Margarete Richter, daughter of a Berlin merchant—went to the movies one night to see a thrilling film. It was so thrilling that Margarete realized with a start that she had been tensely gripping the arm of the strange man next to her.

She hastily drew away and weakly apologized. He was a nice man.

"Never mind," he smiled. "It was awfully exciting, wasn't it? But you're in no shape to go home alone now. I'll take you."

They started off in a taxi. On the way the man felt Margarete's pulse and said her heart was beating a bit weakly. He said she needed a tonic injection in her arm to make the weakness pass. She yielded. The "tonic" put Margarete right to sleep. She came to, the next morning, in a shabby, hotel room, fully clothed, her purse lying open on the floor beside her with nothing missing but her house key.

Margarete hurried home to her distressed father and mother. To her tale of woe they added one of their own. The house had been robbed during the night of several thousand marks' worth of silverware and jewelry by a thief who had apparently gotten in right through the front door with a key. They took their two stories to the police who proceeded to place them together and concluded the same person had played villain in both of them. Then they found the thumbprint on Margarete's black satin dress and arrested their man, who has a criminal record. He confessed to the whole business and got two years at hard labor.

Guard Takes Prisoner

On Spree; Is Jailed

Cremona, Italy.—Carlo Pariscetti is a kind-hearted man who guards the prisoners in the penitentiary of Cremona near here.

On the occasion of the annual festival for the patron saint of the town he dressed himself in his best and was setting out to have a good time in town when one of the prisoners under guard asked him to take him along. Pariscetti agreed and prisoner and guard went out together and passed a very agreeable evening, the penitentiary guard laying for all the drinks against the prisoner's promise to repay with interest.

When the fun was finished prisoner and guard returned and the latter locked up his man again.

Unfortunately, an officer heard of the incident and Pariscetti is now doing a spell in the cell himself.

Held Prisoner 11 Years

by Husband in Home

Mendoza, Argentina.—Maria Blanca Maure was held by Mendoza police on a charge of having aided in the sequestration for eleven years of the wife of the man she adored. Senora Amado Astorga, emarried and clothed in rags, was found in a back room of the Astorga home here while her husband's body lay in a casket awaiting burial. She said she had been kept a prisoner for eleven years and was constantly mistreated by her husband and Senorita Maure.

Married 51 Years, Couple Are Divorced

Liverpool, England.—A marriage that had passed the golden anniversary mark was dissolved when the divorce court granted a decree nisi to Mrs. Maud Mary Imbach, seventy, for the dissolution of her marriage with Charles Imbach, seventy-five. They were married in May, 1879. Five children were born. Imbach, a professional man in Liverpool, did not defend the suit.

Autoist Cut When Bird Crashes Into Windshield

Provo, Utah.—When Max Stewart killed a pheasant out of season he was not fined, but he was rather badly hurt. He killed the pheasant with his windshield. That is, the pheasant and windshield met as Stewart drove swiftly down the road. The bird dropped in his lap, and Stewart was badly cut on the face, hands and arms by flying glass.

"Run-Off" After Rainfall Affects Water Power

In the study of the matter of rainfall, it has been gradually realized that the "run-off" calls for just as much investigation as the precipitation. In fact, it has been found that the "run-off" is even more variable than the rainfall. The "run-off" is that part of rainfall which finds its way to the streams and is available for generating hydroelectric power. This "run-off" is not a fixed percentage. When the ground is very dry it absorbs all the rainfall and there is no "run-off." When the earth is saturated practically every drop of rainfall runs off. Thus, when a severe drought strikes an area usually well watered, the drop in "run-off" is much more pronounced than the shrinkage in precipitation. All of this has been known in a general way, but it has taken a prolonged dry spell to make it really appreciated, and water power plants that were planned from rainfall records without proper allowance for the still greater fluctuations in "run-off" have suffered.

The recognition of this relationship will undoubtedly save the industry many millions of dollars in unprofitable investments and will safeguard the consumer because of greater reserves that will be provided hereafter.

Here's a Land Deal!

5 Inches by 25 Feet

New York.—One of the smallest real estate transactions on record took place recently when on the written consent of Cardinal Hayes, Supreme Court Justice Valent signed an order permitting the church of Our Lady of Lourdes to sell the Artcraft Building corporation a piece of real estate for \$50. The strip is 5 inches wide by 2