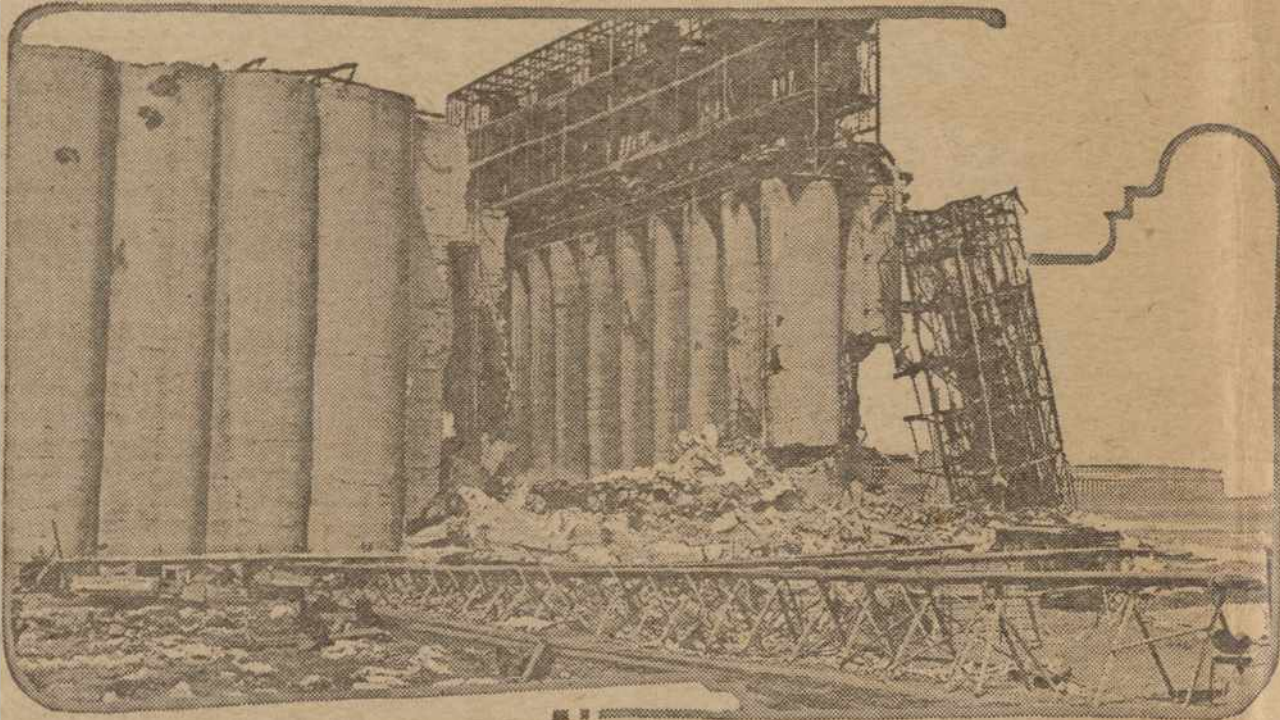


Salvaging Grain From Elevator That Blew Up



The work of salvaging the grain that was blown up in the world's largest grain elevator, in Chicago, owned by the Armour company, has just been finished. The work of cleaning out the elevator, which it had been estimated would take at least a year, was finished in four months. Blowers were run out from two sides of the elevator, one to the railroad tracks and one to the canal where the barges were loaded.

Danube Is Open to All Nations

Internationalization of Famous River Completed by Action of Interested Allied Powers.

BARRIER AND BATTLEGROUND

Danube Has Long Been Chain Upon Which Romance and History Have Vied With Each Other to Hang Interesting Traditions.

Washington.—The completion of the internationalization of the Danube by the recent formal action of the interested allied powers, announced in Paris dispatches, is the occasion for the issuance from the Washington headquarters of the National Geographic society of the following bulletin, descriptive of the famous river.

"From the Black forest to the Black sea, over a course 1,800 miles in length, the Danube has long been a chain upon which romance and history have vied with each other to hang interesting traditions and occurrences. Geography, too, has done its share, and although the Volga exceeds its rival in length, and although the Rhine in Thackeray and Hood has had better press agents, the Danube is large enough and beautiful enough to rank in interest with the great rivers of the world.

Less a Highway and More a Barrier.

"There was a time when the Danube was symbolized by an old-fashioned waltz. But since the World war began, nothing but a hesitation typifies the place the river has held in the economic life of the countries through which it runs. It has been less a highway and more the barrier than in prewar days. Not yet does it serve to bind the various nations through which it passes into a friendly and co-operating group. It has been officially open to ships of all nations since the forming of the Danube commission in 1856 and the various states interested long co-operated to improve the navigation facilities, especially in the lower reaches of the river; but political conditions have done much to weaken the economic link which once bound Linz and Vienna to the great grain shipping center of Braila, to which ocean-going vessels can steam, and to the Black sea ports themselves.

"Charming villages, beautiful meadows, picturesque hills crowned with ruined castles, princely palaces, ecclesiastical piles and two of the world's most fascinating capitals are strung along the lengthy and winding river. Thriving industries raise their smokestacks beside the stream whose legendary color is blue but whose true tint varies from a dirty green to a muddy yellow. More tragic than the encroachment of factory smoke has been in late years the sad sight of countless chimneys from which the life-breath of industry seemed to have expired forever.

Hohenzollern Castle on Banks.
"Near its source at Donaueschingen, the river passes between the castle which gave its name to the late ruling family in Germany and a war monument to the Hohenzollern men who fell in the Franco-Prussian war. Farther down it passes through the once-proud capital of Austria-Hungary, where the fine government buildings stand to the despairing inhabitants as a mocking reminder of better days, and beside the Prater, once a deer park and later a pleasure garden noted for its Viennese gayety.

The Danube.

"Still farther along its course just after entering Czechoslovakia, at its junction with the March, there is a towering cliff spired with a monument erected to celebrate 1,000 years of Hungarian nationality. This is Czechoslovakian territory now, and there last summer the Stars and Stripes were draped on the occasion of the visit of a large group of Czech-

Americans to the newly freed land of their fathers.

"Bratislava, now Czechoslovakia's river port, was once the city in whose dignified cathedral the Hungarian kings were crowned. The boat station there reveals the changes which history has wrought. Over the center of the landing the present name is given, but to the left one can see most of the letters of the German name 'Pressburg' and to the right there is the Hungarian name 'Pozsony.'

Budapest Not War-Torn.

"Vienna, brooding in its lovely parks, which lack the care that was once lavished on them, and contemplating with cynicism the motto 'Si Vis Pacem, Para Bellum,' whose golden letters decorate the walls of the ministry of war, is a sad sight. But Budapest, still militant, still haughty in the consciousness of its beauty, seems to have been less troubled by the passage of war.

"Food is the main reason. Hungary, reduced as it is, still contains some of the best land in Europe. Vienna, its industry stopped, can do little to earn the food it needs. During the summer of 1920 all traffic between the two capitals was stopped by mutual boycotts and although steamers plied the Danube from Linz to Budapest, no through passengers or freight were received.

"To the casual observer, Budapest is the same proud city as of old. The fine parliament building and the imposing palace on the heights across the river, where Admiral Horthy now rules, seem as attractive as before the war. The upper river is still crowded with bathers and with canoes and rowboats in which charming women and stalwart men do their best to attain a spacious coat of tan. Along Franz Josef quay, the promenade adds a lively touch of color to the drab scenes to which the beautiful blue Danube has become accustomed.

Celtic Fortress Still Stands.

"From Zemun, once the last Hungarian port on the Danube, a short trip between low banks brings one to Belgrade, the capital of the new kingdom of Serbs, Croats and Slovenes, where the steamer rounds the base of the ancient fortress which dates back to the time of the Celts, the Romans and the Franks, and comes to its dock a little way up the Save.

RANKS WITH DEMPSEY



Here is "Bowie," who ranks about as high in the cock-fighting world as Dempsey does in the prize-ring or Jock Hutchinson in golf. "Bowie," now the property of Dan Baldwin of Walnut Springs, Tex., has won \$3,400 in purses alone in nine battles in the fastest cockpits of the United States and Mexico.

Big Feet No Help in Killing Rattlesnake

James Kiernan, Tusten, N. Y., nearly lost a battle with a four-foot rattlesnake because his feet were too big. Kiernan got both feet on the rattler, but was unable to club it to death as he could not hit the snake without bruising his own toes. He was nearly tired out before he managed to get in a blow which stunned the snake so that he could get off and finish the job.

which here enters the Danube from the south.

"About four hours sail below Belgrade the wide plains give way to hilly country where the Transylvanian Alps curve down toward the jumble of mountains which extend to Montenegro and Greece. It is in this region that the main obstructions of the river occur. But the most famous obstructions and the finest scenery come at the Kazan Dufila and the 'Iron Gates,' where the river has collected a gruesome toll.

"At Ruscuk, the railway traveler from Roumania ferries across a broad and sluggish stream to continue his journey to Sofia and Constantinople; and here the banks of the Danube are lined with huge barges, many of which are still idle. Below Silistria, the river curves to the north and passes through Roumanian territory throughout the rest of its length. At Cerna Voda, it is crossed by one of the longest railway bridges in the world, the last of the many bridges which cross the stream, some of which are now destroyed as a result of the war and post-armistice fighting.

"Braila, 125 miles from the three main mouths of the Danube, is a port for the grain and produce of a rich agricultural region. In prewar days its wharves teemed with life and its huge grain elevators bulged with the rich products of Wallachia and Dobruja, which has seen great development since the Russians gave it to Roumania instead of the more valuable and fertile tracts of Bessarabia. From Galatz to the sea the Danube has already been under the control of an international commission whose duty has been to tame the river and the many nationalities to whom the river is highway or barrier, according to the tides of human passion and national life."

TO SAVE \$1,000,000 ON AUTOS

Mexican Government to Refuse to Furnish Oil and Tires to Employees.

Mexico City.—The Mexican government, by refusing free gasoline, tires, repairs and garage service to its employees who use government automobiles, hopes to effect a saving of more than \$1,000,000 annually. Several more hundreds of thousands will be saved to the government when army officers are forced to purchase their own gala uniforms, and there will be a still greater saving when all federal employees drawing more than five pesos (\$2.50) daily suffer a wage reduction of 10 per cent.

These economies which, it is understood, will be made effective shortly, are in line with a program of rigid thrift inaugurated by presidential decree.

Too Many Women in Europe.

Berlin.—Unless recently advocated plans of a Bulgarian solon and a Colorado farmer result in laws permitting farmers and others to have more than one wife are accepted in Germany, from 30 to 40 per cent of the German women are doomed never to have husbands, according to statistics gathered by Albin Michel, a German expert, who declares that Europe's surplus women have increased until they exceed men by 15,000,000.

New Model Needed.

The real objection to a butter-knife is that it isn't sharp enough in winter and isn't enough like a spoon in summer.—Utica Morning Telegram.

To Win the Love of Philip Utard

By DORA MOLLAN

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

That "A woman with fair opportunity and without an absolute hump may marry whom she likes." And "Vanity Fair" being the book chosen as the week's English lesson for the senior class at the Pitman high, it came naturally about that this fragment of the philosophy of a wise man should be the subject of discussion by a group of girl students gathered in a corner of the big assembly room.

"Why, it's no more to be doubted that Professor Bank's coupe!" This calm statement by Susan Belden ought to have settled the question forever—for hadn't Susan littered the steps of Pitman's school system with heart-breaks? Nor was she the prettiest girl in the class, by several.

Some budding iconoclast in the group murmured, sotto voce, "Her mother feeds 'em!" This drew smothered giggles. But it was Anne Tyson, the acknowledged brains of the senior class, who had the temerity to openly qualify the dictum of the class belle.

"You can win a man, girls, by trickery. But you can't keep him by the same method—not if he's worth it." Came a day when this shaft, sped at a fair mark, was to turn, boomerang-like, and fly back at the archer.

Fate seems to have her own inscrutable reasons for requiring certain pairs of individuals to "fall in" side by side and march in step, even when there is no particular sympathy, or even liking. It was that way at school—and afterward—with Sue Belden, daughter of the proprietor of the town's one little department store, and Anne Tyson, whose father was the town's leading physician.

They lived on the same street, played in the same group as children, were members of the same class in "high," both graduated from the commercial course—and then obtained positions in the same office—that of a big chair factory, which was Pitman's leading industry. And to top it off fate carried her fantasy so far as to plunge them both in love with the same man at the same time.

Philip Utard, son of the senior member of the firm, had been transferred from the Boston headquarters to the Pitman plant to learn the details of production. And gossip speculated as to whether he would not follow the example of his father and of an elder brother—and acquire also a life partner from among the establishment's female personnel. That was getting to be quite the Utard way.

If Philip did meditate any such step it was soon apparent enough—to the watchful gossip—that his choice lay between Anne Tyson and Susan Belden, for Philip divided his leisure very evenly between the Tyson and Belden homes, or escorting the girls alternately to such entertainments as the town afforded. Perhaps he enjoyed the company of Anne's father, for Doctor Tyson was a man of broad and genial culture. And it was still said of Sue's mother that she "fed 'em."

Anyway, on a certain day in January it would have been necessary for Philip Utard himself to toss up a penny had he been pinned down to a decision there and then.

It was on this day that Susan took close note of Anne's heightened color as Utard passed close to their desks. She leaned slightly toward Anne, and with a laugh that was just a little machine-made, inquired whether she remembered the schoolroom discussion on the Thackerayism. "What cocksure little idiots we were!" she exclaimed. "Wise men change their minds, don't they, Anne—and wise women?"

There was a challenge in the girl's voice. But from the well-poised Anne it got no response beyond a non-committal "sometimes."

Yet the thoughts of Anne were "long, long thoughts" in the hour intervening between her arrival home and the serving of dinner by the retentive Lucinda, boss of the Tyson menage. This hour Anne habitually spent before the fire in the living room awaiting the doctor's return from his afternoon round of calls.

It was here that Anne confessed to herself what she had never confessed before—that for weeks she had been trying with all her might and main—like the nursery rhyme man of the bramble bush—to win the love of Philip Utard. And had she, like the bramble bush man, scratched out both her eyes in the proceeding?

Just because she considered herself a more fit wife than Sue Belden for a man of Philip's mentality, did it follow that she would be able to make him happier? Suppose that, with deliberate effort, she won him—wouldn't he be very likely to discover later that he had been the man of her choice, instead of her being the woman of his? And would that make for happiness for either? There was nothing for her to do but jump right back into that bush!

That evening Philip came to call—and departed vainly trying to recall what he could possibly have done to so change Anne toward him. Not once had she responded to word or look of his in her usual bright, sympathetically interested way. And when her father appeared after his office hours she excused herself and

said she was going to retire. So it happened the next time—and again.

Now the cooler Anne grew toward Philip the more desirable she became to him, but try as he would he could make no progress toward finding the cause of her new indifference. Denied even the satisfaction of his instinctive social qualities, Utard turned more often to Susan Belden for companionship and the oftener he did the more persistently his thoughts were occupied with Anne.

It was a cold, sullen February Sunday afternoon when it came to Philip that he could stand this state of affairs no longer, and he set out for the Tyson home, determined to corner Anne and get the truth from her if possible.

From her window Anne caught sight of Philip as he toiled up the hill against the bitter north wind. In an instant she was into her fur coat and tam and running down the back stairs. In the kitchen she successfully dodged the vast bulk of Lucinda, who couldn't see "no sense nohow" in going out on such a day—and was on her way down the back road, which led straight out into the open country, at the moment when Philip rang the bell.

Lucinda, with a wave of her pudgy black hand, pointed out the direction of Anne's flight, disclaiming with a shake of her woolly head any responsibility for "such foolishness." There was a grim, do-or-die look about Philip as he snugged his coat collar about his neck and set out in pursuit.

Anne looked back from the first rise in the road and saw Philip striding across the back yard. As she reconnoitered again from the summit of the second rise he was just topping the first. The wind whipped her short walking skirt tight against her legs. It was hard going. It began to snow, fine light flakes, forerunner of a real storm. But to Anne the pursuit had become a symbol. She had not the slightest thought of turning back. If Philip really wanted to see her—to be with her—badly enough not to give up in spite of anything—well, she would test him to the utmost of her strength.

And Philip—it seemed to him that his very life depended on overtaking that light figure flying before him into the teeth of the storm, even as his happiness must depend on what was to transpire at the end of the chase. He was gaining fast. The snow blinded Anne's eyes, and the bite of the wind sent tears coursing down her cheeks; but still she managed, somehow, to keep putting one foot ahead of the other. He was almost up to her. Her strength was gone. But surely she could take one more step. And then—she vanished from the sight of the man behind her as though the earth had swallowed her.

There was an excavation—some road work going on and the light timber barrier had been blown away by the wind. Unhurt, but exhausted, Anne lay where she fell. But a strong arm lifted her and held her tight, and Philip's voice said: "I was prepared to follow you to the ends of the earth, but not to the center of it. But we're here. And before we get out you've got to tell me why you have frozen me; why you have avoided me; why you ran away from me just now."

Anne was too tired to lift her head from that broad shoulder. "It was because," she said—"because I didn't have an absolute hump."

Phil let it go at that, then. But a hundred times since, over coffee or crib, he has tried to find out what she meant. But Anne only laughs.

Irish Had "Mayflower" Adventure.

Students of Anglo-American history have just directed attention to the fact that Ireland also had her "Mayflower." This was the Eaglewing, which, no later than 1630, set sail with a full passenger list of Ulstermen for the American colonies. There were 40 passengers, among whom were four ministers. Ill-luck began at once, for unconquerable winds drove the vessel to the Scottish coast. A leak then held the ship in the "Kyles of Bute." Starting again, she achieved mid-Atlantic, but there a hurricane did such damage and caused such general discouragement that finally the Irish pilgrims made up their minds that Providence was frowning on their emigration, and turned their vessel back to Ireland.

A Close Race.

In Texas they tell how, years ago, an Englishman there imported a famous wolfhound from Europe, in order that he might attain wealth catching wolves, by reason of the scalp money offered by one of the state authorities—\$10 each.

Some dyed-in-the-wool Texans were invited to witness the first chase. They followed many miles through the prairie grass, but without getting sight of either wolf or hound. Finally they came to a wooded spot, where a native was chopping.

"Did you see a wolf and a hound pass just now?" cried the Britisher. "Yes, sir; they just passed."

"How was the race?"

"Pretty hot—nip an' tuck. But the dog was a little ahead."

A Suspicious Nature.

"I don't like Mr. Dubwaite's new stenographer," said Mrs. Dubwaite. "Why not, my dear?" asked Mrs. Gadsden.

"She has a dreamy look in her eyes."

"Oh, well, she may not be meditating mischief."

"Perhaps not; but when a girl is young and pretty and indulges in day-dreams, with a susceptible old fool like Mr. Dubwaite around, some of those dreams may start to coming true."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Lois Wilson.



Miss Wilson, a well-known screen star, entered the moving picture field after winning a beauty contest conducted by an Alabama newspaper. She has steadily climbed until today she is playing leading roles in some of the most popular pictures. She is the typical sweet, home-loving type. Before going into pictures she was a school teacher.

"What's in a Name?"

By MILDRED MARSHALL

Facts about your name; its history; meaning; whence it was derived; significance; your lucky day and lucky jewel.

NATALIE.

NATALIE is another holy name, originally coming from the Latin title of "Dies Natalis," the birthday of our Lord. The word Natalie has furnished the title of the feast to all the Romance portion of Europe.

France made the word Noel from it, meaning Christmas, and soon Noel became a Christian name there. In Italy it appeared as Natale. Spain and Portugal used the name Natal.

There is a feast celebrated on the 8th of September by the Greek church as the festival day of St. Natalia, the devoted wife who attended her husband, St. Adrian, in his martyrdom. He is the same Adrian whose relics filled the Netherlands and whose name became celebrated in the West where his wife Natalia was long neglected. The East, however, reversed the arrangement and Natalia is popular there, while her husband is forgotten.

Natalia was one of the favored Greek Christian names. Russia adopted her and, adding the usual consonants of its language, calls her Natalia, Nataschenka, and Natascha. The first of the three names is extremely popular there today, or until the Bolsheviks came into power and withdrew the attention of etymologists from the study of feminine names.

France is said to have secured Natalie from Russia, though there is record of a Natalie at Cambrai in 1212. England preferred Natalie to any of the other forms, rejecting Natalia as too Latin in its influence. Whether American Natives are representative of the English, or taken direct from France, is a matter of personal preference.

The pearl of purity is Natalie's talismanic gem. It promises good fortune for its wearer and makes her gentle, kind, and lovable. Thursday is her lucky day and 4 her lucky number.

(Copyright.)

A LINE O' CHEER

By John Kendrick Bangs.

A THIRD CHOICE.

WHEN by two evils I am faced
I shall not choose the less,
But sit me down and with-
out haste,
Or any undue press,
Just sit there tight until the light
Shall lead me to the Road to Right,
Assured that though the wait be
long
That light will come to rout the
wrong.
(Copyright.)

Will Seize Vacant Rooms.

The many thousands of seekers for homes in Vienna have organized to get them. Complaining that the government bureau formulated for this purpose is impotent, members of the society have appointed agents to find all vacant premises and all residential property not containing the maximum number of occupants and to threaten to use force to secure lodgings. They have published a list of such places and demand they be handed over. Among them is the home of a baroness having ten rooms in which she lives alone. Many similar instances are cited.—New York Sun.

Trouble Enough.

"Some of your friends think you ought to write your reminiscences." "No," replied Senator Sorghum, "I have trouble enough with the political reporters without taking on the book reviewers."