

Paradise Plumes in Last Stand

Lovely Plumage Is Making Its Last Appearance in Millinery Shops, Due to Law.

PROHIBITED BY NEW TARIFF

Importation Prohibited Under Law of 1913, but Omission of Restrictions on Sale Left Chance for Smugglers.

New York.—The plumage of the bird of paradise, one of the loveliest and rarest of feminine adornments, is making positively its last appearance in New York millinery shops this season. In another year, it is expected, it will have completely disappeared, because by that time it is going to be dangerous to sell it. Consequently nearly every hat-shop window in the city now contains a gorgeous display of paradise plumes, marked down to bargain prices.

The new tariff law, however, contains the necessary restrictions in an amendment which puts on the dealer the burden of proving his stock of feathers was in this country on or before 1913. Hence the present intense anxiety of dealers to dispose of their paradise feathers before the act is put into effect.

Under the old law, it was the government that had to supply the proof, which was impractical. About the only way the federal authorities could obtain a conviction was to catch a smuggler in the act of bringing paradise feathers into the country. Once they were here, they were as safe as if they had been formally passed by the customs officials.

No Shortage of Plumes.

Thus the smuggling of paradise feathers into this country has been proceeding briskly for the last nine years, during which time the millinery market has never been annoyed by a shortage. The demand for the plumes, according to one dealer, is "as steady as that for diamonds," so that smugglers have always been able to dispose of their goods promptly. Most of the smuggling has been carried on by seamen and officers of merchant ships from the Mediterranean, who usually conceal the feathers under their clothing.

"Lean seamen," one official tells us, have waddled off their ships swollen and puffed like Falstaffs by layers upon layers of plumes strapped to their limbs and trunks. On some lines customs inspectors first take a glimpse at the neck and then at the waist of the seamen. If they observe a No. 14 neck springing out of a 60-inch torso they make an arrest and usually recover a few thousand dollars' worth of feathers."

All of the confiscated plumes, as specified in the 1913 law, have been turned over to the National Association of Audubon societies, which has formed them into exhibits and distributed them among 60 different museums throughout the country. About \$20,000 worth of plumes, it is said, are to be found in these collections.

In spite of these gratifying contributions to science, the Audubon societies, under the leadership of their president, T. Gilbert Pearson, have never ceased to agitate for a more effective law. Their only fear has been that it would come too late—after the last of the "Manukdewata" (birds of the gods), as they are called in East Indian islands, had fallen victim to feminine fashions.

The birds are found in Papua, New Guinea and certain parts of Africa, where they are easily slaughtered by

the natives during the mating season. "Only the full grown male bird has the gorgeous spread of feathers which is coveted by commerce," explains a New York dealer, who is something of an authority on the subject. "This is at its best during the courting season, when they hold their annual dancing exhibits for the benefit of the less gorgeous but highly prized females.

Male Bird Gorgeous.

"It isn't necessary to kill the birds in order to get their feathers, but it is usually more convenient. Lately, since they have been growing so scarce, they are frequently trapped and released after the feathers have been cut, so that a new spread can be grown.

"Except at their dancing parties, the birds of paradise are naturally cautious and well able to protect themselves. They have but few natural enemies, but their families are small, being limited usually to two offspring a season, so that they increase but slowly. This is all the more reason why they should be protected from human depredations."

The new tariff law will provide this protection, at least so far as this country is concerned. According to Mr. Pearson, it will "end the 35-year battle against the slaughter of wild birds for millinery." A few feathers will be smuggled in and peddled from house to house, as aigrettes are at present. But for practical purposes the commerce in forbidden feathers will be at an end.

HOME FOR AMERICAN OPERA

Women Plan Opera House for Chicago to Be Endowed by Dollar Subscriptions From Million Women.

Chicago.—An opera house to be endowed by dollar subscriptions from one million American women, and in which only opera in English and by

American composers shall be produced, is the ideal of an organization of women led by Mrs. Archibald Freer, Mrs. Louis Yeager and Mrs. Albert Ochsen of this city. Associated with the organization known as "Opera in Our Own Language Foundation," and of which Mrs. Freer is the chairman, is the "David Bispham Memorial Fund," of which Mrs. Rockefeller McCormick is the treasurer. In speaking of the undertaking of the two organizations, which has the indorsement of women's clubs of the country as well as the musical clubs of the entire country, Mrs. Freer said:

"American music depends upon the American composer. Without our composer we must style ourselves a nation of music borrowers, not of makers. However, our composer does exist, but exists only, he does not live. To enable him to live and write, to publish and present his works, and to open an American opera house, are the things we hope to accomplish."

The women who are furthering the project are well known in women's and musical club circles throughout the nation, and they have received so much encouragement from all sections of the country that they are confident of the success of their undertaking.

Giant Logger Consumes 48 Puffs in Two Hours

Hoquiam, Wash.—Orin Welsh, a giant logger, came to town this week from the woods and ate, at one sitting, during the course of two hours, 48 normal sized cream puffs.

Welsh had been in the logging camp all winter, but his longing for some sweets enticed him to town. Friends hearing his craving wagered he could not eat three dozen cream puffs and the race started. Welsh demonstrated his wonderful gastronomic ability by eating one dozen rapidly, the next dozen in 30 minutes, and in two hours between cups of tea, the fourth dozen disappeared down his capacious throat.

"It Don't Pay to Be Crooked"

Life-time Criminal, Out of Large Experience, So Tells Court at His Trial

POSED AS "MAN OF MYSTERY"

Man Sent Up for Life Has Only Been Out of Prison 33 Months in Last 25 Years—Acts as Own Attorney in Omaha Court.

Omaha, Neb.—With only thirty-three months of freedom to his credit in the last twenty-five years, and even those months spent as a fugitive from justice, Otto Cole, burglar, "con" man, booze runner and murderer, has just been sent to prison for the balance of his life by an Omaha court. Cole is forty-two years old now. He became a criminal at the age of seventeen years.

"But crookedness don't pay. It don't pay," Cole told the Omaha court when he was sent up for life.

Cole has seen the inside of many jails and penitentiaries. He has served time in Minnesota, Maryland, Ohio, Illinois and elsewhere. He escaped from the Baltimore City jail, from the Joliet penitentiary and from other prisons. He has been paroled,

pardoned and released on "good time," in addition to serving out his sentences. But he never kept out of trouble and no sooner was he released from a prison than he immediately went back into crime.

"But crookedness don't pay," he told the court. "I ought to know."

In Many Courts.

Cole had appeared before so many different courts that he has picked up quite a smattering of legal terms and methods. When arrested in Omaha and charged with the murder of Harry Hahn, a pawnbroker, he refused the assistance of the public defender and asked permission of the court to conduct his own defense. This was granted and throughout the trial Cole carried on his end of the case like a veteran attorney.

Cole posed as a "Man of Mystery" until the Bertillon experts got on his trail. He was a man of "good family" gone temporarily wrong and was shielding his family.

He was just seventeen years of age when he broke into the criminal line in Columbus, O., where, under the name of Richard Proctor, he was sent to prison for three years for burglary. He served his time and was released June 28, 1898.

It took Cole just eight days to get in trouble again. On July 6, 1898, he was arrested in Baltimore—was caught, red-handed, while committing a burglary. A month later, before he could be tried, he escaped.

This time Cole stayed out of trouble for two months. At least, he was not arrested again until October 8, 1898. On that date, in Chicago, he was sentenced to Joliet prison for burglary.

In ten days he was in trouble again this time at Red Wing, Minn., for burglary. He was known as "E. E. English" in that trial. He served out his time in the Minnesota state prison, and at the expiration of his term was taken back to Joliet, to serve the remainder of his sentence in the Illinois prison. From Joliet he was paroled in January, 1910.

Couldn't Keep Straight.

But he couldn't keep straight. In a month or so he was back in the Joliet prison, where he was sent from Chicago on a robbery charge. He was discharged in September, 1916. This time he was using the name of "Edwin English." But in October, 1917, as "Ed English" he was sent back to Joliet as a "confidence man" from Chicago. He escaped from Joliet in 1920.

Under the name of "Otta Cole" he came to Omaha two months ago and, according to numerous identifications at the police station, he committed a series of hold-ups and robberies of various kinds. Then, three weeks ago, it is charged, he entered Harry Hahn's pawnshop, and while attempting to rob the place, shot and killed the proprietor. He was caught red-handed after attempting to shoot officers who captured him.

Following his sentence to life imprisonment, Cole announced he intended devoting himself while in prison to the study of mechanical engineering, in which he claims to already be pretty well educated.

Something to Think About

By F. A. WALKER

THE WRONG KEY

OF THE hapless earthlings who call themselves men and women, thousands are wandering hither and thither in life, trying with the wrong key to unlock the door of fame, success and honor.

If you will observe closely, you will see them every hour endeavoring to force a key into a lock which stubbornly refuses to respond to the violent twists and turns of nervous fingers.

The man who carries the key which will open the door to minor places, where he is sure of earning an independent competence, persists in tampering with locks behind whose paneled door there reposes the coveted chair of manager or president, too big for his occupancy.

Instead of reshaping his key by hard work and high thinking, flinging away the roughness to make it smooth, he continues foolishly to waste his time and energy, quite oblivious all the while to what he is really doing.

And so it is frequently with men of talent, too indifferent or indolent to do anything but routine work, when instead they should make use of the key given them by an all-wise Providence, unlock the right door, and rise to greatness.

If persuaded by reason to do this, they would find opportunity waiting with open arms to receive them, glad to round out their lives with happiness and prosperity.

Not to all is given supreme wisdom in these matters, but such as is bestowed, is generally hidden away in a napkin and ignored or forgotten.

Thus, when a young man or woman in a burst of passion unlocks the door to enmity, instead of friendship, to evil, instead of good, it becomes at once apparent that use has been made of the wrong key.

Proper judgment and action, all the exalted things in life, including faithfulness, honor and virtue, decline to show their shining faces to the carriers of the improper key.

What the foolish do with keys entrusted to them to open the world of life, makes wise men and women shudder.

And yet, when all has been said, when the story of life has been revealed from the morn of the toddling infant to the night of tottering age, who shall say that he or she has not at some time or another in his or her folly, used the wrong key?

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Mother's Cook Book

I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows
Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows
Quite over-canopied with lush woodbine
With sweet musk roses and with eglantine.

—Shakespeare.

GOOD THINGS FOR THE FAMILY

EVERYBODY in the household likes cinnamon rolls or cinnamon buns. The following is a reliable recipe:

Take one cupful each of milk, water and sugar, two eggs, three-fourths of a cupful of shortening, one yeast cake and a teaspoonful of salt. Scald the milk and while it is still hot pour it over the shortening and add the sugar and hot water; when cool add the yeast cake which has been softened in one-half cupful of water, add the salt and enough flour to make a batter which drops from the spoon. Beat it thoroughly and let stand in a warm place over night. In the morning add the well beaten eggs and flour to make a dough which can be kneaded; knead lightly and well, put back into a well buttered bowl and let rise until double its bulk. Separate into two parts and roll out into a sheet. Spread this with soft butter, brown sugar, cinnamon and well washed and dried currants. Roll in a long roll and cut the buns in inch slices. Place them in a pan and set in a warm place to become light. Bake in a moderate oven with a grate under them if there is danger of burning.

If the family likes sticky buns put one tablespoonful of butter, one-half cupful of brown sugar, one-half cupful of sirup, and one-half cupful of water in a sauce pan and boil until thick. Add currants to it. When the buns are baked turn them upside down and spread this mixture evenly over the sides and bottom of the buns.

Pimento Cheese Rolls.

Roll out a raised dough like the above cinnamon bun mixture, spread with a layer of softened butter, then with pimento cheese. Roll up and cut in slices one inch thick, place cut sides up in a greased pan, let rise until light and bake in a moderate oven.

A good finish for a plain raisin cake is to spread it while hot very generously with butter, then sprinkle with a mixture of cinnamon and powdered sugar, using a teaspoonful of cinnamon to one-half cupful of sugar—more if desired.

Nellie Maxwell

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The landlords of Rome have formed a league for their mutual protection, and have pledged themselves to pay no more taxes until certain governmental restrictions, which are regarded as unjust, have been removed.

SCHOOL DAYS



Uncommon Sense
By JOHN BLAKE

YOUR WORK

BY LAZINESS, procrastination, or by pretending to be stupider than you are, you can get quite a good deal of your work done for you—for a while.

If the man above you is quick and competent, he will frequently get so disgusted with you that he will snatch a job out of your hands, and do it himself.

No competent executive will do that, but you can count all the competent executives of your acquaintance on the fingers of one hand.

It will save you a good deal of trouble to have the hard job taken away from you. You can devote your time to doing the easy jobs at your leisure, and in your own way.

You will probably congratulate yourself on having a boss that is so skillful—so much abler than you—that he can do all the hard work.

But the congratulation will be short-lived. In about a year's time you will discover that you can't do anything but the easy jobs—which are the poorly paid ones, because you never gave your mind any exercise doing the hard ones.

All the opportunities for growth and for progress were in those jobs that were taken out of your hands. Maybe the boss who took 'em away from you didn't need the mental exercise, but the point is that he got it, and you didn't. By letting him take it away you got just as much out of the game as a ball player would whose captain played his position every time there was a critical stage in the game.

No matter what kind of work you have, a time is coming when it is going to become suddenly difficult. The importance of a certain task will increase tremendously owing to unexpected circumstances.

That is the time that is going to take your measure. If you tackle that harder job and go through with it, the chances are that you will do it well. It is presumed that you have the training.

If you stand aside and let the man above you step in, you might as well make up your mind that you are going to work for the same or less wages for the rest of your days.

For you have repudiated the chance to grow. You have proved yourself a coward.

Some day we may write about the boss who deprives himself of competent help by insisting on doing everybody's work for them. But today we are writing about you.

If you are in the habit of standing back and asking for assistance every time an unusually hard job comes along, get out of it. You will become an assistance-asker all your life. Assistance-askers sometimes get assistance, but they never get responsibility, or good pay, or respect, or anything else that makes life worth the while.

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WHY?

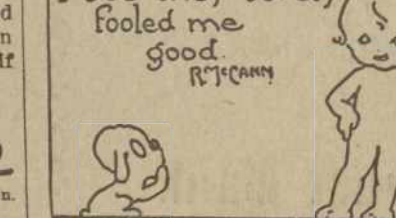
DO WE FEEL HUNGRY?

THE feeling of "hunger" is a peculiar craving which we are accustomed to say comes from the stomach and which we know by experience comes when we have not had as much food as we are in the habit of eating. But, although the stomach appears to be the seat of this craving, it really originates in other parts of the body.

The stomach is merely the organ which prepares the food for blood-making by mixing it with the "gastric juices" and other secretions which the stomach supplies. This system works automatically—the stomach digesting the food and making it ready for the blood, the blood absorbing as much as is necessary and then calling upon the stomach for more. But the stomach acts principally as a storehouse. The sensation of being hungry disappears if we take previously prepared food—food which has been made ready for the blood and upon which it is not necessary for the stomach to act—in other ways than through the stomach, either hypodermically or through other means of injection. This food does not pass through the stomach, but it reaches the blood and the feeling of hunger vanishes.

Minnesota's mines produced more iron ore than all the rest of the states put together last year, furnishing more than 60 per cent of the total production of the United States.

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When I was young I used to think Grown up folks did just what they should But now that I'm grown up myself I see they surely fooled me good.

R. J. CANN

Smallest Wireless in the World



One of the greatest achievements in modern science is the wonderful wireless receiving station made in the space of three inches by a Mr. Sanders of England. With this instrument Sanders claims to have received messages from a radius of 100 miles. With the aid of powerful glasses he was able to construct the Internals with 400 turns of wire spider coils.