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AT LEAST IT "GOT RESULTS"

Boston "Tea Party." However Inspired, Blazed New Pathway for the World's Progress.

Boston's celebrated "tea party," which was held December 16, 1773, has within recent years been the subject of attack by iconoclasts. Not content with branding as a myth the story of George Washington and the cherry tree, and casting reflections on Paul Revere, the famous equestrian hero, the iconoclasts have sought to prove that the tea party was, in fact, a beer party. It was not the spirit of patriotism, but the spirits imbibed in John Dugan's tavern which animated the immortal 62, disguised as Indians, according to the assertion made by a member of the United States congress a few years ago. This assertion naturally aroused much indignation, and a great mass of evidence in rebuttal has been offered.

According to the defenders of the tea party, John Dugan, the saloon-keeper who is said to have supplied the beer which fired the patriotism of the drinkers thereof, was only seven years old at the time of the Boston occurrence, and, moreover, was still in Ireland. Mr. Dugan, who later sold liquor refreshments to the thirsty of Boston town, was born in 1760, and did not come to America until many years after the tea incident. Admitting these facts, the allegations of the iconoclasts, disproved in one important particular, fall flat, unless it can be shown that another John Dugan conducted the thirst parlor of Boston. Whether inspired by indignation or beer, however, the result of the "tea party" was the same.—Detroit News.

REBUKED FROM THE PULPIT

Pastoral Admonition, Gently Conveyed, Should Have Been Enough for Even Choir Boys.

The pastor of a small parish in a New Jersey town was known far and wide about the countryside for his quaint ways and eccentric habits. He had a small choir which he augmented on special occasions with boys from the neighborhood. These recruits were sometimes unruly and he did not always find it easy to hold them within the proper bounds.

In the course of a Christmas morning sermon several choir boys began to eat peanuts surreptitiously and the crackling of the shells was plainly audible to the congregation. At first the rector paid no attention to them, but finally they got on his nerves. Pausing after an impassioned outburst of oratory, he fixed his gaze sternly upon them and thus addressed them in reproving tones:

"Boys—you choir boys, I mean. If you must eat peanuts in church, please, oh, please, do not crunch the shells," then turning again to the congregation, he resumed his discourse.

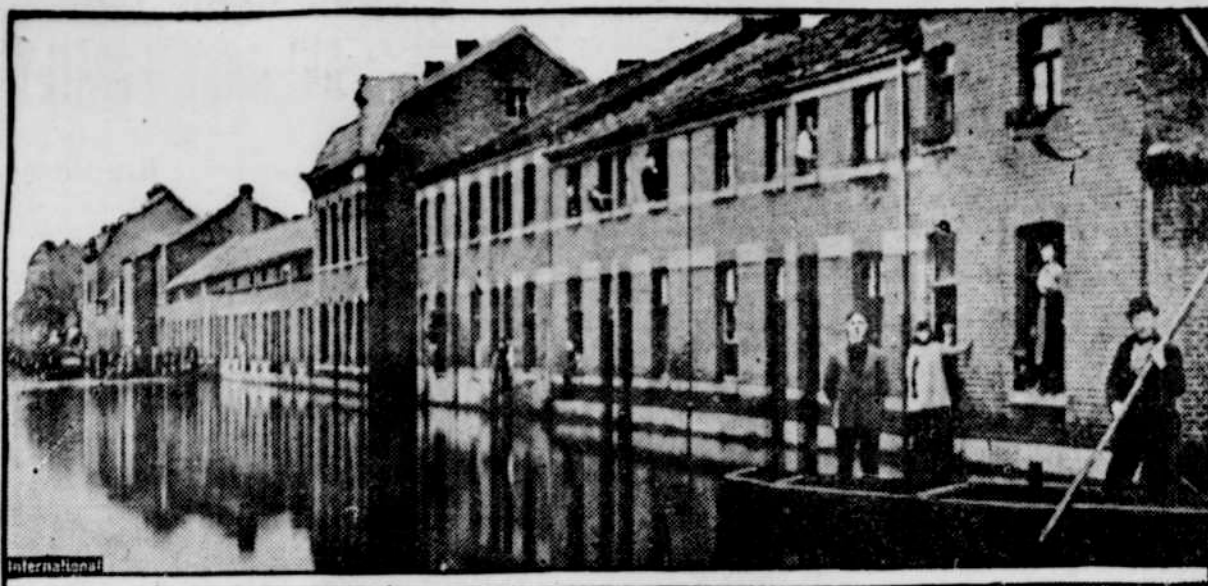
Maine Liquor Laws.
"Maine law" was the name given, in the state of Maine to an act to prohibit drinking houses and "tippling shops." It was passed in May, 1851, received the signature of the governor on June 2 and was first enforced at Bangor on July 4 of the same year. This law was re-enacted in all its parts, in 1858, and was made more stringent in 1867 and again in 1870. It was so amended in 1872 as to bring cider and wine from grapes grown in the state within the prohibition. In 1884 an amendment was added to the constitution prohibiting forever the sale of intoxicating liquors within the limits of the state. Since 1851 the expression "Maine law" has been used colloquially to denote any state enactment prohibiting the sale of intoxicating drinks.—Boston Globe.

Using an "Extra" in Bano.
The editor of the Bano Daily News (Africa) does not have trouble over such matters as circulation or the high cost of paper. When he gets a piece of news he smooths off some slabs of wood, writes up the story in his best editorial style, and then gives the slabs to his office boy, who runs off with them and hangs them in conspicuous places so that he who runs may read.

Wise Youth.
"What would you do?" asked the little girl who reads fairy tales, "if some stranger were to appear and promise to grant you three wishes?"
"I'd call a policeman," replied the modern boy. "He'd probably be some kind of a confidence man."

Tidal Waves in Japan.
Twenty-five years ago Japan was visited by a series of terrific tidal waves, which ran fifteen or twenty miles inland. They accompanied great earthquakes shocks.

WHEN HOLLAND IS WETTER EVEN THAN USUAL



Scene near the bridge at Maastricht, Holland, with the waters of the Meuse inundating streets and homes.

Liquor Flows Across Border

Northern Section of Maine Being Flooded With Whisky From Canada.

LAWFUL SEIZURES ARE FEW

Comes Across Line in All Forms Into State Which Was Pioneer in "Dry" Laws—Many Ways of Fooling the Sleuths.

Bangor, Me.—The rate at which Canadian and Scotch whiskies are flowing over the northern border into Maine proves that enforcement of the federal prohibition law hasn't got into its stride as yet, for never in all the history of theoretical droughts have cases been greener, more numerous or closer together in this pioneer dry state than ever before, twice as many "enforcers" and increased penalties.

Trainers who come down say that whisky of all grades and oceans of pure grain alcohol are flowing over the border at a hundred places, and that at four principal points the alcoholic invasion amounts to a flood. These four points are Van Buren, opposite the New Brunswick town of St. Leonards, on the St. John river; Fort Kent, which has easy access to the Canadian village of Clare via a suspension footbridge; Fort Fairfield, which is but nine miles distant from the New Brunswick town of Andover, and Houlton, which is a near neighbor of the provincial town of Woodstock.

Only Occasional Seizures.
Occasionally the revenue officers seize a wagon or sled load of whisky coming over the international bridge from St. Leonards or over the ice at some more obscure locality, but nothing is said about the great number of "booze" charlotts that get by the government's lookouts and which keep the spokesmen of Aroostook or the barrooms of Bangor supplied. Also, the St. John river being frozen good and solid for its entire length, men and teams can cross anywhere in the river's 100-mile stretch along the border, so that, as the revenue men themselves admit, a standing army with sentinels every fifty feet would be required to shut out the flood.

There is so much more money to be made in bringing in "booze," even a few bottles at a time, that hundreds of woodsmen have quit swamping roads and chopping trees for the rum-running business, and ninety-nine in 100 of them, knowing the country thoroughly, get by with their goods.

Price of Canadian Whisky.
Canadian whiskies that can be bought at \$3 a "short quart" on the New Brunswick side of the line sell in Aroostook county at \$6 and in Bangor at \$8, while genuine Scotch is \$4 in New Brunswick, \$8 in Aroostook and \$12 to \$15 in Bangor. Pure grain alcohol, to be had in New Brunswick at \$4 a quart, is "split" with water on this side of the line, so that every quart yields about \$16. With the addition of

a little prune juice and burnt sugar, this alcohol is transformed into "American rye," supposed to have been brought in from Boston or New York "before the lid went on."

Whatever the outcome of the war on "booze," the enforcement of the law will be hardest in Maine, both on account of the state being cheek by jowl with Canada and on account of the seventy years' experience that the people here have had in devising ways and means of fooling the sleuths.

Finally Got New Golden Eagle.
Phoenix, Ariz.—Two years ago a fire destroyed the only golden eagle of the Rhizomanians, a distinguished society of the Pacific college, California.

Remembering the Phoenix that rises out of its ashes every 500 years, Milnes, secretary to Governor Campbell, decided it would be appropriate

Plan Chain of Landing Fields

Army Air Service Officers Cover 300,000 Miles in Making Aerial Survey.

IS LIKE HARBOR TO LINER

Thirty-two Southern Cities Invited to Provide Stopping Places for Planes—Must Be Fit to Handle All Forms of Aircraft.

New York.—Plans for establishment of a chain of airplane landing fields have been worked out by officers of the army air service and the Manufacturers' Aircraft association, it was announced here.

Army flyers have covered more than 300,000 miles in an aerial survey of the country and made exhaustive reports on the facilities offered to cross-country flyers.

Representatives of 32 southern cities already have been invited to establish landing fields under army direction. Many others will receive like invitations during the next few months.

These must be laid out according to specifications given by the army, and in return the government gives steel hangars to the municipalities. Operation of the "air harbor" is assumed by the municipality.

Since the armistice the number of army fields has been reduced from 50 to 16, and the naval air stations from 17 to 9.

Like Harbor to Liner.
"The landing field," says the aircraft association, "is to the airplane what the harbor is to the ocean liner and the railroad terminal is to the

train. It is not merely a flat piece of land on which a flyer can bring his craft to earth. Such a piece of ground bears the same relation to a landing field as an unimproved water inlet to a harbor like New York or Liverpool.

Jump Rails, Ride Ties and Jump Back Again!
Sharon, Pa.—Jumping the track on the Hilliards branch of the Bessemer railroad, a locomotive, pulling a freight train, traveled along the hard packed snow for a distance of 400 feet and then mounted to the rails again.

An Erie freight locomotive east-bound on the Bessemer road jumped the track in the Shenango (Pa.) yards and after proceeding 200 feet, again regained the rails.

And to prove their stories, railroad men will show the locomotives.

It began when Richard's chum, Anthony Brexton, came to him with tears in his eyes and wailed:
"It's all over, Dick. Will you please get me a bottle of carbolic acid or an equally deadly poison? Isabelle has turned me down and life holds nothing for me now."

Richard had calmly lighted a corn-cob pipe which was so old it looked as if it might have been the pattern after which all the others were copied, and said:
"First—before we get this carbolic acid—let's hear your story. Not that I am curious, but I object to spending good money for poison unless it's necessary. Remember, I am a lawyer. Why not let me advise you? My fee will not be heavy."

Anthony had laughed miserably.
"You advise in a love affair? That's funny, Dick. Why, you're a confirmed bachelor. You've never been engaged, never had a girl in your life."

"Maybe that will give me a better perspective in the matter," said Richard. "It won't hurt to try."

Then he had listened while Anthony unfolded his tale of woe, and when it was finished and the latter was huddled back in his chair choking back sobs and looking like a child that had crept out of bed early Christmas morning and found his stocking empty, Richard had taken the case up complacently with:

"Your problem is easily solved. Isabelle thinks you have proved yourself faithless. She won't listen to your explanations. She's a fort and you're trying to storm her with shells that won't penetrate the walls. The thing to do is to find a new method of attack. Put yourself on the defensive and wait for the garrison to make a sortie. Then capture the garrison. Now, this is my plan in detail—"

A week later Anthony appeared again, radiant, jubilant. The scheme had worked.

Now, Anthony had a friend who developed heart trouble, and the friend went to Anthony for advice. "Take it to Jerome; he'll fix it," was the advice he got, and Richard proffered a prescription that healed the wounds. And so on, and so on, till Richard's reputation was firmly established.

Richard was not a youth in years, although he seemed one at heart, and most of his friends were at least ten years younger. Richard was nearly forty and there were things of gray in his hair and some wrinkles on his forehead. He was not handsome, but strength of character was stamped on his face, and this attracted most people he met.

One day a young man came into his office with a listless manner and a heart that was not working right. "My name's Fred Mania," he said by way of introduction, and cast a sour look out of the window at a painter on a scaffold across the street. "I've been living in Wakefield only a month, but during that time I've fallen in love with the most wonderful girl in the world. I've taken her about considerably, and I've tried desperately hard to win her, but she has not responded. I've not yet really proposed because I could tell the time was not ripe, but she knew what I was doing at last night she told me I could not see her again. I knew Elmer Johnson at college, and when I told him my troubles this morning he referred me to you. It seems you patched up a little love affair for him about a year ago."

Mr. Mania did not offer to reveal the name of his ideal, and Richard did not press him for it. This middle-aged cupid was not curious or meddling. He simply advised where advice was sought.

"No doubt she's trying you out," he said. "Remain away from her; don't try to see her. That will keep her guessing, and before long she'll probably make it a point to meet you somewhere and find out if you really care. If she does it indicates one of two things—either she loves you or she's a flirt. If she's a flirt, you don't want her."

A few days later Mr. Mania was back, looking more woe-begone than before.

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

By R. RAY BAKER

(© 1920, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

It is unlikely that ever another man held the unique position in a community that Richard Jerome occupied in Wakefield.

Vocationally Richard was a lawyer, and a good one. A generous practice had given him a financial status that might be termed comfortable, and of late years he had placed certain restrictions on his legal business which permitted many spare moments for his avocation, which was the mending of broken hearts.

The avocation paid Richard not a penny, but he performed the work with a gleam in his eye and joy in his heart; for he loved humanity and could not bear to see his fellows suffer when a way to alleviate their troubles was ready to his hand.

Never had a lovelorn young man appealed to Richard in vain; never had he failed, in his assumed role of cupid, to "get the verdict." His almost uncanny insight into the ways of women gave him something akin to fame in Wakefield, although it was a fame that was spread by word of mouth and not by newspaper headlines and half-tones.

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"It doesn't work," he announced dolefully. "I've done as you advised, but she might as well be dead as fat as any effort she's made to see me."

It began to look like failure for Richard Jerome, love mediator.
"We'll have to try a new plan," he said after a pause, during which he resorted to the ancient corn-cob. "Call her up and tell her you've got to see her just once more. Then go to it. Tell her you're desperately in love, and that she must marry you. Be a cave man within reasonable limits."

Three days later Mr. Mania appeared for the third time, and this time he was wretchedness personified.
"It's all over," he cried bitterly, kicking over Richard's waste basket.

"She says she doesn't love me and will not marry me. She says I'm a nice enough sort of a chap, but she doubts that I have real character. For one thing, I'm too young, according to her ideas. She wants an older man."

Richard was pulling on the corn-cob. He could not evade the fact that he had come face to face with his first failure as cupid.

"In fact," Mr. Mania resumed, "she told me there was one man in this town that she admired and has loved for four years. He's rather old for a girl like me," she said, "but I'd jump at the chance to marry him. Some day, perhaps, he'll come my way, but if he doesn't I'll never marry at all."

Richard emptied the ashes from the pipe and filled it again. He struck a match and was preparing to apply the flame to the tobacco when his client went on:

"The funny part of it is, Julia has never been in this man's society but once four years ago, when she was his partner on a Sunday school hayride."

Richard dropped the match suddenly. It had burned his finger. He sat puffed, but getting no smoke, and asked:

"What did you say is her name?"

"Julia Roth" was the response.

The corn-cob fell and sprinkled unlit tobacco over the floor, while in his mouth Richard retained the broken stem. He rose and took his hat from a peg on the wall.

"I'm sorry," he said, as Mr. Mania prepared to leave. "I'm dead sorry for you; but I've got to admit that for once I have failed as a heart doctor."

They stepped toward the door, listlessness in Mr. Mania's gait, while in Richard's there was an unaccustomed vigor. He opened the door and paused.

"I don't mind telling you in on a little secret," he said, and his eyes were bright. "I've loved that girl ever since the hayride, but—well, I have been a pretty good adviser in the love affairs of others, but when it came to mine—"

He placed an arm on the other's shoulder.

"I'm dead sorry for you, really; but you can't blame me for wanting a little heart throb of my own."

AGAIN THE TERRIBLE TURK!

Details of Tragedy Which for Some Reason Did Not "Make" the First Page.

Early dawn was spreading over the valley. The first sun's rays were stealing over the white houses far below.

They were standing still, watching the maturing beauties of nature.

"Dear," said she gushingly, "look at the beautiful sunrise."

"Just look at the lovely dewdrop," he cried appreciatively.

Indeed, the dew was sweet. Their feet were soaked with it and it fell down on their uncovered heads, drenched them quietly.

"And that waterfall—how gorgeous!" she murmured, turning around to whence came the mighty sounds.

He started to move. "Oh, don't go yet," she pleaded.

"But I'm hungry," he said. "I want my breakfast."

"Oh, Hoppy, let's hunt for some breakfast—here in the fields. We might find—"

Here she stopped and her eyes dilated in terror. Wonderingly, and as though sensing some danger, he looked, too. Small wonder she stopped—froze in her tracks, for if ever an evil, murderous-looking, blood-thirsty face leered into theirs, it was the face of the sinister Turk.

Then arousing himself from his torpor the lover uttered a shriek of terror and dragged his loved one along with him as he went.

The Turk—a wonderful specimen he was, too—with a wicked wink, let them flee some distance. Then coolly, deliberately, he followed.

The poor frightened creatures never looked back and the wily Turk never lost sight of them. Suddenly he made up his mind and leaped toward them.

Oh, if they could but get safely behind some trees—or hide in the dark corner of some hidden cave.

But no! "Was not to be! Doggone if it was. The only place left them to escape from the terrible Turk was the cool, inviting waters beneath the roaring torrent."

Alas! E'er they reached the surging surgery to escape from a more terrible death, the red-faced, hungry turkey was upon them and gobbled the two little grasshoppers up at one gobble.—Detroit Free Press.

Poor Man.

"You like to see Mrs. Styles come in to your shop, I suppose," said the caller.

"Indeed, I do. She never complains at the prices I ask for her hats," replied the milliner.

"No; I understand her husband does all the complaining in the family."

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