## The Strange Adventures of Christopher Poe

Stories of Strange Cases Solved in Secret by a Banker-Detective By ROBERT CARLTON BROWN

## The DUCHESS DIAMOND

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night was the short, wiry, deep-chested figure standing by a pillar in front of the rocking boat, grasped a stick of San Marco. It was a night to linger and listen, to expand and glow in the moonlight. From the Grand canal came quavery foreign cries, the soft dip of oars, glints of lights, and wisps tered over Constance Van Wendt. of melody. It was a night to win one from bed, a night dimming all day; a Whistlerian nocturne.

The old San Marco clock boomed ing the hour of nine after the olden fashion giving each hour of the twentyfour its rightful count. And with the last re-echoing boom the piazzi band burst into a rousing military strain. standing in the center of the square. surrounded by a throng of night-pleasurers; for the Ven'ce season was on, and the city thronged.

The lonely-looking figure in front of San Marco stirred, stepped out, and to a chair before a table in an outdoor

"Cafe noir!" he ordered from an obsequious waiter, and sat musing between the music and a hilarious party of Americans drinking champagne at the next table

"You can tell an American wherever he is," cried the modishly dressed tles, flushed with excitement and wine. recognize by the cut of his coat, his cravat, smooth face, and keen eyes."

money and business, I presume," the water. drawled an Englishman in the party.

"We have to earn ours." answered the flushed youth. "The majority of spirit leaves its print on all of us. Do bottom of the Grand canal!" you think you could mistake one of us for a whiskered Frenchman, an oily Bowen anxiously. "It was my stupid Italian, a stolid German, or a tighttrousered Englishman?"

"All this patriotism because this is your Independence day, I presume," smiled the Englishman.

"Fourth of July ought to make a have tank holidays. Christmas and He passed it into the hand of Chris-New Year's; that's all. Did you ever topher Poe. "See! it must have caught see a regular Fourth of July celebra- on something. An awful wrench, Didn't

"Oh, I know; beastly vuigar, charmingly Chinese; fireworks, songs,

"Wait! We'll show you a Fourth of July celebration." As the band stopped, to a dozen, filed sadly into a cafe for the young American jumped to his supper. chair and waved his hat.

cried. "Americans! Americans! We're triotic party took seats. "It's worth a about to jolt old Venice with a real cool hundred thousand. Van Wendt Fourth of July celebration. Anybody is the Chicago grain operator, you who can sing 'Yankee Doodle' or know." Dixie,' come over here and help Unit ed we stand! This is our day, gather around, and we may even find some ists sat hovering over ices, hushed. body who knows the words t:

He sat down amid reproving glances party and pardonable patriotic grirs table thoughtfully.

"Hurrah for Fourth of July! We're coming!" came a cry from the other side of the square, and a minute later four young college fellows burst upon him have his way. But, come, don't the table of Americans.

"Welcome to our city; my name's Bowen, Belasco Bowen. Glad to see you on this auspicious day; sit down and quaff the sizzling fireworks drink, pyrotechnical champagne. Forward, Americans!" He beckoned to the crowd about the band, and a number of recruits came.

"There's a New Yorker!" cried Belasco Bowen, spying the wiry little man sitting at the next table sipping his cafe noir a little excitedly. "I can tell him by his derby. Come on in; the watered wine is fi.e."

The lonely-lookir; man picked up his cup, and joined the party, introducing himself as Mr. Pardy-none other than Christopher Poe.

"Now all together!" cried Bowen, "we'll sing 'Yankee Doodle' and surprise the natives. One, two, three! Yankee Doodle came to town, a riding="" He picked "o an empty bottle and waved it as a boton in time to the lively song led by the college men supported by a dozen others. Passing Eu ropeans smil'd indulgently t the mad Americans, and quite a crowd gathered to enjoy the refreshing novelty.

"Come on!" cried Bowen, as the song came to an abrupt finish. "We'll make a raid on all the stores around here, and see what we can scrape up in the way of fireworks. Then we'll hire a launch and take a trip on the guilty. I suppose there's no chance

His enthusiasm was contagious; of the score of Americans only three wished to drop out, and while the collegians rushed off to find a Chinese store which might furnish fireworks. you seem quite at home." Bowen banteringly persuaded Mr. and Mrs. Van Wentd, the chief dissenters, that their daughter Constance would enjoy the spectacle and that it was their duty as Americans to go along.

loaded with Roman candles, niggerchasers, good old-fashioned fire-crackers, candles and lanterns, the number had swelled to thirty. A launch and a polygot cafe orchestra were hired, and amid shouts of "Three Cheers for Uncle Sam," snatches of "Dixie," and other evidences of patriotism, the gay party wound up the Grand canal, setting off fireworks, making speeches. singing and doing a hundred mad pranks that shocked the staid respectable Venetians plying back and forth in their somber gondolas, and made matter for ambitious reporters and cor-

The canal rang with uncorked patriotism, and those who had been long est from home were wildest in their demonstrations.

As the gay ride drew to an end, Be lasco Bowen gathered up the remain-

Quite a part of the mellow Venetian | ing Roman candles, and, picking his way to the bow, steadied himself in punk from M. Van Wendt's hand, and touched off all the candles in a bunch.

> the boat, and a shower of sparks scat-"My dress!" she cried, frantically

He lurched awkwardly with a dip of

fighting off the sparks. A dozen hands flew to her aid, and the sparks were instantly extinominously twenty-one times, proclaim- guished. Belasco Bowen apologized sincerely, and no harm being done, returned to waving his candles over the water out of harm's way. Constance Van Wendt was excited-

ly arranging her attire with the help of her solicitous mother.

"Your diamond? The Duchess Dia mond!" cried Mrs. Van Wendt suddenly. "Where is it?" Miss Van Wendt's hand went to her

throat, groping for the chain on which strolled toward the music, slipping in- the famous stone had swung. "Why, it's gone!" She felt among the frills of her dress, her face anxiously lined and ghastly white in the glare of Bowen's falling rockets. The deck was searched, Miss Van

Wendt's clothes were shaken out, and when the launch was finally moored at San Marco the whole party fell to examining the floor-planks for crevices. young fellow who was buying the bot- But nothing came to light, until Belasco Bowen, beside himself with anx-"And a man from Manhattan you can liety for having indirectly caused the loss, caught a glint of gold on the gunwale, and found the chain hanging

Van Wendt grasped the thin chain and jerked it off.

"The stone slid into the water, Conour families aren't old enough to in- stance!" he cried, holding up the finely herit from. The aggressive American linked chain. "It's gone down to the

"I must replace it!" cried Belasco awkwardness that caused it all. In fighting the fire some one must have accidentally torn it from her throat."

"The chain was specially made there is a platinum wire running through it," explained Van Wendt. man think of his country. You people holding it up. "I thought it was safe." you feel it. Constance?"

In the excitement and everything," she murmured. "I don't know what I

The party, already having dwindled

"I've heard of the stone," whispered "Hurrah for Fourth of July!" he one of the college youths, as the pa-

All the madness of celebration had flickered out, and the remaining tourhanging on the words of Van Wendt "There is just a chance that some-

body might have picked up the stone." from the conservative members of his suggested Bowen, glancing about the

"No, there is no chance, the chain was trailing in the water; I should have had the stone fastened to it, but the jeweler said it must slide, and I let let this put a damper on us. Let's all have a nightcap and break up." Van Wendt's forced cheerfulness chilled them all, and the nightcap was mechanically drunk in silence.

Half an hour later there remained at the table only Belasco Bowen and Christopher Poe.

"Mr Hardy, what would you do in position like mine?" asked Bowen, earnestly addressing the New York banker, whose affected simplicity and sincerity had won his confidence. 'You see, I am morally to blame for the loss, but the stone could not be duplicated. I might send them another anonymously to make up for it."

"Mr. Van Wendt seemed satisfied that it was only an unavoidable accident; I am sure he can stand the loss,' replied Christopher Poe. "You don't think he'll harbor any

resentment toward me?"

"Why, no. It was all in the game He came along with us, and the accident happened, that's all. You are no more responsible than I am." "But I urged the Van Wendts to join un," said Bowen ruefully.

"It's mighty unfortunate, but I'd forget it if I were you. You started a think of that instead of the unfortunate climax."

"I guess you're right, but I do feel to dredge the Canal?"

"Of course not. The diamond's gone, let the dead rest. Let's change the subject. Tell me something to see in Venice; it's all new to me, and "The galleries and castles of course

you've seen?" "Yes, but isn't there some slumming or something to do in this city of bridges? I've been looking for some-By the time the scouts had returned body who could show me an exciting

place or two. Something different, that's what I want." "I'll take you to the fish-markets tomorrow, if you like. It's quite a

sight," offered Bowen. "Bully! Would you? ' like that sort of thing, and it isn't often one meets a kindred spirit."

"That's right," replied Bowen heart-"Now forget all about that stone, advised Poe in parting. "You are

blameless, and don't let it worry you. We will meet here at ten tomorrow." They went to their separate hotels. and before going to bed Chrisonher Poe sent a cable to his friend Burns.

Was the name of the suspect in the Farmers' National burglary Belasco Bowen? I remember he posed as a society chap. When did he sail from New York?

On returning from an interesting | excursion with Bowen to the fishmarket next day, Christopher Poe found the following cipher message awaiting him.

Right. Saw a newspaper notice

last month that after a house party at Van Wendt's he went aboard the same boat with them.

Having torn up the reassuring note, Christopher Poe went to his room, and sat for an hour concentrating on the missing Duchess Diamond. Then he sent word to Bowen inviting him to dinner that night.

Poe turned the talk to a glowing appreciation of Naples after the meal. and before he and Bowen parted it had been decided that they would take the trip together.

At Naples Christopher Poe managed so that he occupied a room adjoining Bowen's and, making his interests conform with the younger man's, he was soon on an intimate footing with

If Bowen had the Duchess Diamond which Poe believed he had, surely the possession of it seemed to bother him little. He went about the business of enjoying himself as thoroughly as any American tourist and never showed the slightest degree of nervousness, always seeking Poe's company and ever ready for diversion.

They had spent an interesting, exciting week at Naples, when one night Bowen received a cablegram which he tore up and threw in the grate in the presence of his companion.

"Good news?" asked Poe. "No; bad news. I've got to go back home to tend to business," replied

Bowen. "I've about made up my mind to sail on the Princess day after tomorrow.' said Poe promptly.

"Good. Then I shall have the pleasure of your company to New York." Bowen sat in thoughtful silence for a minute, and suddenly remarked:

"By the way, I want to take home a couple of bottles of that Barbera we saw in that little wine-shop the other day. I wonder if it would be open tonight?"

"We might stroll over and take a "That is the American eye for down, on the outside, almost touching chance," suggested Poe, anxious not to lose sight of his companion now that sailing-time was wear.

Luckily the shop was open, and Bowen purchased three bottles of choice wine privately put up by the exact information, and as a result, bedealer in squat, thick-necked bottles. "We'll drink these on the boat, to avoid paying duty on them," remarked York. The message was in cipher, in the harbor. "May every man who

wincing a bit from the irritation as he | now. What do you say?" asked Bowen | board the boat and search his accomworked at his nail.

"There, it's all right now. Those are handy things to have." He examined

the heavy, sharp blades. "I find them useful, but I usually propmtly. forget I'm carrying them," replied Bowen quickly, reaching out, and dropping the nail-clippers into his corkscrew.

pocket nonchalantly. Next day they sailed early on a gigantic, fast boat for New York, both greyhound, "get me a couple of evidently glad to bid goodbye to vaca- glasses, will you?" tion and get back to real work.

Belasco Bowen seemed particularly for Quarantine, and those of the paselated, but in the afternoon, as the ship struck into the sea and a pronounced rolling motion was felt, he retired to his stateroom, which he oc- aboard by the narrow rope-ladder. cupied alone. Christopher Poe remained sitting in the smoking-room, thinking over the disappearance of the Duchess Diamond, and piecing together bits of circumstantial evidence | Liberty stood in full view. against Bowen.

Half an hour later he strolled up to the wireless room on the promenade deck, and to his surprise, as he entered, found Belasco Bowen just handing over a message to the operator. Bowen glanced up sharply at Poe's

entrance, then smiled easily, remark-"I was afraid I'd be a bit sea-sick, but I couldn't stand it in my berth, so

I strolled up on deck." Poe had a fleeting glimpse of the wireless message, as the operator counted the words, and he was thrilled

to find it written in cipher. For the remainder of the day h strolled about on deck with Bowen, and just before bedtime drank with him one of the interesting black bottles of Barbera, finding it excellent.

"Do we stop at Quarantine to pick up the doctor?" asked Poe idly, as like accustomed jerk and filled brimming all travelers they anticipantly, disglasses for Poe and himself. He placed the half-empty bottle in the cussed their arrival. "No," answered Bowen quickly. scuppers where it would not tip over, and idly removed the cork from the

But we slow down to pick him up, and usually the Customs men come aboard there.' "Oh, yes, they row alongside in

boat and climb up a pilot's ladder, I

remember. "Usually just apposite the little Quarantine rock," added Bowen. "We run slow for about fifteen minutes,

coasting just past Quarantine." The New York banker was pleased to find that his companion had such fore going to bed, Poe wrote a long message to his friend Burns in New



What the devil do you mean? Bowen, his eyes caressing the shapely | and he slipped into the wireless office

"I volunteer my help," said Poe; "guess I'll buy a bottle or two myself." With their purchases the pair going to bed that night Christopher Poe sat long in silent contemplation

before the heavy wine-bottles. An idea was smoldering in his mind. So far he had nothing tangible against Bowen except his record, as affirmed by Burns, his interest in rging the of July excursion, and his awkward suspicion, and he was surprised that good time, and we all enjoyed it; let's Bowen could act innocence so perfectly. If he really had the diamond, how did he figure to get it past the Customs in New York? In Bowen's manner he found no confession of guilt; the young fellow acted naturally sight.

and confidently. Placing the wine-bottles in the bot-Poe went to bed. Next day both were sailing, and it was only at dinner-time that they met. After dinner, as they were sitting opposite each other in the quaint, cool lobby of their little Italian hotel, Christopher Poe sud-

denly glanced down at his left hand. "How'd I get that?" he cried, lifting his little finger, to show the ragged nail, torn jaggedly across, exposing the quick

He fumbled in his pocket with his other hand. "Got a knife?" he asked abruptly.

glancing at Bowen. "No not here. What's the matter?" "I've torn my nail. I used to carry one of those nail-clippers. They're handy. You don't happen to have a

pair? "No," answered Bowen, absently then he leaned forward with interest. "Why, yes, by George, I guess I have!" he cried. "I seldom use them." He slipped his fingers into an upper waistcoat-pocket and produced a compact steel nail-clipper.

"Thanks, very much," replied Poe

with it early next morning before many passengers were on deck.

The trip was pleasant, and Poe and Bowen were continually together exstrolled back to the hotel, and before | cept when Bowen stayed alone in his stateroom during periods of sea-sickness. Each night they drank together a bottle of the pleasant Italian wine. and those on board who notices them wondered why they were inseparable.

The night before arriving in New York Belasco Bowen was particularly Van Wendts to go on the wild Fourth | gay; all evidence of sea-sickness had passed, and he gave up the evening movement which showered Miss Van to cementing his friendship with Wendt with sparks. Since then Poe Christopher Poe, and suggesting dehad seen nothing to substantiate his lightful little excursions they could make in New York.

> Poe. too, was in good spirits, for he had received an answer to his elaborate instructions to Burns. They met again after lunch next

day, and New York was already in 'We're getting in," beamed Bowen sharing the bustling anticipation of tom of his steamer trunk, Christopher the whole ship. "See?" he spointed to a far-off speck. "There's Quaran-

occupied in making preparations for tine, and it's only half an hour to dock from there." "Land certainly looks good after all this time. Are you packed up?"

queried Poe. "No. Going down to finish now, it won't be difficult. Only a steamertrunk and two grips. I guess I can

squeeze everything into them." He excused himself and went below while Poe leaned over the rail thoughtfully, watching the little rock island gradually growing bigger against the horizon. rounded him.

Ten minutes later Belasco Bowen rejoined him. "Finished so soon?" queried Poe. "Yes, got everything in but the last

confounded bottle of that Barbera. We should have drunk two last night." "But I had to get rid of mine." smiled Poe. "There's no fun in being delayed by having to pay duty on a little bottle of wine."

"By George, you're right. They'd be sure to stick me for it, and it time overhauled the big dory with the would take an hour to go through all two dazed pseudo fishermen. the red tape. Let's finish that bottle

"That's a funny toast," said Bowen awkwardly, glancing in slight confusion down into the water, where the two fishermen were drifting astern.

the ship, where the great Statue of

in craft dotting the waves and bob-

"Yes, but that life looks more ro-

mantic than it is. See those two fel-

lows down there, alone in the big dory,

handling those heavy oars; do you

The boat in question was headed out

Before Belasco Bowen could reply,

Bowen ripped off the tin-foil cap on

into the cork, pulled it out with an

sea and the pleasure of safe home-

He slipped the corkscrew into his

pocket, absently tossed the cork over

the rail, and raised his glass to touch

They drank, and Bowen refilled the

"And here's to the Goddess of Liber-

ty," cried Poe, turning toward the

gold glittering statue dimly outlined

deserves liberty have it."

the servile steward stepped up with

to sea, and the two fishermen jerked

frantically at their oars to avoid a pos-

sible collision with the great vessel.

think they enjoy the jolly fishermen's

life you read about?" queried Poe.

"Isn't it beautiful?" he cried.

bing about like corks.

the glasses.

coming.'

glasses

the rim of Poe's

"I wonder how that figure of Liberty strikes a petty little smuggler bringing in valuable goods to defraud his country," mused Poe, staring ahead into the dim harbor. Bowen glanced at him nervously.

What's come over you?" he asked haltingly. "Why, nothing," replied the New York banker, turning to gaze ingenuously into the shifting eyes of his companion. "I was just wondering how

you felt smuggling that Duchess Dia-"How I feel!" Bowen's eyebrows drew down narrowly. His face suddenly cleared, he glanced nervously into the water, and then laughed full

"And I've been wondering all along how it would feel to be an amateur detective who thinks he's worked up a case and wins a fellow's friendship just to betray him at the finish." His upper lip curled contemptuously; he

glanced nervously back into the water. "Oh, I knew you recognized me," said Poe. "Some of my baggage is marked with C. P., and I knew that wouldn't escape your shar eyes. You've called me Hardy with rather elaborate exactness, thinking you had a joke on me. I didn't miss it, nor did I miss noticing your eagernes; to have the Van Wendts join that wild party I saw you were quick-handed, too, when you spilled the sparks over Miss Van Wendt, and nipped off the platinum wire with your little nail-clippers. on which I found the nick made in cutting the chain. The hand is quicker than the eye, but not quicker than

the imagination.' "What the devil do you mean?" cried Bowen, putting down his glass, and turning with his back to the rail. "Do you accuse me of stealing the Duchess Diamond?"

"Yes, and with attempting to smug gle it into New York." "Where have I got it concealed then?" cried Bowen, his hand sneaking toward his hip-pocket.

"Oh, don't trouble to find that little pearl-handled gun. I've seen it bulging out beneath your coat before. Look over there. Do you see that officer it white and those three in blue?" Pr pointed to a crowd of customs office who had just climbed up to the ship's deck from the doctor's boat, and were already coming toward them.

Bowen's expression changed to one of terror. "I cabled a friend of mine in New York to send customs-house officers on

board at quarantine, and take you before you succeeded in smuggling in the Duchess Diamond." "But I haven't got it; I never did

have it. You can't prove a thing," cried Bowen excitedly, leaning threateningly toward Poe. Poe turned, and signaled to the cus-

replied evenly to Bowen: "Of course you haven't it now; but suspected your interest in those thick-necked wine-bottles. I noticed the corks were unusually large, and I experimented with one in my room.

One of those corks would nicely conceal a big stone like the Duchess." "But I have thrown all the corks away!" cried Bowen desperately, as a little short, he should confess to the customs-house officers quietly sur-

"Yes, you just threw the one conyour fishermen accomplices have for shore this minute. Look!" He put his hand on Bowen's shoulder, and pointed toward the fishermen's boat. making for shore. At that moment a trim gray launch flying the police flag leaped out from behind the stern of the great ocean liner, and in a minute's

plices. He saw them remove, after a "Why not? There's the old Statue struggle, a small object from the coatof Liberty looming up, let's drink pocket of the larger fisherman. Then to her," offered Christopher Poe Bowen turned to his captors, and, his arms slack and limp, his lips quivering, said, "You've got me." His shifting Belasco Bowen whisked through the saloon and down to his berth, returneyes sought Poe's. "But how the devil ing instantly with the bottle and a did you know I planned to throw the cork overboard right here at quaran-

"Steward," he called to a passing tine?" "That was easy," smiled the banker, as the officials in white slipped hand-The boat was already slowing up cuffs over Bowen's wrists. "After I surprised you sending long code messengers who had finished their packsages I questioned you about the boat, ing were crowding to the port-rail to and found that you knew we slowed see the doctor and Customs men come down at quarantine. I felt that was the most logical place for you to throw "Let's get over on the other side, over the little cork. Your fishermen out of this crush," suggested Bowen. could row close while the doctor was being picked up, and if you threw the They sauntered to the deserted side of cork carefully it might land right in terest in the subject of town planning Belasco Bowen gazed off across the water, pointing out several small sailparty of yours on the Grand canal."

On landing at the dock in New York, Christopher Poe looked for his friend Burns, anxious to clasp his hand after the lengthy parting, and thank him for his assistance in cap turing Bowen.

Finding no trace of Burns, Poe went board, and called his friend's office.

"Hello, that you, Poe?" came a cheery voice from the other end. "Yes," exclaimed Poe. "I missed his bottle, slowly twisted the screw

> Everything all right?" "Yes, fine. They got him at quaran-

tine all right, thanks to your long-distance work." screw as he smiled at Poe and pro-"Oh, that wasn't anything," answered Burns. "But tell me, did you "We'll drink to the dangers of the get any rest at all on the trip? I'm

mighty glad you're back safe." "No rest to speak of," said Pou quickly. "Two or three other jobs turned up. But I got a change, anyway, and I guess that's a rest. I swear I'll never tackle another mystery. This chap Bowen turned on me, and called me an 'amateur detective.' In spite of all the care I've taken, I'm afraid I'm becoming known. I'm going to give it

up. It's a thankless job." "Wait!" cut in Burns anxiously. Mitchell has a job for us. I've just got the uetails. There's a clever band of scratchmen forging drafts in Chicago. I've got reservations on the eigh-

teen-hour train. Can you make it?" "Yes," answered Poe eagerly. "My grip is through the customs already. Volume H' is in it. I won't need anything else. I can get to a taxi in two minutes. What time does the flyer

Bureau of Labor Statistics Has Made an Exhaustive Study of the Entire Subject.

The effect of the war upon the cost of living in foreign countries has just been made the subject of a report by the bureau of labor statistics of the The Town That Cares for its General department of agriculture at Washing-Prices are given for 18 countries, and there are cards from over 100 cities, towns and consular dis-

tricts. The report shows that the first ef fect of the war was the same practically throughout Europe. Its outbreak was followed by a sharp rise in prices, due mainly to panic and un certainty. In some countries legislative measures were at once taken to the outer world. check this rise. In others the government strictly adhered to a hands-off policy and trusted to the natural course of events for readjustment Within a fortnight the first panic was over, and, except in the actual war tiplies until the town becomes known zone, prices began to fall. In most in many climes for its cleanliness and places, however, prices did not drop progressiveness. to the July level, and after an interval again took an upward turn, which has probably not yet reached its cli-

max. Administrative and legislative their home. measures to check the rise in the cost of necessaries were very generally taken. Denmark, Egypt, Great Britain, Italy, Russia, Spain and Turitions and a more commanding and key prohibited the export of practically all foodstuffs. France, Norway and Sweden listed certain articles which must not be exported, and Holland placed an embargo on butter and

### Good Business.

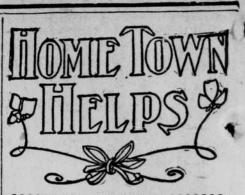
"Americans have four great and good habits upon which their present tion quickly melts away.-Laredo These | Record. prosperity is established. habits are: Health habit, study habit, work habit and play habit." That is what Yozo Nomura, Japanese commissioner to the Panama-Pacific exposition, said when he returned to Yoko hama from San Francisco and reported to Japanese business men upon his trip. Yozo Nomura is, obviously enough, a diplomat. With Americans, he continues, "business is no lenger exploitation, but service. The American principle is that business prospers when it answers the needs of the ness." We don't reprint these compliments because they are deserved; toms-house men, who hurried up. He they aren't. And yet, just after writing these words, we picked up a copy of the directions given to their employees by an ice company in the

> West: "Be courteous, Remember, every ice man is supposed to be a thief until

he has proved his honesty." And again this gleam of advice: If the iceman "happens" to cut the piece than twice the area of this city .his customer "and then bring a larger piece next time and draw her attention to that also." Perhaps the Japataining the stone into the water, and nese diplomat isn't so wrong after all. "No longer exploitation, but picked it up by now and are making service. . . " Think it over .- Collier's Weekly.

> Went Unnoticed. "What is your opinion of Boston?" "I was agreeably surprised on my first visit to that town."

'Yes." "Just for an experiment I split an infinitive, but there was nothing like



#### TOWN PLANNING IN AUSTRALIA

Antipodeans Show Wise Interest in Subject and Profit by Experience of Older Countries.

Australians are showing a wise inthe boat, or at least near enough so and housing in general. The trouble it would float until they could pick it with older countries has been that up, unseen because the crowd would be they have not begun to think much watching the officials boarding on the about improving housing conditions other side. That is all. I just took a until housing conditions have got to chance, same as you did when you be insufferably bad. Australia, being pulled off that carefully planned little a young country, should be able to profit by the unfortunate example of other countries, and it is apparent that Australia is striving to do this.

Building, an Australian publication, devotes much space to this subject. Alluding, for example, to the direction of the movement in Victoria by the Town Planning and Parks' association, these to a telephone booth on the dock activities are described as intelligent, enthusiastic and energetic. "The flow of active campaigning established," it appears, "threatens altogether to swamp the slum and its wedded evils you at the dock. Couldn't you make beyond the hope of re-establishment.

'The association, very sensibly, is "No. Mitchell called me away just enlisting the sympathy and support of half an hour before you were due. the masses by alert regard for the well being. The essentials of the move ment bear directly on the existence of that section of the people whom circumstances have handicapped. This the association recognizes. Settled evils which primarily deny the common her-Itage of sunlight are being squelched. Conditions of living scarcely befitting the brute creation, but to which human flesh and blood are subjected, are being swept way as speedily as the ponderous arm of the law can be operated. In brief, the movement in Victoria, directed by the Town Planning and Parks' association, is making good.

"The association is making a special point of making plain the principles of town planning to those in the position of facilitating reform. For instance, the mayors and councilors of the municipalities and shires were recently circularized on the new and extensive powers conferred upon local governing bodies, by recent amendments of the act. A portion of that circular reads:

"'It is hoped that advantage will be taken at once of these powers-applied, perhaps, in conjunction with building regulations to avoid the creation of slum or insanitary areas. In this connection St. Kilda council has FOOD PRICES AND THE WAR recently passed a by-law providing for a minimum area, devoted exclusively to open space, for each dwelling equal to at least eight-eighteenths of that occupied by dwelling and outhouses."

# COMMUNITY PRIDE AN ASSET

Will Prosper.

Community pride is an asset, and it s one of the greatest of all assets. The town that improves its streets, cleans up the alleys, paints the houses. cuts the grass, rakes the lawns and plants its flowers is not only encouraging cleanliness, but is making for itself a name among the peoples of

Commercial travelers and others come, and look, and go away and talk -and the talk is all in favor of the town and its people.

Talk travels, and grows, and mul-In time other men who are looking

for a change of location hear of this town-and then they go, and look, and talk, and are pleased, and it becomes And the town continues to expand and progress, and as the years roll by it gradually assumes larger propor-

dominating position in the world. When Community Pride comes in Prosperity enters by its side, and the two become the mighty levers that control the machinery of success.

Personal Pride and Community

Pride should march side by side, for when these two potent factors join hands in a laudable purpose opposi-

Signs That Save.

A decided decrease in the number of traffic accidents is reported from Portland, Ore., since the installation there of a comprehensive system of warning signs. The signs consist of red steel dials 18 inches in diameter mounted on steel rods sunk three feet in concrete at the curbs and standing eight feet deep on the top of the dial. The dials are painted bright red with black letters, and read: "School, Carepeople and enhances human happi- ful," "Caution, Bridge," "Caution, Steep Grade." "Danger, Drive Slowly." "Hospital. Quiet." "Caution, Fire Station." "Danger. No Outlet." "Caution. Dangerous Corner," and so on. The signs are set in pairs about 100 feet from the danger point and in all street directions from it, and are so placed that the street lights will shine upon them at night. Portland has a population of about 20,000 greater than Rochester, and embraces more

> Rochester Post-Express. Different Times.

"The girls used to keep me waiting

when I drove up in a buggy. I notice they never keep you waiting long when you drive up in a motor car?" "Why is that?" "The girls know how quickly a model gets out of date as well as we do."

Uncle Eben. "Some men," said Uncle Eben, good natured because dey don't kno what's goin' on an' some is dat way because dey's got too much sense to take notice of whut dey can't help."