

3,000 Eligible for Parole, Says Prison Workers

Society Declares Failure to Release Men Costing the Government \$100,000 Annually.

Washington, March 3.—Three thousand federal prisoners, confined in government and state penitentiaries of the United States, are eligible for parole. E. E. Dudding, president of the Prisoners' Relief society, announces.

The condition is unprecedented. Three years ago the number was less than 500, according to Dudding, who declared failure to parole these men is costing the government \$100,000 annually and depriving the families of the prisoners of their support.

While not disputing Dudding's figures, the attorney general's office, final authority on approval of paroles, pointed out that the number of eligibles is ever changing. Officials said it would be impossible to fix an accurate figure.

Federal prisoners sentenced to terms of more than one year, are eligible to parole, following service of one-third of their term. Their parole applications must have the approval of the federal board of parole and sanction of the attorney general's office.

Among those whose paroles have been refused by the government is Samuel Moore, a negro, said to be the oldest federal prisoner in point of time spent behind the bars, in the United States.

Moore has served 33 years of a 99-year sentence for murder. He is confined in Atlanta penitentiary. Moore got a year in jail for slashing a negro with a penknife when he was 17 years old.

While serving his time in the District of Columbia, Moore killed a fellow-prisoner with a shovel. He claimed he acted in self-defense, but the federal court found him guilty of murder in the first degree, and he went up for life.

The negro was in the Delaware state prison and later at Albany, N. Y., and when the Atlanta federal prison was opened he was taken there. Dudding, with other prison relief workers, has interested himself in Moore's case because, although approved for parole by the parole board, he was refused release by higher authorities on the grounds of mental instability.

Pressure will be brought to bear on the government, according to Dudding, in an effort to obtain more prompt action on the many prisoners eligible to parole, as well as favorable action on the Moore case.

"After a prisoner has served the time required for parole eligibility he should be given a new chance in life, provided his prison conduct has been satisfactory," Dudding declared.

"Dr. Votaw's conduct of prison affairs has been satisfactory, and there is little criticism to make of the conduct of federal prisons, but there should be more efficient action on paroles."

Bill Would Provide Farm for Retired Farm Horses

Chicago, March 3.—What Senator Vest was to do today, Alderman John S. Clark of Chicago is to the horse world.

He has drawn up a bill to provide a farm where retired city fire horses may live in utter bliss, without doing a tap of work. There they would be provided with warmth in winter, shade in summer and plenty of oats, corn, hay and hot bran mashies.

The alderman is being urged to make provisions for a few electric alarm bells and occasional bonfires to provide environment for the four-footed veterans.

Chicago retired the last fire horses February 5 in favor of motorized equipment. The horses were ordered auctioned.

Montana Woman Raises Pure-Bred Swine Head

Helena, Mont., March 3.—Montana claims the first woman breeder of refined and aristocratic swine—Mrs. Lillian German, who lives on a farm on the outskirts of Lohman, Blaine county.

Her husband is a prominent banker. Always interested in domestic animals, Mrs. German started about a year ago raising purebred pigs.

Two sows that were on the Lohman property are the maternal ancestors of her present fine drove of Hampshire swine, some of which have won prizes at agricultural and livestock shows.

Natives Fear Eruption of Volcano, Mouno Loa, Soon

Honolulu, March 3.—Old-time residents along the kona (south) coast of the island of Hawaii are predicting an early eruption of the volcano Mauna Loa. They base this belief on the fact that huge schools of fish have recently been making their appearance along the shore, and they point out that a similar phenomenon occurred in 1919, just before the starting of the Alaka flow. In every instance, as far back as can be remembered, it is said, great numbers of fish have appeared close to land prior to an eruption.

Professor Finds Hawaii Children Mentally Dense

Honolulu, March 3.—Approximately 29 per cent of the children in Hawaii's public schools are mentally retarded and are wasting their time, according to an estimate made by Dr. Stanley Porteus, of the University of Hawaii, following a recent part survey of the islands. Dr. Porteus recommends a general survey on each of the islands and the grouping of children into classes so that a simplified course of study may be provided for the mentally retarded.

Auto Dealers Suspected in Large Car Theft Case

Bridgeport, Conn., March 3.—More than 100 local automobile dealers have been questioned in the progress of a police hunt for stolen automobiles which have been disguised with paint and resold. Half a dozen men are held under heavy bond as a result. Many cars were checked by their engine numbers. A widespread auto theft plot is suspected.

Married Life of Helen and Warren

A Misplaced Card Forces From Helen a Generous But Grudging Gift.

"Wilson's in town. Blew into the office this morning." Warren scowled at his tapoca pudding. "Any cream for this?"

"Is Irene with him?" Helen touched the bell. "Where're they stopping?" At her mother's. He said they might drop in tonight.

"Tonight! Anna, you forgot the cream. Oh, dear, why didn't you tell me?"

"What for? Don't have to doll up for them, do you?"

"No, but I—oh, I promised to bring her something from Europe," worriedly. "I'll have to look up something now."

"No, you don't!" as she started from the table. "You finish your dinner. Got plenty of time—they won't come before 8."

"I don't want any desert, Dear, what will I give her?"

"Huh, you buy a lot of junk over there for presents, then when you get it home—like pulling your back teeth to give any of it away?"

"It makes me wild! Everybody expects me to bring them something."

"Give her one of those old snuff boxes," smothering his pudding with cream. "You've got a dozen sitting around listing up the place."

"A snuff box? Why you don't know what they're worth! I saw one in an antique shop on Madison avenue marked \$45. Almost exactly like the one I keep on the desk for stamps."

"Huh, any sucker who'd cough up \$45 for that needs a guardian."

"Dear, that's a collector's piece! That old hunting scene on the top is very rare. Tell her I don't want any coffee. I'll have to look up something for Irene."

Ignoring Warren's grumbling protest, Helen left him to finish his desert and have his coffee alone.

In her own room she got down from the top closet shelf a box of unwanted Christmas gifts destined to be passed on.

A hideous bright blue boudoir cap from Warren's Aunt Amelia, a pink

sat in handkerchief case, a crocheted hairpin holder and other cluttering dust collectors.

But none of these would do for Irene, who always expected some "antique treasure" from Europe.

Grudgingly Helen got down another box—an old mahogany box filled with antiques bought mostly at the London Rag Market.

Every Friday they were in London she would take No. 14 Bus from Piccadilly to the Caledonian Market, where all the small antique and second-hand dealers bring their wares. In this famous "Thieves" or "Rag" Market, one can buy everything from old ivory to old shoes.

Gloatingly Helen would wander from one stall to another picking up bits of old jewelry, snuff boxes, cameos, most of which she intended for "presents."

But these antiques, bought for a song in this London market, seemed priceless when she got them home, and always she was loath to part with them.

Appraisingly she held up an old hair bracelet. Irene would love that. But no, that curious enameled clasp—she could not give that away. A comb pin—but the old setting was exquisite. An ivory needle case yellowed with age, those quaint old shoe buckles—she could not part with any of them.

That mosaic pin? They were very common. But was it good enough? Why had she bought it? It was neither old nor rare. But often she bought some trifle to feel more free to bargain for something she really wanted.

Taking the pin in to Warren, she drew down his barricading paper.

"Dear, do you think this is good enough?"

"EH? Looks like it came from the 10-cent store. Now see here, if you give Irene anything—for Heaven's sake give her something good."

"She never gives me anything good," recently. "I thought this might do."

"Well, it won't! Look at the back

of it. Nothing but a cheap brass pin." Again at her box of treasures, with much reluctance Helen finally decided on some Cornelian beads. Real Cornelians—but only a broken strand.

A short old-fashioned necklace, one end of the clasp and part of the beads were gone. Ridiculously cheap, she had bought them hoping to find more or to mix with other beads.

Now came a brilliant idea. She would string them on floss with knots between. A hurried search through her work basket yielded a skein of old-rose silk that blended with the shaded Cornelians.

Would she have time to string them? Hastily she doubled the floss, made a knot before and after each bead, stringing them about two inches apart.

On their next trip to London she would scour the Rag Market for broken strands of amber, Cornelians, and coral. Strung in this amplified way they would make cheap and ideal presents.

"Look like marbles," was Warren's grunted comment, when the chain was dangled before him for his approval. "Kind I used to play 'Snitches' with."

"They're Cornelians! Aren't they attractive?"

Blinded over her ingenuity, Helen wrapped them in tissue paper, gift fashion, and sat down at the desk to write a card.

"For Irene—a bit of Old London. A blot marring the card she wrote another, more pretentious:

"For Irene—a bit of old London from my favorite antique shop."

This was true, she solaced her conscience. The dusty rubbish-jumbled stalls of the Rag Market were her favorite shops.

"There's the bell! Dear, you let them in, Anna's gone out."

"Dear, that's a collector's piece! Helen darted back to her own room.

Intent on getting the beads strung, she had not stopped to dress. Now slipping on another gown, she hurried in to meet Warren's cousins.

"We can stay only a few minutes. Wilson's dead tired and I promised mother we'd be back early—but I just had to see you," effused Irene.

"How long will you be in town? Do have this chair."

"All next week, Oh, we'll see you again, of course. It seems ages since

I've been here. Not since you got back from Europe."

A few moments general all-about-the-family gossip, and Irene handed Helen the small package she had kept in her hand.

"Here's something I brought you. Mrs. Merritt, you remember her, has started the dearest little gift shop—the most attractive things."

Opening the pink-stringed package, Helen took out a typical gift-shop inanity. A crocheted doll that proved to be a disguised box of talcum powder.

A painted head with a crocheted hat fitted over the perforated top, while a full skirt modestly concealed the lower extremity of the box.

"That is attractive!" Helen always gushed when forced to lie.

"But, all her things are so dainty. But I'm crazy to see some of the things you got in Europe. You always pick up such interesting antiques—and over there you get them so cheap."

"Yes, as cheap as you used to! And by the time you pay duty—"

"Yes, I know, but still it's nothing compared to what you pay here. You remember that old vinaigrette you gave me? I can't tell you how much it's been admired."

"I brought you something this year. I hope you'll like as well. I—"

Paralyzed, Helen stared in helpless silence.

Irene, sitting by the desk, had suddenly caught up the precious box on which lay the discarded blotted card.

"For Irene—a bit of old London." In her haste to get to her room when the bell rang, Helen had darted off with no thought of this card, which had happened to fall on the snuff box.

"Oh, I—I—that's our stamp box, stammered Helen. "I forgot—"

"Yes, here's some stamps," Irene took them out. "I'll prize it all the more because you've used it. This quaint old hunting scene? Gloating over the age-darkened palating on the snuff box cover."

Helen swallowed hard. Stupified by the unexpected, her usually inventive mind could think of no way to retrieve her treasure.

After Irene's rhapsodies over the snuff box, how could she bluntly take

it back and give her a few Cornelian beads sparsely strung?

"Yes, that's great," approved Wilson. "Mighty nice of you, Helen. Irene's dippy about those old things."

"I'm glad she likes it," murmured Helen with an effort.

The conversation drifted from antiques to the new six-cylinder car Helen had just bought. As Irene lauded its luxurious appointments, Helen, silently unresponsive, was consumed with resentment at the loss of her snuff box.

It was barely 9 when Irene rose to go.

"We motored all the way in—these long drives always tire Wilson. And the roads were awful! Yes, we'll surely see you again. A thousand thanks for the snuff box."

The moment they were gone, Helen's smoldering agitation flamed out.

"EH? How's that?" Warren was lighting his pipe. "Why I thought you intended to give it to her. Thought you changed your mind—had a generous spurt."

"No—no, that card just happened to be laying there! I wrote two and forgot to tear that one up. Oh, I'm just sick about it! That wonderful old hunting scene—I'll never find another like it!"

"So that's the time you got stung?" chuckled Warren with maddening lack of sympathy. "You were all set to trot out that bunch of marbles as something classy. Irene crabb'd that play for you! Ha, ha, that was neat!"

"If I'd only had the courage to come right out and tell her it was a mistake," bewailed Helen, ignoring his scoffing. "But it was all so slick, it took me so by surprise—I couldn't think!"

"No chance to cook up anything, eh? Serves you right. That was a bum gift you were going to palm off—nothing but a few measly miggs on a string!"

"Then, with a snort, as he reached for his paper.

"I'm darned glad Irene copped that box. You're always trying to play the Lady Bountiful and do it all on the cheap! But this is the time it didn't work!"

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Next week—Helen's Irresponsible

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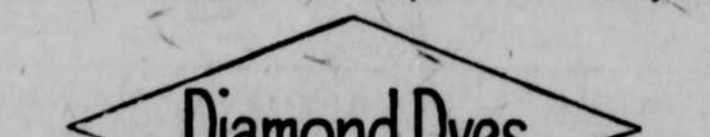
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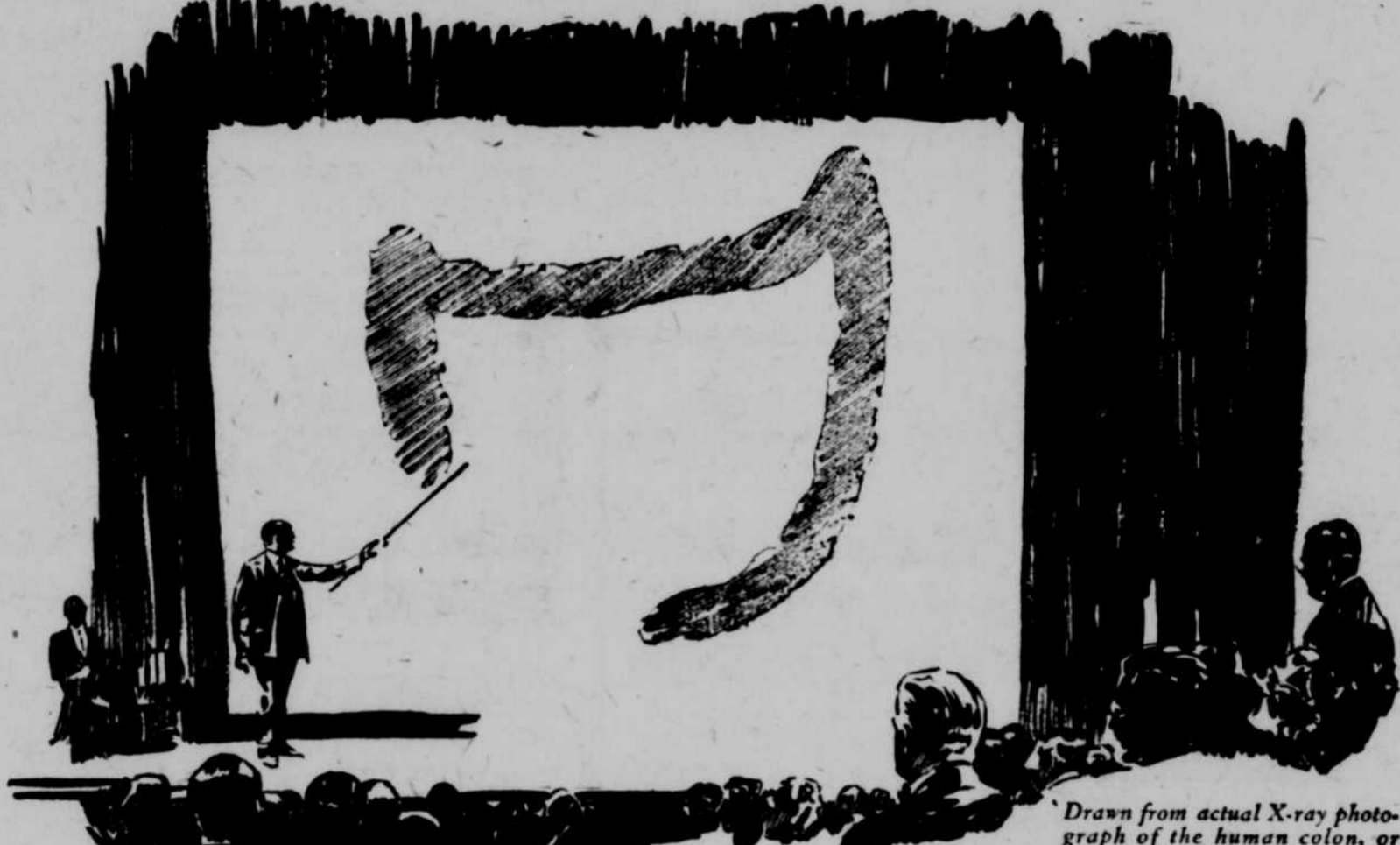
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Drawn from actual X-ray photograph of the human colon, or "large intestine"

"It can do more than anything else to lengthen human life—"

Experimental work of the last few years has given mankind a new insight into the mystery of disease and decay

WE have long thought that the body grew old naturally and that disease was inevitable. Now one of the world's leading scientists announces that the body should live forever—if it could be perfectly nourished, and kept absolutely free from poisons.

We have made tremendous progress in choosing foods that give us proper nourishment, but until recently we knew comparatively little about the poisons which collect in the system.

Every day the body, like any other machine, throws off a great quantity of waste.

Most of it drains into the colon, or large intestine. If it stays there long, it generates deadly poisons which soak through into the blood and flood the whole system. It is these poisons which age and weaken us—and then disease begins.

That is why constipation is the greatest constant enemy of mankind today.

Fleischmann's Yeast today—not as a medicine, but as a fresh corrective food which gives the intestinal muscles regular, natural exercise.

Every cake of Fleischmann's Yeast consists of millions of tiny living plants, which mix with the waste products in the colon, softening them and increasing the bulk of the waste. This greater bulk gently encourages the muscles to act, and at the same time strengthens them by offering just the resistance they need.

Your own physician will heartily endorse this principle of regularly exercising the intestinal muscles as the only way to relieve constipation and all its evils.

Be sure you get Fleischmann's Yeast—yeast in its natural fresh form. Recent experiments have shown that yeast corrects constipation only when its cells

are alive and active, and that it loses its laxative effect when these cells are "killed" and "dried."

Fleischmann's Yeast is in no sense a purgative and does not produce immediate violent action. It is a nourishing food—not an indigestible medicine—and like any other food, it must be eaten regularly to secure results.

Eat at least 2 or 3 cakes a day—plain or dissolved in water, milk or fruit juices—preferably half an hour before a meal, or the last thing at night. If you eat it plain, follow with a glass of water. Get several cakes at a time—they will keep in a cool, dry place for several days. Be sure you get Fleischmann's Yeast. All grocers have it.

Appetite and energy restored—

Yeast is the richest known source of Vitamin-B, on which health and vigor so largely depend—it is inexpensive and easily available. Men and women troubled with loss of appetite and energy, or faulty digestion, have found that these troubles disappear when they eat Fleischmann's Yeast regularly.

Skin and complexion cleared—

Skin troubles are often danger flags of lowered vitality—generally associated with constipation. Fleischmann's Yeast is now established as a food which corrects the basic cause of many disorders of the skin, by increasing the number of white corpuscles in the blood and keeping stomach and intestines in a natural, healthy state.



Nature's way to remove these poisons

The colon is a hollow tube about four feet long, equipped with rings of muscle like a set of clamps. By contracting one after another, these muscles force the contents of the tube along and out of your system.

Now nature intended us to eat coarse, raw foods which would give these rings of muscle real work to do, and strengthen them by vigorous exercise. But modern civilization demands a more delicate, concentrated diet—and as a result, the muscles get weak and flabby—just like the muscles of your arm without exercise. That is why constipation is so prevalent today.

Why drugs and purgatives make matters worse

Drugs and cathartics will make the muscles contract, it is true, but they do it by nervous irritation. That is not exercise. Each time it happens, it leaves the muscles weaker than before.

The only way to relieve constipation permanently is by exercising these muscles as nature intended.

Everywhere physicians and hospitals are prescribing

Day by day Fleischmann's Yeast builds up the flabby muscles of the intestines—exactly as regular exercise builds up the muscles of your arm

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