

12-C
**London Becomes
 Americanized**

**American Newsboy Sells
 American Papers—Yank
 Dishes Served at Savoy.**

London, Sept. 8.—The Americanizing of London has started early this year. An American newsboy sells American papers outside the American Express office in Haymarket, and he does not call it "I-market."

A muscular negro, commissioner with the stars and stripes on his blue uniform greets intending travelers with a broad smile outside the Cockspur street headquarters of the United States lines.

At the Savoy, chicken a la king, waffles with maple syrup, and other American dishes are being served daily by an American chef. The "Mauritanian millionaires" are in town—coal and steel magnates, big store kings and real estate queens, and some of them have had their first whirlwind tour of London in a motor charabanc.

They may not all be millionaires, but they belong to the high level strata of wealthy tourists who think nothing of taking a big price ticket for a luxury cruise of 12,000 miles in the Atlantic and Mediterranean in one of the fastest steamers afloat, now spoken of as the Hundred Million Dollar liner. Some of the Americans are spending more money on this trip than a British cabinet minister earns in a year.

Not So Easy.
 "That is Charles the First," said an English voice as the charabanc rolled through Trafalgar square.

"Would have looked more lifelike without his head," said Chicago, and Cleveland, Detroit, St. Louis and Maryland joined in the joke.

American mouths watered at the sight of the crown jewels at the Tower.

"What a haul for crooks!" said one of the party, but he was assured that if anyone started tinkering with the burglar proof cage where they reposed, electric bells would instantly give the alarm, gates would close as if by magic and every one in the Tower would be held prisoner until the jewels were recovered.

"It hasn't been exactly a dry trip," ventured the journalist to his companion—a white-haired lady—in a delicate approach to the subject of prohibition. "Oh, yes, it has," she said, ignoring the obvious. "We haven't seen a spot of rain for eight weeks—not since we left Algiers."

Need Self-Starters.
 "My! this is a good looking street," she said, when we drove along Whitehall, and she wanted to know if the sailor in the quaint uniform of Nelson's day standing outside the Royal United Service museum was real or just a figurehead.

The few minutes spent inside the Abbey made a deep impression on the Americans, and one or two of them whose eyes lingered too long on the rich vaultings and the mud-died monuments had to be rounded up so that the charabanc could continue its tour over Westminster bridge and back across Vauxhall bridge, and on to the Dogs' cemetery in Hyde park and the Albert memorial.

"Well, what do you think of London?" one asked of his woman friend. A row of gold-tipped teeth shone through her smile.

"Fine buildings," she said, "beautiful parks, ancient monuments—they have all of those. I am fresh from Egypt, Italy, Corsica, Morocco, and Spain, and in all those countries I went sight-seeing in motors. But I haven't struck a self-starter since I left New York. What they want over here are self-starting charabancs!"

**New Yorkers Envy Western
 'Beaux' Who 'Get by' Cheaply**
 that "tis the woman who always New York, Sept. 8.—If it is true says," then why are their boy friends always broke?

The question isn't put by the Broadwayites. It's the honest plaint of the everyday fellow—the boy with a girl.

"A fellow's got to have \$25 to stage a date." An even dozen boys-about-town gave this as the minimum overhead for an evening with Irene, Mary or Sally.

"The boys out on Main street may envy New Yorkers—don't," urge the big-town boys.

"Fifty's the smallest with a Broadway Rose," the other type of "boy friends" declare.

"Out there one finds a front porch, with a swing—or a parlor one can have to one's self. Or there are parks.

"Here—well, just find a front porch in Manhattan, or a parlor in the Bronx. Parks—sure, lots of them—but being used by 6,000,000 people."

"So there's nothing to do but go out," say the New Yorkers. And here is a composite program of the dozen interviewed—a minimum at that.

"Taxi downtown—no girl on a date ever rides in the subway—\$2.50; dinner before a show, \$4; the theater, \$7.50; supper after the show, \$6; taxi home, \$2.50.

"There's a grand total of \$22.50. "Try to make the average week's pay check look happy after that.

"And you can't get out of it for less—generally it costs you more," the youths complain. "Most girls want wine at least with the after-theater supper. That's \$5, anyway. And 50 cents a box for cigarets."

Now out on Main street—
 The street car or the boy's flivver eliminates the \$5 taxi bill. Even the "Follies," on its annual tour to the sticks, draws but \$2 a head. Who, out where the west begins—and ends—ever heard of dinner before the theater—she eats that at home.

After the show \$5 spent make the waiters think an oil millionaire is in town. Total, \$9 and a large evening.

So, go west, young man; go west.

**Cat Is Blamed by Seamen
 for Beaching of Their Ship**

Norwalk, Sept. 8.—True mariners are the crew of the steam propeller Joanna, which daily makes a round trip between Norwalk and East River points with freight. Four hours after a black cat was found on the vessel Joanna ran ashore in a dense fog on a sound island, and four tugs were needed to float it. "The cat did it," declared the crew as one man,

December and June



Here's first photo of Gen. P. C. March, 55, chief of the United States army staff, and Cora V. McEntee, 25, his bride, taken in London after wedding ceremony.

**Cooks Lead All Crafts in
 Number of Convicts in Pen**

Sacramento, Sept. 2.—The rotund cook, who has dedicated his life to preparing dishes that will satisfy the epicurean whims of man, stands a greater chance of spending a term behind prison bars than any of his associates in other trades or profes-

sions, if prison statistics filed with Governor Richardson recently by Warden J. A. Johnston of San Quentin prison, are to be taken as a criterion.

Of 1,501 persons committed to San Quentin prison during the last year 107 were cooks. They led the list by a wide margin, machinists coming second with a total of 58.

**A Nebraska Fairy Tale
 The Cottonwood and the Violet**

By ELEANOR HINMAN.

The Cottonwood and the Violet were born on a midsummer's day at the verge of the clay bluff. The first thing the Cottonwood saw was the Violet; and the first thing the Violet saw was the Cottonwood. It was a long time before they noticed the grass blades, and a long, long time before they saw the waving prairie, the yellow clay bluff and the coulees beyond.

It was first of all the Cottonwood that loved the Violet.

"Ah, my friend, what delicate heart-shaped leaves, and how sweetly they curl out of the ground. And how speedy and certain is your growth. Surely you are destined for great things."

"There is beauty burning at my heart," replied the Violet. "What do I know of greatness? But I hope to reveal the beauty before I die."

Side by side, the two friends watched the pageant of summer march across the waving grass. Side by side they shivered to the approach of winter, and knew first pain, then terror, and then sleep.

In April they awoke and looked at

one another, and the Violet burst into bloom.
 "Oh, if you could only see how beautiful you are!" cried the Cottonwood. "Surely the very sunbeams are in love with you. Have I not always told you that you were no common plant? But I—how can you care for me? For I am but a dull weed!"

"Then came summer and the sun grew hot and the earth crumbled. The Cottonwood stood up over its beloved companion and sent its roots deeper into the earth to bring up the moisture."

"Look," said the Violet. "It is you who will be the great one of us two! See how tall you are already, and how broad your leaves. While I shall never do anything but bear a few paltry blossoms, soon withered."

So the Cottonwood grew tall and the Violet bloomed every spring, and each saw perfection in the other.

But the poor Cottonwood despised itself as a thing of no beauty and devoted the whole of its great strength to the service of its lovely friend. It sent down long tap roots to tap the springs of water many yards below the top of the clay bluff. It sent out fine rootlets to crumble and enrich the soil so that the Violet

might not be calined in hard clods. It made a circle of shade, in which the Violet flourished, blossomed, scattered white pearls of seeds and reproduced its kind until the top of the clay bluff was carpeted with a lawn of violets. And other delicate flowers sprang up in that charmed circle, while the birds of the air took up their abode in the magic hemisphere of green branches overhead, till the top of the clay bluff was flashing with beauty and song.

All this, thought the Cottonwood, was because of the beauty of the Violet, which all the world must admire. And it made a soft sighing of its branches to think how unworthy it was to be the friend of such beauty.

Then finally came a summer such as the prairie had never known in the lifetime of the Cottonwood and the Violet. The sunlight became the breath of a fiery furnace and the yellow clay bluff the walls of a hot oven. The rain clouds dissolved into heat quivers and vanished away and the sky became brazen with the haze of dust which obscured its blue. Day came after day after day, but no rain came or any coolness. And a hot wind sprang up out of the south, before which the grass blanched and the earth cracked.

"Help me, my friend," cried the Violet with drooping leaves. "I thirst; give me water or I die!"

The Cottonwood sent desperate roots deeper and deeper after the withdrawing springs. Faster than roots could follow, the water sank

into the depths of the earth. And whenever a thirsty rootlet dipped into the retreating springs the parched earth sucked at the treasure before it could reach the Violet.

"Oh, Earth, our mother!" cried the Cottonwood. "Remember your children!" I with my foolish strength can endure much, but the fine things, the lovely and beautiful, perish and crumble into the dust!"

But the Earth answered not, except with a faint, distant, impotent murmur.

"I burn," gasped the Violet. "My veins are filled with fire, my pores are choked with dust or baked into the clay. Is there no cooling dew in all this world?"

The Cottonwood prayed with all its branches to the sky.

"Oh Sky, our father! Send but a little shower, a little cooling shower. Send but a single cloud of all your millions to give us shadow and a little dew. Or take me and turn my leaves into water, my branches into a cloud. Else is all the beauty perished out of the world."

And the sky laughed back without a single cloud; for this was in the youth of the world, before the gods had learned mercy. And the Violet died and the Cottonwood, being strong, lived on with gaunt, uplifted branches and sere leaves always quivering at the empty sky.

And this is why the leaves of the Cottonwood always tremble in the slightest wind. And it is the reason for more than that. For so great

was the longing of the Cottonwood that ever afterwards its leaves when they quiver make the sound of falling rain. And in the drought of summer, when there is no cloud in the sky, thin gossamer-like clouds float down from the branches of the Cottonwood, to drift across the hot fields and nestle shelteringly about the roots of the grasses. Thin, dry gossamers that only look like clouds.

The children call these gossamers "summer snow."

**Speech Against Titles
 Lands Man in Jail**

Moose Jaw, Sask., Sept. 8.—Charged with making a seditious speech at a meeting of grain growers last January, Fred McIntyre, a farmer of the Royal George School district south of Caron, Sask., was recently committed for trial here. He was released on bail.

McIntyre is alleged to have made the seditious remarks during a discussion on titles, and is charged with having said:

"I count myself as good a man as King George. I would not be scared to challenge him to a foot race, to wrestle, or to fight, although he is fed up in a box stall on choice food. If I had my way, I would take a club and stand at the border and knock the brains out of everyone that came into the country with a title. I would make no mistake about it, as I know where to hit them."



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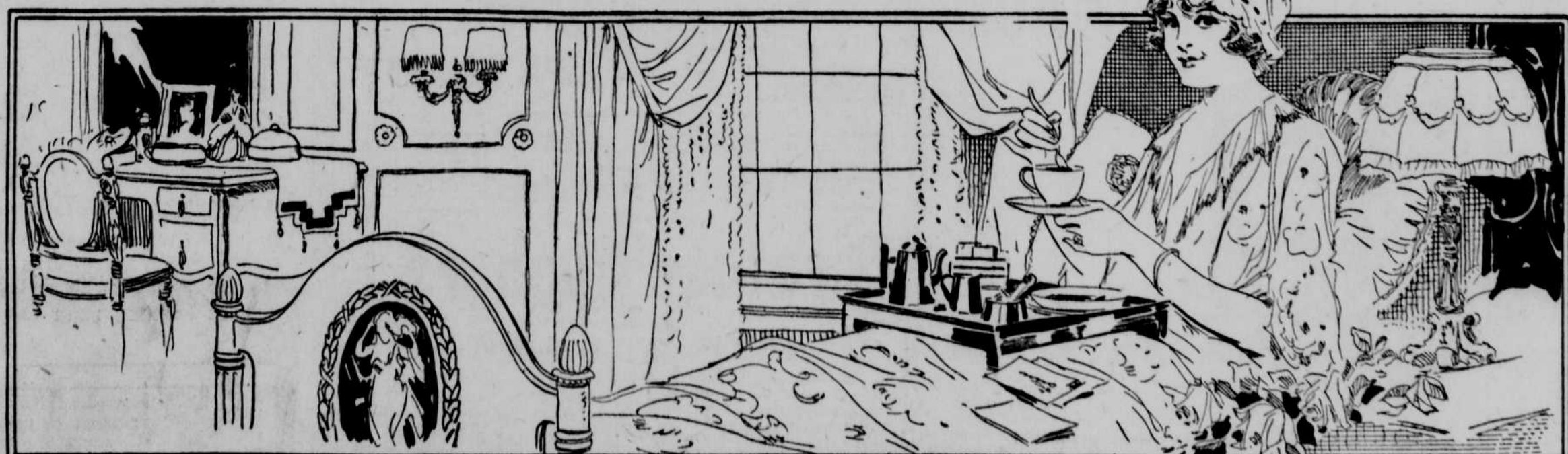
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