

# Today

*Valuable Wasps.  
A Little Politics.  
Poor Russia.*

By ARTHUR BRISBANE

Of all the news today, for permanent value nothing is more important than the importation, by the state of Ohio, of 7,000 wasps from France. These peculiar French wasps are brought here to fight the corn borer. They and their children's children might save the country hundreds of millions a year.

All candidates have their troubles.

President Coolidge's friends worry because they think many, extremely conservative, will prefer Davis to Coolidge.

La Follette's friends fear that many, extremely radical, will vote for William Z. Foster rather than for La Follette, who opposes the extreme radicalism of "action," as earnestly as Davis or Coolidge.

What would happen if La Follette should follow the advice of some of his friends and put Governor Bryan on his ticket as vice president? The democratic candidate for vice president might get more votes than any one of the three presidential candidates.

Whether Governor Bryan would allow his name to be used is another question, and doubtful.

Cyrus H. K. Curtis' editorial says that Governor Bryan was nominated to "placate Bryanism" in the great open spaces.

Mr. Curtis probably never has seen Governor Bryan, and is too busy to see much of the great open spaces. He will know more about Governor Bryan as the campaign progresses.

Charles W. Bryan of Nebraska, brother of William Jennings Bryan, is an able, sincere, genuine representative of more than half the people of the United States.

He took the state of Nebraska away from the republicans. And he will take from the republicans among farmers a number of votes that will surprise some wise editorial writers.

If kind words can elect, John W. Davis will be elected. No man has been more universally praised for his "personal qualities" and the praise is evidently sincere. Those that oppose him, William Jennings Bryan, for instance, who told this writer over the telephone last night what a fine man Mr. Davis is, and W. G. McAdoo, who said to your humble reporter yesterday,

"I've known John W. Davis for a long time. He is a fine man and an able lawyer."

The wittiest said about the democratic nomination was said by the admirable "Bugs" Baer: The "name of the national anthem is to be changed to 'The Star Spangled Banner.'

Hero's news from miserable bolshevist Russia to shock our great democracy.

The Russians intend to establish a fleet of nationally owned freight ships to make Russia independent of foreign shipping.

And Moscow announces that the soviets will abolish prize fighting even disguised as "boxing" because it is a "degrading sport."

Here we peddle off our "scrap" ships that the people paid hundreds of millions for, announcing that as a nation we are not capable or honest enough to own and manage our shipping.

At the same time, we pay \$1,000,000 of good money to see a record day prize fight.

Walter Muir, just past 20, was hanged yesterday in Canada. All pleas having failed, he wrote to his mother, "Remember that I died a good Christian and in a state of grace." Reporters say that he was hanged with a smile on his face. British and Canadian justice is severe. But it discourages crime and pays little attention to sentimental pleading. The young man for whom so many appeals were made did murder a man. Under English law no man is allowed to do that twice.

Epinard, one of the fastest and most beautiful horses in the world, is here. If, instead of Epinard, the French had sent their four greatest men from the Sarbonne, the four wouldn't have got one-half the free advertising that Epinard will get.

It isn't that Epinard descends by strange and marvelous evolution from a little four-toed creature as big as a cat. He is a first-class gambling machine. That's what interests. They will tell you it is "love of the horse" that keeps racing alive. Nevertheless, the tracks close when gambling stops.

The United States ceases issuing treasury saving certificates and stamps that have paid 4½ per cent. The government can borrow money from big banks and financiers at a lower rate. So why pay 4½ per cent to the little people?

What about the high-minded, magnificent, unselfish patriotic desire to "cultivate thrift in the masses"? Did that die suddenly when interest rates fell? Did the government want to help the masses or only want the savings of the masses?

(Copyright, 1924.)

Philadelphia to Hear Daves Composition First Time Tonight

By Universal Service.

Philadelphia, July 13.—The first rendition in Philadelphia of the melody recently composed by Gen. Charles G. Dawes, republican candidate for the vice presidency, will be given tonight at a concert by the Fairmount Park Symphony orchestra.

The first playing of the melody was by Fritz Kreisler, who selected the melody on its merits, not knowing the name of the composer, Nathan Franklin, conductor of the park orchestra, said the piece is a finely written violin composition.

## "Human Vampire" Scandal Threatens High Social Circle

Police Grilling Reveals New Details of Wholesale Murders by German.

By O. D. TOLISCHUS,  
Universal Service Staff Correspondent.  
Special Cable Dispatch.  
Hanover, Germany, July 13.—Latest developments in the investigation into the wholesale murders by the "human vampire," Fritz Haarmann, promise to make this case the biggest unprintable scandal in Germany since the affair of Prince Eulenburg, which was revealed by Maximilian Harden.

The highest social circles in the aristocratic town of Hanover are threatened in the revelations. Mysterious rumors of orgies in the fashionable younger set are heard in connection with the suicide of a young, socially prominent jurist, who for a time was associated with the state prosecutor's office, and is known to have been an intimate of Haarmann. More tragedies are looked for.

Meanwhile, spurred by last night's five different sets of investigators are at work on the affair, three sets investigating the murders, and two sets investigating the investigators. The Prussian ministry of the interior has dispatched special agents to probe the murders and the activities of the police. The state prosecutor has started his own probe independently of the police investigation. The police officials, accused of negligence and incompetence, themselves demanded that the state prosecutor investigate their work.

Haarmann, by the grilling by the police, has fainted repeatedly, but continues to dig up further details of his crimes from a reluctant memory.

According to his story, he was sent to prove about the streets for the purpose of luring boys to his lair under the promise of tea cakes.

He also used to procure boys for his fashionable acquaintances by treating them to wine and the opera and promising them big times in a luxurious apartment. It was from these circles he is believed to have got the money that enabled him to live on a comfortable plane, to dress well and to assume the air of self-satisfaction which deceived everyone.

It is charged also that these fashionable circles procured for Haarmann the "friendly neutrality" of the police, many of whom are said to have fraternized with him, and repeatedly participated in drinking bouts.

## AVIATORS INJURED IN FALL IMPROVE

El Paso, Tex., July 13.—Capt. Chas. A. Pursley, of the army air service, and Private E. T. Russell, who were seriously injured when the plane in which they were riding crashed at Fort Bliss aviation field, were reported resting nicely at the Fort Bliss hospital.

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## Adele Garrison "My Husband's Love"

Why Does Lillian Need That Empty Trunk?

"No use taking any chances with that young woman," Lillian commented as she closed her purse upon the key with which she had just locked the door of the kitchen in which Mamie sat. "To all appearances, she is thoroughly cowed, but with that particular breed there is no use in overlooking any bets."

I hesitated to speak of something which she already must know, but decided that in my turn I would overlook no wagers.

"There's a connecting door between by kitchen and Mrs. Marks' bedroom," I reminded her. "Of course, it is bolted on both sides, and my ice box in the kitchen and Mrs. Marks' bureau screen it quite effectively, but—"

"Yes, I know," Lillian interrupted, "and it is thoughtful of you to tell me. I should never leave her, were not that aunt of hers in the other apartment. She'll be better than a watch dog for Mamie."

I reflected that Lillian must have much confidence in Mrs. Marks' readiness to aid her instead of my flamboyant neighbor's sister. My own experience would have led me to discount the impassioned denunciation of Mamie, which her aunt had given the girl on my account, but Lillian evidently was taking it at its face value—or—I stopped short in my mental reverie with a recollection of Lillian's astuteness.

That she had other and more cogent reasons for her confidence than the girl, Mamie would be securely caged in my kitchen until her return, I was sure, and dismissed further worry about the matter from my mind.

We found Mrs. Schwartz seated at her spotless kitchen table, vigorously stirring something in a bowl. She made a movement as if to rise, but dropped back into her chair with a twitching face and as I remembered the painful rheumatic twinges from which she suffered I put out my hand in protest.

"You must not try to get up," I said reprovingly.

"I know it," she returned, "but it is hard. Always I stand to welcome visitors, but I cannot do it any more."

"But I don't need to have you prove to me that I am welcome," I said gaily, for I saw the old woman was really melancholy about her failing strength. "I am conceded enough to be sure that you like to see me. Isn't that right?"

Lillian Sees Mrs. Schwartz.

She smiled at me affectionately, then turned to Lillian.

"Always like a sunbeam Mrs. Graham is," she said earnestly. "I always feel better when I see her."

"There are more people than you who feel that way," Lillian returned, and there was that in her intonation which told me that she was not jesting, nor yet giving a perfunctory answer to Mrs. Schwartz's comment. It flashed her an embarrassed grateful smile, even as I thanked Mrs. Schwartz with a diffidence which she waved away largely with the words:

"That's all right. I say only what I think. Now, I suppose you want to see Schwartz. I'll call him."

She touched a little bell in the wall beside her.

"Schwartz put that in when I got no helplessness," she said, with the little prideful air which every wife wears when she is displaying some evidence of her husband's thoughtfulness.

"He'll be coming right along that passage back there by the trunk room if you're in a hurry."

"Thank you, Mrs. Schwartz, you are very thoughtful," Lillian replied.

"That old woman's neartime," Lillian murmured when we were safely beyond her hearing. "She doesn't propose to embarrass any tenant or her husband by being present when anything concerning the apartments is up for discussion. But she'll know all about our errand two minutes after we have left Schwartz."

"I'm Going to the Zoo!"

"And it will be safer even from betrayal than if her husband kept it to himself," I replied.

"I agree with you," Lillian said, and then the round figure of our janitor materialized out of the dimness and came toward us.

"Well! Well! Ladies!" he said condescendingly. "Why did you not send me? It is too bad that you come away down here."

"It hasn't hurt us a bit," I assured him gaily, then added seriously: "I want you to do me a great favor, Mr. Schwartz."

"Anything—anything you wish," he responded promptly.

"It isn't much," I returned: "just to do something for Mrs. Underwood here. She will tell you about it, for I am in a great hurry."

Acting upon Lillian's previous suggestion, I retreated to the stairway before his profuse assurances of being at Lillian's service, and hurried up to the top of our own apartment, where I waited breathlessly for her return.

When she came her face wore the satisfied little smile that means that things are going to her liking, and she gave my shoulder a little pat as she passed me.

"Trunk will be up here in a few minutes," she said, "and I gather from his general remarks that he will be burned at the stake before he will mention our little colloquy. But you'd better not keep Harry waiting any longer. Never mind me. I'm going to the zoo."

She indicated the kitchen where she had locked Mamie, with a merry little smile, but I could not share her high spirits as I went toward the living room and Harry Underwood.

The incident of the trunk weighed heavily—though, I admitted, foolishly—upon me. What in the world did Lillian want with an empty trunk which no one was to know she had?

F. B