

Boyd and Orpheum Theaters Out With Outline of Plans for Season; Offerings at Gayety and Empress

MAUD ALLAN is scheduled for the Boyd theater as one of the events of the theatrical season soon to come. Her agent, Mr. Bell, has been in Omaha to arrange for her coming. She, with her corps of dancers and a symphony orchestra of forty pieces, will be one of the Shubert attractions offered here.

Another of the big offerings will be the Shakespearean comedy, "The Merry Wives of Windsor," with Tom Wise as Falstaff, Marie Tempest in "A Lady's Name" is listed among the bookings, and Lou Tellegen, last seen here as leading man with Bernhardt, will appear in the title role of "A King of Nowhere." "A Pair of Silk Stockings," one of the artistic successes of the Little theater several seasons ago, will be presented during the season, and the Ballet Russe, with Nijmsky, will probably play a brief engagement at the Boyd.

The dates are not yet announced, with the exception of Maud Allan, who is to come Thanksgiving day for matinee and evening performance. Popular plays and stars, such as Blanche King, Lew Fields, William T. Hodke, "The Blue Paradise," "Very Good Eddie," "The Wheel of Pleasure," and "Robinson Crusoe, Jr.," with Al Tolson, will probably be seen at the Boyd during the new season.

The second half of the week will be given over to the high class Shubert attractions at the Boyd, while the first four days will go to the International circuit. From Gus Hill, president of the corporation, this letter was recently received by Manager Burgess of the Boyd theater:

In past years the popular priced theater and attractions were most prominent, but now they attract to the great mass of theatergoers. Popular priced offerings will be equally successful today. If each week we present a million and six months of the time to promote the International circuit. Nothing can stand in our way. We will give the people good shows and good service.

The opening attractions of the popular priced bookings will be: "My Mother's Rosary," September 3, 4, 5 and 6; "The Little Girl Who Forgot," September 10, 11, 12 and 13; "Traxton King," September 17, 18, 19 and 20; "Nancy Boyer," September 24, 25, 26 and 27. Other International circuit bookings for October will be "The Woman He Married," "The Other Wife" and "The Old Homestead."

The distinctive event of the opening of the Orpheum season next Sunday, August 27, will be the premier dancer of the Imperial Russian ballet, Theodore Kosloff, supported by Vlasta Maslova and twelve artists from the Serge Diaghileff ballet. A Russian orchestra, under the direction of Emil Coleman, an important feature of the act. The costumes and the scenic effects are those used in the Imperial theater, Moscow, and the entire ballet is a spectacle of remarkable beauty.

But the Russian ballet is only one of the features of unusual merit which distinguishes the opening bill. The famous vaudeville team, Bonita and Lew Hearn, are once more together, and will offer bits of musical comedy, bits of the ragtime, xylophonist, Libonita, Ruth Budd, the comedian trio, Willing, Bentley and Willing, a one-act comedy, "Cranberries," and the two speed boys, Beeman and Anderson.

The Orpheum Travel weekly will again display this season exclusive motion pictures of interesting and beautiful places all over the world.

Sam Howe, the well known comedian, will be seen at the popular Gayety theater for the week opening this afternoon with a large company of noted burlesquers, singers, dancers, travesty artists and a chorus of feminine charm. Among the principals, headed by Sam Howe himself, will be found "Dainty" Eva Mull, Dee Loretta, Harry Bowen, Tony Correlli, Salvatore Zito, Ethel Hall, Stiff Anderson, May Le Noir, Richard



At the Gayety Dainty Eva Mull

Vandervelt, William Macey, Will Adams and others and a chorus of Broadway beauties. The revue is described as a farce. In the two acts there are nine scenes, many specialties, fifty people and a score of more charming musical numbers. The travesty itself is entitled, "A Wife in Every Port," the plot of which attests versatile Ham Howe unlimited scope for his funning. Today's matinee starts at 3 o'clock; ladies' matinee daily all week, beginning tomorrow.

The advance announcement is made that should the weather turn uncomformably hot, the Gayety's slogan for the week will be "Coolest Burlesque"—a very thoughtful consideration.

At the Empress this week is the opening of the fall season and the occasion will be celebrated by the presentation of a vaudeville bill quite above the average. The well-known aggregation of comedians and girls, "Gus Edward's Schooldays," a riot of fun and laughter, is the headliner of the show opening today for four days. Edna Dreon, a singing comedienne of talent, appears on the same bill, and the Trains, in a comedy novelty musical act. Hildegarde, Lockman and Tommy Bonney, Omaha children, will present their new act on this bill. They are both 8 years old and their act consists of dancing and singing. Tommy wears full dress clothes and high silk hat, like a regular dude, and caps his costume with cane and monocle. Hildegarde wears a décollete gown.

The Krag theater has been in possession of painters and artisans for the past two weeks and its stock company is announced to open its social season the early part of September. The opening play has not been made known, yet assurances are given by the management that it will meet with the approval of the theater's admirers. As in the past, it will be the purpose of Manager Cole to elevate the standing of his theater, bearing in mind that his patrons are his partners. The same prices will be continued and matinees will be given on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

Edward E. Rose's newest play has been sent forth by Rowland and Clifford. It comes to the Boyd theater for four days, starting with Sunday matinee, September 3.

The Busy Bees :- Their Own Page

FROM now on until the end of the month, the "pet shows" at the different city parks are the topic of interest among Omaha Busy Bees. The first one was held Tuesday in Sprague Lake park and was a decided success. Pet shows will be held in all the other parks, some of them two days for the rest of the month.

Pige, kitten, chicken, bird, bunny or goat, dog, fish, too many things that is your pet, and you love may be entered in the show. Only be careful not to let your pet out of your sight, for it is not on terms of friendship with some other little law-giver's pet with whom it is not on terms of friendship.

Votes for the new King and Queen of the Busy Bees are now being received. The king is chosen from the Red side and the Queen from the blue side. Consider whom you think will make the best rulers for the Busy Bees judge for the next four months and send in your votes early.

Jona Hall of the Blue side won the prize book this week. Edyth Olsen of the Blue side and Alain French of the Red side won honorable mention. Lyllys Covall's story is worthy of special mention for the remarkably neat manner in which it was written. It is the nearest letter the Busy Bee edition has cast eyes upon in months.

Little Stories by Little Folk

(Prize Story.) Writes About Cats. By Jona Hall, Aged 8 Years, Achilles, Kan. Blue Side.

I have never written to the Busy Bees before, so am now writing a letter which I hope will be in print.

I am going to write about my kittens. My little brother and I have eight cats. Six are baby kittens and two are big cats.

The baby kittens are very pretty; two are blue and white, one is black and white, one gray and white, and two are white, blue and yellow spotted.

The little kittens and their mother first lived in an old cave, but something scared them and the mother cat put them in a hole in the wall of the cave and one by one lead the way to a new home, which was an old unoccupied barn, where they are still living.

My papa saw the mother cat take her kittens and told my sister, who watched from a window till she passed out of sight, then ran and hid behind an old shed and watched them. But the old mother cat saw her and started back to the cave again. My sister ran back to the house and again watched from the window.

The old cat after making sure no one was watching her started out this time, and went to the shed after making sure the cat could not see her, and the cat, not knowing she was being watched, went on her way with her baby to their new home.

My sister then closed up the barn, making sure that only the mother cat could get out.

We feed our cats every day and have great fun watching them play.

(Honorable Mention.) Fun at the Lake. By Edith Olsen, Aged 10 Years, Hartington, Neb. Blue Side.

Two years ago this summer we were visiting my aunt in Sioux City and stayed two weeks. We were there about a week when we went to the lake to spend the day. My aunt, a friend, my two sisters and I went one Saturday. When we got down to the lake we went across in a boat to the bath house to dress for a swim. When we were going out in the water the bottom of my dress got wet and I said:

"Well, my dress is wet already." Aunt Edyth laughed and said: "Well, why did you go in there if not to get wet?"

We waded far into the lake, where there was a slide. We took turns sliding down. At first I was afraid, but it soon seemed to be great sport.

My sister fell into the water face first once. This scared her very much, but we could not keep from laughing at her. We were in the lake about two hours. When the sun went down we went back home and said we had had a very good time.

(Honorable Mention.) Salt Instead of Sugar. By Alain French, Aged 11, Blair, Neb. Red Side.

One night as we were going to have ice cream we invited some people that used to be neighbors up at Tekamah. We had to have something to eat with our ice cream, so I decided to make some little cakes.

Mamma told me how to make them, so I went to work. The day before my brother had split a can of salt. He picked up what he had split in a cup and set it on the stove. My sister, who did not know that it was salt, put it in the sugar box, cup and all. So when I went to get some sugar to put in my cakes I got all of the salt, which was on top instead of sugar. When I baked them they looked fine, but when we started to eat them they were so salty we couldn't even swallow the first mouthful.

So you can imagine the expression on my face. This is a true story.

The Story of Gold. By Phyllis Covall, Aged 13 Years, R. F. D. No. 1, Creston, Ia. Blue Side.

I am going to tell you all about my life. The first thing I remember, I was in the ground with a lot of other lumps of something the same color as myself. I soon learned my name was gold.

I did not talk much to my nearest neighbors, for I was a bit bashful, but I soon got acquainted. One day when we were talking we heard a big noise. It sounded like someone pounding. All at once some one hit me. It proved to be a man searching for us. That was the last talk we ever had under ground.

The next thing we knew we were in a big shoot that led to a large tank which we fell in and were washed. From there we were taken to the smelters, where we were made into large bars of gold.

We were taken to the jewelry factories next, where we were made into pretty pins. I was made into a crescent-shape pin. After I was finished I was put up in the window. A card was set beside me which had the letters, S S and B, which I suppose meant \$50 the price which I cost.

One day an elderly lady came in and wanted to see me. The sales-lady went and got me. The lady liked me so well that she purchased me for her 18-year-old daughter, Alice. She took me home and presented me to her daughter as a present.

The daughter's name was Alice. Her name was the same as mine, but she had a different name. Several days later, and no trace of me was found. She put an ad in The Bee and of-

TWO OF OUR BRIGHT LITTLE BUSY BEES.



Dorothy and Meredith Johnson

The end of the world has come; the moon has tumbled down and is rolling about the earth like a big Dutch cheese, and the Milky Way has fallen and will drop us, and the Great Bear is sliding down the North Pole; let me out or I shall go mad."

The sheep heard the cow and ran off to tell the horses the alarming news and the horses told the dogs, and as I said at the commencement, never, no, never was there such a hubbub and a row.

"Me dear girl," said Mr. Cook Robin to little Jenny Wren, "if you go on laughing like that you will have a fit, or go into hysterics, or do something equally ridiculous. Pray try and be calm." "I really can't help it," gasped Jenny, who was really quite faint from laughing. "To think that all this excitement should have been caused by old Mrs. Brown's umbrella being blown out of her hand and being sent blowing along after the pigs. They are young and don't know any better, so I daresay they thought the end of the world had come. But to think that the other animals should have believed them when they came scampering and squeaking into the yard! It really is too much, it is indeed."

Received Prize. By Marie Deviney, Aged 13 Years, R. F. D. No. 1, Box 117, Blair, Neb. Red Side.

I received the book "Abram Lincoln" from the Busy Bees and was away at the time. I think the book is just splendid. And I thank the Busy Bees very much. And will write another story. I am just beginning to read it and will take good care of it. I hope Mr. Waste Basket will not see my thanks when you receive it.

Plays Tennis. By Dorothy Greenhalgh, Aged 13, Trenton, Neb. Blue Side.

I am one of you. I live in south-western Nebraska. I always read the Busy Bee page. I am 13 years old and one of the principal games I play is tennis. I hope Mr. Waste Basket is off having a new Ford since they have gone down \$80 when my letter comes in. This is the first time I have written.

New Busy Bee. By Mary Brown, Aged 12 Years, Glenwood, Ia. Blue Side.

This is the first time I have written in. I read the Busy Bee's page every Sunday, and enjoy it very much. I

Never Boast. By Frances Tomjack, Route 2, Ewing, Neb. Red Side.

Two men were traveling along a lonely road and talking about what they would do if they were attacked by robbers or wild beasts. "Never fear," said one. "I'll strike by you and there will be no danger." These words were hardly out of his mouth when a bear ran out of a thicket, and the man, who was nimble and lightly-built, climbed a tree, leaving his friend to face the bear alone. The other man fell on his face and lay quite still. The bear came up, smelled him, thought him dead, and went away. Then the hoastful one came down from the tree. "What did the bear whisper in your ear?" said he. "You seemed very friendly." "Oh, the other answered, "he told me to never trust the word of a coward or of a boaster."

End of the World. By Jeanette Marie Oliphant, Aged 11 years, 4028 Garfield avenue, Hastings, Neb. Blue Side.

I am going to write a story that I can remember of my old story book that is old and worn out. I will begin:

"Never, no, never, was there such a hubbub and a row! The donkeys were braying, the geese cackling, cows mooing, horses neighing, piglets squealing, dogs barking, jaysy scolding. In fact, every animal on the farm was making just as much noise as it possibly could. But why? That's what we want to know. Well, the end of the world has come, and quite suddenly, too, without one word of warning. So you see the animals had an excuse for making a noise and most certainly took advantage of the occasion. The end of the world has come, so the donkey said, and said it again and again. "Oh, dear, oh, dear! What shall we do?" he brayed. "What shall we do?" Away ran the geese, tumbling over one another in their hurry and excitement. Gabbie, gabbie, rattle, cackle. "Tweet, tweet, don't leave us behind, our legs are not so big as yours," cried the geese, trying hard to keep up with their fathers and mothers. "My whiskers," cried the cat, who was sitting on a gate post. "My whiskers, what's the matter?" "Matter enough for one day," hissed the gambler. The end of the world has come, the mountains have tumbled out of the moon and are rolling down the hill at the back of the farm. "How very awkward," said pussy, as she jumped off the post and scrambled away across the field in a terrible fright. "What on earth has happened?" asked the cow, as she came hurrying by. "Happened indeed! The end of the world has come, the moon and the stars—including the great and little bears—have tumbled down, and the cow didn't wait to brag any more. She whisked around and galloped across to the gate. "Open the gate, let me out," she cried.

would like to join the Blue Side as it is my favorite color. I will write a story next time.

The Doll's Doctor. By Stella Kowert, Herman, Neb. Blue Side.

Little Susan was looking her doll to sleep in her arms, and was singing: "Hushabye baby! In a cradle, baby is going to visit the moon."

When she had seen it still shut her eyes tight. And sleep without waking all through the long night.

Then she laid her doll in the cradle and tucked the clothes round it, saying: "You will be better after a good sleep, Dolly."

"She will not be better till she has had a doctor," said Isabel, "let it send for one."

"Yes, I will go and ask mother about it," said Susan.

"Oh, no, Walter shall be the doctor and I will be the nurse."

And Isabel took Dolly out of the cradle, and ran her on a chair, and brother Walter came in a hurry, and with an umbrella under his arm.

"What is the matter?" he asked, and he looked very grave and felt Dolly's pulse.

"Ah!" said he, "that's very tough, doesn't brush enough, take very white, dress much too tight, will call again tonight. Give her this pill for sleep, very ill."

And he took a pillbox out of his pocket, and he and Isabel pretended to give the doll a pill, and then he went away.

"Why?" said Isabel, "I believe Dolly is better already. Now, Susan, brush her hair, and put on her socks and shoes. There is nothing the matter with her now. You see, it is always best to send for a doctor."

Watches Woodpeckers. By Genevieve Kingston, Aged 8 Years, Box D, Pender, Neb. Blue Side.

This is the first I've written to you little Busy Bees. I'd like to be one myself. I'm going to write about a little woodpecker. One day as I was going up town, I saw a woodpecker fly through the air. I watched it till it came to its hole and then he stuck his head in and out came another woodpecker. Then they chattered away like two hens, and flew away, and I've never seen them since.

Our Swimming Hole. By Margaret L. Crosby, Aged 14 Years, Sutherland, Neb. Blue Side.

I live in the country, where just above our house is a rather deep ditch where my brothers and sister and I go in swimming nearly every day. My! What fun we do have. In one place the water is deeper and this is the swimming hole where we swim and have lots of fun.

Across the ditch is a small bridge and from this we dive off. I can swim and float both. I go in with us every time. His name is Teddy. But one thing is sure he won't let his head under at all. Part of the time he stands on the bank and barks at us to beat all, then rushes in and gives us a gentle bite which some-

times hurts and sometimes doesn't. Then there's a rush for a floppy duck. Him, but he is too good for that. The more we are with there, less on the bank barking again.

I have not written for some time. I hope the Busy Bees busy as much but summing up as we do in our swimming hole.

Cruel Sport. By Marie Le Boon, Aged 11 Years, Wallburg, Neb. Blue Side.

May I soon see Busy Bees? This is the first time I have written. Will you tell me a story about some little woodpecker?

One day last summer we got up in the morning as usual and some shorts. We went out to see what it was. It was a snake who was just forming. This was about a week ago. We were sitting at the table and the little snake was just forming. It was about the size of a pencil and it was just forming. It was about the size of a pencil and it was just forming.

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Rides Down in Barrel. By 1101 Devenny, Aged 14 Years, Route No. 4, Box 117, Blair, Neb. Blue Side.

I am in the eighth grade at school. My teacher's name is Miss Ervy. I like her very much. She is very good to us. I thought as long as I was going to school I would write a story about my sister and riding in a barrel. Of course, we were quite small. My sister was 8 years old and I was 9. There was a large hill by the house, so we decided we would have a ride. I was the oldest and I decided I would ride first. The worst part was I went in head first with my feet sticking out. I got in the barrel while my sister held it for me. When I was in I told her to give me a shove and away I went, bumpety-bump, knock-bang against the sides. I thought I would never come to the bottom of the hill. But soon I reached the bottom and my sister pulled me out. I was so dizzy I couldn't stand up, and oh, the bumps on my head. The feeling I had I cannot explain. But if you Busy Bees want to know my feelings, just ride down hill in a barrel.

Kittens Get Robins. By Nola Kerns, Aged 11 Years, Phillips, Neb. Blue Side.

Once there were two old robins who brought their little one up to the chicken yard to get water and the little kitten got it. I tried to rescue it, but the little kitten had hurt it. I felt sorry for the old birds. Then two or three days after that they brought another one up to get water. But the kitten got it, too. I felt very sorry for them. This is true.

Don'ts for the Horse

Be kind to these faithful, patient and long-suffering friends of mankind with little else in life but hard work and whose only comfort is food and drink.

Don't leave your horse standing in the street for hours at a time.

Don't use the flapping blinders. Don't lose your temper with a horse and beat him; he is helpless.

Don't run your horse up hill and down again. Don't feed yourself until you have fed your horse. Don't allow misfit harness to be put on your horse. Don't jam your horse's nose into that abomination, the nose bag. Get a folding box and let him eat in comfort. Don't forget to sponge off the horse at the end of the day. Don't take the heart out of the horse by over-loading.

If every housewife who reads this would see to it that the delivery horse has to make but one trip a day to the door, a vast amount of suffering would be saved to hundreds of horses. A hurry call means a horse on the run, and the whip. The horse's greatest enemies, those who cause distress, disaster, and always more or less suffering, are boys, young and ignorant, always with whip in hand, tearing along; inexperienced men, who know less about a horse than anything else they come in contact with, and last, but not least, the brute, just plain brute, the character, disposition and intelligence of whose horse surpass his own.

DROP IN ANTIMONY

Scores of Chinese Millionaires on Paper Find They Are Now Broke.

HOPE TO LIMIT OUTPUT

(Correspondence of The Associated Press.) Hankow, China, July 31.—Antimony prices have collapsed and scores of Chinese who were millionaires at paper a few months ago, are now computing their liabilities.

The demand for antimony was so keen early in the war and the supply was so limited that prices soared. Many new mines were opened and old ones were reopened. Human provinces in the greatest antimony producing areas in the world, and China's largest center through which most of the ore is handled. That city became a regular El Dorado. Fortunes were made overnight, and for a time there seemed to be no limit to the prices which producers could command from firms that required the material to harden shell cases for the various armies.

At one time antimony in crude smelted form commanded over \$800 gold per ton. Scarcities predicted the one would bring \$1,500 a ton, and ended so that production.

But the metal trade suddenly readjusted. The output of antimony, which is used only in very limited quantities by ammunition makers, exceeded the supply. One which at one time sold in New York at 50 cents gold per pound had dropped to 15 cents gold per pound, and the world has gone out of the sails of the Chang-sha hoisters.

Many of the antimony producers now have one on the way, from Changhai to New York, which is marketed for more than the present market price of the metal.

Within the last few weeks anti-

Chemical Industry In England Not to Depend on Germany

(Correspondence of The Associated Press.) Edinburgh, Scotland, Aug. 12.—The three days' session of the annual meeting of the Society of Chemical Industry showed that the chemical industry of Great Britain would in the future largely break away from its dependence on Germany and other countries so far as its raw materials were concerned, and at the same time brought out prominently the need for still further research and development on the part of Britishers generally.

Lapses were read indicating the enormous waste of by-products of coal going on in the country, while it was asserted 5 per cent of coal itself was wasted in some pits; 20 per cent in others and 40 per cent in certain Doncaster pits.

On the subject of distillation, a process yielding about a dozen chemical products, a speaker stated that the industry had suffered from lack of attention and that more scientific attention with a central research laboratory were required to recapture the fine chemical and color trade from Germany.

Regarding the prospects of British dye supplies it was stated that at present the necessary products were required for the government, colors varying from khaki to violet being required, but that after the war acids would be in abundant supply and with plants now in course of construction as well as organized research, the British chemist was be-

Salt is Used to Stop Night Sweats Of Sick People

(Correspondence of The Associated Press.) Berlin, Aug. 12.—Encouraging results from the administration of common salt as a remedy against the enfeebling night sweats of consumptives and against excessive perspiration in the case of marching soldiers are reported by Company Surgeon Link in an article in the Munich Medical Weekly.

Sweat contains about six parts of salt in the thousand. A hard march of a few hours on a hot day results in the exhalation of five to six liters of sweat, with a salt content of twenty-four to thirty grams. A strong night sweat of a consumptive exudes as much as two and one-half liters, causing a salt loss of fifteen grams. This amount is far from unimportant, since the blood contains altogether only about twenty grams of salt, an amount about corresponding to the maximum daily consumption of salt in foods.

Dr. Link's first experiments were made with the sufferers from tuberculosis. It occurred to him that the excessive fatigue mornings brought would be due to the loss of salt and that this might be counteracted by a salt ration. He began by giving a level teaspoonful of salt (about five grams) in a small glass of water just before patients retired. The result was a greater freshness and absence of weariness on the following morning, but the patients either had no night sweats or else very slight ones. All patients except those suffering also from stomach catarrh and high fever stood the salt dosing without any ill effects whatever.

His experiences led Dr. Link to experiment with healthy persons, and especially soldiers. About 100 soldiers of one regiment were given a teaspoonful of salt at 5:45 o'clock in the morning before beginning their day's march. After a march of nearly twenty miles in mildly weather the soldiers thus dosed exhibited much less fatigue than their comrades, and their perspiration was but a fraction of that of the others.

Gold's Need Attention. Your car needs it. Kull's Puma-Tone. It cuts phlegm. Kills germs, stops the cough. Only 25c. All drug stores—Adv.

NORSE HOMECOMING

Effort Being Made to Show the Youth Advantages of His Natural Country.

MANY IN THIS COUNTRY

(Correspondence of The Associated Press.) Christiania, Norway, July 31.—A "Home-to-Norway" movement is sweeping over Norway at the present moment. The great emigration of Norwegians to the United States which during the last fifty years has drained the country of young laborers and girls from the farms has never made itself felt so much as in the last two years, while Norway has been endeavoring to become more and more self-supporting and more independent of foreign imports. Although since the outbreak of the war industries have grown in all parts of the country, this is not enough. Farming must be raised to a higher standard and more acreage devoted to the raising of grain crops.

The Norwegian government is trying to assist the progress of farming by the granting of cheap loans to farmers and providing them with inexpensive lands for cultivation. Although the number of farmers has increased recently, difficulties have arisen owing to the lack of farm hands, many of whom still prefer to seek new homes in America, although wages for farm hands of both sexes are almost as high here as they are in the United States, and better than anywhere else in Europe.

The press all over the country is devoting much attention to this subject and strong efforts are being made to change the current of migration and bring back from America to Norway at least some of the farm laborers and women engaged in agricultural pursuits who have in recent times left this country.

Maimed in War, He Invents New Type of Wooden-Soled Shoe

(Correspondence of The Associated Press.) Budapest, Hungary, July 31.—Barna S. Koblener, an Hungarian captain of cavalry whose military usefulness was ended when he lost an arm, has devoted himself since his incapacitation to inventing a wooden-soled shoe that shall have the virtues of flexibility, and announces that he has solved this problem, the hardest that has confronted wooden-soled shoe enthusiasts.

His invention is a sole that, instead of being made of one solid piece of wood, is constructed of a number of layers joined together by heavy oils or fats that thicken and grip the pieces of wood together. After countless experiments, Captain Koblener declares that wooden soles constructed in this manner, have the elasticity of leather soles, and in addition can be made of old and worn material worked over.

To Start Here. The idea of beginning a campaign in America with the object of making young Norwegians there acquainted with the promising prospects in their own country is rapidly spreading. One society with the title of New Land has been in existence some time with this purpose in view.