Colby Bars Two Correspondents From Conference

Secretary Takes Offense at Charge That He Attempts To Inspire Press With Views of His Own.

Washington, Sept. 29.—Secretary Colby announced today that Paul Hanna, correspondent of the New York Call, a socialist newspaper, and Laurence Todd, associated with Mr. Hanna in the Federated Press Bureau, would not be permitted in the future to attend the daily conferences which the secretary holds with the newspaper correspondents.

The announcement was made at the regular morning conference with the correspondents and after the secretary had read a letter written by Mr. Hanna to Fred A. Emery, head of the information bureau of the State department. Mr. Hanna charged in the letter that Mr. Colby was using the conferences with the newspapermen as a means of inspiring the press with views of his own and that he also had put wrong interpretations on the news, especially that relating to the Polish-Russian situation. Mr. Emery was asked in the letter to obtain from Mr. Colby a statement in defense of the charges so that it might be published along with the original accusations.

The secretary of state told the correspondents that his whole object in holding conferences with them was to aid them in obtaining accurate information and to co-operate in furnishing international news to the American public. He asked the correspondents whether they thought Mr. Hanna's charges were justified and H. C. McMillen, a correspondent of the New York Evening Post, expressed the opinion that they were, but he added that he did not mean to impugn the secretary's integrity nor to apear in the light of supporting the charges.

Bigamy Legalized In Austria to Save Many New Born Babes

By KARL H. VON WIEGAND.
Universal Service Staff Correspondent.

Berlin, Sept. 29.—"Peermissible bigamy" has been legalized by the Austrian government. It has caused a storm of protest in the Austrian clerical press. What is tantamount to technical bigamy is permitted, in that marriage under certain conditions is allowed without the formality of divorce.

The Austrian government and ministry of interior have taken this radical step to meet a radical situation arising from the marriages of Catholics which cannot be annulled. Many couples had separated for years but could not marry again because they were not and cannot be divorced. This is known in the Austrian law as "hindrance to marriage" and led to many couples living together without the sanction of church or state and an ever increasing percentage of illegitimate children.

The ministry of the interior has found the following way out. The Austrian government permits dispensations upon sufficient cause shown for the removal of "hindrance to marriage." It has therefore decided that where there is reason to believe that an existing marriage is wholly shipwrecked, application of married man or woman separated from the other, for dispensation "to remove the hindrance of existing wedlock to re-marriage," may be granted.

Austrian law, as it stands, permits of no divorce, especially to Catholics. The step taken by the ministry of interior to legalize second marriages without formal divorce of the first, is to get around that law.

Cut in Condensed Milk.

Chicago, Sept. 20.—A 12 per cent price cut was announced here by one of the largest condensed milk companies in the country. Last week another large company announced that they had stopped buying.

WHY?

Does Sound Go Through a Thick Wall.

When we remember that sound is a vibration of the air and that it is transmitted from place to place by causing a corresponding vibration in the medium which carries it, it seems practically impossible for sounds to penetrate a wall several feet in thickness. To shake or vibrate such a wall would appear to take far more strength than that which is represented by a motion of the air, but that it does occur is a matter of everyday observation.

The answer lies in the fact that some materials are much better conductors of sound than is the air itself. For example, if you will stand at one end of a long log and have someone hold up a watch at the other you will probably be unable to detect the ticking of the timepiece. But, if the watch is placed against the other end of the log, you can hear it almost as distinctly as if it were within a few inches of your ear. The reason for this is that wood is an excellent sound conductor—just as steel is most effective in transmitting electricity, glass in permitting light to pass, and the like.

If, therefore, the thick walls are made of materials which carry sound, their bulk will have little effect in deadening it. The sound will appear to go right through and come out on the other side, apparently undiminished. But if, instead of sound-conductors, materials which absorb and deaden the waves are used, we have a sound-proof wall, which, although it may lack thickness, will be distinctly more efficacious than more bulky barriers.

Tomorrow—WHY is "Brother Jonathan" a synonym for the United States?

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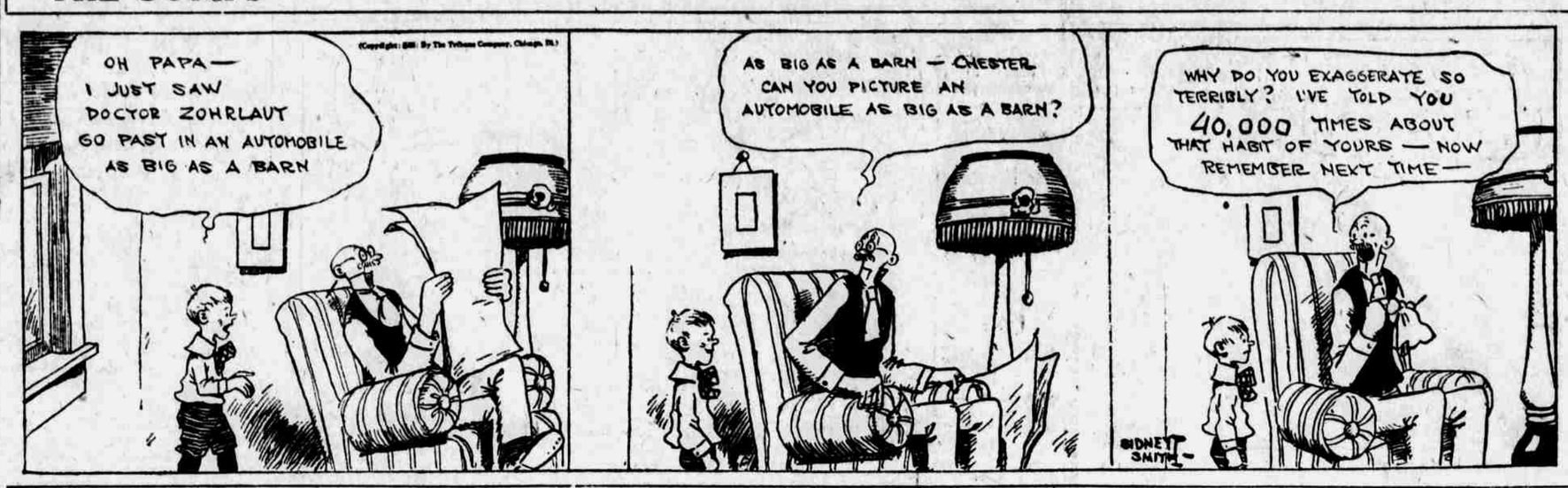
THE GUMPS— TAKE A LESSON FROM FATHER

Drawn for The Bee by Sidney Smith.



More Truth Than Poetry

By JAMES J. MONTAGUE

NERVES

Europe is suffering from a touch of nerves.—A Returned Traveller.

When bandits in Napoli
Their keen stilletos flash,
And, later, leave you wholly
Bereft of clothes and cash,
It's quite to be expected.
Don't call for the police;
Their nerves have been affected
By peace.

Though living costs in Paris
Would soon, the tourists swear,
Financially embarrass
A Pittsburg millionaire,
He doesn't mean to serve us
Unkindly, but the Gall
Is just a little nervous—
That's all.

Though Russia swoops on Poland
With sabre, shell and shot,
To seize her grain and coal and
Whatever else she's got,
The Russian is not savage;
No censure he deserves;
What makes his raid and ravage
Is nerves.

Though in the Balkan passes
On every pleasant night
The military classes
Foregather for a fight,
They're peaceful folk at bottom,
They hate to kill and slay,
A touch of nerves has got 'em
That way.

THEY'LL BE FEW

Any differences of opinion that remain after the post-season series will be settled on election day.

EVERYBODY'S DOING IT

Mr. Bryan will not attract any attention in this campaign. He's going to talk about liquor.

DIVIDED AFFECTIONS

Ohio is a good deal in the fix of the old woman who lived in a shoe.

HOLDING A HUSBAND

Adele Garrison's New Phase of

Revelations of a Wife

Why Madge Waited for Lillian's Reply.

I hurred away on my errand, smiling at the inordinate grandmotherly pride which had led my mother-in-law to take upon herself the task of removing Junior's ink-stained garments.

If I had not been in such urgent haste I should have stayed to help her and to revel, mother-like, in the precocity of the baby who had covered himself with ink in an attempt to imitate his grandmother in the writing of a letter. But Leila's plight, the necessity of getting into touch with Lillian, speeded my feet in the direction of the main village street, along which I had heard Mrs. Lukens remark dryly, "The vast industries of Cedar Crest are concentrated."

I smiled at her description as I turned into the wide street. Like all the others in the pine country villages it possessed no sidewalks, only a broad strip of hard-packed sand for a roadway, and narrower ones for footpaths, separated from the roadway by rows of pine trees and low shrubs. All of the buildings, save three, were pretty cottage residences.

One whole block at one side was taken up by a rather pretentious building surrounded by pretty grounds. A lettered board on one of the trees at the front proclaimed this to be "The Famous Cedar Crest Inn." Opposite a small, two-story building, with daintily spread tables showing through the windows, proclaimed its name as "The Cedar Crest Restaurant." A larger brick building, holding the sign "Groceries," I knew from Mrs. Lukens, and also from my mother-in-law's housewifely gossip, to be the only store in the village, a place where you could obtain anything from a spool of thread to a bottle of cough medicine.

A Kindly Face.

A tiny cottage next the restaurant had a sign "Taxi" in its window, and upon the porch in front of it a little brown wren of a woman sat sunning herself. She was old and wrinkled, but her eyes, as they looked out on the passerby, were bright and kindly. The porch was so near the sidewalk that one could easily accost her, and as I passed slowly by she looked out at me with such eager, childlike interest that I involuntarily smiled at her. Her answering smile lit up her face amazingly. I felt at once that here was someone who would not only answer any questions I, a stranger, might wish to ask, but who would revel in the task.

"It's a lovely day, isn't it?" she said, as I paused.

"I think all your days are lovely down here," I smiled.

"You should have been here three weeks ago," she retorted, a little grimly, "and you'd have changed your mind. Such mud I never did see in all my years down here. But then I ought not to complain. I guess bad days are as rare here as anywhere in the world. But, you see, I can't get out unless the sun shines just right, so I'm a little prejudiced in favor of fair weather."

The bravery of her smile, the whimsicality of her speech, masked, I suddenly comprehended, a fight with illness long sustained, stubbornly combated. I felt the tightness in my throat which the sight of suffering in a child or an old person always brings, and I hurried into the question I wished to ask.

"I Will Return."

"Can you tell me where I can send a telegram?"

"I recked I can." Her lips quirked to a smile as she spoke, and I guessed that she had purposely quoted the peculiarly southern use of the verb. "You can go down to the railroad station if you want to write it. That's a good half-mile or more from here, or you can telephone it from the telephone office in the next block, just beyond the postoffice. See—just across from the church!"

She pointed down the street, and, thanking her, I hurried on in the direction she had indicated. I passed by a quaint little church, which told me on a lettered board that it was "St John's of the Pines," caught my breath at the sight of hundreds—thousands it seemed to me at first—of golden daffodils in the stately grounds of a villa on the corner opposite, then walked diagonally across the road, past the corner postoffice to a rambling house, in the yard of which several children played, and which bore inconspicuously the sign of the telephone company.

A sweet-faced woman sitting in front of a switchboard in the front room of the house turned at my knock on the screened dood.

"Come in and sit down," she said. "I'll be through with this message in just a minute."

I obeyed her, and watched and listened idly while she put through a connection between some one of the little town's residents and a person in a city 300 miles away. And I marvelled anew, as I have done so many times before, at the wires and the mysterious force which makes next door neighbors of all the world. When she finally turned to me, I gave her my message, inquiring if she had any idea as to the time I could receive a reply. I had asked Lillian to send me a return wire as soon as she received mine.

"I might have an answer inside of an hour, as this has a telephone address on it," she replied. "Where shall I deliver it?"

"I will return in an hour," I said, with a sudden, swift realization that unless I wished to take Mother Graham into my confidence I must not have Lillian's answer come to the cottage.

(Continued Tomorrow.)

CHAPTER XXII.

The Forgotten Guest.

The shadows were lengthening—for the sun was far over in the west—when Rusty Wren reached Mr. Frog's tailor shop overlooking Black Creek. Rusty pushed open the door and stepped inside, expecting to find Mr. Frog sitting cross-legged upon his table and sewing busily, according to the tailor's custom, until sunset, which marked the close of Mr. Frog's working day.

The Collision Bowled Them Both Over Upon the Floor.

But Rusty had hardly entered the shop when he bumped into Mr. Frog with a crash, for Mr. Frog had been hurrying toward the door.

The collision bowled them both over upon the floor, but Mr. Frog did not appear annoyed in the least.

"How-dy do!" he said, almost before he had picked himself up. "If you have come to see me on business, I'm sorry to say that I can't do anything for you today. . . . The fact is, I'm going to a singing party this evening. And I don't want to be late."

"Why—I'm going to a party, too!" Rusty Wren exclaimed.

"You must be mistaken—for there's to be no party here," Mr. Frog told him.

"Oh! The party I'm going to will be held somewhere else," Rusty Wren explained.

"That's interesting," said Mr. Frog, as he settled his hat more firmly upon his queerly shaped head. "Who's having it—if I may ask?"

Rusty Wren looked at the tailor as if he were much surprised

"Don't you know about it?" he inquired. "Do you mean to say that my cousin, Long Bill Wren, didn't invite you?"

For a moment Mr. Frog appeared somewhat taken aback.

"He must have forgotten me," he murmured. "I haven't heard a word about his party before. . . . But I know it's a mistake," he added, with a smile.

"No doubt!" said Rusty Wren politely. "I was going to Cousin Bill's home as soon as you had measured me for a new Sunday coat," he explained.

"Then come right along now!" Mr. Frog cried heartily. "We'll go together. For I'm sure that Long Bill didn't mean to forget me. You know we're the best of friends. I make all his clothes for him, and he has never yet paid me a penny."

Rusty Wren hesitated. He was not quite sure that his cousin had intended to invite the nimble tailor to his party.

"But your singing party," he re-

Member of Prominent Kansas City Family Held Under Mann Act

San Francisco, Sept. 29.—Warren Swope, jr., member of a millionaire Kansas City family, was arrested here today on telegraphic advices from Kansas City, Mo., and charged with conspiring to violate the Mann white slave act in connection with Ruby Miller, a married woman.

Swope is said to have left a wife in Kansas City and to have separated from her only a few months prior to his trip here with Ruby Miller. The pair are registered at the Civic Center hotel as man and wife.

The arrest was made by Deputy United States Marshal J. Ralph. Swope is held in $500 bonds, while the woman was released on her own recognizance. The case will come up for preliminary hearing Wednesday.

Admitting that her assumed name is a false one, the woman says she has known both Swope and his wife for a number of years. She claims to have been separated from her own husband over a period of months.

The woman claims to have paid her own transportation. She claims to come from a prominent family in Kansas City and says they know nothing of the escapade.

Hannaford Resigns as Head Of Northern Pacific Road

St. Paul, Sept. 29.—J. M. Hannaford has resigned as president of the Northern Pacific railroad, it was announced. He will be succeeded by Charles Donnelly, executive vice president, on November 19, Mr. Hannaford's 70th birthday. Mr Hannaford has been connected with railroads for 54 years.

Common Sense

OUTSIDE INTERESTS.

By J. J. Mundy.

Some persons pity the man whose wife is interested in something of an improvement nature aside from her housework.

The husbands of such women do not need pity.

The chances are that these men are proud of the ability of their wives to do something out of the ordinary plan supposed to be laid down for housekeepers, and real women seldom do things to which their husbands object.

If a woman is so constituted that she enjoys things not strictly in the schedule of the housewife, why should a husband object or feel slighted?

All married couples should order their lives as seems best to themselves as life partners, providing they do not infringe on the marital law nor cause discord in the family nor neglect the home and the home circle.

The man whom you pity because you imagine his home is neglected by the wife may be much happier than the man whose wife does nothing but wait on him and anticipate his desires.

Marriage is give and take, and both need all the improvement thoughts they can get to keep up interest in life and each other, and most husbands are sensible in this respect.

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I'M THE GUY

I'm the guy who keeps a pet cat and leaves it to shift for itself when he goes out of town on a visit or a vacation.

Why should I worry about a cat? If it gets hungry it can go and mew at the neighbors' doors. Or eat out of the garbage cans. Or catch mice in barns.

I have the cat for a diversion, not for an added responsibility. I never forget mealtimes myself or make provision for my own eats, but there I stop.

I wouldn't want to go hungry myself, but I can't feel the hunger that gnaws in a cat's stomach when it hasn't been fed, so I don't think or care anything about it.

Besides, when I go away I want to have a good time and if I kept worrying about a starving cat it would spoil my fun.

So I just pack up, lock the house and go.

And if the cat can't manage to forage for itself, let it go hungry.

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Parents Problems

Is it wise to allow a child of 2 to play with a dog?

If the dog is gentle and healthy, it is perfectly wise to allow the child to play with it; indeed, there is no better companion for a little child than a trusted dog of quiet habits.

Man Is Injured In Fall Down Garage Elevator Shaft

John Nettle, 42, 2216 Deer Park boulevard, received a scalp wound when he fell down an elevator shaft in the Jones garage, 1114 Dodge street yesterday.