



Travel & Transport Topics

Conducted by Goodrich

Of the many odd requests for motor licenses received in Wisconsin...

Reductions in auto prices during the last few months have been tough on Uncle Sam...

Evidently working on the theory that gasoline is a "joy in life"...

Recent increases in freight rates will add \$18,000,000 to the cost of shipping automobiles...

German helmets are being used as the base of roadway instead of cobblestones near London, England.

Our Weekly Don'ts—Don't think that because auto tires are plentiful now they will be plentiful forever.

Request to Cats' Home Lies Idle in Bank

Detroit, Mich.—For 15 years a fund had been lying idle in the Detroit Trust company.

Mrs. Dora I. Rathburn died November 18, 1907. Her will filed for probate January 13, 1908...

Joseph L. Hudson and Frank T. Schenck acted as executors. After the last legal formalities they began to look for the cat home named in Mrs. Rathburn's will.

At last a representative of the company has appeared before Judge Edward Command, of probate court.

Good road planks which both parties have included in their platforms should not be forgotten in the discussion of more spectacular issues.

Under the new law against motor thieving, Samuel Burton was recently sentenced by a judge in the municipal court of Philadelphia, Pa.

An electric advertising sign in a man's hat as to be practically invisible when the current is turned off.

In the Colonel's Shoes

By Ford Madox Hueffer

On September 27, 1919, four men were held up at midnight between York and Darlington in a first-class carriage.

But it was only two nights later that the nephew came to me—just before driving to some town or other—Steenierich, I think—with a bundle of young fellows, in search of diversion and, maybe, the young ladies.

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charge. The first witness is your company commander, Captain Gotch. He wrote: "On the 17-4-17 A company were balloting for leave in my orderly room."

"The provost sergeant roared, '46721 Company Quartermaster Sergeant Reynolds.'"

"Hugh said he could see that originally Captain Gotch had written: 'Lance Corporal Howells has only been a short time with the company—since you came, sir!'"

"As Captain Gotch was going out of the room, sir, the company sergeant major said to me, 'Brother Gotch, you must see Lance Corporal Howells in the next 10 days.'"

"Wilson cleared his throat; he was always husky. A good man, Hugh said. 'I beg of you, sir, for leave to speak—the time-honored guards' formula.'"

"And Hugh said that, while he was heavily writing the word 'Dismissed' after the word 'Case' on the charge sheet—(You must understand that a commanding officer does not usually write these things in ink himself, but leaves it to the adjutant)—he was saying dryly:

"Company sergeant major, it is never a good thing for an N. C. O. to seem to come on his company officers' orders. Captain Gotch is a little hard of hearing, he added; 'case dismissed.'"

"Hugh said that the roaring of the provost sergeant getting in the next case, and the men stamping as they marched out suddenly became the roaring of Captain Gotch who had swung round on the piano stool and was saying:

"You, Hugh, and then, 'By God, if the C. O. gives Wilson 'Case explained' I shall go before the brigadier.'"

"Hugh said he answered: 'I should, Gotch. I should go before division. Because if I were in the colonel's shoes I should make it, 'Case Dismissed.'"

"Gotch said: 'By God, what do you mean, Hugh?'"

"I mean, Hugh said, 'that division is asking for a junior officer to look after divisional follies.'"

"Gotch's jaw fell down and he clenched his right fist. But suddenly he stiffened to attention. The door had opened behind Hugh, but he knew of course that the colonel had come in. There had been only one word in the orderly room:

"The colonel had a slip of paper in his hand and was looking at it with his brow knitted. It was a 252. 'Hugh,' he said, 'I'm getting to write decently like you. And then: 'Ah, Gotch. The adjutant says the baths are open. Send a company sergeant major in good time.'"

"Hugh said he drew himself together and looked at his uncle. 'I was just recommending, Captain Gotch, sir,' he uttered slowly and deliberately, 'to apply for the job of the divisional follies. It's going begging.'"

"The colonel nodded at Gotch. 'I should, Gotch,' he said. 'I could recommend you cordially.' Gotch gathered up his hat, and gloves, and stick, and left the room. The old man fell into the chair by the fire.

"Hugh," he said, 'get me a drink. Hugh, were you in orderly room just now?'"

"I don't know," Hugh said. 'Yes, yes, I think I was.' "The C. O. imagined he was confused because he thought he would be strafed for having been here. "That accounts for your handwriting on this 252. I suppose the adjutant was too busy," he said. "I didn't really notice who was there. And then he lifted his tired eyes and looked at Hugh with an awful apprehension:

"Was I—was it—all right?" he asked. "Hugh, were you splendid, sir," Hugh answered. "You looked tired—ill. But you were splendid." "He was mixing a whisky, and as he handed it to his uncle he said: 'I hope to God that swine Gotch goes to the division.' "The colonel drank down his whisky. "Thank God, Hugh, my dear," he said. "I thought I was asleep in my own orderly room."

Bodies of Pilgrims Taken to New Place

Plymouth, Mass.—A motley collection of crumbling bones, corroded zinc and decayed wood, all of the early Pilgrim settlers of Plymouth Colony, were removed from their crypt in the recess over Plymouth Rock and conveyed to their new resting place in Pilgrim Hall.

Previous to the removal of the bones of the Pilgrim Fathers the center stone on the canopy, weighing about a ton, was removed with a crane. The carved granite that surmounted the peak of the canopy was likewise removed.

The bones were placed in the repository over the canopy in 1870.

Health Director Tells Best Way to Catch a Cold

Mexico City, Mex.—Health Commissioner Robertson, the nearest way to catch a cold is to follow the formula, as set forth in his weekly health reports:

"To successfully catch a cold," Dr. Robertson says, "the best way is to close all the windows and turn on the heat. Also be sure and have on heavy underwear."

"When you breathe in dry air for a while, put on thin wraps and go out in the cold."

"However, in this fall, try boarding a street car or go to an assembly hall—there is sure to be someone around with a cold."

"On the other hand, if you are seeking to avoid colds, keep the house at a temperature of 68 degrees; get plenty of fresh air in the morning; dress lightly in the evening; when you get up, put on clothing when weather dress appropriately and accordingly."

"Above all, keep the teeth and mouth clean."

New Gas Wells Are Found Near Dayton, O.

Dayton, O.—Drilling on the Wempler farm, a few miles north of here, J. E. Barnes struck a flow of gas at 150 feet, which, when lighted, blazed up 10 feet. Several water-soaked tar-paulins were used in putting out the blaze.

Another well in the neighborhood struck several years ago is of sufficient strength to supply one household. The new well has a six-inch opening. Other farmers are contemplating sinking holes.

The Bee's Short Story

PAULETTE ELOPES By BEE M-DONALD.

"Nonsense, Paulette—it's nothing to be afraid of—it's as simple as A B C."

"That may all be—perhaps you've closed before—but this is my first experience, and it seems anything but simple to me. Besides, I never deliberately went contrary to my father's wishes that I wasn't sorry for it afterwards."

"In a case like that," said the young man, with a touch of asperity, "I've never seen a girl so afraid of a fare-the-well. I've told you I will not stay around here any longer without some kind of definite promise for the future, to say nothing of actually claiming you, so it's me for the far country as soon as I can collect my traps."

"How do you expect to go?" "How do I know? Away—that's all—away where I can forget!"

"But Darcy, I can't let you go this way!" faltered the girl, beginning to weep softly.



The Motor Digest

Eighteen years ago, specially designed clothing for automobile driving, advertised to furnish "haute" leather suit, consisting of jacket, trousers, cap and goggles in any color found in kid gloves, for \$50.00.

Designed for rural work and fitted up with a dental chair, an automobile dispensary operator under the Pennsylvania department of health, is making a four months' tour throughout the state. The traveling laboratory is the first of its kind in the United States under state auspices.

Through the scarcity of materials of all kinds in Germany, a three-wheeled motor vehicle, which can be more easily handled than the usual type, is in production. By installing a two-cylinder motor it has a speed of 45 miles an hour and makes 30 miles to a gallon.

The National Shell factory in Bradford, staffed mostly by women was one of the largest of its class in Great Britain, producing high-explosive shells and fuses during the war. For miles around Bradford, in brass works, motor garages, machine shops attached to a coal mine, component parts of just time in production in hundreds of thousands of Master assemblies.

Motor trucks have been called upon by progressive Chinese leaders to assist in the modernizing of Nantou, one of the oldest of China's cities. Six large trucks with omnibus bodies having a carrying capacity of 30 passengers each have been ordered from an American manufacturer. They will be the only means of transportation in the city. Roads are being widened so they can be used successfully.

American tourists visiting the battlefields of Picardy and Flanders need not worry about hotel accommodations. Luxurious auto trailers have been provided in which six persons can live with all the conveniences on an American railway Pullman. Berths are let down from the sides and at the rear is a complete electric kitchen and buffet.

That afternoon that they had experienced in a whole year before. They had a hot box to begin with. Then an inconsiderate coal van went dead on the tracks, necessitating the call of an S. O. wagon before it could be removed. As a last straw they were bridled, so that when Paulette ran breathlessly into the Central station it was at least an hour past time for her train. She ran wildly about searching for Darcy and almost at once she sensed that everyone else was running about as wildly as she was.

"Then it was borne in on her that the confusion was somewhat unusual. Women were sobbing and muttering incoherently. Men's faces were white and drawn and she saw a stretcher with a sheeted form being borne through the station a waiting ambulance outside.

"What is it all about?" she asked, stopping a porter who was hurrying. "Four-thirty train wrecked just outside the yards—people killed and injured."

The 4:30. And Darcy was expecting her on that! She continued her search and, trying once to pass the gates, was pushed rudely back by the cordons of guards stationed there. Finally she got to the corner of a bench, overcome by extreme nervousness and remorse, and sobbed and sobbed and patted her gently on the head.

"There, there, my girl," he said soothingly, "remember that you are all alone in your grief. Many others have lost as much as you have."

"But I'm the one that's lost!" wailed Paulette. "I was due to arrive on that train and took the trolley instead—now he'll think I've been killed."

"I would suggest you get to a telephone and ease his—her—minds as quickly as possible," answered the man with just the suspicion of a twinkle in his eye.

Paulette seized the advice eagerly, wondering why she had not thought of it before, but every telephone booth in the vicinity was occupied, so she determined to reach her father's office if possible before he left for home. She reached there in record time and as she left the elevator she saw through the open door opposite, the two men she had best in all the world, pacing the floor like a pair of mad animals. She slipped in behind a screen while they were walking toward the windows, just in time to hear Darcy moan.

"I shall never get over it, Mr. Henderson. It's every bit my fault—I urged her to do it—and now she lies out there dead under that wreckage!"

"We won't give up hope until the wreckage is all cleared."

"But they told me positively that all passengers had been identified or accounted for except two unknown women who were still under one of the coaches. Do you think, Mr. Henderson, you can ever forgive me?"

The Bee's Short Story

"IN LOVING MEMORY" By RUTH LOGAN.

There had never been any fear in the hearts of the tenants that the rent would be raised on the building called Pleasant Court, so named in an endeavor to lend a tolerable sound to an intolerable building.

Persons any poorer than the present tenants could not afford to live there; those who were richer by a shade in this world's goods would not consent to live there.

The court was a narrow, breathless, grassy strip, one on each side in search of an entrance to a filthy, unsanitary, breathless rooms. But, as is often the case, poverty was gentled in Pleasant Court. Minnie Haggerty used less slang than her sister of the boulevard.

The Haggertys were admittedly the aristocrats of the court. Mrs. Haggerty never wearied of telling about the days when Michael was alive. In those days the family lived like queens and kings, if Mrs. Haggerty's conceptions of royalty were correct.

"And when one looked at Minnie, one was reminded of the belief that at some time in her life she had known a phase of living quite foreign to the surroundings in which she now found herself. Her face, if lined with fine threads sewed by the hand of worry, was beautiful. Great blue eyes, with heavy curtains of black hair, and the color that was of her own blood in her cheeks, made her Haggerty was fairly entitled to her mother's assertion that she was a rose of Old Erin.

"The rose that blooms in the yard as I will there doesn't seem to be any way for us to get out of these surroundings."

"You make enough, my child, but we can't pay any more for rent while you carry the burden of sickness. For myself, I don't care, but for you I wish we could move where you belong. A letter from Ireland came today. Sure and it made me very happy. It was a wreath of love from the grave of your dead father. Patrick himself wrote the letter. Years it has taken and much of your father's money since he left the old country, but the lad writes that his sight is gradually being restored. It is that what I have to tell you. No longer will you need to send the money across the water."

Minnie removed her hat and sat down to the steaming food. She was happy that the money no longer need go over the water. They needed that \$25 a month salary but it was an obligation neither Minnie nor Mrs. Haggerty could ignore.

Michael Haggerty had never failed to send that sum from the day his old friend's widow in Ireland wrote him that the boy Patrick, then 16, had lost his sight in the same explosion that had killed his widow. After Michael's death the Haggerty estate was found to be something of a minus quantity. But Minnie did not so much as entertain for a fleeting moment the possibility of stopping the money for Patrick's sight.

Suddenly Minnie put down her fork and turned to her mother smilingly. "It's the blind man again. Somehow when he sings in the court I cannot help but think of Patrick. Why do you suppose he comes to this place? For three days now he has not missed an evening."

"Sure, and his but three days ago we saw him." Mrs. Haggerty brushed a tear from her eyes. "When he sings the Irish airs it seems like yesterday when your father and I were over there. Maybe we can spare a dime for the blind man, Minnie, now that Patrick no longer needs the money." "It's not a quarter," said Minnie, reaching for her purse. "There is no one else in Pleasant Court to give him anything."

The little balconies from which babies screamed and tried, dragged-out mothers shook dust cloths in