

THE MAN WHO SCRAPPED
THE WAR'S LEFTOVERS

New York, Oct. 13—The task of cleaning up the ammunition dumps in France and England after the war was described this morning by Francis N. Pickett, reputed to be one of England's wealthiest citizens who arrived on the liner Majestic, accompanied by Mrs. Pickett.

Mr. Pickett paid four million pounds for surplus ammunition and at that time it represented an investment of nearly \$10,000. He personally supervised the breaking up of shells and small arms ammunition and sold the residue as steel scrap. He estimates that his employees disposed of 600,000 tons of war ammunition.

There were sixteen Pickett ammunition dumps in France and thirty-two in England. The British Government started using soldiers in 1919 to break up the shells, but hundreds were killed and the Government had about decided to transport all the excess ammunition out to sea and dump it to avoid further casualties when Pickett made his offer. He paid the British War Ministry £2,000,000 for the ammunition it had in France and £1,000,000 for that in England. He paid the French and Belgian Governments £100,000 for the explosives they had left over in France.

The Pickett firm, for it is known in London as F. N. Pickett & Son—the son being 8 years old—had only six explosions and only ten men were killed from this source. Before starting operations Mr. Pickett spent \$250,000 on safety precautions. He invent-

ed a process for removing fuses from shells.

A special problem arose in dismantling the giant eight foot shells captured from the Germans. Each shell weighed a ton. A lathe was built in which the shells were cut in half and the powder poured out.

All the surplus war materials have been destroyed with the exception of 10,000 tons of gas shells now at Danes, France. It was at his Danes plant that Mr. Pickett suffered the only injury in his three years of working with thousands of tons of deadly explosives. He was trapped behind an earthworks for five hours while hundreds of shells were being exploded. One of the pieces nipped a small piece out of Pickett's right ear.

Mr. Pickett is only 37 years old and his son is 8. He said he came to the United States merely for a pleasure trip and that, in the event he and his wife decided to remain for a long period, they would have their son join them.

EFFECTIVE APPROACH.

"Why did you let that book agent into my office?"

"Well sir as you saw he had his stuff in a golf bag."

Visitor—"Is there anything you can do better than anyone else my boy?"

Boy—"Yes sir I can read my own writing better."

DR. BANTING
REAL GENIUS

Hamilton, Ont., Oct. 11—Dr. F. G. Banting discoverer of insulin will in the next few weeks announce another discovery of even greater importance than diabetes cure, Hon. Dr. Forber Godfrey, Minister of Health for Ontario announced today at a dinner of medical men.

Hon. Dr. Godfrey said that he was not at liberty to say anything further on the matter. He conferred confidentially with Dr. Banting.

"Dr. Banting is a real genius" said the speaker. "He has now something better than insulin to offer the world. It is a marvellous thing but I am not at liberty to make further mention of it. Dr. Banting has about completed work on his discovery and announcement will be made very soon."

GOOD YIELD
OF APPLES

Seaford, Del., Oct. 13—The apple and peach season in Southern Delaware is one of the most profitable in the history of the section. Apples are bringing as high as \$1.35 a bushel and the yield is large.

The three large apple farms in Southern Delaware—York Imperial, Wissahickon and Delaware Apple Orchards—have experienced a very busy and profitable year.

A 1 RISK.

Is Jinks reliable?
I should say so. Even his boot legger gives him credit.

MRS. RYAN
CAUGHT HUB
HAIR CURLING

Chicago, Oct. 12—Hair-curling the accomplishment of shells de luxe was the chief cause of James Ryan's appearance before Judge Rooney in the court of domestic relations.

"Judge he's always at her house" charged the irate Mrs. Ryan as she stood with their two children before the bench and glared at the very blond and very young Lucille Rees who, she alleges is responsible for a triangle in the Ryan home.

"He curls her hair"—(yes, the bobbed hair thus brought to the court's attention as exhibit A proved to be quite neatly curled)—"and he comes home with blonde hairs all over his coat—"

"But" suggested the state attorney "your hair—"

Oh, no it wasn't" interrupted the wife. "I don't get a chance to get any hair on his coat. I'm not with him all Saturday night like she is. She knows he's a married man, too—and she keeps running after him."

"That is not so" the petite Lucille denied, speaking her first word positively. "I haven't seen him since June."

"Yes you haven't" the wife who clad in her red and white gingham apron looked as if she had just stepped out of her kitchen took up the challenge flung her by the 12-year-old Sheba. "I guess I didn't see you in his car two weeks ago tonight—I guess—"

"Why don't he take me out in the car?" Mrs. Ryan appealed to the judge. "Well why don't you" demanded his honor. "Your wife's a little jealous of you I think but she's got good reason to be."

Mrs. Ryan stands no aspersions even from the court.

"Well I'm sure I'm not going to let a little snipe like her get him away from me. I have been married nine years and I'm going to keep my husband you can bet."

The case was continued until December 12. Meanwhile Lucille is ordered to curl her own blonde hair or to get another sheik.

OCTOBER IS
ONE OF THE
BEST MONTHS

Among the twelve children of Father Time and Mother Nature the month of June has been the favorite of most poets. And there is much that may be said in her praise. Her charm is contagious her personality is pleasing and the lyrical lilt of her laughter bespeaks a soul of sheer delight. But when it is said that can be said of her graces and virtues, she is after all only a flapper. Where as there is October; mature without being old, sensible without being solemn, robust without being rotund—with an unspoiled love of life and zest for living.

You may have noticed that October doesn't wear her hair bobbed but neither does she wear it plain like a bespectacled maiden with scholarly tastes. Loosened she wears it to all winds that blow—as he takes your hand and races joyfully over hills over the wall. She enjoys with you the unforgettable stanzas about far away. She loves God's out-of-door when there's a tonic tang in the air and an Oriental rug of leaves upon the ground. Her cheeks are redder than woodbine leaves that clamber over the wall. She enjoys with you the fun of tossing clubs in a chestnut tree and unfolding the satin burrs when they fall. But better than all she loves to stroll through wooded lanes and talk of the days and years to come. It is not surprising that when somebody asked Emerson of Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson, "Is she not our best female poet?" his instant reply was "Why not omit the word female?" For it will be recalled by every schoolchild if not by every parent that she it was who wrote the unforgettable stanzas about Octobers bright blue weather.

MAY EXCHANGE
HISTORIES

Washington, D. C., Oct. 12—British speakers educators and publicists apparently are warming to the controversy in this country over the history text books used in the schools.

Capt. O. P. Beeman, secretary of the reunion of the British War Missions to the United States, arrived here this week and will deliver a series of talks in which he will feature history teaching in both American and English schools. Captain Beeman will speak for the most part before women's organizations. He will urge the placing of more American histories in the schools of England and more English histories in the schools of the United States.

Do want to know what men believe? Then do not listen to what they say but watch what they do.

RED ROSE
TEA "is good tea"

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"Has he taken up radio as a fad?"
"No, as a frenzy."
—Boston Transcript.

He—"It takes nature's marvelous wonders like mountains and valleys to make a man realize how small he is."

She—"Humph! I've reared it for some time."

It is the summit of humility to bear the imputation of pride.

The Great Western Stampede



Bucking steers and unbroken horses featured the Stampede. CLATTERING horses of the cow-boys, nodding head-dresses of the Indians with their stolid squaws and families, cow outfits, real old-time chuck wagons and other figures of the last great west, led the modern motor about the streets of Calgary, during the great stampede. Cow-boys and cow-girls, decked in all the bright colors which their predecessors wore in the early eighties—these were the prominent notes in the great symphony of color. Calgary took on the appearance of frontier days with hitching posts along the main streets and the old cow-town ponies stood in front of the skyscrapers of the modern city. In the great parade in which several thousand participated, Mayor George Webster struck the keynote in his wonderful leather chaps, blue silk shirt, pink handkerchief and huge Stetson hat. The stimulating contrast of the new and the old was evident in the roar of the big airplanes overhead while the pioneers' and old-timers section of the parade, venerable Red-river carts, original Hudson's Bay vehicles, squeaked their way over the pavement that covers the virgin sod they travelled many years ago. They were driven by the men of 1860, 1870 and 1880 and drawn, in many instances, by venerable nags that looked as if they, too, had survived the days of the rutted prairie trails to walk through a city that was but a dream when their work began. There was the real old-time prairie schooner, complete with trailer. The stove in the ancient wagon was going full blast and all the housekeeping requirements were there. On the trailer were a load of ducks and geese, some spare firewood and tied behind, walked a white goat and a cow. The Sarcee, Blackfeet and Stoney Indians, resplendent in all their feathers and war-paint, beaded garments and ermine tails, were everywhere in evidence. Clerks in gaudy-colored shirts, telephone operators as cow-girls, cow-boy sports, cow-boy yells, bucking horses, made a week, famous in the annals of sport in the world. Back about 1905, Alberta cow-boys visiting Calgary, gave up the practice of hitching their ponies on Eighth avenue but during stampede week, the chuck wagons were parked in front of modern retail buildings, horses were tied in front of dignified banks—the cow-boy literally "pitched camp on the main drag." To add to the great wild west picture was to see "Tony," a black pony ridden by a typical westerner, make his way through a cafe or to see Mrs. Duck Thief making her way up Eighth avenue, just previous to winning the first prize for travois turnout. The tepee poles crossed over her horse, dragging behind and the family followed, quite comfortable except for the car track crossings. The buffalo barbecue was a new interest to the present generation, even if old-timers were quite at home in enjoying their buffalo sandwiches. Five buffalo were obtained from the Wainwright herd and the committee served over twelve thousand sandwiches. Of all the striking pictures of the old, wild west, that have ever been presented to the world, the great Calgary stampede will live forever in the minds of those whose imagination grasps in significance of the passing of the last great west. And it is thus passing in pictures that are a dazzling succession of brilliant colors. The new Banff-Windermere motor highway, forming as it does a link in a 6,000 mile chain of good roads, was used by hundreds of visitors who motored from the western States and from British Columbia, and who afterwards toured the Canadian Pacific Rockies. From every viewpoint the great Stampede was an unprecedented success.