

Adam and Eve Are Now Getting Back Into Print

(New York Sun.)

It's a long time since Adam and Eve have been given such striking publicity as has just been bestowed upon them by a Massachusetts clergyman, who says he doesn't believe they ever existed. The last previous bout of free advertising enjoyed by our first parents occurred when Mark Twain published what he said was Eve's Diary, also extracts from that of Adam.

Perhaps the best press agent they ever had was Charles Darwin, who made everybody talk about them by the simple process of omitting them entirely from his comprehensive opus "The Descent of Man."

There were monkeys galore in that exciting tale, but no Adam and Eve, and their absence made much more of a stir than for instance, Eve's losing her diamonds or Adam's being invited to make an address from somebody's pulpit or any other publicity stunt you can imagine. And the mere the Darwinians searched for the "Missing Link" the more our first Parents loomed up in the public eye.

One of the curiosities of literature relating to that period of storm and stress is an account by Mark Twain—himself one of the most persistent press agents our first Parents ever had—of a movement that he originated toward the erection of a monument to Adam.

Mark Twain's greatness as a practical joker might have even overshadowed his subsequent literary reputation in the minds of many people if he had only succeeded in pulling off that stunt. And the thing went pretty far, for \$25,000 was contributed toward it, and the claim of Adam to a monument in America came within an ace of being brought up in Congress.

Mark Twain first broached the idea to the Rev. Thomas K. Beecher of Elmira and some of his friends, all of whom were agitated over the implety of Darwin's omission of Adam from the family tree.

"Then the unexpected happened," he wrote in after years. "Two bankers came forward and took hold of the matter, not for fun, not for sentiment, but because they saw in the monument certain commercial advantages for the town."

"The insane oddity of a monument set up in a village to preserve a name that would outlast the hills and rocks would advertise Elmira to the ends of the earth—and draw custom. It would be the only monument on the planet of Adam, and in the matter of interest and impressiveness could never have a rival unless somebody should set up a monument to the Milky Way."

The untrifled humorist went on to relate that plans were submitted some of them from Paris. Early in

the game when it was only a joke in Mark's mind, he had penned a flamboyant petition to congress begging the Government to erect a monument to Adam "as a testimony of the gratitude of the great republic to the father of the human race and as a token of her loyalty to him in this dark hour of his humiliation."

Joke Failed to Land in Congress

This address he forwarded to a Congressman, Gen. Joseph R. Hawley, who said he would present it to congress. But he never did and the originator of the joke concluded that the General on reading the document more carefully feared that its facetious character might be detected.

It was many years afterwards that Mark Twain showed his intuitive grasp of Garden of Eden problems by writing the extract from Adam's diary beginning:

"Monday—This new creature with the long hair is a good deal in the way. It is always hanging around and following me about. I don't like this. I am not used to company. I wish it would stay with the other animals. . . . Cloudy today, wind in the east, think we shall have rain. . . . We? where did I get that word— I remember—the new creature uses it."

SAYS WHALES MAY SOON BE EXTINCT

London, March 13—If the killing of whales continues at the present rate they will be exterminated before another decade is the warning by Sir Sidney F. Harner, F. R. S., director of the national history department of the British Museum. His statement is based on recent investigations in the whaling areas, he says. In a recent address, he urged legislation limiting the hunting of whales. The Greenland whale is thought to be already extinct. The whaling of the last few years has been almost entirely in the southern seas. Whaling profits are enormous and then increase yearly as the retail price of the oil and bone increases. A fair sized whale has a ton of whalebone in its mouth which alone is worth \$10,000. It also produced about thirty tons of oil worth about \$100 a ton. In the season of 1915 and 1916 the oil production was 654,000 barrels or about 94,000 tons.

During the war this oil was recognized as of vital importance in the manufacture of nitroglycerine. It is usually used in the making of soap the principal species caught today the fin whales, blue whales and sperm whales. The latter the hunting of which is principally by Americans not only give sperm oil but often contain ambergris which is sold at \$20 an ounce to the perfumery trade. The oil for lubricating the wheels of watches comes from the dolphin and is the finest oil known.

Gripping Leg Ulcers

"After the way Zam-Buk saved my leg, I consider it a duty to let others know of its wonderful healing," writes Mr. Edward Bingham, of 118, Brant Avenue, Brantford. "Ulcers broke out on my right ankle, after typhoid, and the limb got so terribly inflamed and the pains were so intense that I was too disabled to move in any way. After using lotions, salves and ointments, without avail, I decided to see what Zam-Buk could do. "The first application of this herbal balm relieved swelling and soreness in a surprising way and as I continued with Zam-Buk discharge ceased, and the ulcers began to be 'healthier looking' and far less painful. In a week or two, thanks to Zam-Buk, the last of the inflammation had gone and the ankle was thoroughly healed with firm new skin."

Defy Everything But Zam-Buk

BROUGHT A GOOD PRICE

New York March 14—The personal things that came into the life of Enrico Caruso with fame and its attendant dollars—paintings, caricatures of himself by himself, vases, bronzes, costumes worn in his beloved roles, statuettes books—are all in strange hands today.

Avid auction followers purchased the last of the tenor's collection of rare objects last night.

The sale added \$151,148 to the Caruso estate.

HOCKEY HERE THURSDAY NIGHT

On Thursday of this week hockey fans will have another opportunity of witnessing a fast game of hockey. The pick of the Commercial teams in the St. Croix League will play the Smith Foundry aggregation. The Smith Foundry team is the winner of the local Commercial League and the boys from the St. Croix will represent the best of the St. Stephen, Milltown and Calais Commercial teams so a good game is to be expected. It will likely be the last game of hockey this season so a big crowd is expected to be on hand.

CASCARETS 10C FOR BOWELS IF CONSTIPATED

Clean your bowels! Feel fine! When you feel sick, dizzy, upset, when your head is dull or aching, or your stomach is sour or gassy, just take one or two Cascarets to relieve constipation. No gripping—nicest cathartic-laxative on earth for grown-ups and children. 10c a box. Taste like candy.

Women Shoppers are the Best on Adjectives

(New York Sun.)

It is a popular supposition that the highest form of the extemporaneous using of adjectives is achieved by a man when he happens upon a golf ball sitting in a railroad track, but this is a fallacious supposition. The highest form of extemporaneous using of adjectives is achieved by a woman walking past store windows in which is displayed clothing.

One day the editor of a thesaurus took his wife to New York and walked with her down Fifth avenue. This man, who was a veritable walking dictionary, had a notion that he was pretty well up on the subject of words, phrases and clauses. But this man had never before been out shopping with his wife and so he can be more or less pardoned for thinking such things.

They turned into Fifth avenue from Forty second street, and shortly came to a window full of feminine wax works. The wax works were showing off wedding gowns, and there were some stunning creations in silk and wool crepes, soft faille, tricotine, Poiré twill and poplin, with darling full blouses drawn in with rubber bands at the waistline; and the minute this woman laid eyes on those womenkins—what do you want to call them mannikins for? she went right up in the air like a balloon and remained there for some minutes. Why she should be thus elevated by wedding gowns, when she had been married eighteen years and had no children to put any of them on to if she bought one, except a couple of sons, is something you will have to figure out for yourself.

Sh went up into the air, and according to the habit of women in like circumstances, she began to ask her husband questions about the beauty of each and every article in the window. And each of her sentences embraced an adjective which the parent of the thesaurus, standing at her side, did not any more know the meaning of than if he had been a little child.

And the man answered. "You win," and shut his mouth. It seemed to him in the bitter moments that followed as if he never again should be able to look a thesaurus in the face without blushing clear to his Adam's apple.

crawling around on his hands and knees on the sidewalk.

"Isn't that perfectly so-and-so?" the woman would call out, and then, before he had time to pull himself together and get his brain going again after that shock, she would sing out, "Look! Look! Isn't that absolutely, simply so-and-so?" and the poor man brain would give a cringe inside of him and he would start a spell of coughing so as to shut her up for a minute and give himself time to catch up with her.

It was pitiful the way the poor soul went down in his own estimation in about two minutes and a half, standing there before that window while his wife chucked her adjectives at him. But at least it can be said of him that he died game. His wife finally pointed to last gown in the window a dainty thing in purple rep, with spiffy, little brown pompons strung around the girdle like popcorn on a Christmas tree and breathed, "Oh look at it! Oh look at it! Is that, or is it not, forty times more so-and-so than anything you ever laid your two eyes on?"

Poor Man Vanquished

The poor man spread his feet wide apart on the sidewalk, so as to remove all possible strain from the muscles in the upper part of his body, and made one grand, final effort to save himself. "My dear," said he, looking at that gown, "it is superb. It is enchanting. It is sublime. It is—it is bonny. It—it is dapper. It is jaunty, trig, natty, quaint, trim, tidy, neat, spruce, smart and tricky. It is—it is the most aesthetic habilliment in all creation. It is—it is—it is—"

"It is a darn sight more than that," said the woman. "It's just plain spiffy."

And the man answered. "You win," and shut his mouth. It seemed to him in the bitter moments that followed as if he never again should be able to look a thesaurus in the face without blushing clear to his Adam's apple.

English Girl Has Backing Of the Younger Set

London March 14—The tongue-wagging occasioned a few days ago by the announcement that England's greatest cross-country jockey, Jack Anthony, emulating the expert horsemen who have become engaged to Mathilde McCormack and Princess Yolande, was soon to marry Lady Ursula Grosvenor daughter of the duke of Westminster today was revived by statement that the duke and his first wife Lady Ursula's mother were strongly opposing the match.

As Lady Ursula's father owns about 30000 acres in Cheshire and Flintshire an estate in Scotland and 600 acres in the heart of West End London, she may expect with some assurance some day to have a bank account comparable to, if not greater than that of either the American heiress or the Italian princess.

Point To Family's Start

The reported parental antipathy to the marriage of a duke's daughter to a turfman finds much sympathy among the titled landed aristocracy, but it is not understood by more romantic but less prominent sections of society. The latter point out that the foundations of the Westminster fortunes were laid by the marriage of Sir Thomas Grosvenor to a 13-year old girl whose social station was not even comparable with that of the jockey.

The girl as a matter of fact was only a milkmaid. By his marriage to Mary Davies in 1677, Sir Thomas be-

came lord of the Manor of Elbury which fell into Mary's lap when she was only seven months old through the death of her father.

Bought For \$50,000.

With the manor of course, came its surrounding land, 1100 acres, situated north and south of what is now Piccadilly. The milkmaid's father had bought it for \$50,000.

Mary was not ten years old before her mother and stepfather, ambitious for their child's future, sold her for \$25,000 to Lord Berkeley to become the wife of Berkeley's ten-year-old son, Charles. Lord Berkeley however, was unable to raise the full purchase price and bought Sir Thomas Grosvenor stepped in with his money bags and bought Berkeley's option.

The milkmaid's domains in the intervening years have been transformed from mere pasture land into what now includes Begravia, where most of the foreign embassies and legations are, and Mayfair—London's most exclusive residential section.

Dukedom Established

The baronetcy of Grosvenor was created in 1662. Successive elevations of the family resulted in the creation of the dukedom of Westminster in 1874. Lady Ursula's grandfather being the first duke.

The present duke was divorced by his first wife in 1919 and a year later he remarried. His first duchess since has married Captain James Lewis some years her junior but she retains the title of Constance, duchess of Westminster.

Probably Will Have Way

In view of this record of parental and domestic felicity sympathies are largely with Lady Ursula in her proposed marriage to the jockey and as she has just become 21 it is probable that she will have her own way.

Her jockey fiancé declines to say how he is betting on the outcome of his matrimonial race.

MAY KISS THE KING'S COUSIN

Rome, March 18—Premier Mussolini's first decoration will be the highest one obtainable—the collar of Annunciate, which will give him the right to call himself the King's cousin and be kissed as such, by all Italian princes, young and old, at all times.

This decoration is to be given him shortly before Princess Yolanda's marriage, for his work in behalf of international peace, but really as a tribute for his labors toward annexation of the Dodecanese.

THE CHORUS.

Soprano choruses now sing The well-known song early spring. It has a sort of tuneful swing: "Our Easter hats are in the ring."

OUSTED RULER IS THROUGH

Jedda, Kingdom of the Hedjaz March 18—Former Sultan Mohammed VI has seen enough of the world's turmoil and desires to spend the rest of his days in quiet reflection in Mecca, where he is the guest of King Hussein, sovereign of the Hedjaz. The deposed head of the Turkish state recently told Charles R. Crane that he would not resume his position as head of the Mohammedan world unless there was a united call from the faithful. His most cherished hope, he said, was to find a final resting place in the sacred city of his fathers, where he has found refuge. The conversation was carried on over the telephone between Jedda and Mecca, for no Christian is permitted to enter the forbidden city.

If two men ride on a horse one must ride behind.



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Notice of Legislation

Notice is hereby given that a Petition will be made to the Legislative Assembly, praying that a bill may pass and become law providing that Section two (2) of the Consolidated Statutes of New Brunswick, 1903, Chapter 87, shall not apply to the City of Fredericton.
(Sgd.) G. R. PERKINS,
City Clerk.

Notice of Legislation

Notice is hereby given that application will be made to the Legislature of the Province of New Brunswick at the next session thereof for the passing of an Act to incorporate the Southampton Cemetery Company, for the purpose of establishing and maintaining a burial ground at the Parish of Southampton, in the County of York.

Dated the nineteenth day of February, A. D. 1923.

C. D. RICHARDS,
Solicitor for Applicants

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