

NO EASY TASK UNTYING THE SNARLS OF NEW YORK COURT

(New York Sun)

"All rise for his Honor, the judge of this court! Be seated and stop all talking!"

It is Eddie Sullivan, veteran court attendant speaking as he takes his stand at the bridge in West Side Court about 10 o'clock on a Monday morning.

"Applications for warrants or summonses not taken by the clerk will now be heard," booms Eddie, and a concerted rush for the table in front of the Judge's bench is made by a score of lawyers and men and women who bear various grievances against alleged unscrupulous customers, intolerable neighbors and such.

Warrants seldom are issued and those who want them usually have to be content with a summons. Those who seek summonses in the first place are accommodated nine times out of ten. Following this business come the requests for adjournments on summonses and formal complaints returnable that day.

More often than not requests for adjournments bring about much wrangling. If the complainant seeks the adjournment you may be sure that the defendant is quite ready to have his case heard immediately, or vice versa. It is a matter for the magistrate to decide and in assault cases wherein the complainant is at home or in a hospital recovering from injuries alleged to have been caused by the defendant the adjournment usually is granted.

If, However, the charge against the prisoner or defendant is a summons action is of a minor nature, and the Judge believes there is insufficient reason for the complainant being unprepared to go on with his case, he will in all probability order an immediate hearing or discharge the defendant on the ground that his continued incarceration would be nothing less than persecution. The law decrees that defendants in all criminal actions be granted an adjournment of forty-eight hours from the time they are first arraigned if they desire it; therefore, such requests are granted perforce no matter how bitterly the request may be opposed by the complainant.

Defendants request adjournments ostensibly to afford time for procuring counsel and witnesses and otherwise preparing their defense, but not infrequently it is asked in order that the defendant may, through representatives "reach" the complainant and persuade him to withdraw the charge or advise the court that he has made a grievous error in identification. Those who have been familiar with the workings of the magistrates' courts for many years say this plan of approaching complainants and complainants' witnesses has become especially popular since the Baumes law went into effect. A defendant with two or three convictions in his record will grasp at any straw to save him from the more severe punishment that looms now in the event of another verdict against him.

Shrewd Magistrates counteract this move frequently by granting the defendant's request for adjournment only after they have had the complainant and his witnesses give their testimony for the record to perpetuate the case. This move foils the defendant who might later attempt to intimidate or bribe the chief cogs in the prosecution.

Following the adjournment bickerings comes the hearing of cases; the main dish in the day's menu.

At this point in the proceedings the "bridgeman," who reads off the official charges for the benefit of the defendant, asks them for their plea, and otherwise acts as a buffer for the Magistrate, grits his teeth, braces himself against the partition that separates his small platform from the Magistrate's bench, and invokes the Good Spirit to save him from the bodily injury that seems imminent as a veritable horde of lawyers, uniformed cops and detectives descend upon him with pleas that their cases may be chosen for early hearing.

"Put mine on top, it won't take three minutes," "Give us a 'break' I worked the late 'four,' or 'Be a good fellow, Eddie, and call mine next. I've got a case in another court."

Maybe five minutes of this interspersed with occasional pounding of the Magistrate's gavel and orders from the court to be quiet, then several hours of routine work with only occasional incidents to break the monotony for those who must see it through.

No two Magistrates conduct court in the same manner, but all of them arrive at about the same conclusions in cases if they don't take the same route to get there. Some of them work fast while others appear more painstaking. A few reek dignity in contrast to others, who are careless in both personal appearance and in their handling of the court. Here and there are Magistrates who seem positively harsh in their handling of the unfortunates who come before them, and here and there are men whose hearts seem most tender and who appear fearful lest they do a defendant an injustice. However, they all average about the same in their final conclusions, and the higher courts to which many of the cases must be referred know that all the Magistrates think pretty much alike in regard to real criminals.

HE WATCHED HIS WEIGHT AND WHAT A SCARE HE GOT

(New York Sun)

Your Inquiring—yea, almost Inquisitive—Reporter has a weigh about him. Not a way. A weigh. Two weeks ago at an insurance examination your Inquisitive Reporter weighed just 158, fully clothed. Without his necktie and cane, of course, your I. R. weighs much less. But 158 is a good fighting weigh. It satisfied the insurance examiners. Inquisitive or not, your correspondent, they said, was a good risk.

"But watch your weight," said a portly man of medicine; "don't let it slip lower than that. A loss of weight is a symptom that all is not well with you."

Your correspondent promised. In fact, he vowed.

A week later he casually slipped a penny into a scales in a Chambers street drug store. The dial hovered, came to rest—149 3-4! Thinking there must be some mistake, he tried again with the same result. Perspiration stood upon his brow. Until then he had felt well enough. Now vague symptoms began to flicker through him. He recalled the doctor's words.

That afternoon the duties as Inquisitive Reporter took him into the reaches of the Bronx. A handsome blue-enameled scales in the Concourse Plaza challenged him. He sidled over, furtively dropping his penny. The dial flickered, then stopped—at 159 1-4. Ah, breathed the Inquisitive Reporter, here are accurate scales. His fears were calmed. He was lulled, then, into a false security. There was nothing the matter with him.

But in a Jerome avenue confectionery store ten minutes later he weighed exactly 141, and he tried it twice. Later in a 5 and 10 cent store in Times Square he checked and double-checked and found to his astonishment that, carrying the cane and

four pencils, he registered exactly 154 1-2. He tried it again and again, but the most he could get was the 154 1-2 and a fortune-telling card that read "You have great self-control." The truth was that the reporter was out of all control. He became victim of scales, then.

He dropped pennies aimlessly all over town, in Garden City, in Seventh avenue, in the Woolworth Building, in subway stations—every where he went.

At Golden City he weighed 150. In Seventh avenue, near Forty-second street, he was a full-fledged middleweight at 160. He dropped nearly to welterweight proportions in the easy.

Woolworth Building, weighing just 149 3-4.

An especially hot day, when every one else was losing pounds in the sun, the Inquisitive Reporter scaled in on an accurate enough machine on the French Line piers at 162. An hour later, returning to The Sun office, he stopped in another 5 and 10 cent store to buy shoestrings and weighed—153 1-4. A day later, without benefit of a banquet, he weighed 157 in a drug store on Bushwick avenue, Brooklyn, and ten minutes elapsed before he weighed 154 in Quincy street, same borough. A commodore Hotel washroom attendant wondered at him as he babbled on an elaborate scales there and found the reporter mumbling, "Now it's 159 again!" It was 151 about an hour later in a Lexington avenue speakeasy.

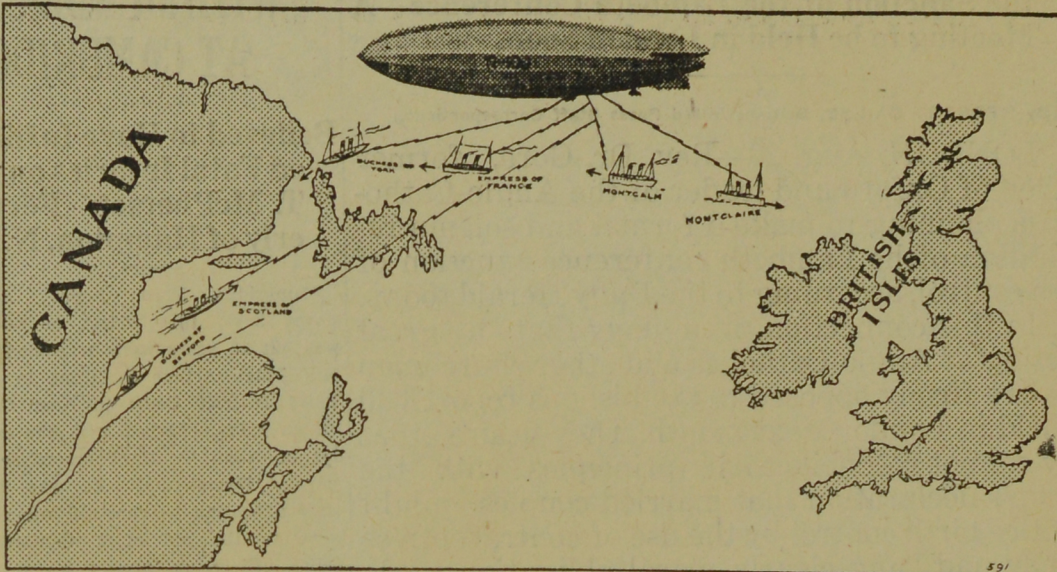
Even Park avenue's scales are unreliable. You can diet eighteen days and show an increase if you patronize one at the corner in the East Sixties, in a cigar store. Your reporter weighed 162 at that juncture.

Worried to death, the Inquisitive Reporter sought out the doctor again with tales of wildly fluctuating weight. On the doctor's scales he weighed exactly 157 1-4. That was a relief.

So it must have been the scales. If you can find two scales that report the same weight the same day on the same person cling to them. They will save you many wrinkles.

New York city's scales, it seems, are as unreliable as its stock market and flucuate as wildly. Don't let a bull movement frighten you. It's probably just the scales.

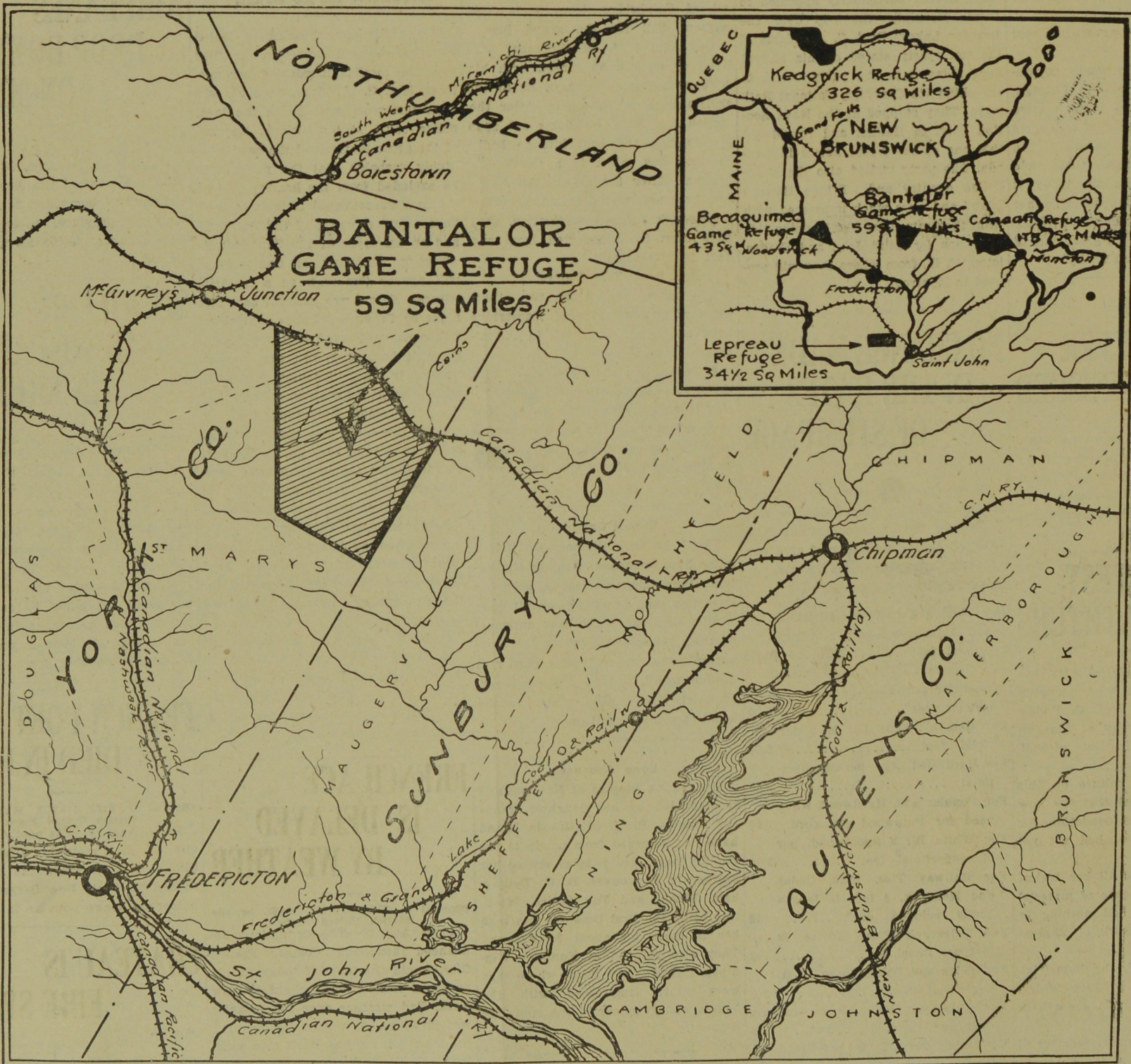
Canadian Pacific Steamships Aid R-100



On her historic voyage across the Atlantic to Montreal, the mighty British dirigible, R-100, was in continual wireless touch with ships of the Canadian Pacific trans-Atlantic fleet. The great air liner was hardly out above the ocean when she was in communication with S.S. "Montclare," then approaching the British Isles and some distance farther she overtook the Montcalm. S.S. "Empress of France" was her next call as that ship was nearing Newfoundland, while down the St. Lawrence she spoke with the "Duchess

of York," the "Empress of Scotland" and the "Duchess of Bedford." Eighteen other C.P.R. vessels were lying during her flight at British or Canadian ports. Thus the great Canadian transportation company was enabled to give a waiting world the latest particulars of her flight, since all these vessels are in wireless communication with the shore and their messages were broadcast through the press and featured in all R-100 news items.

FIFTH GAME REFUGE ESTABLISHED IN NEW BRUNSWICK



This map shows the boundaries of the Game Refuge being established from September 1st, 1930, in the central and southern part of the Province of New Brunswick, announcement of which is made by Hon. Charles D. Richards, Minister of Lands and Mines. As the map shows, this new game refuge, which is to be known as the Bantalor Game Refuge is located in York County. The inset shows the location of the four game refuges previously established in New Brunswick, which, with the Bantalor Game Refuge will bring the total area set aside for game sanctuaries in this Province up to approximately 700 square miles.

COLIC AND CRAMPS PAINS IN THE STOMACH



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