

FINDS OUT WHO WEARS THE OLD-FASHIONED NIGHTIES

(New York Sun)
Mrs. Billings was attending the winter white sales, and while waiting for service at a crowded bargain counter (genuine damask napkins at so much the dozen), she glanced across the aisle. What she saw there caused the bargain counter frown to drop from her brows. She burst into laughter.

High-necked, long sleeved, white cotton nightgowns! Trimmed with

tucks and lace insertion! A whole table full!

"Why, I haven't seen any for years. I didn't know they made them any more. In this big city full of silk-pajama-clad ladies, who on earth wears them? thought Mrs. Billings. She was still seeking an answer to the question and still smiling amusedly when a salesgirl at last addressed her.

But almost immediately the salesgirl turned away. "No, indeed, mad-

ame, I could not sell you half a dozen of the napkins. Not less than a dozen to anyone. Why, they're genuine damask at only so much the dozen. The greatest bargain in the store."

"But I couldn't possibly use a dozen!" wailed Mrs. Billings. "There are only two of us. We live in a kitchenette apartment." She felt a tug at her sleeve.

"I'll tell you what let's do," said a tiny birdlike woman who looked exactly as a favorite maiden aunt should look. "You can use half a dozen of these napkins. I can use a half a dozen. Let's take a dozen between us."

"Now that's bright!" cried Mrs. Billings. "I was just sick at losing them. They're such a bargain." She dug into her purse for the price of half a dozen. "Thank you for speaking to me," she said.

The tiny birdlike woman fluttered in gratification.

"I never would have dared to," she said, "except that you were smiling and looked so pleasant. Maybe," she added daringly, as the salesgirl wrapped the bundle, "you'd like to hear about another bargain I've discovered."

MANY NEW YORK STORES NOW EMPLOY BABY TENDERS

New York, Jan. 28.—Women who shop in neighborhood stores often keep a slant on the door and pay more attention to the sidewalk than they do to the goods in which they are supposed to be interested. Often a woman, right in the midst of a transaction, will stop and go to the door. The salesman or saleswoman merely awaits her return. The sales forces of neighborhood stores understand those actions perfectly. The women are mothers who have parked their babies outside. Their fear is that the child may be kidnapped.

By no means is that fear groundless. Not infrequently babies left outside stores are taken away. Generally they are found within a short time. Some child-hungry woman or girl merely has borrowed a baby. Though the baby may be missing only a few minutes, those few minutes are agony to a mother. There are cases where babies have not been recovered. There are more cases where days have elapsed before the torture was ended by the restoration of a child. Those are the instances that flash through the mind of a mother when she comes out and finds the perambulator empty.

No greater agony have I seen on a human face than that which was on the face of a mother who came out of an uptown store and discovered that her infant and its buggy had disappeared. Her expression was as indescribable as her cry. Wild excitement followed immediately. The traffic officer deserted his post. Officers came from a nearby police sta-

tion and volunteers immediately began a hunt. Within five minutes the baby was found, safe. A little girl had merely wheeled away the buggy "to take baby for a buggy ride," and on the way back with it when discovered. But the mother had to be taken to a hospital.

Many of the larger neighborhood stores have official baby tenders. It's good business. Mothers can not leave their infants at home alone. Nor is it possible for all mothers to employ nurses. Shopping must be done and baby buggies can not be taken into stores. So a guardian who can be trusted brings trade and eases the mind of many a mother.

Away up on One Hundred Eighty-first street is a department store that has had the same baby attendant ever since it opened. She's a short, fat woman with a ready smile. Sometimes she has as many as 20 babies lined up in their carriages on the sidewalk. I've often stopped to watch that free baby show. But never yet have I heard an infant wail. The instant one starts, the attendant does something to it that quiets it. On the word of a young mother, she can be trusted to administer bottles right on the minute. She performs other services also. I might state in addition, that the first day I loitered it took a police card to satisfy her that my intentions were strictly honorable. Even now, when I tarry too long she looks at me and than at Tom Gray, who does traffic duty on the corner.

at the intersection stood aghast.

"There were two girls in the car which held the siren that produced the discord and one of them was having a whale of a time keeping the neighborhood livened up, for it was Saturday and some employees had already left the vicinity to go home.

"A cop patrolling nearby paid no attention to the racket, but some of those passing did, but all they could do was to stop and gasp or smile good-naturedly, for one could proceed in any other way against a little girl? But those in the windows above would have liked to have the heart to have thrown something down and hit the siren and put it out of business and end the racket.

"However, after a while the siren was put out of commission—no, not by the little girl, but by a passer-by who knew enough about the hookup to be able to employ his knowledge to detach it and make the siren mute for the first time in thirty minutes."

Clara Bow's life is an open book and Daisy is certainly the circulating librarian.

Forty legislatures are now sweating over the age-old problem of how to get blood out of a turnip.

GOOD PROGRAM TO BE ON THE AIR THURSDAY

Following is the radio program in Atlantic Standard time for Thursday evening for stations most easily picked up in Fredericton and vicinity.

2.30—Ocean Limited Hour.
6.15—Stock Reports.
6.30—Dinner Hour of Music.
7.00—Tuckett's Tobacco Program.
11.00—Transcontinental Hour.

Thursday's Best Features.
Maxwell Hour—WJZ network.
Amos 'n' Andy—WJZ.
Fleischmann Hour—WEAF.
WLW, CINCINNATI

8.00—Amos 'n' Andy.
9.00—Special Program.
9.30—World Tour.
10.00—Band.
10.30—Musical Program.
11.00—Hollingsworth.

WOB, NEWARK
8.00—Concert Three Cheers
9.00—Bamburgh Symphony.
10.00—Minstrels.
11.45—The Globe Trotters.
12.00—News; Dance music.

WEAF, NEW YORK
7.45—Uncle Abe and David.
8.00—Midweek Hymn-sing.
8.30—Niagara-Hudson.
9.00—Fleischmann Hour.
10.00—Birthday Party, Bobbie Burns guest of honor.

10.30—Jack Frost Melodies.
11.00—Lucky Strike Orchestra.
12.00—Slumber Hour.

WJZ, NEW YORK
7.00—Raising Junior.
7.45—Literary Digest Topics.
8.00—Amos 'n' Andy.
8.15—Test Easy Jesters
8.30—Phil Cook.

8.45—Friendly Five Footnotes
9.00—The First Nighter.
9.15—Landt Trio.

10.00—Dunlop Orchestra.
10.30—Maxwell House Melodies.
11.00—Echoes of the Opera.

12.00—Slumber Music.

WABC, NEW YORK
7.45—Mountaineers.
8.00—Beck Brevities.
8.30—Tip Top Club.

9.00—Music.
9.15—Specials
9.30—Kaltenborn Edits the News.

10.00—Family Program.
11.00—Lutheran Laymen
12.00—Dream Boat; Dance Music.

KDKA, PITTSBURGH
7.00—Pictures; Orchestra.

8.30—Kemble and Mills.
9.00—Programs from WJZ.

12.00—Orchestra.

CKAC, MONTREAL
7.30—Program from Ottawa.

8.00—Bulova Time Announcement.
9.00—McDonald Blenders.
9.30—Supertest Program.

10.00—Nelson Chocolate Orchestra.
11.00—CNRA Progra.

11.30—Family Music.
12.00—Hockel Results

CNRA MONCTON
8.30—Weather Forecast, News, Musical Programme.

12.30—Musical Programme.
1.15—Stock Market Report.

7.00—Stock Market Report, Weather Forecast.

WOMAN HANGED FOR TWO MURDERS, POISONED HUSBAND AND SON

Szolnok Hungary, Jan. 28.—Crying "God help me," Frau Marie Kardos was hanged today in the prison courtyard here in atonement to the State for murder of her husband and 22-year old son last year. She was the first woman to be hanged by court sentence in Hungary for many generations.

Frau Kardos was one of 40 women who appeared in the group poisoning trials of last spring and summer and one of the three to receive the death sentence. She lost the faded ennu which marked her early demeanor in the few days preceding her death. As execution became imminent she was stricken with terror at the prospect of the gallows.

She ate heartily in her prison cell last night, however. These followed a period of prayer with friends and a Protestant clergyman, interrupted once when the hangman came to weight her so as to calculate the measure of her fall from the scaffold.

This morning she arose and dressed unassisted and sipped a cup of coffee being led weeping into the prison courtyard where seventy persons were assembled to witness her death. She prayed there again for a moment and then was led to the gallows where the president of the court read the sentence of death to her. Concluding, he addressed the executioner: "Hangman do your duty."

Noose is Tightened

The executioner's two assistants seized her gently, bound her arms and legs, and tightened the noose about her neck. Just before the stool on which she stood was kicked from under her she cried: "God help me," and then sighing, repeated the single word, "God—"

An attending physician pronounced her unconscious within a few seconds and dead in eight minutes. Her

"I certainly would," said Mrs. Billings.

Looking more like a favorite maiden aunt than ever, the tiny birdlike one pointed across the aisle to the table full of high-necked, long sleeved white cotton nightgowns.

"They're just giving them away," she said. Her voice sank to a modest whisper. "I never wear any other kind."

"Now," Mrs. Billings announced to her husband that night, "I know who wears them."

an hour.

The hanging followed the peculiar hungarian method. The two assistants drew her feet toward them as the stool was knocked from beneath her. The hangman, holding her face with a handkerchief, turned it from side to side until she was pronounced dead when he lifted his hat and informed the president of the court that the sentence had been carried out.

Cold to Admirer

One of the condemned woman's last callers was the man known hereabout as her admirer, Stefan Todor, who arrived in a sleigh this morning and was admitted to the prison to see her. She received him coldly.

Todor obtained permission to witness the execution, and shouted frantically, threatening everybody around him when the woman was pinioned at the gallows and had to be removed.

While standing on the footstool beneath the scaffold, Frau Kardos asked a delay in order to speak to her sister but the judge did not reply. Hundreds of persons saw the final motions of the execution from roofs surrounding the prison.

The condemned woman last night refused any sleeping draught but today she took several glasses of brandy to steady her nerves.

Frau Kardos was 46 years old.

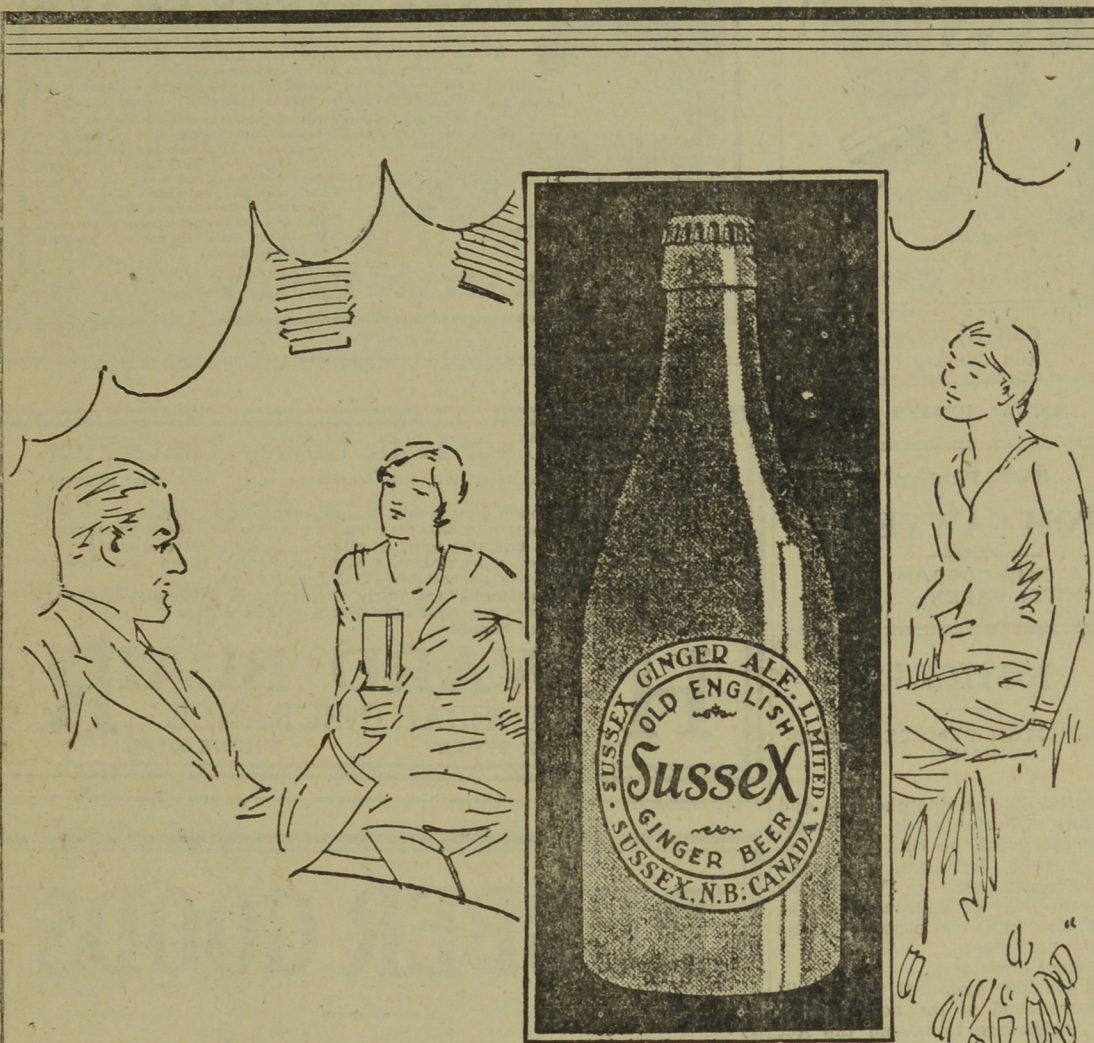
BUSY LITTLE GIRL UPSETS THE STREET

(New York Sun)

"It's an old New York Custom for traffic policeman wishing to summon owners of automobiles who have overstayed their parking privilege on the public streets to blow long and blatantly on the car siren," explained Mr. Strident, "and generally such a course produces results.

"The other afternoon, however I saw a little variation of this method although the same old siren was employed and the same old discordant chords rent the air. Only in this case a little child was the power behind the button, and a girl at that.

"The car stood in Chambers street, near Broadway. Nobody noticed it, apparently until the siren started at full blast, when even the traffic cop



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