

MANY CHANGES ARE SEEN IN STREETS OF OLD LONDON TOWN, HORSES ARE TO BE BANNED

London, Sept. 15—The old story is now being told of the first time in London, with a significant English poignance. It is the heart-render about patient Dobbin, the friend of man, going into the discard.

London has not discarded Dobbin. It is just now going into the painful work. The reason is a western incursion, traffic lights. After a thorough trial, conservative opinion has been won. A long stretch of lights extend the length of Oxford street, one of the busiest metropolitan thoroughfares, has been erected by an American company gratis and without rental charge as the first move toward city-wide adoption.

To do this will be necessary to ban horsedrawn vehicles from the main streets. The English are traditional lovers of the horse, and they still use him for heavy dray work more than the truck. To this day, 140,000 drays pass any given point in the center of the city every twelve hours.

Sentiment a Factor

The spanking teams familiar in the American streets in the days of fire horses and the big brewers' trucks, still pass by the dozen, big bays with burnished harness and knots of manes and docked tails. Half sentiment and half economy, London's love for these big, fine brutes, is warm and fast.

Americans wonder that a long stream of traffic in a modern city can be content to crawl majestically behind a plodding horse. But that is the reason for the city's gigantic traffic problem, and still the horse has remained.

Tradition supports him. Lord Woolavington, head of James Buchanan, whiskey distiller, one of the biggest in Britain, has been heard to say that as long as whiskey is delivered in London streets, it will be hauled by horses. Seventy sleek cobs turn out daily in the shafts of the Buchanan

delivery wagons, with the hub caps and metal work gleaming. These horses are bred for the purpose by a lodge stud in Petworth, owned by the company.

Dairies use Horses

A great concern dealing in mineral waters runs a complete stable in the heart of London, and its teams are a rare sight. Many of the largely dairy companies use horses exclusively, and heavy draught horses are almost the sole means of hauling heavy freight from railway terminals. Streets in these districts are filled constantly with cafilecades of wagons moving the stores of goods which pour into London.

Constant warfare is waged in the street between taximen, but drivers and truckmen, and the old-time teamster. The driver-sits on his high perch, imperturbably twirling his whip and tossing glib invective below.

The teamster and cabman are supported by at least half a dozen societies which argue fact and figures as well as sentiment. W. H. Smith & Son, a firm of book publishers, 100 years old, which hold concessions for all the railway, tube and suburban news stands uses horses altogether. The reason is economic. Company officials claim that no automobile can turn in the length of a wagon, and that the horse is far more adaptable in the narrow streets and confined yard spaces. They say the horse costs less to keep for short hauls with frequent stops.

A Practical Test

A practical test has been made, but in a field generally accepted in America as favorable to the horse. Gasoline was put in competition as the motive power for a milk wagon. The horse made 23 turns unassisted, and responded invariably to the commands of the milkman, busy on the walk. The chauffeur milkman spent half an hour

at the wheel, mounting and dismounting.

Another argument for horses is the feeling every teamster has for his charges. Here again sentiment is hooked up with hard economy. It is claimed that the driver, eager to save his friend between the shafts, takes all the short cuts off, and known to the teamster through years spent in the seat. Thus he avoids the big avenues where busses and trucks rumble, saving the main streets from the congestion.

These are the pleas for Dobbin, but the pressure from behind grows ever more stronger. Any traffic expert has no more to do than look at the ordinary traffic block to discover the reason. Sturdy and admirable to the eyes, a horse clumps through the street at the head.

JUST LIKE FARMERS IN THEIR FINE SEDANS

A visitor from a small town upstate noticed a coal truck of one of the local traction companies proceeding on lower Broadway with an armed guard sharing the driver's seat and two or three more guards standing on the floor of the truck. He wanted to know what it meant and was told that it was the company's scheme for transporting money to the bank with the least risk of a successful hold up.

"That's funny," mused the visitor, "almost as funny as the way some of the farmers in my town use their brightly polished sedans for carrying garden truck and small livestock."

MOTHERS CRY

I feel deep distress when my darlings come home

From their swims far from sheltering willows:

It isn't the sunburns they get that I mind—

It's the ointments they get on the pillows!

—ARABELLA, in New York Sun.

A NOISY RADIO DESCRIBED AS PLAGUE OF MODERN AGE—HOW ONE FAN WAS GIVEN CURE

(New York Sun)

One loudspeaker, advantageously placed at an open window so that the entire neighborhood can fully appreciate the owner's taste in uplifting jazz or bass-voiced announcers, can do more harm to the neighbor's nerves than all the tomcats that ever sat on a fence and made the welkin ring.

It's the plague of the modern age and most people are willing to sit back and suffer, waiting patiently for the cold winds of winter to come and force the radio enthusiasts to close his windows.

There's a resident in Greenwich village who is not so peaceably inclined. He stood the howling and the yowling of the bursts of blaring horns as the dial was twisted in the apartment house next to his, just as long as he could.

One night when he had settled down for a quiet evening over the chess board, the noise was too much. He jumped up from the table, put on his coat and went out. He entered the apartment next door and went to the third floor, from which he calculated the noise came.

He rapped. The door was opened and a frightful noise flowed out. He had hit the right spot. The radio fiend had a cigar in his mouth and a very truculent air on his face. He was apparently accustomed to such protests and knew exactly how to deal with them. He heard the complainant, removed the cigar from his lips and, in no uncertain words, told him that if he didn't like the noise he could go climb a tree.

Could be Muted

The visitor politely explained that he could not understand why the loudspeaker could not be muted somewhat. It was a small room. Surely the words or music could be heard with less volume.

The radio owner sneeringly repeat-

ed his suggestion about the tree-climbing expedition and slammed the door.

Two o'clock the next morning. All is quiet and the radio lover is deep in slumber. Suddenly the telephone bell rings. A tiny noise of short duration. The sleeper stirs only a little. Again the bell rings, this time somewhat more insistent. It jangles loudly and, at last, awakens him. He grumbles and rises.

"Hello," said a cheery voice. "This is the person who came to see you about your noisy radio. I just wanted to tell you that I tried to climb a tree but I couldn't find one. So long until 2 a.m. tomorrow!"

A shout of anger and then fuming and fretting, the sleeper falls back in his bed again. He's madder than the famous hatter next day and, seeking vengeance, sends out the claxon of the radio until 11 o'clock next evening.

Two o'clock comes.

"Good morning," said the cheery voice. "This is the Greenwich Village tree-climbing expedition, broadcasting from Washington Square. I am happy to announce to you that a tree has been found and that the expedition is about to climb it. The results of our ascent will be on the air at 2 A. M. tomorrow. That is"—and here the voice changed from cheeriness into a more significant tone—"unless you feel that you would rather not hear it."

The furious person at the receiving end spoke into the telephone, briefly and gloriously. The early morning air was blue with the fire of his tender admonitions.

And the point of the tale is that the awakened sleeper loved his sleep more than he did the too loud noises.

The next evening when the dialecticians began their silly dialogue, the tree-climber sat at his chess board. And all about him, as he pondered over his knights and rooks, the air was full of a silence that he found quite enchanting.

GOWN EXPLODES, SHE CARRIES ON

New York, N. Y., Sept. 14—Charlotte Milburn, niece of Devereaux Milburn, polo player, does not permit a little thing like an explosion of part of her costume to interfere with her social activities. She suffered burns on her arms when some one touched a cigarette to toy balloons she wore to decorate a fancy dress costume. Now she is wearing bandages with her prettiest frocks.

"An exchange tells of a cook-book that gives 'concrete rules for making biscuits,' but what we want to know is where so many of these young housewives get the rules for making concrete biscuits the funny pictures tell us about.

It really wasn't a fair test that Chicago detective made when he told a man who was trying to pawn a saxophone to prove his ownership by playing it. Lots of men have 'em who can't play 'em, no matter what they think about it themselves.

GOOD PROGRAM TO BE ON THE AIR TUESDAY

The following is the list of radio programs for Tuesday evening of stations easily picked up in Fredericton: CFNB FREDERICTON

8.30—Weather Forecasts, News, Columbia Records.

12.30—Columbia Records.

1.15—Stock Market.

7.00—Weather Forecast, Stock Market Report.

WOR, NEWARK

8.00—Footlight Echoes.

8.30—Orchestra.

9.15—Organ Orchestra.

9.30—Globe Trotters.

1.00—News; Dance Music.

WLW Cincinnati

7.30—Variety.

8.00—Sisters of Skillet.

8.00—Plantation Days.

8.30—Werk Bubble Blowers.

9.00—Crimelights.

9.15—Tastyeast Kandykids.

9.30—Chevrolet Chronicles.

0.00—Variety.

10.45—Sport Slices.

10.58—Estate Weather.

11.00—Los Amigos.

11.30—Vox Humana.

WEAF, NEW YORK

7.45—The Golbergs.

8.00—Blackstone Plantation.

8.30—National Dairy Production

9.00—Thrillers.

9.30—The Fuller Man.

10.00—Lucky Strike Orchestra.

11.00—Little Jack Little.

11.15—Jesse Crawford.

12.00—Orchestra.

WJZ, NEW YORK

7.00—Amos 'n' Andy.

7.15—Gus Van.

7.30—Phil Cook.

7.45—Back of the News

8.00—Armstrong Quakers.

8.30—Ponce Sister

8.45—Skillet Sisters.

9.00—Household Evening Program.

9.30—Danger Lines of History.

10.00—Old Stager's Memories.

10.30—Clara, Lu and Lin.

11.45—Waves of Melody

WABC, NEW YORK

7.30—Studio Program.

9.00—Henry George.

10.00—Graybars, Mr. and Mrs.

10.30—Publix Hour.

10.45—Southernaires Quartette.

CKAC, MONTREAL

7.25—Base ball scores.

7.45—Clarks Entertainers.

8.00—L'Heure Provinciale.

9.00—General Electric.

10.00—DeForest Crosley Hour.

11.00—Orchestra.

CNRA MONCTON

8.00—Ocean Limited Hour.

8.15—News Bulletin.

6.15—Stock Reports.

6.30—Dinner Period of Music.

10.00—French-Canadian Hour.

WTIC, HARTFORD

7.45—Sisters of the Skillet

8.00—Fuller's Orchestra

8.15—Jockey Jamboree

8.30—Werk Bubble Blowers

9.00—Crimelights

9.30—Chevrolet Chronicles

10.00—The Cotton Queen

10.30—Variety

10.45—Bob Newhall, Sport Slices

10.58—Estate Weather

11.00—Los Amigos

11.30—Moon River



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RUM RUNNER PIGEON ON COAST GUARD SHIP

(New York Sun)

A story was recently printed of birds coming down on to ships at sea. The most dramatic story of this sort is always that of the homing pigeons, whose long flights often leave them so weak that they cannot make headway in the last few miles against a storm and are beaten far to sea.

A veteran of the coast guard, who served on the famous cutter Mojave, tells of such an incident that occurred when the ship was on patrol a hundred miles off Cape Ann in Massachusetts.

One early morning, when the weather was dirty and the ship was plunging and pitching against a light gale, the quarter master on bridge duty heard something strike against the window. He saw a flash of something small and gray. It was a pigeon. He took it down to the crew's quarters, where it revived in the warmth. There was a little tube attached to its leg. When this was discovered he brought the bird to the executive officer. In the tube was a slip of thin paper and several words were written on it in shorthand. There was a man aboard who knew shorthand, but he could not make any sense of the message. Later it was deciphered and the message was clearly one to a ship, probably a rum runner. It simply said that nothing was to be done until conditions were better.

It was at first supposed that the rum runners had even gone so far as to train homing pigeons to land on ships at sea. This was impossible of course, and it was afterward determined that the birds were being used to carry messages to a loft in some Canadian port where rum-runners were accustomed to start out on their relief expeditions to the United States.

Respectful laughing may relieve a mental tension that keeping would only make tighter.