

THE NEW YORK HOTELS SHELTER NUMEROUS HERMITS; ONE TOLD WAITER TO GET OUT OF THE WAY

New York, July 14—Not so long ago a hermit pegged out in the upstate hut he had occupied for years and immediately the papers began to run anecdotes about him. Like the sap season in a maple grove. All one had to do was to shake a receptive bucket at a journalistic tree and immediately it was filled to the brim. The occasion for the tumult being, apparently:

- (a) He wore whiskers.
- (b) He was a sour grouch.
- (c) He minded his own business.

Well, here is a town that is full of hermits. If there were a Hermits' association, which there cannot be owing to the nature of the trade, the national H. Q. would be right here in New York. In which case the market would be offered first and second preferred hermits and hermit rights, and prospective buyers would be warned to test the whiskers of possible purchases before, concluding the transaction. It is better as it is.

Many Hotels Have 'Em.

New York being what it is, the hermits here live in hotel bedrooms, sometimes with baths. One ascetic has his cave in the hotel in which I live. He wears whiskers, his clothes are odd and he speaks to no one.

When he goes to the dining room he must sit in a corner and face north. That isn't as easy a trick as it sounds. Try it on your own hotel some time. And he must sit alone. But he hovers and swoops until he gets what he wants. He insists that everything,

from soup to ice cream, be placed on the table at once, along with the bill. He pays, tips and waves the waiter away.

"He will not begin eating until he has gone," the head waiter said.

Speaks Once in Thirteen Years.

For twenty years this hermit's broth or has been coming to the hotel at intervals, but they never recognize each other when they meet. Another hermit insists upon facing the west when he dines, and he must have his back to the wall and be at the greatest possible distance from every other human.

"I have known him thirteen years," said the head waiter. "In that time he spoke to me once. He said:

"Get out of my way."

In another hotel a wealthy woman has paid an average of \$200 a week for her suite for a decade. No one has ever been permitted to enter it, except one trusted maid and one waiter. Naturally the hotel authorities are concerned about her health, but the maid and waiter say that she bids fair to live forever. She studies the fashion reports in the newspapers and magazines and buys by telephone. Now and then a fitter aids her, for she dresses like what she once was, a woman of fashion.

Find Riches in Deserted House.

The existence of another pair of hermits was revealed when the police made a discovery that sounded like an excerpt from "Treasure Island." Neighbors had reported that a light had been seen in the attic of an uptown house that had been tenantless for twenty years. The entering officers found three half-grown boys there, asleep in the midst of treasures. There were seventy trunks, crammed to overflowing with silks and laces. Gold ornaments, gold coin to the value of \$20,000, diamonds, pearls, emeralds—

The two old ladies who own it live in a downtown hotel—as lonely as eagles on a rock—and have refused to visit their old home. "Never," they said. "Do what you want to do."

There is not a hotel in town that has more than fifteen years old that has not at least one hermit. And who shall say that a metropolitan hermit is not at least as interesting as a grubby old man who lives in a cave?

THE APPAREL OF WOMEN IN YEAR 1847

No doubt most people have been prone to think women's garb at the present date about as simple as women's garb might be; but it may come as a mild surprise to many to learn that the public of 1848 had similar notions about the modes of their day. The Daily British Whig had been digging into the files of the old Kingston Argus of that date and reprints from The Argus the following editorial:

"We are inclined to think that the female attire of the present day (78 years ago, mind) is upon the whole in as favorable a state as the most vehement advocates for what is called nature and simplicity could desire. It is a costume in which they can dress quickly, walk nimbly, eat plentifully, step easily, lose gracefully and in short perform all the duties of life without let or hindrance. The head is left to its natural size; the skin to its native purity; the waist at its proper region; the heels at their real level. The dress is one calculated to bring out the natural beauties of the person and each of them so far as we see, gets fair play."

Mr. O. W. Otis of Woodstock is in the city today.



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GREAT BRITAIN FINDS SOME NEW VIGOR IN POVERTY; IS MOST SEVERELY TRIED NATION

(Edward Price Bell in Chicago News) London, England, July 12—Europe's spiritual renaissance—this, in my opinion, is the big thing for America and the rest of the non-European world to be pondering.

Renewed spiritual vitality always issues in renewed material power. Possibly a spiritual renaissance, in some sense, is proceeding among all nations. This type of reawakening, however, is in proportion to self-denial, to hardship, to suffering, to necessity, and Europe perhaps in a superlative degree has the benefit of these disciplinary and developing influences.

Great Britain, at the moment, is one of the most severely tried nations in Europe. Her encompassing difficulties are so thick as to seem insuperable. She is not unlike a navigator who, long without sight of the sun, stands still or feels his way in a dense fog. But strong qualities are growing under the strain. Great Britain is building up a more sensitive and a more powerful social conscience.

Poverty Will Disappear.

Danger, so far as there is danger, attaches to the fact that spiritual wealth, invaluable though it is, is not enough. If men do not live by bread alone, neither do they live by spirituality alone. In the British Isles and pretty well all over Europe there appears to me to be a race between reviving psychological resources and poverty. If psychological resources win—and I think they will—poverty gradually will go, and Europe will enter a new epoch of history.

But if poverty should win? If the renaissance of conscience and intellect should move too slowly? If the well-endowed spiritually and the well-trained mentally succumbed to their problems? In this event, of course, there would be a catastrophe. Europe probably would see widespread bloodshed. There certainly would be wholesale destruction of existing institutions. Conscience and intellect, heart and head, having failed—and success by some of the opponents in the great pending social and economic struggle would mean such a failure—brute force, a new barbarism, would have their period of carnival. London, Paris, Berlin, Rome might weep. Many a capital far and wide might weep. Washington might weep. But there is one capital that would not weep. Moscow would not weep.

Just here it is not without pertinence to remark that a great number of Europeans, British and continental, are convinced that America, rather than Europe, is in danger. This school of thought is more afraid of prosperity than of poverty. It thinks America is too rich. It thinks our very food, like that of Midas, is turning to gold. It thinks if we found relief, as Midas found it, by washing in a river, the sands of that river forever afterward would glitter with their auriferous contents. It is one of those fairy stories that nations like to believe about other nations of whom they are ignorant, and concerning whom their accepted mentors too often mislead them.

Europe, in its poverty, in its distress—of course, there are millions and multimillions in Europe as elsewhere—hears of America's supposed universal abundance and is envious. It is bitter. I think it safe to say that millions of Europeans pray, or almost pray, that some instructive and chastening calamity may overtake the United States. It is not unnatural. If the situation were reversed, our secret, if not definitely articulated prayers, probably would be much similar. Europe believes we got rich out of the war. It believes its garden of agony was our region of Spanish conquerors' dreams.

Ethics of Dollar-Chasing.

Both in America and on this side of the Atlantic there has been altogether too much loose talk about the wealth of the American people. America is undoubtedly a wealthy nation, as Great Britain, for example, is a wealthy nation. But America, like Great Britain, has millions of citizens with only a moderate living scale, hard though they work. If America's general standard of living is higher than that of any other nation—as it is—the fact is due, not to Americans having too much, but to other peoples having too little.

Americans, indeed, have chased dollars—not an ignoble pursuit, in the main, for clean dollars are only the purchasing correlatives of honest human effort—but Americans, as a nation, have not chased dollars too successfully. Europe's publicists well might tell Europeans this. Such information would be internationally appealing. What Europeans supremely

need to do just now is to chase shillings and francs and marks and lire as smartly as Americans have chased dollars. It is an exercise, incidentally, as hygienic morally as ameliorative materially.

It is inspiring to any friend of mankind to discover that, while some English writers continue to take flings at America for her "vulgar worship of money," other and abler English writers are discovering and declaring that money has virtues, that it will buy things worth having, that it is not necessarily vulgar at all, that—if the whole truth must be told—money bears a fateful relation to the question of whether our western civilization shall be kept or lost. What is George Bernard Shaw telling the British in their tribulation? This: "Money represents health, strength, honor, generosity and beauty as conspicuously and undeniably as the want of it represents illness, weakness, meanness and ugliness."

This, I submit, is better moral and mental nutriment for the British and the Europeans as a whole than is much of the satiric and superficial matter supplied to them about America. Just as America should search sympathetically for those things in British life, and in all life, which will make her sounder and happier, so the British and other groups of humanity should put aside their jealousy and antipathy toward America, and, in the spirit of science, ask themselves, "What has this people accomplished that might serve us in our need?"

FIRST NEW MILK TANK CAR IN USE

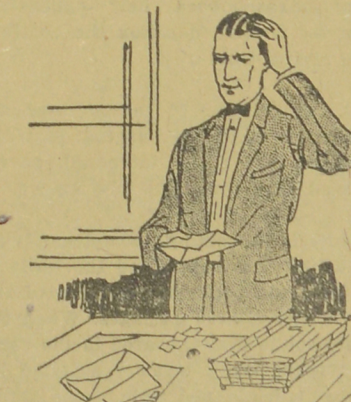
New York, July 13—An event said to mark a new era in the transportation of milk from country to city took place in the Lackawanna Railroad yards at Hoboken today, when the first milk tank car of the Borden Farm Products Company, Inc., arrived and discharged its initial cargo.

The milk was carried in two huge tanks, having a total capacity of 6,000 gallons and constructed on the principle of thermos bottles, glass lined, covered with cork and steel, and kept cool by a special process of refrigeration. When the tank car was unloaded, the milk was pumped by air pressure into three milk tank motor trucks, constructed along the same lines as the car and carried to the company's city plant for pasteurization and distribution. The transfer from car to trucks consumed seven minutes.

The tank car left Apulia, N. Y., 250 miles away, where the Borden Company collects its milk and prepares it for shipment, yesterday, and made a fast run to the city. It was held in the Lackawanna yards, however, until officials arrived of the company and city officials arrived to witness the unloading. When the milk was loaded it was at a temperature of 38 degrees, and when unloaded its temperature was 40 degrees—only a two degree rise despite the unusually hot weather.

The company officials explained that the new type cars will take the place of the cans which have been used for the transportation of milk for so many years. The company now has seven milk tank cars and plans on building between sixty and seventy to handle its total output, together with a fleet of milk tank motor trucks to carry the milk from railroad yards to city plant. This will insure the distribution of cool, fresh milk to city homes, the officials maintained.

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Border—What's for breakfast? I hope it isn't ham and eggs again.

Maid—No, Sir, not ham and eggs this morning.

Border—Thank goodness! What is it?

Maid—Only ham.

One of the interesting superstitions prevalent among those on reduction diets is that eating out of the ice box at 11 p. m. doesn't count.

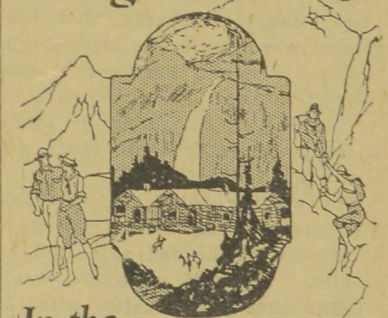
"Why do you always drive an old battered car?"

"I hate to worry about the fenders."

"What did you do with that announcer, Dora?"

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