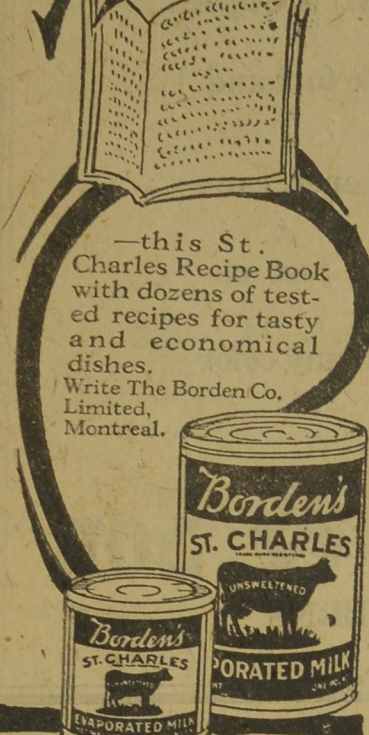


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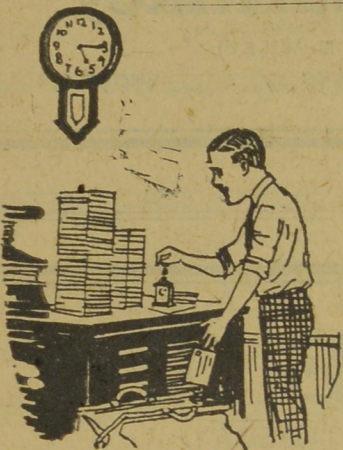
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BLUNDERS



WHY IS THIS WRONG?

When mail is allowed to accumulate in offices until closing time, it not only places an additional burden on the postal service, but is apt to miss important early afternoon train dispatches. This often causes a whole day's delay in delivery. Mail should be posted as soon as it is ready, and at frequent periods of the day.

GOING TO A PARTY IN THE YEAR 1870 AND 1926 IS COMPARED: GOWNS, HAIR DRESSING DIFFERENT

(Mathilde Len, in Chicago News.) Have you ever taken the dusty old family album off the shelf, poured over its pages and wondered, in this day of easy manners, one-piece costumes and shingle bobs, how the belles of 1870 ever did it?

Your aunt, or great aunt, Emmeline, for instance, reputed flower of the family and belle of every ball. There she stands beruffled, and bepluffed, wads of hair and ringlets, in the gowns she wore the night she first met your Uncle Augustus.

"Aunt Emmeline, her parties, her conquests and her decorum are a family tradition. Members of another generation, who do not approve of your bouncing ways, have told you much about the correctness of things when 'Emmeline was a girl.' Why, the whole household was pressed into service when 'Emmeline' went to a party! There was nothing haphazard about it. A book of etiquette prevented even what she would say at the party being left to chance!

The morning of the great event was devoted to the wardrobe. Dress, petticoats, linen, slippers, fan, silk stockings, corsets, gloves and what not all were laid out on the spare bed. The afternoon was given to a bath (the water had been heating for it all morning) and a nap. At 6 a light supper was served in her room on a tray. Then, rested and refreshed the toilet began.

At least an hour was devoted to the hairdress. A big bun made up the back and ringlets and flowers were securely fastened at the sides. Aunts, sisters, cousins—all were called upon to officiate. One drew in her stays; another slipped the petticoats over her head; a third held out the gown for her to step into; a fourth hooked it up; a fifth stood ready with needle and thread, for every tuck, ruffle and puff had to be exactly so.

Then they all stood around while she walked, sat, bowed and stood, censoring her from every angle, and her carriage—the carriage that had arrived in state to the tune of jingling harness—her beau and her chaperon.

Now your glance wanders to the opposite page and rests on Uncle Augustus with his sideburns and flowing tie and that stiff, just-swallowed-the-broomstick look, one hand on chest,

the other correctly hidden behind him. And you think of the part he played, of the finely written, flowery and formal note duly "dispatched" days and days before and no less ceremoniously accepted. You can almost see him now, bouquet in hand, as he comes to the door.

Then you turn to the picture of Augustus, Jr., as a little boy—Lord Fauntleroy curls, lace collar and cuffs, canelet and all. Somehow he grew up to be an athlete and put his own son into jeans almost the day he was born.

Imagine preparing him for the children's parties of the period. Perhaps that's where he learned endurance, in a school that taught many a weaker spirit nothing but hysteria.

Suddenly your telephone jingles and your own Harry's voice rings out, "Risings just blew into town; got tickets for the Empty He Players. Fall in, old dear, we're going to a party. You've all of half an hour. Meet me at Heighos."

Perhaps you've "bridged" all afternoon, or done tiresome errands, or simply earned your daily bread, but you cheerfully chirrup "yes," run a wet comb through your permanent, touch up the old paint a bit, shake out the spangled dress, slip off the old, slip on the new. Your taxi rattles to the door and, amid a roar of motor and aroma of gasoline, you're off!

Yet there are persons who long for the dead, dead days.

Simple Application That Dissolves Blackheads

No more squeezing and pinching to get rid of those unsightly blemishes, blackheads. There is one simple, safe and sure way to get them out, and that is to dissolve them. Get about two ounces of peroxide powder from your druggist—sprinkle a little on a hot, wet cloth—rub briskly over the blackheads for a few seconds—wash the parts, and every blackhead will be gone. Pinching and squeezing out blackheads make larger pores, and you cannot get all of the blackheads out this way—while this simple application of peroxide powder and water dissolves every particle of them and leaves the skin and pores in their natural condition.

MILLS-HALL MURDER MYSTERY RECALLED BY SUIT FOR ANNULMENT

Plaintiff Alleges His Wife, Former Maid in Rev. Mr. Hall's Home, Received \$5,000 to Keep Quiet About Case—Clergyman and Choir Singer Killed Four Years Ago.

New Brunswick, N. J., July 16—The Mills-Hall murder mystery was dragged out of the past today by John Toolan, prosecutor of Middlesex County, because of allegations made by Arthur S. Riehl in a suit for annulment of his marriage to the former Louise Geist, who was a maid in the home of the Rev. Edward Wheeler Hall.

Tonight the prosecutor brought Mrs. Riehl to his office where he questioned her several hours.

The clergyman and Mrs. Elinor Reinhart Mills, a singer in the choir of the Episcopal Church, of St. John the Evangelist, of which Mr. Hall was rector, were shot to death in September 1922. Their bodies were found under a crabapple tree on the Phillips farm on the outskirts of the city.

Louise Geist at that time was a maid in the Hall home. She was married to Riehl in Bound Brook, N. J., in September, 1924, and his action to have the contract broken rests entirely on statements she is alleged to have made relating to her part in the murder.

"I was too smart for them," Riehl declares his wife told him. "They couldn't get anything out of me." Further, she is alleged to have told him that she was paid \$5000 for keeping quiet.

Murder in Somerset County

The murder was committed in the jurisdiction of Somerset County, and Prosecutor Bergen, of that county, is at Charleston Lake, near Ottawa.

Mr. Toolan also questioned Mrs. Riehl earlier today. She is a slim, fair haired young woman. Her voice sounded through the corridors of the courthouse, expostulating with the prosecutor and Harry McDermott, county detective, who assisted in the examination. It was McDermott who brought her from her home in Davilsons Mills to the prosecutor's office.

"I can't say that we are much better off than before as a result of our questioning of Louise," said Mr. Toolan tonight.

"Will there be an arrest tonight?" he was asked.

"There will not be an arrest tonight and I don't know that there will ever be one in connection with this case," he said.

For the evening he was free and went to New York to attend the Berlenbach-Delaney fight.

Mrs. Riehl is much upset. Newspapers called on her at her home in Davilsons Mills.

"Get away from here," she cried through the door. "I've nothing to say to you."

And a few minutes later she exclaimed, "My husband is crazy. He's crazy, I tell you; he's crazy."

Denies Husband's Statement

She said her husband's statement, except that part relating to their marriage two years ago, was false.

Tomorrow or on Sunday Mr. Toolan will question Mrs. Hall, widow of the rector; Mills, husband of the choir singer; Barbara Tough, a servant in the Hall house; Willie Stevens, a brother of Mrs. Hall; Charlotte Mills, a daughter of the slain woman, and others.

Prosecutor Burgner of Somerset County, has been away from his office several days but Joseph Hanlon, chief of detectives said he knew nothing about the new development.

Mrs. Hall Sees Attorney

New York, July 16—Mrs. Edward W. Hall came to New York today and went to the office of her attorney, Timothy Pfeiffer. She conferred with him an hour and left at noon. Mr. Pfeiffer refused to tell where she had gone.

"She doesn't want to be bothered," he said. "This is only a summer newspaper sensation and means nothing. There is nothing new. I can't tell what we discussed today and I can't answer any questions about accounts of fresh evidence."

BIRTHSTONE OF JULY CALLED THE GEM OF DEVOTION; RUBY LONG THE EMBLEM OF LOVE

The ruby, the natal stone for July, is the gem of devotion. It is emblematic of passion, affection, power and majesty. The ruby signifies vitality, life and happiness, and is considered a sovereign remedy and amulet against plague, poison and evil spirits. It is believed to have the power of diverting the mind from sadness, sensuality and other mental afflictions.

To this gem is attributed the magical virtue of forewarning its wearer of the approach of any misfortune by loss of color, and the unhappy wife of Henry VII, Catherine of Aragon, is said to have observed a change in color of her ruby ring before her own fall. The ruby has the reputation of attracting and retaining material love and it was thought for this reason Henry VIII of England wore the ring, in which was set a ruby, known as the "Regale of France."

The Arabian and Persian philosophers taught that the ruby, especially if worn on the left hand or left side of the body, would obtain for its wearer peace of mind and strength of brain. To dream of a ruby indicates to the business man patronage and success in trade, to the farmer a successful harvest and to the professional man elevation to fame.

Named from Latin

The ruby gets its name from the Latin ruber (red) and it has long been the custom of the natives of India to indiscriminately apply the name 'ruby' to many red stones, without however, being deceived of its true value. The ruby, like the sapphire, is chemically an aluminum oxide and one of the rarest and most valuable precious stones known.

Inferior varieties of the ruby are found in various lands, but the high quality stone, of which there are four grades, comes only from Ceylon. Burma and Siam; first, the light-red of Ceylon; second, the carmin-red of Burma; third, the pigeon-blood-red of Burma, and fourth, the dark-red of Siam. So aptly have the Burmese com-

pared the desired tone in ruby color to the blood of a freshly killed pigeon that the term "pigeon blood" is considered by connoisseurs of precious stones and all lands as the choicest and costliest of ruby gems.

Although not so popular as an article of jewelry at the present time as to sister gem, the sapphire, a first quality, first color ruby weighing one or more carats has a commercial value of approximately \$2,000 per carat, while large flawless rubies of good color are so rare that they bring fancy prices out of all proportion to their size.

Tradition tells of phenomenally large rubies, but, as a matter of fact, few rubies exceeding 10 carats are known. The King of Pegu was at one time reported to have a ruby the size of a hen's egg, but as no one ever saw it the story has been doubted. A ruby the size of a pigeons egg was known, however, to have been in the crown of the Empress Catherine of Russia. There is also a large uncut ruby in the British crown, given to Edward, Prince of Wales, by the King of Castile in 1367.

Tells of Huge Ruby


Referring to a large ruby in the possession of the King of Ceylon, the finest and biggest ruby in the world, Marco Polo says: "It is about a palm in length and as thick as a man's arm to look at, it is the most resplendent object upon earth; it is quite free from flaw and is as red as fire. Its value is so great that a price for it in money could not be named. The great Kaan sent an embassy and begged the king as a favor to sell this to him, offering to give for it the ransom of a city, or, in fact, what the king would. But the king replied that on no account whatever would he sell it."

Since fine rubies are exceedingly valuable, the temptation to imitate them has been great and a large number of very real looking reconstructed stones have been placed on the market in recent years. The so-called recon-

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structed ruby is a chemical production resembling the natural gem in most particulars, but which lacks the brilliancy of the true gem and which under the microscope discloses cavities differing materially from the crystalline structure of the genuine stone.

The ruby is usually cut in the form of the brilliant, like the diamond, but the exceedingly clever native workers at Mogok, the centre of the ruby trade of Burma, have adopted new forms as the rosette, the trap-cut and the step-cut that serve admirably to bring out the brilliant red of the fine ruby.

FIRE ALARM LOCATION IN THE CITY

- 6 Argyle and York Sts.
- 7 Victoria Hospital.
- 8 Children's Aid Home.
- 12 Westmorland and Aberdeen Sts.
- 13 Northumberland and Saunders Sts.
- 14 Brunswick and Symthe Sts.
- 15 Charlotte and Smythe Sts.
- 16 George and Northumberland Sts.
- 17 King and Northumberland Sts.
- 21 Queen and York Sts.
- 23 York and George Sts.
- 24 Queen and Westmorland Sts.
- 25 Brunswick and Westmorland Sts.
- 26 Charlotte and Westmorland Sts.
- 27 King and York Sts.
- 28 Saunders and York Sts.
- 31 Queen and Regent Sts.
- 32 Needham and Regent Sts.
- 34 Queen and Carleton Sts.
- 35 Brunswick and Carleton Sts.
- 36 Charlotte and Carleton Sts.
- 37 George and Regent Sts.
- 38 King and Regent Sts.
- 43 St. John and Aberdeen Sts.
- 44 Queen and St. John Sts.
- 45 Brunswick and St. John Sts.
- 46 Charlotte and St. John Sts.
- 51 King and Church Sts.
- 52 George and Church Sts.
- 53 Union and Church Sts.
- 54 Shore St. and University Ave.
- 55 Brunswick St. and University Ave.
- 56 Lansdowne St. and Waterloo Row.
- 57 Grey St. and University Ave.
- 112 Smythe and Aberdeen Sts.
- 113 Argyle and Northumberland Sts.

"\$41⁹⁸ as Advertised"

HOW do you spell 'financially?' asked a college student of his roommate.

"F-i-n-a-n-c-i-a-l-l-y," said the room-mate, spelling out the word slowly. As an afterthought, he added: "And 'embarrassed' has two r's and two s's."

How often have you said to a salesman, "That's more than I care to pay"? If you had known the price in advance you would have been spared this little embarrassment. That's one of the great services rendered by newspaper advertising.

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