

AN OYSTER OR USED CAP?

SEE THE PUSH CART MAN

New York, March 20.—Pushcarts are familiar sights in New York. Down town, whole blocks are lined with them. From these vehicles, almost any commodity may be purchased from an oyster to a second-hand cap. An oyster is correct, as the push-cart men are retailers in the strictest sense of the word. A 5-cent sale almost approaches the wholesale, as quantities are generally in ones—a potato, an egg, or an oyster—at a cent for the oyster.

There are 7,500 of these push-carts in New York. Each peddler pays a license of a dollar a week to the city and in return is given a stand which is his so long as he cares to occupy it—and continues to pay his dollar a week. The license fee is the largest part of the overhead, as the push-cart man pays no rent, light or heat. At this time of the year he keeps warm with fires built in iron cans, the fuel coming from packing cases. Generally one of these stoves is placed between two stands, thus economizing in both space and fuel.

The masculine pronoun is used merely for convenience. The division of sexes is about 70 to 30, men in majority. But there are many women push-cart operators and they are even better bargainers than the men. No sale is ever completed in a hurry—even that oyster may cause some haggling. It may not be as big an oyster as its neighbors. As for the second-hand caps, though the exchange of money may be but a dime, the selection is made with the utmost care.

English is seldom heard. In one block on Orchard street the other day the bargaining and selling was being done in nine different languages. Possibly there are blocks that will assay higher.

One hundred and fifty market inspectors collect the dollars every Monday morning. They also see that the carts are kept in line and are removed at night. They have to be diplomats, as battle wages continually in the push-cart ranks. Every street merchant wants the best place and is willing to fight for it.

The best location is considered about 15 or 20 feet from the corner.

On the corner, there is too much traffic and commotion for good business. Each stand is about eight feet from the other and the best one is awarded by seniority. Suppose one peddler is in the centre of the block and desires to come up in the world. The system followed by the city is the same as that of membership committees in the most exclusive clubs. His name is posted on a list and as vacancies occur he is pushed along. It's all a matter of patience.

Bernard M. Patten, commissioner of markets, is the arbiter of destinies so far as peddlers are concerned. To them he is the World Court, the League of Nations, the Supreme Court and everything else. His office is on the twenty-third floor of the Municipal Building. On the wall is a map of the United States. The states are marked by a cow, a chicken a hog or some other commodity that has brought it market fame.

The push-cart dealers are not his only concern. His office also licenses the itinerant peddlers. There are 5,000 of those. They are supposed to keep moving except when actually making a sale. So far as the bureau of markets is concerned they can go anywhere—even on Fifth avenue. But the police have a voice in the matter. Hence, except when the police are busy with their annual parade, there are many sections where no peddlers are seen.

USUALLY SO.

The ins and outs of politics
Make mirth for town and farm;
The ins are prone to point with
pride;
The outs view with alarm.

T. M. Murphy of St. John is a guest at the Windsor.

M. H. Duke of Moncton is at the Windsor.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Wilson of Houlton Me., are at the Windsor.

Mrs. Harvey Welton of Minto is at the Queen.

A. C. Smith of Sackville, is stopping at the Queen.

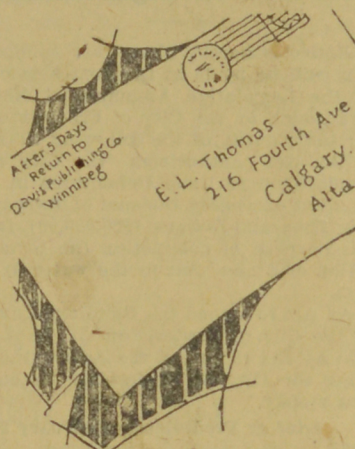
QUESTION.

Why is it while others lend me glad-ly of their laughter,
You who bring me sadness are the one I follow after?
Why is it, when they would make my pathway sweet with ease,
I must wander where you lead
With tired heart and feet that bleed
Where mountains are, and seas?

Why is it, when others take the little I can give
With a smiling gratitude—I only ask to live
Always in the shadow of the cross that you must bear,
Just because, perhaps, some day,
My lips may kiss your hurt away,
And brush against your hair!

Why is it that others who are strong to shield my life,
From the bitterness of pain and poverty and strife,
Never thrill me as you do? Ah, dear my soul finds rest,
(Though your eyes look far away)—
If, for one moment, I may lay my head upon your breast!
Margaret E. Sangster in New York Sun.

BLUNDERS



WHY IS THIS WRONG?

Thousands of letters are delayed in delivery from two to ten hours in big cities because business men do not place their return street address on letterheads and envelopes. Even though a company may be an important one, all postal employees do not have its address committed to memory. Consequently its mail will surely be delayed if person who must reply to its letters are given no street address.

LEITER PAINTED AS BUYER

OF FINE ENGLISH TITLES

Chicago, March 20.—Joseph Leiter, son of the late Levi Leiter. Chicago merchant prince, today was pictured, in court here, as the benevolent purchaser of "some of England's very best titles."

The smooth color picture of the sportsman and financier came from Henry Russell Platt, attorney for Leiter, in a suit brought by some of his titled relatives to oust him as trustee of the \$30,000,000 estate of his father.

"Kept Up" Sisters' Titles.

Joseph Leiter didn't like titles, Platt said.

However, he was the brother who made the Cinderella dreams of his sisters come true—and the titles were purchased, the lawyer said.

Leiter was pictured as working hard to make money to support the titles. Work in the Zeigler (Ill.) coal mines, where he was president of a company, was described. Yesterday attorneys for the plaintiffs said he made \$60,000 a year salary for serving as president.

Countess Little Impressed.

Lady Marguerite Hydo, Countess of Suffolk and Berks and the principal complainant against Leiter's management of the vast merchant prince's estate, didn't seem to pay much attention to the virtues described for her brother, whom she would depose.

Interest in Judge Denis Sullivan's purely democratic courtroom centered about the distinguished litigants—pompous Joseph and dignified Lady Marguerite—rather than the careful phraseology of charges.

Few of the court fans could understand what the attorneys meant as they spoke glibly of vast holdings and alleged maladministration of the estate—all of which was pointed out to show that Joseph Leiter, chief executor, wasn't a fit man to handle the huge fortune.

Interested in Principals.

But there was a considerable interest in the two principal characters.

Joseph Leiter is the immaculately dressed capitalist, sportsman and gold coast resident. His carefully selected cravat, his stylish fitted suit, his "wescet" and even his mannerisms denoted charm which seldom gets into a court-room.

And across from him sat the Countess of Suffolk and Berks. Proudly she upheld the traditions of British nobility. Her gown was toned to a nicety for court wear—either British royal court or American dramatic court. Even her dramatic entrance—with crown parted by the proud bailiff—was cultured and didn't echo of the press agency so often employed in American courts.

They Exchanged Cold Glance.

The two exchanged only a glance—a proud, cold glance. And then they both rested to hear what was going on.

The countess in court is accompanied by attorneys and the wife of one of the attorneys. Joseph Leiter is flanked by his rather worried appearing wife and his sister, Mrs. Colin Campbell, widow of a British army officer and now a resident of Santa Barbara, Cal. The latter two women spend most of their time with fancy work and exchanging glances with one another.

So far as concerns the actual testimony, there hasn't been anything to startle Chicago's rather blasé court fans, who are accustomed to atrocious crime hearings.

They Call Him Spendthrift.

Yesterday's session was a long list of charges which attorneys claim they will prove against Leiter in an attempt to show he is too much of a good spendthrift to be in charge of "Dad" Leiter's vast holdings. That is what the countess and her titled relatives—all heirs of the late Lord Curzon—have contended a long time.

Among the charges are that Leiter bought a couple of ranches, outfitted them with high-powered furnishings, then let the crops go to waste; that he forgot to pay all of the money due on the Zeigler coal mines and that he was forgetful after his disastrous \$9,000,000 attempt to corner the wheat market. The last forgetfulness, it is contended, was the cause of the estate failing to collect all of the money "Dad" Leiter loaned his son.

Also there is the matter of William Warr, appointed a trustee by Leiter. It is contended this was illegal and without the sanction of other trustees.

HOLLYWOOD IS DOOMED AS
THE MOTION PICTURE CAPITAL
STUDIOS WILL BE REMOVED

Hollywood, March 20.—Hollywood is doomed as the world's motion picture capital.

The "magis city" of filmdom, heretofore centre of the great bulk of film production will soon be deserted by the movie companies to make way for real estate development.

Exodus Under Way.

The exodus is already well under way. Leading producers are dismantling their plants and moving to surrounding towns and suburbs. By June the transformation will be complete.

The rising value of real estate in Hollywood is compelling the change. Land values have become so high in the cinema centre that producers cannot afford to continue making films here.

The film-makers are selling their studios to real estate firms for building and sub-division; they are moving to surrounding towns where land can be bought at greatly decreased prices and where more freedom is allowed for production.

The little town of Burbank, three miles from Hollywood, will probably be the next world centre of movie-making.

First National studios are vacating their present quarters on the fringe of Hollywood for a location at Burbank, where they will erect the world's biggest picture plant, at an expenditure of \$2,500,000.

The United studios, being evacuated by First National, were purchased by Famous Players-Lasky, at a cost of more than \$1,000,000. Eight years ago the property was worth one-fifth that sum, according to John McCormack, head of First National in the West.

Paramount to Move.

The Paramount firm is dismantling its present plant, in the heart of Hollywood, to move into the less expensive location.

The Paramount property, purchased eight years ago at less than \$500,000 is appraised today at \$2,500,000. Located in the very business centre of the vanishing cinema capital, it will become the site of a 13-story office building.

The William Fox Productions will

leave their central location near the Lasky studio and move eight miles out to Fox Hills, half-way between Los Angeles and Santa Monica.

Less than 10 years ago Fox and Paramount established their present studios in the "suburbs" of Hollywood. Today traffic swirls past three studios at a pace as fast as the busiest downtown thoroughfare in Los Angeles.

Some of the larger studios, foreseeing the congestion, evacuated their Hollywood premises several years ago and located in Culver City. Cecil B. De Mille, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and Hal Roach have erected permanent studios at Culver City, seven miles from Hollywood.

Universal pictures are made at Universal City, two miles from Hollywood. Mack Sennett's studio is at Edendale, three miles from Hollywood.

There will not be a single film plant of magnitude left in Hollywood July 1.

The grandeur of Hollywood—its ever-lasting lure to tourists—will vanish overnight. Tourists will no longer be able to step from a street car and in half a minute reach any one of the leading film plants. The producing lots will be scattered about the suburban communities of Los Angeles and Hollywood.

The transition will be felt keenly by the stars and other players. Many of them, accustomed to rising at 8.30 A. M. in time to breakfast and reach the lot by 9, will be required to turn out at least half an hour earlier, and commute from their homes to the studios.

Hollywood, withal, will retain its film flavor. It will remain the business and social centre of movieland.

But the glamour of the studios will be gone. Instead of standing sets, a mending files of painted and picture stars and extras, will stretch any windowed office buildings, at ordinary lines of colorless humans—business men.

Track Coach—What are you going to run—the mile or the two-mile?
Runner—I don't know. I can't tell at the end of the mile.

VACATIONING IN CANADA.

Those who most enjoy a holiday are those who truly earn it—earn it by attention to business detail or household cares, earn it by planning and saving for it. Canada is the greatest vacation land on the globe—from Halifax, guardian of the East to Victoria on the Pacific, there is scarcely a mile of country but has its own charm. Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, "The Grey Old East," with their lakes and rivers their modest hills and valleys, pleasant farms and comfortable homes, where life is easy, and rest and peace.

The Province of Quebec, simply another spelling of romance, with its tiny strips of farms, running back from the road in the old French fashion, its great churches with gay roofed cottages grouped round about to form a village—its great elms, noble river and unguessed possibilities for development along many lines. A leisurely jaunt through the province will well reward the traveller.

Farther on Old Ontario where almost every lake or river means pleasure. Ottawa, Toronto, Hamilton, London, hundreds of towns familiar by name from childhood and in the newer Ontario, Sudbury, North Bay, Port Arthur and Fort William, any and all of them worth discovering. By rail or lake, get acquainted.

On West across the spreading prairies, Winnipeg and Calgary then on into the Mountains. Banff, with its thousand and one points of interest; lovely Lake Louise, and Lakes in the Clouds, side trips by motor to Windermere and the Okanagan and the Kootenay, visits to charming bungalow camps and magnificent hotels; Field, with the floating glaciers in the vicinity and fairy-like falls; the noble range of the Selkirk and adown the slope to the Pacific. Vancouver, the great Gate on the West by boat to Victoria, regal in situation and dignity, Vancouver Island. The whole a journey of never-ending interest and new delights.

And from Vancouver, a splendid steamer up to Alaska, the Land of the Midnight Sun, through the sheltered seas, where sheer precipices frown down upon you, and gaudy totem poles make a dash of color and romance. Such a trip can only be realized by the taking. Any Canadian Pacific Railway Agent can map it out for you, give you details fares, train schedules any of the many little matters which make the trip a pleasure.

Summer Tourist Fares are effective from May 15 to September 30 and by planning early, the trip will be a possibility and then anticipating the wonders and pleasures of it all makes it doubly dear. Get hold of some of the charming folders the Canadian Pacific publishes see the photographs, then make your call at the office.

STEAMED PUDDING.

1 1/2 cups flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon grated nutmeg or flavoring of choice.
3/4 cup milk
1 egg
1 tablespoon melted shortening
Sift the dry ingredients into bowl add the milk, well-beaten egg and fat; mix well. The dough must be rather stiff. Brush mold or kettle with melted butter, fill two-thirds full with the batter and put into boiler; steam 1 hour. Unmold, serve warm with any fruit juice or milk and sugar and sprinkle with a little cinnamon.

Stomach Cramps
Yield to "Nerviline"

When doubled up at midnight with cramps you don't feel like experimenting; what you want is something to remove the cramp. Nothing acts so effectively as Nerviline. Take twenty drops in a little sweetened water, and quick as wink the cramp is gone. Nerviline is about five times as strong as most medicines, and because so strong only a small dose is required to give instant effect. For stomach, gas, fermentation, cramps, etc., Nerviline should be kept in every home. For sure protection, get "Nerviline" today. 35c at dealers.

Notice of Legislation

Notice is hereby given that application will be made at the next Session of the Legislative Assembly of New Brunswick by the City of Fredericton for the passing of an Act authorizing the said City to issue Debentures in a sum not exceeding the sum of Sixty thousand Dollars (\$60,000.00), for the purpose of constructing permanent streets in the said City.

Dated at Fredericton this 3rd day of March, 1926.

A. FRED CHESTNUT,
City Clerk.

Where An American
Hangs His Hat

Once a hat was not just a hat; it was also a badge of sectionalism. That was when the broad-brimmed Stetson and the nobby derby seldom met. When South, East, North, West lived differently, dressed differently, and thought differently. When a traveling American could feel like a stranger in his own land.

Before advertising—

But now Mrs. Green of Boston and Mrs. Brown of El Paso use the same vacuum cleaner, face powder, soap; Adams of Boston and Sims of Seattle are alike in the cut of their clothes. And where an American hangs his hat, within the borders of these United States, he feels at home. Advertising did that.

Advertising is still at work helping to make these states united. Here is a better bed, a handsomer shoe, a more delicious food. Let it be known from Maine to California, from Washington State to Florida! Here's a healthier way to live, another safeguard for your family, a new service of self-improvement. Spread the news everywhere!

Advertisements.

Read them. They are Couriers of Progress and Unity. Without them you'd lack half the comforts you now have. Ignore them and you'll miss many a good thing to come.

TO KEEP PACE WITH THE TIMES, READ THE
ADVERTISEMENTS EVERY DAY