

RUSH IN NEW YORK STORES MAKES FOR RUDENESS IS CLAIM

New York—It really was not my fault. One gets caught in a mob and pushed along. After being revolved like a barrel one ceases to fight against the current. It was, of course, my misfortune that I awakened early that day and was lured to Fifth Avenue by an errand to be done in one of the great department stores.

"Gowns up to \$79.50 all marked down to \$18.25.

You wouldn't believe it. Women were fighting like wildcats for the bargains. Here and there one had snaffled a dress she thought might suit and was undressing in the aisles, for the dressing rooms were as crowded as the subway. At first I covered my modest yes and tried not to look but eventually I cared no more than the women did. All I wanted was to get out.

The handsome head of the dress department told a story that seemed incredible. A woman came in, she said, and selected a dress.

"I wish you would hold my purse," said she, "There is \$3,000 in it. My husband is a bootlegger and we can not put our money in banks."

Then she took off what clothes she had and the saleswoman would not let her try the dress.

"Inspected and condemned," said the clerk.

The stores are the big attraction for out-of-towners. Every woman who comes here visits at least one and usually goes away disgusted. Not that the goods are not as good quality and all that, but the visitors are used to different treatment. Back home a clerk says "thank you." Here a clerk does once in a while. Mostly Sadie chews gum and keeps her eye on Theodora at the next counter.

"You oughta see um," says one to the other.

The customer prances on her tired feet. But the clerks are not so greatly to blame. The local customers are just as hard eggs as Sadie and Theodora. In some of the larger stores

politeness is compulsory, but in the little stores the woman on buying-bent is regarded as a natural enemy.

New Yorkers returned from Kansas City have one comment to make.

"Every one was so nice to us," they say.

The fact that they were smiled at and thanked left the Manhattanites open-jawed. They hardly believe it yet. Yet courtesy is not the exclusive possession of Kansas City. I'll venture to say that throughout the West and South a wholesome kindness is displayed to the stranger. It opens one's eyes to the defects of this city. Big and fine as it is, it is rude. The odd thing is that it is also kind.

The rudeness may be accounted for by the annoy in which we live. The moment's ill temper may be safely vented because one will never see the other fellow again. This is not always true, of course. A mean little man scrouged into a seat in an L car one day by using his elbows. Next day one of the sufferers met him on the platform and slapped him side-wise.

"Yesterday my wife was with me," he explained, "I couldn't hit you then."

Not one New Yorker in ten knows his neighbors in the apartment house in which he lives. He may nod at a man now and then in the entry-way, but his wife knows no other wives. No one wants to meet a neighbor. There is no telling what or who the neighbor may be. Not long ago the tenants of a fine apartment house up-town were horrified by a police raid. Somewhere opium smoking had been going on in the house and the police acted on information. But they picked the wrong hours or the wrong flats for the addicts of the black smoke were not found.

Yet not a man in the house had the faintest idea which of the other tenants was guilty.

A minister recently drove a night taxi for a couple of weeks and preached upon his discoveries. They are just about what you would expect

FED UP ON STOKING ON THE OCEAN VOYAGES

(New York Sun)

Today the question no longer is: "Are you going to Europe?" It is: "How are you going to Europe?"—From a Tourist Agency Brochure.

Three young men walked into the private office of an important executive in midtown. One of them called the important executive by his important first name and reminded him that they—he, the spokesman, and the important executive had sailed the Sound together last summer. Then the spokesman introduced his two friends, and thus spake he:

"Mr. Whosit, we are going to Europe. We have just returned from the South and we are going to Europe. It occurred to me that you might give us some good advice, inasmuch as you have been to Europe so often."

"Why, I am delighted," Mr. Whosit answered. "What can I do for you? We have quite an organization here, and surely someone here can assist you—terribly! What is it you would like to know? No sooner said than done."

"All we want to know," the Sound-sailing friend said, "is how to get to Europe."

"What class would you prefer?" asked the important executive, tactfully.

"Any class," the spokesman replied, "except stoking. We got fed up on stoking coming up from the South."

Another good intelligence test is the ability to memorize good poetry—and never quote it.

them to be. He accounted for the unmerciful of his customers by their lack of religion. Seems to me the cause might have been their cursed loneliness. The youngster alone in this town has a hard time and learns to keep his guard up after he has had a few unpleasant experiences. By and by, if his moral stamina isn't as sturdy as it might be, it occurs that if others run loose and unknown, he may do the same thing.

ILL FEELING AROUSED IN EUROPE RE NOBILE RELIEF

With the elements of mystery and hints of more sinister aspects injected into the latest phases of the grim Arctic drama, all Europe is watching tensely while the disaster to the dirigible Italia in Polar ice is rapidly transferred from a demonstration of international co-operation and sympathy into an outburst of the bitterest international ill will.

The revelation that Dr. Finn Malmgren, the brilliant young Swedish meteorologist with General Nobile's ill-fated expedition, was left behind to die in the frozen waste while his two Italian companions, Major Filippo Zappi and Mariano, marched on until they eventually were picked up by the Soviet ice-breaker Krassin, has stirred feeling in Sweden to fever pitch, and a diplomatic demarche toward Rome may follow the official probe which the Swedish Government is carrying out into the circumstances of the scientist's death.

Series of Disclosures

The partial bearing of Dr. Malmgren's still mysterious fate, however, is only the climax of a long series of disclosures thinly veiling the grave charges on the conduct of the expedition since its take-off from Spitzbergen down to the rescues of its scattered survivors. These are now more freely voiced in Sweden and other intervening in view of the cool relations with Russia, but while the British press has scrupulously abstained from intervening in view of the cool relations already existing between France and Italy, it is freely adopting the charges against Nobile and his Italian colleagues.

The Italian newspapers on the other hand, are stung into furious anger by the criticism in foreign newspapers, and the dispute has now spread over half the continent of Europe. The charge that the disaster was primarily due to Nobile's insistence on starting in time to reach the North Pole on the anniversary of Italy's entrance into the war was officially denied, but there is the testimony of the Swedish newspaper correspondents at King's Bay that the take-off was made in the most light-hearted spirit with Dr. Malmgren already going on record that conditions were unfavorable.

Then, ever since the Italia's radio flashed from the northern silence the first news that the expedition had met with disaster, the question of the conduct of the expedition and some of its individual members had been piled on question. Why it is asked, in the first place, were the main relief efforts left for Sweden and Russia which undertook to rush aid to the castaways, despite Rome's rejection of their offer of assistance?

Lack of Co-Operation
The Moscow Government, which through the efforts of the ice-breaker Krassin, finally was responsible for most of the rescues, has gone officially on record against the lack of co-operation, while members of the Swedish expedition, headed by Lieut. Tornberg, including Lieut. Lundborg, the hero of the dramatic air swoop to pick of Nobile drifting on floes, have been in the gravest peril, and Captain Amundsen, famous Norwegian explorer, with the French Captain Gilbaud and his companion in a Latham plane, are feared lost.

Then, there is the charge of Professor Behounek, the rescued Czechoslovakia survivor, that the disaster was due to Nobile's insistence, against expert advice, on investigating the region to the northeast of Spitzbergen and the consequent drifting of the airship into a storm, led to the wreck when a jutting ice peak tore off the gondola from the dirigible's envelope. Next, there is the question why Nobile, contrary to all the traditions of commanders of such expeditions, permitted himself to be rescued ahead of his comrades, some of whom were reported to have been more gravely injured than himself. Finally, there is the story of Dr. Malmgren's death, with the sinister suggestion injected that there was a fight between Nobile and the Swedish meteorologist over the former's alleged mismanagement of the airship, that Nobile was afraid of certain revelations which the latter might be able to make, and that the dirigible's commander was recalled to

Rome in order to suppress documents which might be injurious to the prestige of Italian aviation.

Majors Zappi and Mariano have capped the climax of the drama, charged throughout with the most intense human interest, by going on record that they abandoned Malmgren at his own request, when the injured Swedish scientist gave out in the march of the party toward land from Nobile's main camp. Into the tangled problem of ethics involved in the behaviour of the two Italian officers, if their version of the tragedy is accepted, the British press so far has refused to enter.

There is a consensus here, however, that for the sake of the wider interests in aviation, as well as to clear the impugned good name of those involved, and to damp down the international ill-will excited by the whole story, the Italia expedition from start to finish should be impartially probed.

AUTHOR WANTED FOR PROBE INTO ARTIST'S DEATH

**New York Police Think
Suicide Pact Possible
When Novelist Disappears
After the Girls
Death.**

New York, July 24—An autopsy today showed that Miss Virginia Drew, 24-year-old artist, student writer and believer in reincarnation whose body was found floating in the Hudson River, died by drowning.

Police continued an investigation to determine whether the death was a suicide, and if so, what the motive was.

Reports to police indicated that the young woman was last seen alive as she was leaving an apartment house where she had made a call on Maxwell Bodenheim, novelist, Sunday night. Her body was found in the river yesterday.

Police efforts to find Bodenheim were unavailing. It was thought that he left his one-room apartment the day after Miss Drew disappeared.

No charges were laid against him, police made plain, and he was wanted for questioning solely on the chance that Miss Drew might have said something to him which would help clear up the mystery.

Caroline Novotny, who attended art school some years ago with Miss Drew, informed the police that Miss Drew told her last week that she had made a suicide pact with a novelist who was helping her with her literary work. She said she persuaded Miss Drew to "beg off" from the bargain.

Miss Drew's parents placed little credence in the suicide pact theory and were inclined to think their daughter had killed herself. They said the girl had left her home Sunday afternoon, saying she was taking some rejected manuscript to Bodenheim for criticism.

When she failed to return home that night they went to Bodenheim's address, and learned that a girl answering Miss Drew's description had called on Bodenheim in the afternoon and had left shortly after midnight. Bodenheim did not see the father and brother and later he checked out. His publishers said that they had not heard from him since the first of the week.

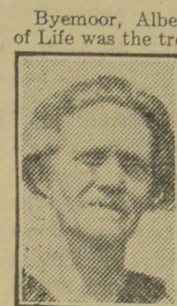
Early this year Bodenheim received wide newspaper notice when he and his publisher were tried for publishing an allegedly indecent book. The entire novel was read to the jury and all defendants were acquitted.

His prose works include "Crazy Man," "Blackguard," "Replenishing Jessica," "Ninth Avenue" and "George May." His books of poetry include "The King of Spain," "Returning to Emotion," "Introducing Irony" and "Against This Age."

Bodenheim was born in Mermanville, Mass., May 26, 1893. He married Minnie Schein in New York in 1918. She sailed a month ago for Europe.

ATTENTION, WOMEN OF MIDDLE AGE!

Mrs. Goodkey Tells Her Experience with Pinkham's Compound



Byemore, Alberta.—"The Change of Life was the trouble with me and I was run-down, thin, and weak and could not sleep, had a poor appetite and could not do much work. I am taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound now and I feel like a well woman. I saw it advertised in the papers and tried it and Lydia E. Pinkham's Sanative Wash. I have recommended it to a lot of women friends."

Mrs. Wm. GOODKEY, Byemore, Alberta.

THE FLAVOR LASTS

Washington, July 24—Business is good in the chewing gum industry. More than a billion packages were made last year. The Department of Commerce announced today that 39 establishments making gum and allied products last year produced more than \$61,000,000 worth of goods compared to \$47,873,150 from 41 establishments in 1925.

FIRE ALARM LOCATION IN THE CITY

- 6 Argyle and York Sts.
- 7 Victoria Public Hospital.
- 8 Children's Home.
- 12 Westmorland and Aberdeen Sts.
- 13 Northumberland and Saunders Sts.
- 14 Brunswick and Smythe Sts.
- 15 Charlotte and Smythe Sts.
- 16 George and Northumberland Sts.
- 17 King and Northumberland Sts.
- 21 York and Queen 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 Aberdeen and St. John Sts.
- 44 Queen and St. John Sts.
- 45 Brunswick and York Sts.
- 46 Charlotte and St. John Sts.
- 51 King and Church Sts.
- 52 George and Church Sts.
- 53 Union and Church Sts.
- 54 Shore Street and Waterloo Row.
- 55 George Street and University Avenue.
- 56 Lansdowne and Waterloo Row.
- 57 Grey Street and University Ave.
- 112 Aberdeen and Smythe Sts.
- 113 Northumberland and Argyle Sts.

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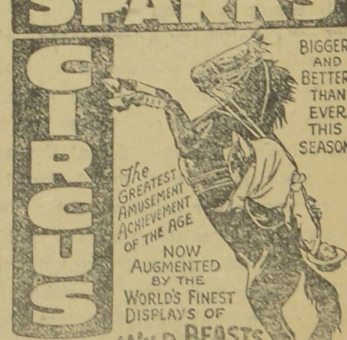
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