

BANKS ARE THE ONLY SAFE PLACE FOR MONEY

Incidents That Seem To Prove That Cookie Jars
and So On Are Easy to Loot

NEW YORK, May 8—Confidence in New York's banks and building and loan associations has been restored to most residents but there still are thousands here who hoard their savings at home. Almost every day one reads about the theft of a life's savings which the owner had hidden in his home rather than trust the steel vaults of a financial institution.

Several years ago, when banks here, there and everywhere were closing their doors, thousands upon thousands withdrew their savings because they felt that their bank or loan association would be the next to fail. Many were easy prey for thieves and lost everything. Others, believing in the security of the institutions, returned their moneys, but today fortunes are hidden in cookie jars, bureau drawers, coffee cans, under floors, behind pictures, in mattresses, in books, and in every other conceivable place where the hoarders imagine it will be safe from the searching eyes of burglars.

During the prohibition era thou-

sands of bootleggers and their ilk, became confirmed hoarders. They amassed vast fortunes illegitimately and were afraid to bank it because they thought the Federal authorities would be tipped off. Some of this money has found its way into legitimate business since repeal but large sums still are stored in niches cut in fireplaces, in walls and in specially built panels which were used as caches for bootleg rum a few years ago.

Thieves also are hoarders, but most of the money they get usually finds its way quickly into circulation. Come easy, go easy seems to be the motto of thieving gangsters for they spend their loot wildly on women, liquor and horse races. Richard Bruno Hauptmann, now awaiting death in New Jersey for the kidnapping and murder of Charles A. Lindbergh Jr., is one example of the hoarder of illegitimate gains. A lot of the ransom money slipped through the fingers but the saving traits of his nationality kept him from an orgy of wild spending.

Some persons bury money which they never recover. An instance came to light the other day on Long Island, where a hoard of gold and silver pieces was found in the cellar by the new owner of a house. From the dates on the coins, the money had been buried more than fifty years.

There also was the case in Greenwich Village a few years ago when a tenant in one of the old buildings found a small fortune in currency which had been planted there by a priest. Several families had moved in and out of the apartment between the time the priest tenanted it and the money was found in a chimney.

There also are housewives who hide some of their expense money in the home rather than carry it with them when shopping. They hide it to pay the milk, gas, light and other bills and for two reasons do not carry it with them. These are fear of spending it, for something besides that for which it was budgeted, and also for fear of losing it or having it stolen by a pickpocket.

Taking it all in all most of those who hide any great amounts of money in the house come in one or two categories—those who have illegitimate funds or those who have no confidence in banks. And not all of those in the latter group are in the class of the unintelligent, although most any bank-

er will tell you that any one who keeps large sums of money hidden in the home lacks the fundamentals of good common sense.

For instance there is the young Westerner who works in a downtown office and who lives in New Rochelle. This young man comes from a Western State where the cookie jar is the favorite hiding place for savings. The other day it was revealed that he had brought one of the traits of his home State to New York. It was the day after he had dropped more money than he usually carries with him in a pinocchio game in a downtown club. It was the first time he had lost any sizable amount in the game with his friends so they told him he could pay the next day.

When he turned over the currency to the scorekeeper to settle the account, the bills were crumpled and wadded, and no matter how much straightening was done they still looked like bills taken from a craps game. Then the scorekeeper made another discovery. He recalled that he had passed over one of the dollar bills to the Westerner almost a month before when they were settling after a game.

"Isn't that the same torn bill I gave you a month ago?" he asked.

"Yes, I believe it is," replied the man, with no attempt at explanation.

A few days later, however, he turned up at the club with one of the old type large bills, and when the group in the card game started ridding him about the hiding place of his winnings he readily admitted that it was in the family cookie jar.

"I salt away all my winnings in the jar, and when I have to pay out I know where I stand," he replied. "It might be a good idea for some of you to do the same."

POLAND ENTERS THIRD PHASE OF LIFE AS REPUBLIC

WARSAW, Poland, May 7 — Poland today began the third chapter in the history of its republican government with the promulgation of its new constitution in the Official Gazette. It is known as the "Constitution of April 23, 1935". Its main feature is the strengthening of the power of the "chief executive", the president. Already signed by the cabinet minister, the document was signed ceremoniously by President Ignaz Moscicki in his palace last night. This solemn act was witnessed by the marshals of the sejm (lower house of parliament) and of the senate, the premier and cabinet members, with the exception of Marshal Josef Pilsudski and Col. Josef Beck, foreign minister, who is vacationing at Venice, Italy, following the recent session of the League of Nations council at Geneva.

A salute of 101 shots from a battery of cannon placed on the bank of the Vistula river below the president's castle announced the ceremony to the country.

Poland's political history since the world war is generally divided into three periods: Up to Pilsudski's coup d'etat in 1926; from then until 1935, and the present. The pro-government newspaper Kurjer Poranny appraises the newest milestone with these words:

"The president's signature to the constitution closes a transitory period resting on the personal authority of Josef Pilsudski (head of the Polish army). After a few years of government based on custom established by the marshal and bound intimately with his personal work, we are again entering a period when law should become the source of the nation's strength and the state's success."

The semi-official Gazette Polska considers the end of the legal battle to change the republican structure as the beginning of a more important period, during which the difficult task will be undertaken "of creating a new man and a new society by extracting those virtues and suppressing those defects that the Polish psyche contains".

A West Virginian sentenced to the electric chair blames the devil for his plight, a variant of the usual plea that the depression did it.

Of Interest to Women

EATING IN OLDEN DAYS

Even at so late a period as the restoration, 1660, it was the custom for guests to take their own knives and forks to an English banquet.

Pepys, records that he did this when he went to the Lord Mayor's feast in the Guildhall.

In the previous reign the Lord Chamberlain had found it necessary to issue regulations for the benefit of officers invited to dine at the royal table. They were required to wear clean boots, not to be half drunk on their arrival, not to drink more than one goblet to every two dishes, not to throw the bones under the table, nor to lick their fingers.

The Stewarts undoubtedly did much to refine English table manners, for it was one of the points admired in Mary Queen of Scots that the customs she introduced from France made her court and royal banquets more exquisite and genteel than those of her rival, Queen Elizabeth.

As forks came into use the oldtime importance of the table napkin began to wane. From being a necessity it became a luxury, on the fastidious use of which etiquette has at various times placed strange values.

Under the third Empire of France, St. Beuve brought disgrace upon himself because at breakfast, when at the table, he carelessly opened his napkin and placed it over his two knees. To this he added the crime of cutting his egg in two at the middle. Court etiquette prescribed that the half folded napkin should lie on the

left knee and the top of the egg was to be merely broken with the edge of the spoon and drained with the tip of the spoon. For his failings in this respect St. Beuve's name was struck off the imperial visiting list.

(From a copy of an Old London Chronicle).

HOUSEHOLD USES FOR SALT

To bring out the colors in a beautiful carpet, sprinkle salt over it before sweeping it or using a vacuum cleaner. The result will be much brighter colors and what appears like a new carpet. Stains may often be removed from carpets by covering the stained part with salt. One or two repetitions may be necessary.

To keep brooms and brushes longer and have them hold their original stiffness, soak them in hot salt water and allow them to dry before using. Tooth brushes, too, will keep their original stiffness if dipped into salt each time after using and allowed to dry with the salt adhering.

Colored cottons are much less apt to fade in the wash if a handful of salt is added to the water but it must also be remembered that the salt will not set the colors and prevent running if the dyes are of poor quality.

Fabrics which are stained can often be cleaned by applying salt and then pouring boiling water over the spot or by applying salt and lemon juice, then letting it stand before washing.

TALL TALES ABOUT THE WIND AND DUST IN SOUTHWEST U. S.

Oklahoma Can Prove Without Half Trying What Easterners May Doubt

NEW YORK, N.Y., May 7—Some tall tales are blowing in from the West along with the stories about the dust storms that turn day into night and lift off the face of the earth, pulverize it and lay it down elsewhere. Considerable of what is wafted this way on the heels of the flow is read with suspicion by a good many Easterners.

For instance, not many find it easy to believe the story about the farmer who tethered his horse to a post at night to go out next morning and find that the horse had died from strangulation when the wind blew all the dirt from under his feet and he was helpless with that rope tied around his neck. Of course, at that, maybe the horse died of mud in his eyes.

Then there's the story about the ranchman who went to sleep in his adobe house only to make up next morning and find that the wind had blown his house away during the night but deposited enough fresh dirt around him to hollow out a new house. That sounds almost fantastic and even the most credulous wouldn't be asked to believe that.

These big winds as they call them in the West seem to come in cycles. They had one out there along about 1910 that caused a young Eastern tenderfoot who thought he had gone out to Oklahoma for his health to entertain a few misgivings. At that time he was stopping at old Reynolds' ranch about two miles east of the South Canadian River. The best and quickest way to tell the story is to show what happened without discoursing at length about how the wind blew and the dust flew and became an article of diet for three days. How anything stayed hitched down will always be a mystery. The tenderfoot put in part of one day dodging parts of houses, trees and live stock and then hoped that the wind might pick him up and transport him somewhere along Broadway where drinks aren't served in cakes.

Across the river about six miles to the west, a person on a clear day, could see the top of the chimney on Bill Ellis' ranch house. Between the river and Bill Ellis' there was considerable rolling land and the house was in what they call out there a sort of swale. That was the vista to the west before the big wind. Bill Reynolds always could tell from the smoke that came from the Ellis' chimney what was going on over at his neighbor's house.

For three days after the big wind started you couldn't see the posts on the veranda from inside Bill Reynolds' house. The dust was that thick. Every few minutes Mrs. Reynolds would take a broom and shovel and clean up as well as she could. Before you could bring a bucket of water from the windmill a couple of rods away, the water would be mud. The horses and cattle even wouldn't drink it. Nobody could sleep. You couldn't shut your eyes for the sand. Conversation was almost useless. Nobody could hear on account of the sand.

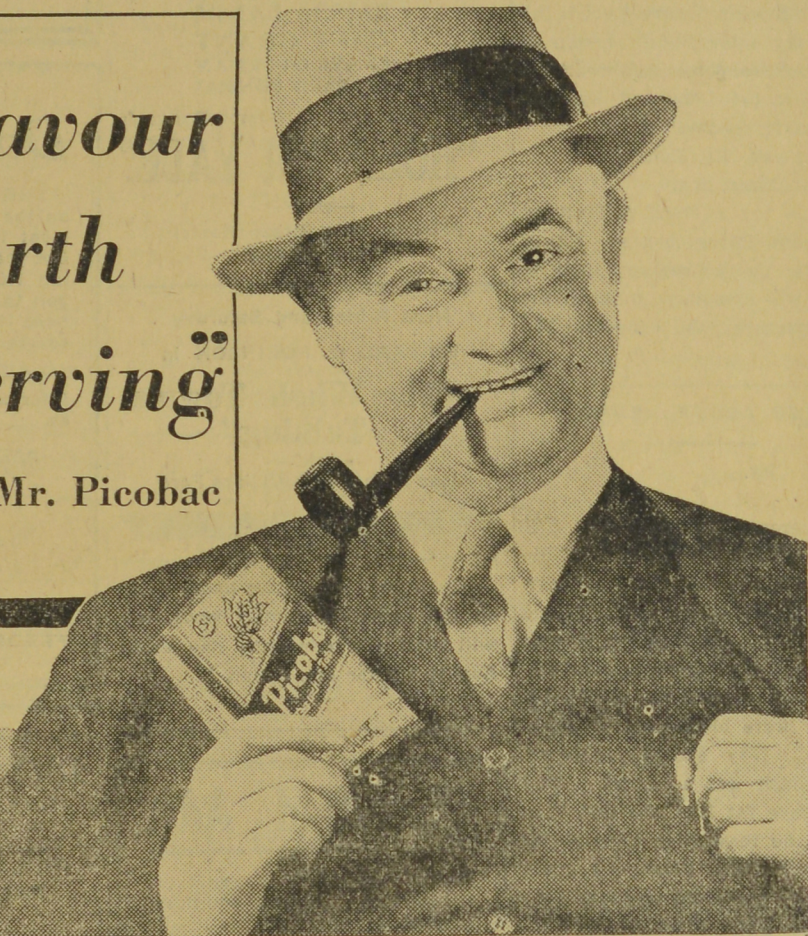
On the morning of the third day the wind died down and everybody went out of doors to see what it felt like to be back on solid soil again. Just as all hands were getting their bearings after digging sand out of their eyes, ears and teeth, Bill Reynolds sang out from the porch, "Looka yere. The wind has blowned Bill Ellis' over on top of the hill". Sure enough, it seemed that way. Instead of the tip of the chimney, the whole house stood there in plain sight. After the usual mud breakfast, all hands set out for Bill Ellis' to get the low-down on his moving.

Half way over, Bill Reynolds pulled up his pony and pointed ahead. "Bill's House", he said, "is right where it's always been. The wind has blown off the whole top of the prairie and most of Bill's best soil is gone where he'll never get it again". It was indeed so. The whole face of the earth literally had been blown away. And it was then that Bill Reynolds uttered a prophecy. "The government's going to have to do something to keep this land hitched down or there won't be any in a few years".

That was about twenty-five years ago and the Government is just getting ready to do something about it.

"A Flavour
Worth
Preserving"

Said Mr. Picobac



● Both the boss barber and the assistant boss barber being busily engaged, Mr. Picobac took a chair in the row by the wall, and prepared to possess himself in patience.

"Fill your pipe", invited the boss barber hospitably. "Have a mild . . . cool . . . sweet smoke while you're waiting."

"Thanks", replied Mr. Picobac, "Don't mind if I do. Waiting my turn never bothers me—not if I've got my pipe—and Picobac tobacco."

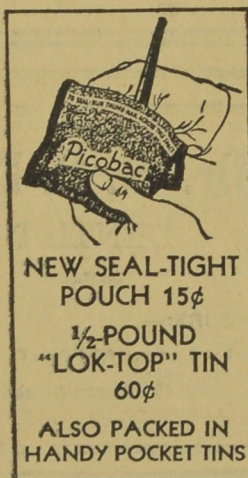
"That's a new seal-tight pouch you got there," observed the barber.

"Yes, sir," replied Mr. Picobac proudly, "A great pouch and worthy of a great tobacco. Air-tight and waterproof. Keeps the tobacco fresh and moist till the last crumb . . . Preserves the flavour . . . And I want to tell you Picobac is a Burley—the pick of Canada's Burley Crop. It has a flavour worth preserving."

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To fill your pipe from the new Seal-Tight Pouch insert the bowl and load the pipe with your finger. You don't need to spill crumbs or have tobacco shreds sticking to the palm of your hand. To reseal the pouch run your thumb-nail firmly across the flap. It fits your pocket as comfortably as a pocket handkerchief.

On sale wherever tobacco is sold.



"IT DOES TASTE GOOD IN A PIPE!"

Picobac

Imperial
Tobacco
Company of
Canada,
Limited

GROWN IN SUNNY, SOUTHERN ONTARIO