

The Roosevelt News

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OFFICE: THIRD STREET, NEAR WASHINGTON AVE., BOROUGH OF ROOSEVELT.

After one has read of the many outrageous and disgraceful performances of Recorder Levenson, it is enough to make you sit up, rub your eyes and pinch yourself to see if you are really awake, or living in a foreign land. He might be fitted to act as a judge in a country that is noted for its persecution of its citizens, for there it would be alright, as the government would back him up. Let us ask doesn't the local government back the Recorder, or, going a little further, even instruct him? At any rate, it looks very much that way. The mayor must approve of this dirty work, or he would never have reappointed him.

The proper treatment for such a "high-handed, would-be dispenser of justice" would be to give him a ride on a rail through the principle streets. But this method of showing disfavor has passed out of vogue, so we'll have to grin and bear it.

Levenson is simply a little "tool" for the big "boss", the mayor, and the little sub-boss, Heil, serving orders like a trained servant, without even using his "gray matter" to ask the question whether it is right or wrong—or is he so calloused or narrow-minded that he does not even stop to consider and weigh matters, as all judges are supposed to do?

Levenson was appointed for a purpose, that is, to serve the clique, or a certain few and pile injustice upon the unfortunate ones that come before him—that have enough American spirit in them to oppose the Hermann outfit.

We ask: "Is this really America?"

Even the mayor's teams were stuck on Radley's hill last Saturday.

It seems that the only time we hear of good macadam is when the mayor's annual message is read on January 1st. Just to think, and "brother Matt" furnishes all the cracked stone, too!

Did you ever stop to consider where all the tax money goes?

It seems that after the six to eight thousand dollars appropriated to be spent on the roads every year, for the past five years, that we should have just a little showing. At present there is about one mile of good macadam in the borough to show for this thirty-five to forty thousand dollars expended. The roads are in an awful condition, the main streets especially, to say nothing of the side ones.

Instead of the borough team repairing individual property-owners, why not have the council pass an ordinance to compel the property-owners to keep their walks in a passable condition. This would be a

great saving at the end of the year and some of our side streets would be ashed.

Any effort on the part of the police to close up the "speakeasies" should meet with the hearty support of everybody, but in the case of the arrest of

Welicko, it seems to be an American citizen he should be given fair play, the same as was given Benj. Preis, who was locked up on a similar charge, and afterward indicted by the grand jury. But in the case of the former being a Republican and Preis a Democrat what more can be expected so long as the present borough government remains democratic, with Levenson as recorder, (or really an apology for one for he only does as the man higher-up dictates).

Putting two and two together it will be seen that Welicko used to be a good, strong HERMANN Democrat, but tiring of having nothing but promises, chose to vote another ticket, thereby falling from the graces of the powers that be. He should look for no better treatment! On the other hand even if Welicko was guilty, as

READ—WHEN A MAN MARRIES.

an American citizen he should be given fair play, the same as was given Benj. Preis, who was locked up on a similar charge, and afterward indicted by the grand jury. But in the case of the former being a Republican and Preis a Democrat what more can be expected so long as the present borough government remains democratic, with Levenson as recorder, (or really an apology for one for he only does as the man higher-up dictates).

No doubt the Recorder gets patted on the back with the remark: "Well done, good and faithful servant."

WHEN A MAN MARRIES—READ IT.

KIDNAPS BABY IN MEXICO.

Mrs. Jean de Artis In Seclusion In New York After Flight.

New York, March 2.—Mrs. Jean Campbell de Artis, wife of a rich Mexican, is in seclusion here after a flight from the City of Mexico with her fifteen-month-old baby. Before her marriage in 1907 she was known as one of the "beautiful Campbell sisters" here.

"I kidnaped my baby in spite of my husband, powerful influences in Mexico and the Mexican rurales," she told relatives who, in response to a wireless message, awaited her arrival a week ago Saturday on the Ward liner Monterey. Mother and child were without adequate clothing.

"My husband told me that as soon as the baby got a little older he would dispense with me and keep my boy. I believed he would carry out his threat, and so I kidnaped the baby."

She gives much of the credit for what she calls her "escape" to Americans whom she met on the train from the City of Mexico to Vera Cruz, whence she sailed for New York after abandoning the disguises which she had provided for her baby and herself.

WHEN A MAN MARRIES—READ IT.

DISPROVES MURDER THEORY.

Boston Physicians Find No Evidence of Poison in Lockwood Cases.

Boston, March 2.—Dr. Timothy Leary, one of the medical examiners, has informed District Attorney Pelletier that so far as he had been able to ascertain there are no grounds for any poison theory in connection with the deaths of either Miss Mary J. Lockwood or of her cousin, Miss Amelia De Forest Lockwood, both of whom were nursed by Miss Amelia Leonard, who is under arrest for stealing about \$6,000 worth of her former patient's property.

Dr. Leary conferred with Dr. Farrar C. Cobb, who attended Miss Mary Lockwood in her last illness. Dr. Cobb said that while the authorities may have evidence to show that the nurse stole some of her patient's property they have nothing to show that she contributed in any way to the cause of death.

Every man hopes to be rich and every woman hopes to be beautiful—some day.

WHEN A MAN MARRIES—READ IT.

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Lavish values in furniture, carpets and clothing are the fascinating features of this gigantic selling event

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Regular \$30 Ranges, now \$18.00
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By REX BEACH,

Author of "The Spoilers" and "The Barrier"

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(CONTINUED.)

"Oh, I'll sleep tomorrow." "Did you see—her?" questioned Cherry.

"Yes!" "She must be very proud of you," she said wistfully. "I—I—don't think she understands what I am trying to do or what it means. Our talk was not very satisfactory."

"She surely must have understood what Marsh is doing." "I didn't tell her that."

"Why not?" "What good would it have done?" "Why"—Cherry seemed bewildered—"she could put a stop to it; she could use her influence with her father against Marsh. I expected to see your old crew back at work again. Oh, I wish I had her power!"

"She wouldn't take a hand under any circumstances—it wouldn't occur to her—and naturally I couldn't ask her." Boyd flushed uncomfortably. "Thanks to George's trap, there is no need." He went on to tell Cherry of the scene with Mr. Wayland and its stormy ending.

"They have used all their resources to down you," she said, "but luck is with you, and you mustn't let them succeed. Now is the time to show them what is in you. Go in and win her now against all of them."

He was grateful for her sympathy, yet somehow it made him uncomfortable.

"What was it you wished to see me about?" he asked.

"Oh! Have you seen Chakawana?"

"No." "She disappeared early this morning soon after the yacht came in. I can't find her anywhere. She took the baby with her, and—I'm worried."

"Doesn't Constantine know where she is?"

"Why, Constantine is down here, isn't he?"

"He hasn't been here since yesterday." Cherry rose nervously. "There is something wrong, Boyd. They have been acting queerly for a long time."

Just then Constantine came sauntering round the corner of the building. "Thank heaven!" cried Cherry. "He will know where the others are."

But when his mistress questioned him Constantine merely replied: "I don't know. I no see Chakawana." "There is something queer about this," said Emerson. "Where have you been all day?"

"I go sleep. I tired from fighting last night. I come back now and go work. Bime-by Chakawana come back, too, I guess."

"Well, I don't need you tonight, so you'd better go back to Cherry's house and stay there till I send for you."

As she passed Marsh's cannery Cherry saw a tender moored to the dock and noticed strangers among the buildings. They stared at her curiously, as if the sight of a white girl attended by a copper hued giant were part of the picturesque they expected. As she drew near her own house she saw a woman approaching, and while yet a stone's throw distant she recognized her. A jealous tightening of her throat and a flutter at her breast told her that this was Mildred Wayland.

Cherry would have passed on silently, but Miss Wayland checked her.

"Pardon me," she said. "Will you tell me what that odd looking building is used for?" She pointed to the village church.

"That is the Greek church." "How interesting! Are there many Greeks here?"

"No. It is a relic of the Russian days. The natives worship there."

"Do you live here?"

"Yes. In the log house yonder." "Indeed! I tried to find some one there, but—you were out, of course. You have it arranged very cozily, I see." Mildred's manner was faintly patronizing. She was vexed at the beauty and evident refinement of this woman whom she had thought to find so different.

"If you will go back I will show it to you from the inside, Miss Wayland." Cherry enjoyed her start at the name and the look of cold hostility that followed.

"You have the advantage of me," said Mildred. "I did not think we had met. You are"—She raised her brows inquiringly.

"Cherry Malotte, of course."

"I remember. Mr. Marsh spoke of you."

"I am sorry."

"I beg your pardon?"

"I say I am sorry Mr. Marsh ever spoke of me."

Mildred smiled frigidly. "Evidently you do not like him."

"Nobody in Alaska likes him. Do you?"

"You see, I am not an Alaskan."

"Do you know that Mr. Marsh is to blame for all of Boyd's misfortunes?"

not intend. I call him by his first name. I think you ought to know the truth about this business, even if Boyd is too chivalrous to tell you."

"If Mr. Emerson blames any one but himself for his failure, I am sure he would have told me."

"Then you don't know him."

"I never knew him to ask another to defend him."

"He never asked me to defend him. I merely thought that if you knew the truth you might help him."

"I? How?" "It is for you to find a way. He has met with opposition and treachery at every step. I think it is time some one came to his aid."

"He has had your assistance at all times, has he not?" "I have tried to help wherever I could, but—I haven't your power."

Mildred shrugged her shoulders. "You even went to Seattle to help him, did you not?"

"I went there on my own business." "Why do you take such an interest in Mr. Emerson's affairs, may I ask?"

"It was I who induced him to take up this venture," said Cherry proudly. "I found him discouraged, ready to give up. I helped to put new heart into him. I have something at stake in the enterprise, too—but that's nothing. I hate to see a good man driven to the wall by a scoundrel like Marsh."

"Wait! There is something to be said on both sides. Mr. Marsh was magnanimous enough to overlook that attempt upon his life."

"What attempt?" "You must have heard. He was wounded in the shoulder."

"Didn't Boyd tell you the truth about that?" "He told me everything," said Mildred coldly. "This woman's attitude was unbearable. It would seem that



"NOBODY IN ALASKA LIKES HIM. DO YOU?"

she even dared to criticise her, Mildred Wayland, for her treatment of Boyd.

"I shall ask him about it again this evening," she continued. "If there has really been persecution, as you suggest, I shall tell my father."

"You won't see Boyd this evening," said Cherry.

"Oh, yes, I shall."

"He is very busy, and—I don't think he can see you."

"You don't understand. I told him to come out to the yacht!" Mildred's temper rose at the light she saw in the other woman's face.

"But if he should disappoint you?" Cherry insisted. "Remember that the fish are running, and you have no time to lose if you are going to help."

Mildred tossed her head. "To be frank with you, I never liked this enterprise of Boyd's. Now that I have seen the place and the people—well, I can't say that I like it better."

"The country is a bit different, but the people are much the same in Kalvik and in Chicago. You will find unscrupulous men and unselfish women everywhere."

Mildred gave her a cool glance that took her in from head to foot.

"And vice versa. I dare say. You speak from a wider experience than I." With a careless nod she picked her way toward the launch, where her friends were already assembling. She was angry and suspicious. Her pride was hurt because she had not been able to feel superior to the other woman. Instead she had descended to the weak resource of innuendo, while Cherry had been simple and direct. She had expected to recognize instantly the type of person with whom she had to deal, but she found herself baffled. Who was this woman? What was she doing here? Why had Boyd never told her of this extraordinary intimacy? Boyd must either give up Cherry or—

During the talk between the two young women Constantine had kept at a respectful distance, but when Mildred had gone he came up to Cherry with the question:

"Who is that?"

"That is Miss Wayland. That is the richest girl in the world, Constantine."

"Humph!" "And the pity of it is she doesn't understand how very rich she is. Her father owns all these canneries and many more besides and lots of railroads. But you don't know what a railroad is, do you?"

"Mebbe him rich as Mr. Marsh, eh?" "A thousand times richer. Mr. Marsh works for him the way you work for me."

"She more handsome than you be," he added with reluctant candor. "Mebbe that's 'bout Mr. Marsh, eh? White men all work for Mr. Marsh. He no work for nobody."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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Man's Plaint

When a Fellow Is
Married He Loses
Many Friends

By ALICE MONTGOMERY



OH, the modern trend of the young men who lie back complacently in the all-embracing comfort of a deep armchair in some cozy drawing room and prate of marriage to their women friends! It is the one topic. They rehearse it from every point of view. They wallow in its intricacies and glory in its mysteries.

"It is our last resort," they say resignedly. "It is bound to happen some day, and as woman is the pursuer and man the pursued, why, the responsibility of the initiative is lifted from our shoulders. We are mere puppets," they say excitedly, straightening themselves for a moment from their lounging positions in the flush of their new discovery. "Mere puppets, dangling to a string controlled by a woman. When the appointed day is come, she beckons and we follow. It may be the voice of nature, or it may be the stirring of the life force, or it may be—oh, call it what you will—but one thing is certain—we obey. And, hang it all, think of what we have to give up in the doing of it. When a fellow is married he loses his best friends. At first they drop in casually and try to pretend things are just as they were, and admire the new fixings, and make pretty speeches to your wife, but somehow it is not the same, and they feel it, and you feel it, and try to right it, but it won't go. There is a feminine constraint, an invisible barrier that can't be ignored, and so gradually your best chums have other engagements and gather new interests, and you are not included, of course. And you feel an outcast. And then in sheer self-defense you have to throw in your lot with the other married people and watch some poor chap struggling in the marriage toils, and often it isn't a pretty sight. Say, marriage isn't all beer and skittles—it has its drawbacks."

"And then, too," these same young men continue, warming to their subject, "how we fellows have to toil and spin to make the wheels go round. There is no limit to the yards of bills that have to be met at the first of the month, and as for appreciation—there is no such thing nowadays. The women just take all they can get as a matter of course, in a sort of deign the queen kind of way that makes you feel pretty mean for not giving them more.

But all this time the women, who have a deeper insight into things marital and a keener intuition, smile whimsically into the embers. They know the men are having the time of their lives, and, incidentally, one of their own missions, that of affording entertainment, is being fulfilled. If the men were not really enjoying themselves, why on earth were they there at all, and why that particular topic, if it wasn't of paramount interest?



Much Benefit by Sleeping Out of Doors

By A. MORGAN
Milwaukee, Wis.

I have been sleeping outdoors on my back porch some six years and do not come in for zero temperatures or snow or rain. I use a sanitary folding couch and have a waterproof canvas cover which keeps the mattress dry in the day time and serves as an excellent top cover tucked in over all clothing and mattress at night. I use an extra mattress over the thin one which came with the couch.

For covers I use four heavy all-wool blankets and one comforter and over all this the waterproof cover acts as a protection from rain, snow and wind. About ten minutes before retiring I put in two or three quart water bags. The water should be steaming hot when put into the bags. The bags of hot water keep the bed nice and warm all night.

I use a wool stocking cap pulled down to the end of my nose, covering and protecting the eyes.

I was weak and sickly when I started this game and have gained 50 pounds and am strong as Sandow.

I sleep like a child and get up in the morning with a ravenous appetite.

Nothing can induce me to sleep indoors again.

How the Public Loses Much Money

By PROF. W. C. LANGDON
University of California

The consumer in this country not only pays the tariff, but he pays in many other ways where he gets the worst of it.

Take, for instance, the buying of articles where a fraction of a cent comes in. The American housewife in this era of high prices is often forced to buy in small lots. She goes to market and purchases, say, a half-dozen eggs, at 35 cents per dozen, but there being no half-pennies, must tender 18 cents. In the same way she expends 13 cents for half a dozen oranges instead of 12½ cents.

The same rule applies to dry goods, many articles selling at a figure where there is no even division if a fraction were bought.

While it may seem a trivial loss, I can tell you that the aggregate that is thus taken from the earnings of the poor and middle class will amount to a vast sum annually.

The condition could be easily remedied by the coining of half-pennies.

Birds That Stay During Winter Months

By J. HOWARD MOORE
Chicago

Last summer the south park commissioners installed a number of feeding stations for birds in Jackson and Washington parks.

During the winter months now these stations are kept well stocked with food, consisting of seeds of various kinds, with which suet is mixed.

As a result a number of birds are spending the winter here that usually fly south for the cold months.

Besides the bluejays, which have been here regularly for several winters, and the robins, which appear off and on every winter, there are several Kentucky cardinals, a mocking bird, juncoes (snow birds), shrikes, creepers, downy woodpeckers, nuthatches, wild ducks and a flock of 45 or 50 cedar waxwings. These last feed chiefly on the berries of the fruit and wild viburnum.

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MITCHELL QUILTS CIVIC FEDERATION.

Ultimatum of Mine Workers Reason For His Action.

New York, March 2.—John Mitchell has resigned from the National Civic federation and his resignation has been accepted in a complimentary letter written by President Seth Low. Mr. Mitchell's letter to President Low, which is dated Feb. 16, says in part: "At the recent international convention of the United Mine Workers of America an amendment to the constitution of that organization was adopted providing that a member accepting a position as representative of the National Civic federation shall forfeit membership in the union. It is needless to say that I regret the action of the miners' convention, not so much because it requires me to choose between the two organizations as because of the unjust and gratuitous attack upon the National Civic federation, which, in addition to its many other useful public activities, has stood consistently as an advocate of righteous industrial peace."

A MUCH MARRIED MAN.

Providence (R. I.) Waiter Leads Ninth Woman to Altar.

Providence, R. I., March 2.—Alvarado H. Huntington, fifty-six years old, was married for the ninth time at his home, 58 Holton street. The venturesome bride was Miss Mary E. Thompson, thirty-six years old. Huntington, who is a waiter, holds the eastern record, nothing having been found even in society annals that can touch him.

Seven wives have died and the eighth was divorced. His voice was firm when the knot was tied by the Rev. Sidney W. Smith. The bride showed equally good courage, giving every evidence of a confidence that she would be able to accomplish that in which so many of her predecessors had failed.

Cornell Ball Player Injured.

Ithaca, N. Y., March 2.—Hugh J. MacWilliams, a Cornell student, of Wilmington, Del., was struck in the face by a baseball in practice at the university armory and severely hurt. He was a likely candidate for the Cornell nine, but will not be able to play baseball this season.

BARON KOGORO TAKAHIRA.

Former Ambassador Says America and Japan Are Friends.



"AMERICA FRIEND OF JAPAN."

Baron Kogoro Takahira Says the New Treaty Will End Misunderstanding.

Tokyo, March 2.—Baron Kogoro Takahira, formerly ambassador to Washington, warmly approves the new treaty between Japan and the United States. He says:

"The whole truth is that American friendship for Japan has never changed, and we should be ashamed of even doubting it."

"I have no doubt that the treaty when accomplished and put in practice will practically dissolve the misunderstanding between the two nations which was the result of the former treaty."

W. Shirdione Comes Out of Seven Day Coma, Only to Relapse Again.

South Norwalk, Conn., March 2.—William Shirdione, who has been described as being scientifically dead but physically alive for the last seven days, and whose case is exciting much attention among physicians, rallied for a few seconds, opening his eyes and seeming to recognize the members of his family. He then relapsed into his peculiar coma, in which no respiration or pulse is distinguishable.

Life can only be detected by use of needles or electricity.

MARTIN W. LITTLETON.

Congressman Elect Looms Up as a Senatorial Possibility.



Photo by American Press Association.

DEADLOCK WORRIES DIX.

No Change at Albany Except in Littleton's Vote.

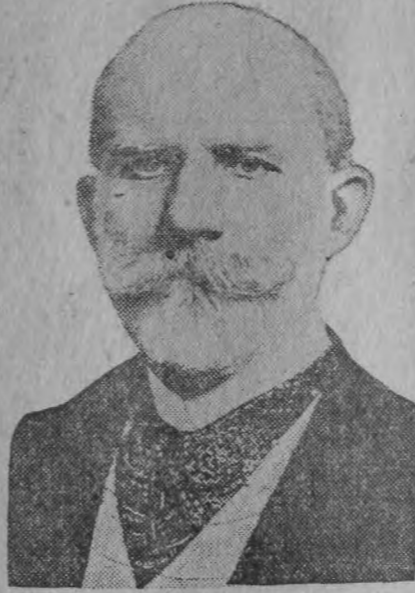
Albany, N. Y., March 2.—Beyond an increased vote for Martin W. Littleton no new features developed in the senatorial contest. Tammany leaders said they had made no effort to pave the way for another caucus. Insurgent senators and assemblymen individually expressed their determination to stay away from any official party gathering to discuss the senatorship.

Governor Dix, while not refraining from discussing the senatorial squabble for publication, let it be known to some of his friends that he is extremely anxious to have a Democratic senator elected as soon as possible. He expressed the hope that some steps would be taken to that end. Reports of the future intentions of Murphy, Sheehan, the governor and the insurgents and the unauthorized promoters of various side lines of the senatorial contest in the shape of new anti-Tammany organizations echo in every corridor of the capitol and cafes, but all of them lack substance or confirmation.

A man thinks that he is sure of a woman when he has married her, but if she agrees with him he would better lock out.

HENRY S. BOUTELL.

Illinois Man Chosen by Taft For Minister to Portugal.



BOUTELL TO PORTUGAL.

Taft Finds a Place For Defeated Illinois Representative.

Washington, March 2.—Representative Henry S. Boutell of Illinois has been nominated by President Taft to be United States minister to Portugal.

Representative Boutell was defeated for the Republican congressional nomination in his district at the last primary election.

The president also nominated William H. Gibson to be assistant treasurer of the United States at Philadelphia.

DAYLIGHT ROBBERS GET \$400 IN PASSAIC

William H. Zack Says He Was Victim of Paroled Convict.

New York, March 2.—William H. Zack, agent for the Erie railroad at Passaic, N. J., was beaten and robbed of \$400 in an armory. He accuses his friend, a "reformed" convict, and another man, both of whom escaped through the misunderstanding of a man who regarded the attack and robbery as a friendly tussle. The \$400 was the receipts from commutation cards.

When Zack prepared to go to luncheon Charles Edward MacBride, paroled prisoner, walked into the station and inquired if he intended to take the office cash along with him.

Zack answered affirmatively. MacBride accompanied him. According to Zack, MacBride stopped suddenly, looked through the door of the armory and remembered that a man named Murray had expressed a desire to see Zack.

The station agent didn't recall Murray as being his acquaintance, but was willing to enter the armory and see him.

"I had no suspicion that anything was wrong," said Zack, "so I readily walked with MacBride upstairs on to the drill floor. A man jumped at me, another closed in on me from the rear, and I felt a staggering blow in the face. I fell to the floor, and one of the men choked me so it was impossible to yell for help."

Edward Lucas, an undertaker, who had supplied camp chairs for the armory, came to get them. He watched the struggling men and smiled in the belief they were wrestling. As he stepped past them to get his camp chairs the robbers sprang up and dashed out of the armory.

When Zack gasped that he had been robbed the undertaker ran after the men, but found they had disappeared.

LOSE FIGHT FOR LARGER PIERS

Harbor Line Board Reports That President Extensions Are Enough.

Washington, March 2.—The engineer corps, U. S. A., submitted to Secretary of War Dickinson their report as members of the harbor line board on the pending applications for the extension of piers in the Chelsea district, New York.

The report recommends that the applications be denied, and while Secretary Dickinson has not taken action, his attitude, it is said, is against it.

SLAY OUTLAWS IN THEIR DEN

Notorious British India Bandit and His Followers Surprised by Troops.

Peshawar, British India, March 1.—The notorious outlaw Hakim Khan, who has been for years a thorn in the side of the northwest frontier forces, was surprised with thirty of his followers in a cave by a British force.

Hakim Khan refused to surrender, and a machine gun hailed lead into his den until all but five of the party were killed.

Divorce For Mrs. Alfred E. Booth.

Philadelphia, March 2.—Mrs. Rida Shryock Booth, who often has been called the most beautiful woman in Baltimore, has obtained a divorce from General Alfred E. Booth, who, as a member of the so called fish trust, was until a few years ago worth many million dollars. Following his failure and loss of his fortune his wife left him and came to Philadelphia.

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