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Feb 18, 24

## Butler's Purge

(In Philadelphia Sun.)

"This hawk of a man—General Smedley D. Butler."

This is the way W. A. Davenport describes him, in the New York Herald.

The navy has lent him for a year to the mayor of Philadelphia, and there he is conducting a minor war of his own, cleaning up a city that had become the talk of the continent.

Other people tried to "clean up" Philadelphia and failed. Governor Pinchot himself tried it without success. Mayor Moore tried it, and also failed. The machine broke him and his honest attempt. The ward and district leaders were too powerful. And bootlegging, gambling, dope peddling and kindred disgraces flourished.

Then came Mayor Kendrick—and the general, "this little hawk of a man."

He really isn't a magnificent spectacle—this Butler. He is about 5 feet 9. He might measure more were he to stand straight. Standing he gives the impression of a lance being poised for throwing and when he

starts walking it is as though he were flying, head foremost, at a target. He is in motion whether standing or walking. You wouldn't be at all amazed where he to quit a sentence in the middle and turn a flip-flop before finishing.

He weighs about 155 pounds, but it is just that much sinew and nervous energy. He has reddish-brown hair, tinged with gray, and his eyes, set close together, are either blue or gray. But it is his strong beak of a nose and his powerful wrists and hands that impress you most. He is probably an exceedingly able rough and tumble fighter; the sort of a wallowing gentleman who would willingly take a punch at William Harrison Dempsey if he thought it would be of any help. He's probably the sort who would not enter a fight with any less unbroken because he knew that his chances of winning were minute.

General Butler is known in the service as Duckboard Butler because of his work at Brest. He turned a quagmire into a decent military camp by covering the ground with duckboard-walks. He made the place habitable after others had failed. His subsequent work as Provost Marshal indicated that he had the

makings of a good policeman.

He took over the Philadelphia job much as he might lead marines into Haiti or Porto Rico or Cuba or the Philippines. His idea for getting something done was to crash into it. He called together his police captains and lieutenants.

"I told Butler that he'd have a free hand. He is the boss of the police. He is going to clean up the city. Talk to him."

Talking to General Butler is one of the current impossibilities. He doesn't stand still long enough to be interviewed. He leaves his office on a dog trot.

"Make it snappy," he barks, and you trot along with him asking questions.

The General has a racy, crowing voice. He smokes more cigarettes than are good for anybody. He smokes nervously, inhaling deeply. His voice betrays his smoking habits.

By this time he has reached his motor car. He's off. No time to keep at his heels. Following him is precarious. You plunge into the traffic in his wake and inquire of patrolmen whether he has passed that way.

"Sure," sighs the patrolman, "he just went past as if the devil was chasing him. He's probably in Chicago by this time."

Philadelphia stands around of nights wondering where the General is going to pop up.

Take Wednesday night, for instance. His car stopped in front of the storied Eleventh and Winter streets station house. His motor hadn't quite stopped when the General leaped to the pavement and dashed up the steps.

"Who's in charge? Who's in charge?" he croaks. "What's doing? How many arrests have you made? How many gambling joints and rum depots have you in this precinct? Who's in charge? Where's the lieutenant? Out on his district? Good. Who's in charge?"

A bulky sergeant says that he is. "Good," cried the General. "Get busy. I'm your friend as long as you are mine. Clean them up. I'll see that the ward boss doesn't hurt you. You stick by me. What, no arrests to-night? What's wrong? This is one of the sore spots. Remember what I said about forty-eight hours. Clean up or out you go. There isn't any power higher than I am in this department. The mayor says that. Get busy. See you later."

And he has gone. With a leap and a roar the flying diver is on its way down Broad street until the General, feeling in need of coffee, stops in front of a one-arm lunch room.

"Just a minute, Mulcahy. Stop a minute while I get a cup of coffee. Miraculously a crowd gathers in front of the lunch room. Others observe the commotion and join the

mob. What has happened? Somebody hurt? Somebody drunk? Somebody arrested? No. Duckboard Butler is drinking coffee. He has to fight his way to his car. A few cheer him. The majority are silent. A few make nasty remarks. The General pays no attention. A leap and he is seated beside the grinning Mulcahy and he's off again.

Down through Moonshine Valley on South Second street. The place is deserted.

"The rats are in their holes," he observes.

"They're beat it while the beating's good," replies Mulcahy.

"They're going to stay away, too," says the General.

Out Point Breeze avenue into West Philadelphia. He is wearing brand new police uniform—a sort of cross between a navy and police uniform. There are two stars on his shoulders—a major-general of police.

"Where are all the cops?" he demands.

"These are long beats," says Mulcahy. "A cop has a lot of ground to cover. Here's one ahead of us."

"Stop. Let's talk to him."

The weary patrolman is startled by the swift appearance of the General. He becomes confused. He saluted with his left hand.

"How's things, officer?"

"Fine, sir."

"What do you mean, fine?"

"Everything quiet."

"See that it keeps quiet."

The General's off again.

And Philadelphia shakes its head. He may be all right, but others have tried it and failed. The others didn't put all this pep into it. They worked differently. They tried to work with the politicians. They never succeeded. Maybe this wild man from the marine corps can do it—maybe.

"Yes," sneer some of the policemen, "this is all right, but he's here for a year only. How about next year? How about the next administration?"

"The trouble is with the police," sneers the General. "They can stop all this if they get busy. They get \$5 a day for working for the city. Well, let them earn their wages or get out. I'll find men to take their places. They ought to have more money. A man can't live on \$5 a day. That's the reason some of them were grafting. I'm going to try to get them more money. In the meantime they've got to get busy. Hey, Mulcahy, step on it and let's try the Kensington district!"

And the General's off again.

## Thinking Differently

"I can only offer a few hints as to how one can practise thinking differently. The first is to read the paper which has the opposite views to one's own. If one is a Socialist, one could read the Daily Express. If one is a Socialist, one could read the Daily Herald, or whatever paper represents the Labor or Socialist views most extremely," writes Eustace Miles in the St. Martin's Review.

"Whatever be the subject, study carefully and open-mindedly the writings of those who maintain the opposite view. Do you object to the idea of birth-control? Then read the exaggerated literature as to the value of this idea. Are you a teetotaler? Then read what can be said in favor of alcohol. 'Day by day,' in every way, practise metanoia.

"Study fresh subjects—that is another form of metanoia. The fresh subject may be up-to-date botany, or biology, or literature, or the quantum theory.

"It is magnificent mental practice to collect the pros and cons of different subjects. For example, to write down what can be said in favor of tariff reform, or any other idea, in one column, and what can be said on the other side in the other column.

"The Commandment, 'Think differently' is closely again to another Commandment, 'Do not condemn.'"

"The value of the policy of thinking differently has been endorsed by the past.

"It is good mental exercise. Besides this, it helps to keep people young. One reason why people grow old is that they have lost the art of thinking differently.

"Then it has the extra advantage of encouraging a wider sympathy. You come to understand more people, and you come to like more people (which is a great advantage), and also to be liked by them. And this increases your success, happiness and helpfulness.

"A great deal more could be said in favor of this little-known and little-practised art, but I will end up with one of the supreme advantages. Metanoia is an exercise of the sporting and adventurous side of our mind. There is, not necessarily in all people, but in a good many people, a curiosity, a romantic desire almost, for peril, which is crushed by stereotyped civilization. Those who cannot go to the North Pole or cross the Atlantic in a small boat, can make a similar enterprise in their minds by thinking differently on a hundred different subjects."

Sliced grapefruit and maraschino cherries make an appetizingly colorful fruit cup.

Add a half cupful of orange marmalade when you are mixing plain sugar cookies.

## A Stirring Drama at the Nickel To-Night

NEW YORK'S NIGHT LIFE DISMANTLED IN "BEAUTIFUL AND DAMNED."

Life at its wildest and New York at its best—which means its worst—figure in the plot of Warner Brothers latest production, "The Beautiful and Damned," which comes to the Nickel Theatre to-night.

Maria Prevost, admired by thousands, both as a bathing beauty queen, and also as a star of screen-dom, has the starring role in this picture. She acts the part of a beautiful but selfish and cold flapper, the kind seen everywhere on the main streets of any American town.

"The Beautiful and Damned" was adapted for the screen from F. Scott Fitzgerald's "best seller" novel of the same name, which has been enjoying unusual popularity because of its treatment of flappers and the fast set, and which critics consider a great story.

It concerns Gloria Gilbert, a lovely flapper, and Anthony Patch, a young member of the idle class, who is waiting for the death of his grandfather, old Adam Patch, a millionaire and social reformer. He falls in love with and marries Gloria, and the two adopt as their motto, "wait 'till Granpa Patch dies." Gloria is married but still a flapper. They begin a course of life which leads to dissipation and costly pleasures. Grandfather Patch, happy at the marriage and confident that it means a new and pure life for Anthony, gets the surprise of his life when he pays him an unexpected visit and finds the home of the newlyweds the scene of reckless revelry and debauchery. He is so overcome with grief and rage that he dies a week later.

The remainder of the story is so thrilling that we won't tell you what it is. See for yourself at the Nickel to-night.

## Farmer Gives Life

IN ATTEMPT TO FREE FROZEN CANADA GOOSE.

(Red and Gun.)

In the December issue of this magazine, the editor remarked that many of the contributions to the cause of wild life would never be known. This department considers it a privilege to place on record the service of one of these unknown sportsmen who gave his life for the cause.

Melfort, Sask., Nov. 13.—Slowly freezing in the icy waters of a lake near Melfort while his friends made unavailing efforts to rescue him, Robt. Thorpe, farmer, lost his life on Sunday in an attempt to set free a wounded Canada goose, frozen in the ice.

With his brother, Chris, Thorpe started out on his errand of mercy across the frozen surface of the lake. Some 400 yards from shore the ice gave way, leaving the two brothers struggling in the freezing water and thick mud. Chris Thorpe worked his way out and was pulled ashore by neighbors who threw him a rope.

It was found impossible to rescue Robert, and he finally collapsed from exposure after determined efforts at rescue had failed. His body was recovered and buried at Melfort to-day.

## Mr. MacDonald

(By A FRIEND)

The vicissitudes of politics are proverbial, but in all our long history of development and change there is no parallel to the process by which Mr. Ramsay MacDonald has reached the first position in the State. Never before has a man with no previous experience of public office leaped from private citizen to Prime Minister in one day.

Doubtless in his intimate family circle there must have been some in the days, not long ago, when he was an obscure schoolmaster who cherished in their hearts a belief that he was destined for greatness, for he must always have seemed something beyond the ordinary with his deepest, searching eyes, his burning zeal for human progress, his magnificent face and physique, and his fearless intellect.

But even those who knew him best

and loved him most can hardly have dared to hope that he would be more than the leader of a movement, that he would prepare the ground for others to perhaps reap the harvest. And in the Autumn of 1914 it must have seemed to the most sanguine of his disciples that his star had waned and would shortly set.

Mr. MacDonald is a man of commanding presence, a good speaker who has, however, not reached his zenith, a man of learning; above all, a man of simplicity of heart and humility of spirit.

It is impossible to say whether he has the gift of statesmanship, but, adding to those other qualities sincerity, rectitude, and courage, he has many of the attributes of a great leader. Will he subdue his unruly following and bind them to himself in affection and discipline—as Crom-

well formed the Ironsides—by sheer personal domination?

He has a task before him which a man might be excused for flinching. If, to his other qualities, experience brings a knowledge of statecraft, he

will not prove unworthy of his office.

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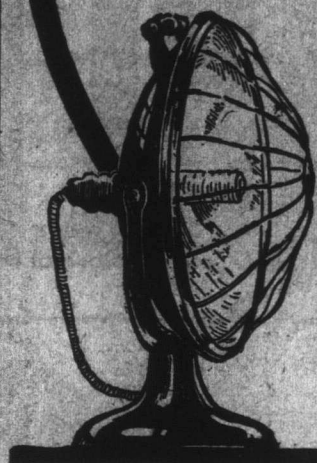
## There is only One Cozy Glow

There is only one Cozy Glow and that is made by Westinghouse with all the care and the skill for which this great organization is famous everywhere. The Cozy Glow provides instant heat for cool days and cool corners of the house, and its heat is clean and absolutely safe.

It can be used anywhere there is an electric light socket, and it can easily be carried from place to place on account of its light weight.

Any electrical dealer will be glad to show you how cheerful and satisfying its heat is, and how worthy it is of having a place in your own home.

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# Westinghouse

## The New McCall Dress Patterns for March, Now Ready

Sold at Scott's : Prices, 15c to 45c each

McCALL'S—The only Printed Pattern, a pattern with brains! A lady was heard to say: "Anyone—even a mere husband—can make a dress with this new PRINTED pattern!"

Yes—The hard thinking has been done in advance. The only objection to the McCall is that it furnishes slight training for your intellect. If you wish severe mental exercise, try the old-fashioned pattern. If you wish a fashionable and well-fitting garment use McCall's—The only Printed Pattern.

McCALL'S QUARTERLY  
Spring Issue. Per Copy, 25c.

McCALL'S MAGAZINE  
March Issue. Per Copy, 10c.

## SPECIALS FOR THE WEEK

### Misses' Overstockings.

These come in Red, Fawn and Grey. To fit girls age from 12 years to 16. Worth \$1.25 pair. Sale Price, per pair 98c.

### Children's Over-Stockings.

To fit children from age 4 to 10. These come in the following shades: Red, White, Fawn and Grey. Sale Price 75c. per pair

### Ladies' Hose.

A splendid value line of Ladies' Ribbed and Plain all-Wool Cashmere Hose; shades of Grey, Fawn, Brown, etc. Worth 90c. pair. Sale 79c. Price, per pair

### Heavy Over-Bloomers.

Ladies' heavy fleeced Over-Bloomers, in sizes 36 to 42. These come in Black, Grey and Jaeger shades. Sale Price, per pair \$1.20

### Wools.

Black Crescent Wool, 4 & 5 Ply. Per Slp. 1.10c. Black Original Crescent, 4 & 5 Ply. Per Slp. 1.10c. Black Bee Hive, 4 & 5 Ply. Per Slp. 1.10c. White Heather, 4 Ply. Per Slp. 1.10c. Brown, Navy Wool, 4 Ply. Per Slp. 1.10c. Cordell Wool, in Balls Per Ball 1.10c.

### Infants' Cashmere Frocks.

New Cashmere Dresses for infants' wear. These are neatly embroidered and come in White, Sky and Pink. Sale \$1.00 Price, each

ALEX SCOTT, 18 New Cower Street

## Keep a Few Tins on the Pantry Shelf

The advantage of Purity Brand Condensed Milk lies in its convenience. If you have a few tins in the house you never run out of milk for cooking, coffee or cocoa. And, remember, when using Purity Brand you need not use sugar.

**Borden's PURITY BRAND CONDENSED MILK**

