

DEATH GLOOM IN THE TRENCHES

Auliffe, Former Light
at Champion, To En-
Soldiers for K. of C.

Auliffe is going over. The
defeated lightweight cham-
pion is going to help the
front this winter to
a dreary evening with
songs and as a special
motion picture of his fight
career. And Auliffe will
bring many a hearty laugh
to the men in the trenches.
22 years since McAuliffe
on the ring and handed the
to Kid Lavigne along with
a championship belt, the same
and kindly smile is car-
ing and he does not look a day
McAuliffe retired, that is he
much a man of his active
life for he has been com-
peted with the ring ever
and Jack has been some-
what of a success since then.
occasionally he has been
Columbus unit clad in a
form with the scarlet
field on the right arm it will
be one of the many interest-
ing pulled off.
ough the fleeting years Mc-
carried that same charm
of his face radiating the
rich brogue, a gift from the
and a thousand incidents of
that he tells in a humorous
is distinctly his own.
take with him on this trip
partner, Jim Tynfield, a
the Jim Tynfield fight, a
bears a prominent place in
y, a monologue that is all
a few songs, if as he says
will stand for it.
n't imagine a better gloom
Jack McAuliffe. It's his
is jolly round face and the
ks out on the world as a
ring where the best man
which also accounts for the
t he looks like a man of 35
really somewhere past 50.

LARGE DEFICIT.
deriction Trotting Park As-
held a meeting Thursday
to over accounts from last
year. The weather was so
bad it caused a loss to the
as it prevented many from
the meet. There is a deficit
of approximately \$600. The directors
are to be out of pocket, but
will be money well invest-
showed the public how to
right in the home racing

FERRY ENLISTS.
ry, former Chicago White
s Angeles shortstop, who
in 1918 season with the Bos-
ons and was claimed by Bos-
"after the war" period,
d in the artillery and has
ned to the training school
Taylor, near Louisville,
hopes to win an officers

IN YOU BEAT IT?
artin doesn't wait much.
n from the Pacific Coast to
Chicago Cubs in the last
o of the season and got in-
n a half-dozen games, but
n San Francisco or that
ing because he was not
all share in the World's Se-
and that he has taken his
to the National Commis-

D PITTSBURGH TO PLAY
NOVEMBER 16.

is, October 11.—Arrange-
s completed today for a
e between the University
vania and Pittsburgh. The
e played at Pittsburgh on
16, the date originally set
with Carnegie Tech, was
cancelled. It was the
the Penn team could make
Pittsburgh and return with
prescribed by the stud-
the district and Major
mandant at the Universi-
permission to stage the

PROPERTY TRANSFERS.

in real estate have been
follows in St. John con-
n. Coldbrook.
dman to William Pugsley,
Coldbrook.
sely to Sarah, wife of Mor-
on, property in Main St.

Herbs
rious
s

the diseases
anhood may
ed with care.
ctioned—
ysical—dis-
delicate bal-
oman's sen-
s, and upsets
ystem. At the first indica-
rness or any irregularity,
Wilson's
SINE BITTERS
d certain—purely vegetable
kidneys and bowels—even
daches, indigestion, stomach
purifies the blood—tones up
rates mind and body.
sters. 25c. a bottle. Family
as times as large. At
ey Drug Company, Limited
St. John, N.B.

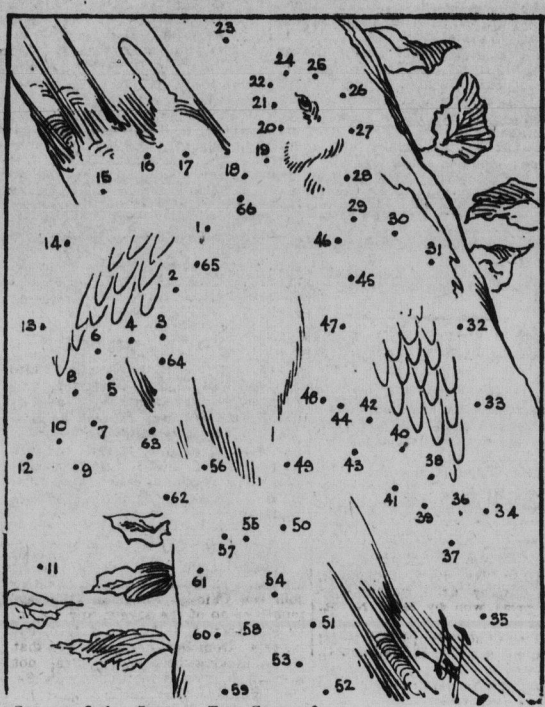
CATARRH
and
DISCHARGES
Relieved in
24 Hours
Beware of cheap
Drugs of cheap
Drugs of cheap

LITTLE STORIES FOR BEDTIME

By Thornton W. Burgess.
SAMMY JAY P. LANE MICHIEF.
(Copyright, 1918, by T. W. Burgess.)

Sammy Jay sat in the very tree in
the Old Orchard where early that
morning before the sunlight was too
strong Hooty the Owl had said. Like
Hooty it was for the purpose of wait-
ing for the owner of that new house
dug in the corner of the old stonewall
to appear. However there was this
difference; Hooty had waited and
watched in the hope of getting a good
meal, while Sammy was waiting and
watching out of curiosity.
Now, Sammy Jay can't sit still
very long without planning mischief
of some kind. He and his cousin,
Blacky the Crow, are alike in this
respect. There is more mischief pack-
ed away in those two heads than in
any other half dozen feathered heads
of which I know. So Sammy hadn't
there five minutes before he was plan-
ning mischief.
"Those black heels I saw disap-
pear down there were the heels of a
Chuck. There isn't the shadow of a
doubt about that. There is no mis-
taking a Chuck's heels for the heels
of anybody else. That house there
has been dug to live in, so that means
that there is a strange Chuck in the
Old Orchard. I don't have to guess
what Johnny Chuck will say to that
when I tell him. Johnny has been
getting very short-tempered of late.
Something certainly will happen
when he finds out about this stran-
ger."
Sammy chuckled heartily as he pic-
tured to himself what Johnny Chuck
would do.
"I wish this fellow would show him-
self," continued Sammy. "I want to
know how big he is. I hope he isn't
just a young fellow. If he is he prob-
ably will be scared stiff just at the
sight of Johnny Chuck, for Johnny
certainly is a big fellow now. I hope

THE DOT PUZZLE

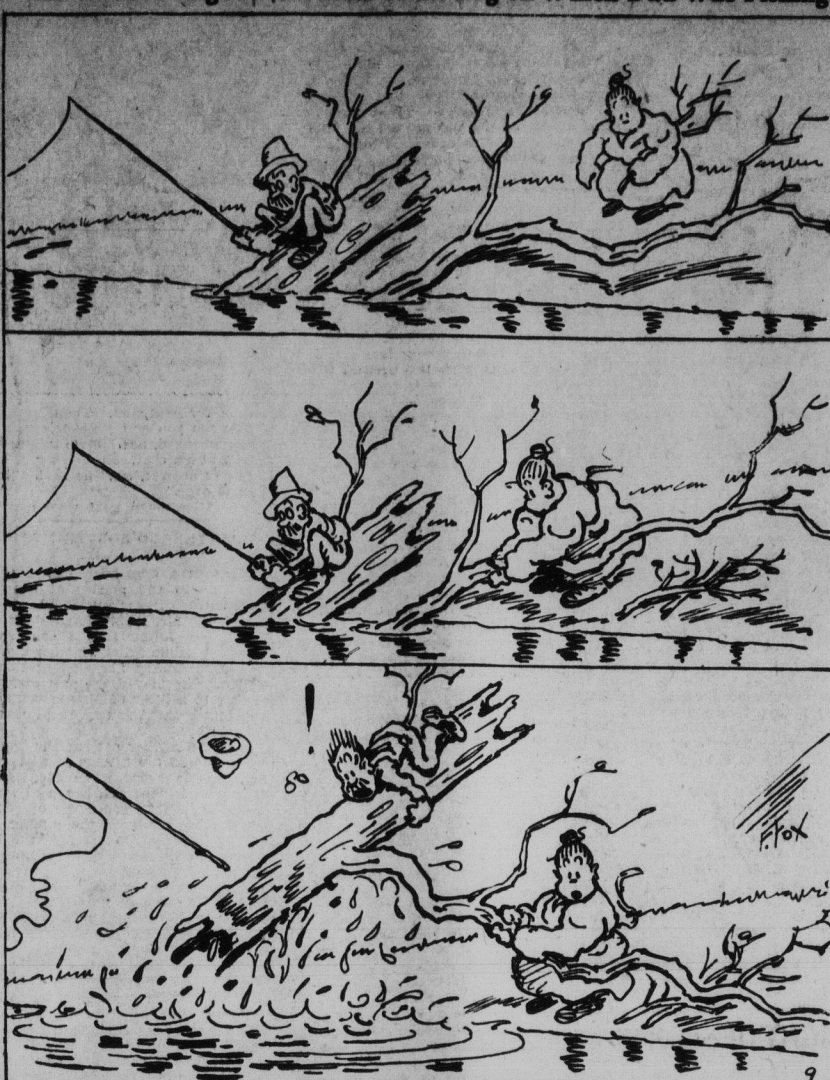


Can you find a Common Tree Creeper?
Complete the picture by drawing a line through the dots, beginning
at No. 1 and taking them numerically.

NAGGING WIVES ARE GREAT ABOMINATION

(Winthrop Free Press.)
Dr. Oliver spoke to women only
again last night, there being about
four thousand present. The subject
of the evangelist's address was: "Why
Some Wives Fail." He spoke in part
as follows:
"I will take my text from the Book
of Job: 'Then said his wife unto him,
'Dost thou still retain thine integrity? Curse God and die.'"
"Some of the greatest spiritual tri-
umphs and some of the greatest spiri-
tual heights have come to those who
have been deepest in the valley of
sorrow and affliction. As we look
upon Job's sufferings we see that
there seems to be such a thing as a
real ministry of discipline in the
school of sorrow. Job found it. He
grew beautiful under the burden. The
patience of Job has been commented
on. Job had suffered the crushing
adversity of the loss of his property,
the death of his son and his daughter.
He had lost all, and then he had that
amazing scourge of boils. But his
greatest trial was his nagging wife.
"I am to speak tonight about why
some wives fail, and it is because so
many are like Job's wife—chronic nag-
gers. The greatest abomination is a
nagging wife. They make their
husbands almost crazy, and that is
why some wives are a colossal failure."
"In the second place, the reason

It Didn't Seem To Occur To the Powerful Katrinka That the Piece of Wood She Wanted Might Be a Limb of the Log on Which Dad Was Fishing.



A Balky Soda Faucet Helped Make McAdoo Secretary of Treasury

Lincoln was a rail splitter. Garfield
a cabin boy, Edison a newsboy. Be-
patient with that boy of yours; you
can never tell how the shoot will blow
som.
Down in Georgia some years ago
a druggist in a small town hired a soda
fountain boy and fired him—all in one
hour.
Today that boy—next to be Pres-
ident—is the most powerful man in
America—William Gibbs McAdoo,
Secretary of the Treasury and direc-
tor of railroads of the United States.
If he hadn't been fired McAdoo,
in all probability, would today be a
druggist in Georgia instead of Sec-
retary of the Treasury of the United
States and the world figure. What phar-
macy lost the nation gained.
The present Secretary of the Treas-
ury had just passed his sixteenth birth-
day when his father decided that "Bill"
—the name by which the home folks
called him—had been stretching his
legs and eating free corn long enough
about the Little McAdoo farm in Geor-
gia and decided to pick out a job for
him that would be "his makin'."
Loading up the farm wagon with
garden truck one day, the father
called to "Bill" and ordered him to
jump aboard for a ride in to town.
Nothing had been said to the boy by
the father about his plan for launching
him upon a "career."
No Salary to Start.
After selling his garden truck the
father drove over to one side of the
market square, where there was a
druggist he knew. Telling "Bill" to
follow him, the father entered the drug
shop and collared the owner in the
back of the store earnestly engaged
him in conversation for ten minutes,
while the boy stood near the door
looking into the square, wondering
what the talk was all about.
At the end of the talk with the
druggist the father walked over to the
boy and said:
"Bill, I'm going to leave you here
with Mr. — He'll teach you the
business. It will be a fine chance
for you. You won't get any money
to start with, but it will be a good
training for you."
For a while he stood in the door
of the store, sad and depressed, de-
bating whether he ought to take it
on the run back for the farm or stay
as his father had arranged, when a
woman entered and asked for a glass
of soda water.
The boy had often heard of the
new kind of soda water they served
in city stores—he had never had any.
He watched the druggist place
the glass under a faucet, turn some-
thing and Bill it with a water that
red up—it was wonderful—he would
stay—he was sure he would like the
job.
After the customer departed, the
druggist said he had to go upstairs
for his dinner.
"If anybody comes in," he said to
the boy, "you just take the broom
and poke it against the ceiling—I'll
hear it and come down."
Alone With Temptation.
"Bill" promised to follow instruc-
tions faithfully and took formal
charge.
All the while he was thinking of
that fountain he wondered what his
soda tasted like. It must be good.
The customer said it was GREAT.
His lips became parched; his throat
turned dry as a bone—the question was
would he or would he not hit that
pipe?
Following the method used by the
druggist, as best he could remember
it the boy got the syrup into the glass,
but when he tried to get the carbon-
ated water into it, he turned the faucet
too sharply and the gas in the water,
gushed out with a loud report like a
shot.
To make things worse the faucet
jammed so that the boy couldn't shut
it off.
With the roar of a young catarract
the carbonated water poured out over
the fountain sill and floor, wasting it
self away into a myriad of little brooks
and creeks that radiated to all sec-
tions of the store.
Into the agony of pulsing water,
coughing, snorting gas, soaking
floor and soggy, distraught boy, burst
the druggist.
"What does this mean?" he
shouted in fortissimo accent, as he
saw his tank of carbonated liquid dis-
embowelling itself on the floor.
"It won't shut off!" piped "Bill,"
evasively in soft pianissimo, parrying
the question while he edged toward
the door.
"Get out quick—beat it back to the
farm—you're fired!" bellowed the drug-
gist.
And so the die was cast—"Bill" had
crashed the job—made a fizzle of it—
spilled the beans—his promising drug
store career was over.
He went back to the farm and re-
ported to father. "And I didn't get a
drink of soda," he concluded.
Becomes a Lawyer.
Then the father changed his
mind—the boy would become a lawyer
instead of a druggist—a wise and luc-
ky picking this time.
The years rolled around and Wil-
liam Gibbs McAdoo, bright South-
ern lawyer, appears in New York,
seeking an opportunity to make good.
Rents in New York were high, pork
and beef were steep and clients were
slow in coming. It takes time to build
up a lucrative law practice anywhere.
The pressing question now was
how could he make some money,
quick? The clients would come later,
too sharply and the gas in the water,

JIMMY COON STORIES

By DR. WARREN G. PARTRIDGE

THE BOYS GO AFTER BAIT.

Well, bright and early the next
morning, Little William and his cousin
Fred, trudged along over the
Pasture and Meadows to reach Mur-
muring Brook for their first fishing-
trip for Trout. The Boys had fine
new fishing-rods, reels, silk fishing
lines, and plenty of small and sharp
hooks. The Boys also had brought lots
of Lunch; and a frying-pan, and mat-
ches, salt, pepper, bacon, and other
things, so that they could cook some
nice Trout for their Lunch. When the
Boys reached Murrumuring Brook they
put all their traps under a big Oak
tree. The Boys had on rubber boots;
and they had lots of fun wading in
Murrumuring Brook. In the clear, spark-
ling waters as they sang their way
over the rapids. You would have laugh-
ed to have seen those two boys turn-
ing over lots and lots of smooth wet
stones on the bottom of the rapids.
How those two Boys did work and
sweat, turning over hundreds of wet
stones in the bottom of Murrumuring
Brook. But they couldn't find a sin-
gle "Dobson" or "Crawler" for bait.
And Fred called out, "Little William,
why can't we find any 'Crawlers' you
told us much about, for Bait? I'm
getting awfully tired and my poor back
aches leaving over so much. And
Little William, the Farmer Boy, had
to stand up in the Brook to rest his
aching back; and he groaned, "Why
Fred I never had such poor luck in
my life hunting for 'Dobsons' for bait.
Why, last year I got hundreds; and
now I cannot find a single 'Dobson.' I
believe some fishermen must have
been here yesterday and found every
"Dobson" or "Crawler" in the Brook."
Now, the Farmer Boy was correct. For
some fine Fishermen had been on Mur-
muring Brook the day before. These
other fishermen did not wear rubber
boots, nor have expensive fishing-rods,



He peeked out of that hole in the bank
and grinned from ear to ear
at Jimmy Coon.
in their sleeves; for they heard every
word the Boys said. Jimmy Coon was
up in that big Oak tree, under which
the Boys left their fishing-tackle, and
he was grinning like a Cheshire-cat at
their immense joke on the Boys. Sam-
my Muskrat was hiding in a hole in
the bank of Murrumuring Brook; and
he peeked out of that hole in the bank
and grinned from ear to ear at Jimmy
Coon. And Benny Mink was hiding
under a stump on the bank and he
grinned at Dick Otter who was hiding
in a thick clump of elder bushes. How
these furry Chaps did enjoy their joke
on the Boys!

"From Asia To Teller's Shubert."

Lou Tellegen is nothing if not ver-
satile. He not only acts in "Blind
Youth," which is playing a return en-
gagement at Teller's Shubert Theatre,
but he wrote the play himself, Willard
Mack, collaborating. But play acting
and play making are only a few of
the accomplishments attributed to him.
He has many more. Oh, ever so
many. He is young. Few older
men or older minds have travelled so
much.

He started when a boy to make a
study of Eastern religions, went to
Asia to do so, and there hobnobbed
with Oriental pundits, talking, like
Omar "about it and about." Studying
Buddhism, he became a convert to
that religion at the age of twenty.
His mother was a native of Holland
and his father a Greek nobleman. In
Paris he took up the career of an art-
ist. His brush was skillful, but he
soon saw another medium for artistic
expression which appealed to him
more. This was sculpture. His ef-
forts in this field soon brought him
to the attention of Constantin Meu-
nier, the Belgian sculptor, and later
the great Rodin also took great in-
terest in him. He studied under both
men and became their close friend.
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LOW TELLEGEN
Lasky-Paramount

Upon Rodin's death Mr. Tellegen wrote
several monographs concerning the
sculptor.
graphy of Meunier that attracted at-
tention. An exhibit of Tellegen's
works was shown to Americans in St.
Louis in 1910.
During his art student days he won
two world's championship cups as a
fencer. Then he turned to the stage,
entering the Conservatoire de Paris
after his graduation he was first heard
from in London and Paris, where he
registered several emphatic successes.
Then Mme. Sarah Bernhardt invited
him to tour the United States with her
and he accepted coming over as her
leading man. Here, as everyone knows,
he married Geraldine Farrar. Mr.
Tellegen has still another accom-
plishment to his credit. He is his own
DeVoy and Walter Craven.
of that Georgia drug store fountain
surged before him—they would not
down. He would open a fountain
and hire someone to operate it and let it
work for him—that was it. Here was
sure money.
The idea was good, but there were
difficulties in the way.

Removes Rail Chief.

He applied to the New York Cen-
tral & Hudson Railroad for a fountain
concession in Grand Central Depot.
The applicant was unknown—a stran-
ger in the city—the application was
turned down. To the young lawyer
the decision came hard, but what
could he expect—the soda fountain
was his hoodoo.
More years rolled around. Wil-
liam Gibbs McAdoo became Secre-
tary of the Treasury and Director Gen-
eral of Railroads of the United States.
The boat was now on the other foot.
As Director General six weeks
ago, he removed the president of the
New York Central Railroad which
turned down his soda fountain applica-
tion. But to show that he had no hard

Dog Hill Notes.

Cricket Hicks has at last got into
moving pictures, as he sat all through
a performance at Teller's Saturday
night with his head showing on the
bottom of the curtain.
Jefferson Potlocks has read of a
movement for the setting aside of a
certain day each week for everybody
not to take a chew of tobacco or smoke
on that day. He is heartily in favor
of such a move as he neither smokes
nor chews.
Yam Sims has put his mule on a
war diet and has to hide him every
time a strong wind comes up.

—By EDWINA.

"CAP" STUBBS.



THEY'RE ON THE WAY.



GOO-BYE "CAP" GOO-BYE.



YOU ALL HERE AT LAST.

