DIPPER IS POPULAR

Bathing Parties on Private Beaches in Chicago.

Never Before in its Recorded History
Has Lake Michigan Figured so
Extensively as Social Factor
as This Summer.

Chicago.—You are not really in the swim this summer unless you have attended a bathing party, says the

Post.

The statement is fact, not facetious, for never in its recorded history has Lake Michigan figured so extensively as a social factor as this summer. The entertaining possibilities on the lake and by the lake have been appreciated these many years, but "parties" in the lake have attained a popularity this summer that swamps the record of other years. Every resident of the north shore whose dwelling is within short walking distance of the water plays host two or three times a

These water parties rajoice in various names; beginners generally call them "aquatic agonies," while hard ened entertainers speak of them as "delightful dips," and the participants as "dippers." "Refreshing refrigeration" is a compromise that is easily uttered with chastering teeth.

North shore dwellers no longer tell their more centrally located friends to "come out where it is cool," but issue paradoxical invitations to "come out and get in." A beach party may include any number of guests, an even number not being necessary, as many persons look odd any way when arrayed in a bathing suit.

bathing suit and many forebodings, while host and hostess supply dressing rooms in their home and a line of optimistic conversation relative to the probable warmth of the water. Those who get cold feet before entering the water are told with much emphasis that Lake Michigan in its bed is much warmer than in a tab.

The more completely equipped households are supplied with a number of long and enguising garments in which the members of the party wrap themselves for the dash from house to water. Some of the groups that wander lakeward through Edgewater and the north shore suburbs these summer nights are striking if not picturesque in appearance. Slippers slap along and bath robes blow in the night breese; generally the host's orders are to "leave eyeglasses, puffs and dignity in the room, or you'll lose 'em." Eyeglasses may be re-

Once on the beach no time is lost in getting into the water—and not infrequently in getting out aagin. What constitutes "celd" water is a question on which beginners and old-timers never will agree, but as more and more water parties are given, and the number of beginners is consequently reduced, the opinion is gaining that any water temperature above 50 is fine;" it is sometimes difficult to convince a chattering beginner, however, that the water is much above 32.

The duration of a water party depends iargely on the plumpness of the majority of the guests. Persons of rotund build can remain for an hour or more, and still feel far from frozen, while those toward whom nature has been more niggardly in the matter of fat feel like a dish of los oream after five minutes in the lake. Water parties are a matter of temperature, not temperament.

On a hot night, however, nothing can be more refreshing than a plunge and very often a scream—in the lake. And the delightful glow of warmth that follows once the guest is in street clothes again is worth all the doubt and prefatory shivering.

The final feature of the parties is the "bit to eat" supplied, sometimes on the shore around a big bonfire of driftwood—if the policeman doesn't threaten the entire party with arrest and make them smother the embers in the sand—and sometimes in the bome of host and hostess. And what appetited! Liquids and solids are consumed with the avidity of castaways who have been adrift without food and water for a week, and North, side grocers are growing rich satisfying the appetites of the "dippers."

HONEYMOONERS IN ONE CAR

"Sleeper Sympathy" Groans Under Heavy Load of Newly-Wods on Way Northward.

New Orleans, La.—Through no intentional arrangement on the part of the railroad officials, but purely through accident, the sleeping car "Sympathy" leaving New Orleans the other day for the north, carried nothing but bridal couples.

The "Bympathy's" load was the reeult of instructions from a local passenger agent who gave orders that all execursionists from nearby rural points the put in one out.

When the bombardment of rice began an investigation showed that all the ruralists were on their honey-

Angient Petroleum Well.

A petroleum well has been known in Zante, one of the lonian islands, for mearly 3,000 years. It is mentioned by Herodotus, who was born 484 years before the Christian era.

POWER OF SOCIETY WOMAN

She Has Great Possibilities to Lift and Leaven the Tone of Society.

Society, if it means anything, means companionship, not just the passing entertainments of the hour. The pleasure of a dinner party does not consist in the food and drinks, and the true pleasure of a ball is not merely in the many dance, but in the mingling of the people and getting and giving mutual enjoyment. I want you to realize what power and possibility there is in you to lift and leaven the tone of this queer thing, society. Far more than many realize, it is in the power of a women to purify the life in which she has a part. The old fable of Una and the lion is a fact. Sheltered in her instinctive modesty and pureness. a girl has the power not only to resist and to refuse, but, far more than that, to put to shame and rout the insolence of a presumptive familiarity. The tolerance of an intoxicated man in any house after a first offense, the recognition of men or women living in the sin of a so-called marriage or after a scandalous divorce, the permitted entry into a Christian house of a notorious libertine are things which with a quiet dignity every woman is bound to protest, and, protesting, to protect herself, to prevent the repetition and to purify the atmosphere of social life. -Bishop Donne in Leslie's.

SHOULD LET OURSELVES GO

The Sincere Man Acts Promptly and Courageously and So Lives
His Own Life.

It very often happens that we have a thought, but are afraid to express it, lest it seem absurd to others. A song begins to sing itself in our heart, but we hush it lest our friends say, "What a trifling thing, to be sure." We have in our soul the prompting of a generous act, but we healtate and forego it, for fear we may appear sentimental when, if we had been true to ourselves and uttered the thought, sung the song, done the generous thing, we, too, might have won the applause of men no less than that higher reward, the approval of our own nature.

The sincere man trusts himself. What he thinks he is confident is at least worthy of expression, and what he is prompted to do he is certain must be right. He acts promptly and frankly and courageously, and so lives his own life and permits his soul its own efforescence and fruiting. He lets himself "go."

After all, we are and can be only ourselves. If we are to advance or to be anything we must let ourselves "go." We cannot by taking thought add a qubit to our intellectual stature. What we are, we are, and we can only make the most of ourselves by letting "go" and going as far as possible.—Columbia (S. C.) State.

A Utilitarian.

Old Mr. Close, who is the wealthiest man in Chatville, has a rooted objection to all unnecessary expenditures, and even the necessary ones are severe trials. He had saved the druggist's bill for months, and when

and even the necessary ones are severe trials. He had saved the druggist's bill for months, and when finally he plucked up sufficient resolution to pay it his creditor was so pleased that he celebrated the event by inviting Mr. Close to drink with him—at his soda fountain.

Close.
"Yes, do," urged the druggist, and thoughtfully added, "the drinks are on me, understand. It won't cost you a

"Um," said Mr. Close. "How much is soda water a glass?"

"Five cents," said the druggist.
"Five cents," repeated Mr. Close, slowly. "Well, I think I'd rather have something useful. Tell you what—you can give me a bottle of ink."

"Grey" and "Gray."
What is the difference, if any, between "grey" and "gray," aside from
the matter of spelling?

The editor of the Oxford Dictionary some years ago made extended inquiry as to usage, and found that opinions in London varied. Replies to his questions showed that in Great Britain the form grey is the more frequent in use, despite the authority of Dr. Johnson and later lexicographers, who give the preference to gray. Many correspondents said that they used the two forms with a difference of meaning, or application, the distinction most generally recognized being that grey donates a more delicate or lighter tint than gray. Others considered the difference to be that gray is a warmer color, or that it has a mixture of red or brown. Another group held that grey has more of sentiment, gray more of color, which may mean that grey is a suggestion rather than a positive outline.

Lasseed Swimming Deer.
While coming down the Columbia river yesterday afternoon in his launch, The Dix, Capt. W. L. Beyer captured a full-grown deer, which was attempting to swim across to the Washington side, eays the Portland Oregonian. Seeing the deer in the distance. Captain Reyer headed his launch to the opposite side and finally

got close enough to lasso the deer.,

The first throw was successful, and
for several minutes there was a tug
of war of an exciting nature. The deer,
was finally subjued and hauled on
deck. Captain Beyer came on to Portland, arriving last evening with his

Captain Beyer announced that be would present the deer to the city.

TERRIBLE FLY PEST

Rubbish Piles Declared to Be Breeding Ground.

Residents of Postwick, Little Town In-England, Engaged in War to Exterminate—Traps Filled With Thousands of Insects.

London.—Rural Postwick continues to be vexed with a plague of files, and despite the war waged against them by the villagers their numbers show no appreciable diminution. The cause of the plague it is said is the Norwich corporation's dust heap.

Dr. Herbert Back, medical officer of health for the Blofield rural district, which includes Postwick, resides outside the danger zone, eight miles away from the swarms of Postwick. He

says:

"The flies are directly due to the Norwich corporation's giant rubbish heaps. For some months past the corporation, has been sending the contents of the dust carts down the Yare on lighters to some land it owns on the shore opposite Postwick. It is not sewage of course, but just refuse of various kinds—everything found in the town's dust bins.

"The rubbish tip being across the stream, is not in my district, but the deplorable state of rostwick is very much my affair.

"Many villagers had not connected the flies with the smells of the rubbish heap till this week, but it is quite obvious to me as a medical man that the dust from dwellings and offices contains myriads of eggs of house flies which hatch out in that hotbed.

"The larvae feed on rotting vegetable mater, which, by the way, causes vile smells, and when they become fully developed files they roam about for choicer food and adventures, and Postwick is the first village they encounter.

"I have received an offer from a London firm to exterminate the flies and to send me the necessary materials free of charge. This offer I have passed on to Councillor Ewing, who lives at Postwick, and he has received a keg containing 56 pounds of fly killer for the dust heap and six dozen tins of it for the villagers to use in their homes.

"I expect the buzzing millions of files is very bad for the nerves of villagers, but the danger of their infecting food is infinitely more serious," concluded Dr. Back.

Mr. Leeder, the village blacksmith, showed his fly cage, a sort of meatsafe of narrow-meshed zinc, with a bewildering entrance underneath. It was so full of files that their restless bussing positively made it roar.

His neighbor, Mrs. Culling, drowned the occupants of her similar fly case.

"I drown them that way, just like mice," she said. "Fly paper costs too much.

"The files pile themselves up in the corners of cupboards and I have to sweep them out with a feather in the evenings when they are drowsy.

"All the babies in Postwick have been bitten," added Mrs. Culling, "and in church the drumming in your ears makes your head sche."

Postwick and the neighboring villages are now so full of the idea that the swarms and the smella are associated that a dread of what one very aged rustic called "jarms" has become universal.

The poor lunaties of Thorpe asylum near Postwick are perplexed and perturbed at the noisome bordes of insects which are certainly more pungent than ordinary house files, though outwardly of the familiar type.

Inspector Slipperfield of Blofield and Sergeant Wedd of Thorpe are watching the movements of the awarms.

BABY IS QUITE EXPENSIVE

After Cost is Told by Mother

After Cost is Told by Mother

After Cost is Told by Mother

Chicago.—Here is what it cost to keep a seven-weeks-old baby, according to Mrs. Lillian Stone, wife of Sidney Stone, real Estate dealer, reputed to be worth half a million:

Go-cart, \$40; lingerie and other clothing, \$400; weekly expenses room, \$5; nurse, \$25; second nurse, \$10; toys, about \$100, and outings for nurses at least \$15 a week.

Mrs. Stone is suing her husband for the support of the child. The lawyers in the court room happened to be bachelors. They gasped with astonishment as she recled off the figures, and forthwith formed a bachelors' club.

Stove Matches Pigeons.

Mount Vernon, Iff.—George Reid, a pigeon raiser, disposed of a large number of birds recently and gathered up the eggs left in the nests and placed them behind the kitchen range.

In two days half a dozen pigeons

were hatched.
The beby birds were taken to the pigeois house and given to the old birds with young ones and they give promise to be as fine as any in the flock.

Two-Thirds Supply Comes to U. S.
London.—America purchased \$2,000,000 out of the \$3,000,000 available gold supply on the London market today at a price half cent below the last transaction. The rest of the gold went to India and the confinent.

HELP "OUEEN MARY'S PILL"

London Milliners New Oppose Use of Plumage in Hats—Probably Will Become Law.

London.—The next session of parliament is likely to be enlivened by an interesting debate on the plumage bill in roduced before the close of the last session by a private member for the purpose of prohibiting the sale or exchange of plumage birds, which are sacrifice in enormous numbers on the alter of fashion.

The rumor that Queen Mary herself inspired the bill is sufficient to promise an active and successful campaign, since the great millinery establishments which had formerly opposed such measures are not likely to offer any opposition. Indeed, the interviews obtained by the London press from representatives of the millinery trade have brought forth some curious statements which are diametrically opposed to those uttered in the same quarters a year ago. Then the trade cited the Parisian milliners and the demands of their own customers. The former, they said, set the fashion, while the latter were slaves to it. Now they sing a different tune. Said one fashionable milliner of the West end:

"We think it wicked and shameful that so many beautiful birds should be killed and the countries they inhabit deprived of them. Very little objection is urged by our customers against using the plumage of birds killed for food, but these customers are discouraging the slaughter of humming birds and birds of paradise by steadily refusing to purchase hats in whose decorative schemes they appear."

"You would be surprised," remarked another milliner, "to know how the sentiment against the indiscriminate slaughter of beautiful birds has developed among our fashionable patrons. There are many, of course, who will have feathers at any cost, and if the bill prohibits the importation of birds of gay plumage these ladies, instead of patronizing London millinery establishments, will go over to Paris for their headgear."

These two extracts from interviews in quarters least expected show that "Queen Mary's bill," as it is coming to be called, will probably become a law without much opposition.

OLDEST WOMAN IN THE WORLD

Bulgarian Peasant's Daughter Says
She is 126 Years Old—Worked
in Fields.

Berlin.—The claim of Frau Dutkiewitz of Posen, born on February 21, 1785, to be the oldest woman in the world is now contested by Mme. Baba Vasilka, who was born in May, 1784, in the little Bulgarian village of Bavelsko, where she has lived ever since. The record of her birth is preserved in a neighboring monastery of the orthodox Greak faith.

She is the daughter of a peasant and has worked herself as a peasant up till a comparatively recent date. For more than 100 years she regularly worked in the fields, according to the custom of her country, where women are employed in all sorts of manual abor.

The events of her life up to the time when she attained the age of eighty are far more distinctly impressed on her mine than the happenings of the last forty-six years.

Her son Todor, following the family tradition, has also worked in the fields as a peasant nearly all his life, but he has also taken part in various wars and rebellions in the Balkan peninsula. He is not quite as fresh and vigorous as his mother, although he is still capable of doing a good day's work, and enjoying such small luxuries of life as a pipe and the strong spirits drunk by

the Bulgarian populace.

The oldest woman in the world is said to enjoy fairly good eyesight and good hearing, and she is able to walk without support. She lives on a pension paid to her by many of her descendants, who number more than one hundred.

CHURCH BOWS TO "SKEETERS"

New Jersey Paster Compelled to Abendon Evening Service Until

South Orange, N. J.—The paster of the Hilton Methodist church, Rev. A. Boylan Fitzgerald, has never taken much to the idea of summer vacations. He has been holding services regularly both morning and evening and they have been well attended. But for a while the evening service will be replaced by the vesper service at about four o'clock in the afternoon until frost comes and drives away the mos-

quitoes.

For several weeks each Sunday night the pests have kept the pastor slapping at them while conducting the service. He provided screens for the doors and windows but the mosquite

of 1919 defies screens.

On Sunday it was announced from the pulpit that hereafter until the mosquito season ends the congregation will steal a march on the borers and get all the services out of the way before he leaves his haunts as the shades of evening fall.

New Bug Blood Pelsoner.

Pottsville, Pa.—Frank Ebach may lose his right hand as the result of being stung by a new bug of greenish Weolor, much resembling a mosquito, which is now as much of a pest in Schuykill county as the seventeen-year locusts. There are scores of victims in this vicinity and blood pelsoning has been caused in several in-

Less to stake Ster . attr.

PARIS AIRSHIP MAD

Americans Far Behind Old World
Residents in Enthusiasm.

Gabriele d'Annunzio Goes into Rhapsodies Over Wonderful Achievement of Airmen—Talks of Paulhan's Flight in England.

Paris.—How long will it be before the large cities of the United States catch the aerial navigation crase which already has the chief cities of

Europe in its tense grasp?

This is a question which has been suggested by several Americans who have been in Paris recently. And as the season progresses the general fever of interest in the daily flights of aeroplanes and dirigibles of all descriptions appears to be continually increasing.

"Why, as far as I can see, this airship business is getting to be to France what baseball is to America!" was the remark made recently by a well-known me-sper of the Chicago board of trade. "The papers are full of it. New records are made every day. My friends tell me the French clerks talk nothing but monoplanes and biplanes. I am given to understand that the schoolboys have all the data of all the flights ever made, and of all the airships ever manufactured. The parks are full of boys sailing miniature airships, and to see an ordinary balloon float overhead is a sight so common that it has almost ceased to make people stare."

There is little doubt that the above observations accurately describe the present condition in France. The marvelous development of areoplanes has even more serious aspects. Ministers of war shake their heads gravely as they read of each new triumph of the neronauts. "Sportsmen are deserting other fields to try their hand at guiding winged steeds beneath the skies. Passengers have ben carried in heavier-than-air machines. The English channel has been crossed several times by aeroplanes. Everyone realizes that if the airship industry continues to grow to the fulfillment of its promise, a European war at the end of another year or so would reveal to the world hitherto undreamed of horrors of human destruction.

It is no doubt hard for Americans to realize to what an extent aerial navition has progressed. There are already two vast fields on the edge of Paris, entirely devoted to the science of flying, where flights are made every day, at about the time the wind is supposed to go down with the sun.

One of the most striking appreciations of aerial navigation ever uttered was made a few days ago by the Italian poet and novelist, Gabriele d'Annunzio, who is living temporarily in Paris, with the intention, it is said, of getting material for a novel on aerial navigation on which he is working. Speaking of the flight of Paulhan from Manchester to London, he said:

"It pleases me to think of him, this

"It pleases me to think of him, this marvelous Latin, as a Gallic Mercury with winged feet, who without doubt will one day seek on the summit of the Puy de Dome the ruins of its temple. (It is necessary to explain that a great prize of money has been affered to the seronaut who first shall fly from the Elffel tower in Paris to the summit—of the Puy de Dome, a mountain in the south of France on whose peak the ruins of an ancient castle stands.)

"To my imagination he was no longer a Frenchman, but the French; be was no longer a Latin, but the Latina; he was no longer a man, but man, man master of the universe, lord of created things, accomplishing the most marvelous dream, lessening infinky ftself chaining the infinite to his wings spread broad beneath the sum. His personality, his bravery, his hereism had disappeared; out of the limits marked by ordinary things had emerged a marvelous adventure, and before my mind, all the horizon was enlarged, the old boundaries of the world were passed, the heavens were conquered, time itself was conquered."

"And what future have you imagined from this conquest?" the post was asked.

"Everything! I believe it—everything!—with all my heart, and all my soul! Far from the opinion of the skeptics who pretend to consider aviation a bizarre and pertious plaything, void of any practical importance, reserved for acrebats and fools, I am, convinced that we are today so longer; celebrating a mere show of audacity, but indeed the premise of a profound emetamorphosis in civic life, in peace as in war, in beauty as in power."

Halley's Comet Not Yet Due?
Paris.—Colonel Marchand, here of
Fashoda and noted astronomer, does
not believe the comet which made its
appearance in June was Halley's
comet. He believes it is not due until
late in September. The Gauloia is
trying to identify the comet which
Metcalf of Taunton, Mass., recently
discovered and since observed at
Paris, Lyons and Marseilles as the
real comet of Halley.

Sharon, Pa.—William Hydeman, a local blacksmith, is the possessor of a hen that lays eggs with handles. A few days ago be discovered one of these freak eggs in the nest and in the morning got another. Projecting from one end is a slender handle about three inches long and about half an inch in diameter.

PAYS A DEBT 42 YEARS OLD

Uncle Sam Hands Over Mon to be Without Interest—Was Former #

Portland, Ore.—J. W. Range, an Alaska miner who is staying at the Perkins hotel, received a check for \$12 due him when he resigned a post-mastership at Mill Village, Pa. In the fall of 1867. Although the government has had the use of this \$12 for 42 years, Range is allowed no interest.

At six per cent., an average legal rate of interest in the United States, the principal and compound interest would amount to \$138.68. In other words, Ungle Sam made \$126.60 on that \$12 that belonged to Range, and is still in debt.

But this does not tell all the story. Range was compelled to pay an attorney in Washington, D. C., one-third of the amount he received after waiting more than 42 years to collect it. When the check was received Range sent \$4 to the astute attorney in the national capital for his services.

tional capital for his services.
"I served three years in the war," said Range last night, "and when I returned home my friends at Mill Village wanted to do something for me, so they had me appointed postmaster. I resigned in less than a year and came west.

"About five years ago I received a letter from an attorney in Washington, D. C., advising me that I had a good and just claim against the government for \$12, and that he would ecliect it for one-third of the amount as his commission. I did not know the government owed me anything, but I told him if I had anything coming to me he might go after it. I think the claim was for overpayment of postage stamps. I got the check, signed by Secretary MacVeagh, and had to send the attorney \$4 for collecting the claim."

WOMAN'S DREAM COMES TRUE

Saw Her Sister and Happy Family Re-Union Follows After Separation of Many Years.

Gloucester City, N. J.—Separated for 47 years and reunited through the agency of a realistic dream, Mrs. Louis Corlette, of this city, and her sister, Mrs. Laura Collver, of Newark, N. J., had a joyous feast with a lot of giad tears at the home of Harry Johnson,

son-in-law of Mrs. Corletto.

The sisters, both then married, parted at Baltimore soon after the death of their father and drifted into different parts of the country, and as the years sped on and they heard nothing of each other, they supposed that

death had ended all.

Recently, at her Newark home, Mrs.
Coliver dreamed that her long-lost sister was alive and living in Gloucester.
At first she paid no attention to the dream, having not the slightest idea how her mind came to be impressed with Gloucester, as she had never heard of her sister having gone there. The vision seemed to grip her, however, and finally she induced her husband, a Civil war veteran, to write to Postmaster Anderson of Gloucester

asking if Mrs. Corletto lived there.

The postmaster happened to know, her and her family, and he promptly supplied the necessary information. The happy reunion quickly followed and the aged sisters have been hard at work ever since trying to tell each other all that has happened to them and their children in the years that have intervened since they parted.

FARMER HAS NEW VEGETABLE

Tennesseean Says He Has at Last Raised Peppermate—Peculiar Combination.

Humboldt. Tenn. Henry P. Cole, a prosperous farmer of this vicinity, promises to rival the great Burbank in marvelous feats of plant raising. His latest innovation is a combination tomato and pepper plant, which will enable the lover of the delicious fruit to abandon the antiquated method of using pepper, it being only necessary to slice the new product and it is ready for use.

The tomato patch from which the freak tomato was taken is in close proximity to a field of peppers, and it is supposed by the plant raisers of this section that the pollen of the two was mixed during the blooming season. The physical construction of the "peppermato," as it has been locally dubbed, peculiarly interesting. As if taking into consideration the tastes of every one, nature so arranged the fruit that the pepper part may be separated from the tomato. and those who fear the ill effects of pepper upon human vitality may raise the fruit for market purposes and at the same time remove the ped from the few which they may personally consume.

The "peppermato" recembles the poverbial Slamese twins, being a perfect specimen of tomato species, to which is grafted a full pod of pepper. It is thought that the new plant involves principles which will be of interest to scientists.

Arkaneas Man Finds Pearl,

CEAN THE GOATS OF SERVICE

Corning, Ark.—James Grassham, a blacksmith at this place, while fighing in Lake Corning, opened a mussel to get bait and found a 15-grain pearl, which is beautiful, and he is holding it until the pearl buyers come again. This is one of the few pearls found in the lake, and is said by judges to be worth \$200. This find will doubtless start the pearl fishers at work on the

L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLÉANS