

What Two-Cent Stamp Can Do

Carries a Letter to Farthest Points in the New World and to Distant Lands.

ESKIMO-LAND TO PATAGONIA

Cruising Radius of the Two-Cent Stamp Greatly Extended in Last Few Years—Hati and Bermuda Latest Additions.

Washington, D. C.—American two-cent stamps now encircle the globe. The recent addition of Hati and Bermuda to places where two cents will carry a letter calls attention to the vast extension, in the last few years, of the "cruising radius" of the two-cent stamp, says a bulletin from the Washington, D. C., headquarters of the National Geographic society.

The two-cent stamp is now dispatched a letter northward to a point where it will be carried to its journey's end by a dog-sled into some Eskimo village, or southward across the equator toward a mule-back journey up the Andes or a canoe trip into a white settlement among the Tierra del Fuogo natives.

Theoretically you are entitled to send a letter with a two-cent stamp as far north as Cape Columbia, the point on Grant Land which is supposed to be Canada's farthest north, were there either post office or friend there to receive it, and to the far south of Patagonia or across the Strait of Magellan to the Argentine portion of Tierra del Fuogo. The southern limit of your two-cent correspondence does not quite reach Cape Horn, which belongs to Chile, which a two-cent rate has not been arranged.

East and West your two-cent stamp will reach to New Zealand and Samoa; and to the United States postal agency at Shanghai, China, and the United States consular office at Yokohama, Japan, other points in China and Japan require the usual foreign rate of five cents.

Easy to Remember.

"The alphabetical list of some sixty places where a foreign letter will go at the rate of two cents an ounce or fraction thereof" seems complicated. But it isn't hard to remember if you catalogue it geographically instead of alphabetically. Briefly, you can send a letter anywhere in North America and Central America and to all important points in the West Indies for two cents. The two-cent rate applies to all South American countries except Venezuela and Chile, Paraguay and Uruguay, and Dutch and French Guiana.

In Europe only England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales are included in the two-cent zone. All of Asia requires a five-cent stamp except the points mentioned above. The oceanic places within two-cent reach are New Zealand (including the Cook Islands as well as the British portion of Samoa), Bermuda and Haiti, of course—it is to be remembered that the two-cent letter rate as well as other domestic rates apply to Alaska, the Canal Zone, Guam, the Philippines, Porto Rico, American Samoa, and the American Virgin Islands.

Post Makes for Peace.

Agreements by which more countries gradually are being added to the "two-cent list" are reached through the Universal Postal union which first met at Bern in 1874. The repeated statement that the post office is a civilizing agent is realized more fully when it is noted that representatives of the central powers, the allied countries and the United States met in friendly conference at Madrid in 1906. As this was the first meeting of the Universal Postal union since the sessions of 1906, in Rome, a great

volume of business was transacted. These results are embodied in a Universal Postal convention to which, by alphabetical right, Germany (Austria), Italy, the United Kingdom and the United States of America the second.

"Both America and Germany, in fact, are entitled to more than alphabetical precedence in the Universal Postal union," says the convention reference, which at the instigation of the United States, in Paris, twelve years before the postal union was formed, the motto of the Austro-German Postal union, which had functioned effectively since 1850, had a direct bearing upon the organization, which made it possible for a two-cent stamp to carry your written message to other continents and remote islands of the oceans."

Coast With an Ax.

Edmonton, Can.—A fraudulent ghost that wails an ax when in a peevish mood has been reported from Forestburg, a nearby coal field town. According to local belief, the wail is the ghost of a former mine owner named Turner. After her husband's death Mrs. Turner married again, becoming Mrs. Edell, and this action on her part put her ghost in a particularly bad humor. Mrs. Edell said that the spirit appeared in her home with an ax in its hands and chased her all over the house.

Crooks Study Society News

Keep Close Watch on Women Tourists With Gems Traveling in Europe.

MILLIONS IN JEWELS STOLEN

Paris-Riviera Express Favorite Looting Ground for International Gangs—All Sorts of Fakes Are Proving Lucrative.

London.—For a short time after the outbreak of the war the most notorious of international crooks who, through smuggling, and robbery, had cleaned up handsomely in the five years preceding hostilities. They thought, also, that passport documents would militate against the forming of gangs. But they are now convinced that the international crook survived even a world war.

Millions of dollars' worth of diamonds and other precious stones are said to have been stolen by members of the different gangs in the last three years. Some of the richest hauls have been made on express trains between Paris and the Riviera and Italy. The latest sensational exploit was the filling of forty or more mail bags on an express out of Paris which was said, erroneously, to have carried several British diplomatic pouches. The foreign office here denies that any such mail bags were on the train.

Care of Official Mail.

The greatest care is always taken in sending abroad official mail. During the war and since official mail sacks have been carefully guarded by couriers, who never leave the work (partly because first class and sealed to ordinary passengers) in which the official mail is carried. These particular mail sacks are packed to let water in, so that they will sink if the vessel on which they are carried is wrecked or is raided by pirates.

Lucrative Fakes.

The "international" gang are also working in jewelry and fake book-making concerns.

Another lucrative portion of the international crook since the war has been the disposal of so-called royal jewels. It all the jewels reported to have belonged to the ill-fated Russian royal family had really belonged to the czar, who never knew the whereabouts of his jewels. Nevertheless, a considerable amount of the treasures once possessed by Europe's best royal families and their hang-around have gone into the hands of the crooks and have made big hauls in smuggling them from one country to another. The American authorities discovered some months ago that crooks were signing on certain American mercantile ships as seamen to try to smuggle diamonds into the United States.

Raise Rates for Mines.

A South African mine corporation has planted 250 acres of eucalyptus to supply the demand for pillars for its underground operations.

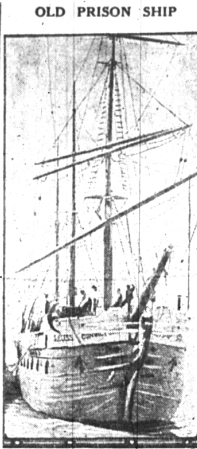
"Twentieth century Adam he is not a beauty."

Thoughts After Forty.

My mind is like an old horse. It will go if it knows it is going to get something, but it will loaf if it gets a chance.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

These Listing Days.

The Still Small Voice—Funny they don't seem to listen in deep enough to hear me.



OLD PRISON SHIP

The prison ship Success, perhaps the oldest ship afloat, built in 1790, left its mooring at the foot of West One Hundred and Twenty-ninth street, New York the other day and floated down the river to the battery, where she docked. This ship is being used to show New Yorkers and visitors just how they took care of prisoners at sea in the old days.

PRINCESS MOLLIE

By SUSAN G. BOWLES

1922, by Picture Newspaper Syndicate

Contrary to a popular saying about listless Mollie had just a few ordinary laundry remarks about herself. Ordinarily she, being scrupulously exacting in all matters of feminine decorum, would have scorned the thought of listening without making her presence known. But one of those mischievous and invasive impulses which seemingly have no explanation, had persuaded her to remain and, standing at the very thought of the ugly word, Mollie inwardly confessed that she was yawning.

Her womanly inhibition together (or so she fancied) that she was bound to hear more agreeable talk; and what woman, even though knowing it to be wrong, can resist the natural tendency to hear herself praised? So there she stood, apparently riveted to the floor, two feet from her sister's bedroom door, which was warily watched by her. It was the remarks of Ada, her sister, and Miss Grace Sumner, their guest, which had arrested Mollie's attention. "Yes," the listener heard Grace repeat. "I sure the prince loves Mollie."

"But don't you think it a bit premature to assume that he is in love?" countered Ada doubtfully. "And even if he thinks he loves Mollie," concluded Ada, "we mustn't forget that all men are fickle. They are the prey of every pretty face."

"No," replied Grace firmly, as if to resent the other girl's sweeping indictment. "Not this time, anyway. The prince was quite in earnest when he spoke of Mollie's dancing her high marks at school and what not. Of course, he probably meant to be merely complimentary, but— And Miss Sumner shook her head significantly.

Mollie felt she had heard enough as evidence of a mixed feeling of shame and offense, she promptly decided to withdraw out of hearing.

And now it should be explained that these three fortunate girls had, the previous evening, been entertained, at an exclusive social by the married and charming Prince Paul Alberto de Aquila, a young nobleman whose title, wealth and lineage were proverbial and the envy of girl aristocracy. And Alberto, as is preferred to be called, had shown himself to be a "regular fellow," insipidly by fortune, station or name.

Alone in her own room, Mollie sat down to think it over, and distinctly recalled that Alberto had been particularly kind to her. Ada and Grace were dear girls, of course, and both deserved paragon husbands. But if the prince chose to marry her, Ada and Grace were dear girls, of course, and both deserved paragon husbands. But if the prince chose to marry her, Ada and Grace were dear girls, of course, and both deserved paragon husbands.

Mollie was eager to accept, but thought it more dignified to decline a first invitation. If Prince de Aquila should care to call some other time, and if the weather were suitable, etc., etc.

A week later Alberto called by appointment, and despite the fact that Mollie had spent the entire day in preparation for the anticipated visit she stopped herself, her entire and propped her hair here and there, scrutinized her skirt at the ankles and gave her face a final dash.

Alberto led Mollie to his big car and instructed his chauffeur, and presently they whirled into the open country. Mollie shivered as the road was penetrated her thin waist, and she found the reflection of the sun on the windshield annoying. But the brilliant day notwithstanding this discomfort, the driver to stop and adjust the windshield, while from beneath the big cushions a massive fur coat was magically brought forth. Having delicately fastened Mollie into the fur coat, Alberto gave the word and the journey was resumed.

But the sun still bothered her, and she found some difficulty in keeping the smooth hair of her coat from flying into her mouth. She found it impossible to breathe the words "Princess Mollie," which sounded so appropriate. Some day—

But alas! Mollie suddenly opened her eyes and found herself in bed, the sun shining down upon her, the wind vigorously blowing her loose hair out of her mouth and tugging at the neck of the coat to cover her exposed shoulders. More exasperated than she would care to have known, Mollie scolded her anger and disappointment at not being pillow into a big ball and pounding it. Then she rolled over and vowed to go back to sleep.

Deal Squarely With the Boy.

He who helps a boy become a man and good man makes a contribution of the first class to the welfare of the nation. We must see that, so far as we are concerned, every boy gets an absolutely square deal.—Franklin D. Lane.

Both Desirable.

"Wouldn't it be great if you could teach a hen to lay as many eggs as a fly?" remarks an exchange. Or a fly to lay so many eggs as a hen, brother.—Boston Transcript.

Proof Positive.

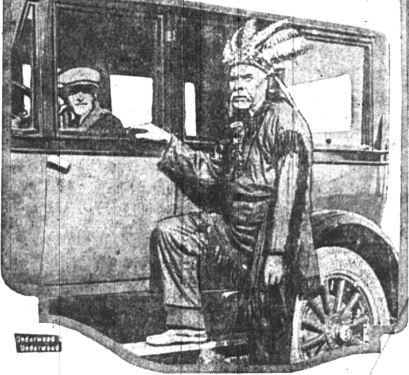
There recently entered the office of a railway claim agent an old lady who presented a request for compensation for an alleged loss of a mule, which was said to have been killed by one of the trains. "You are sure," remarked the agent, after hearing the story, "that it was your mule?" "Yes," replied the old lady, "and I press that killed your mule?" "Why, yes," said the negro, "as if surprised at the question, "that you are the very other train on 'ya' road!"—Harper's Magazine.

Queen Mary Paying Tribute to the War Dead



Queen Mary of England placing a wreath on the memorial to war dead in the cemetery of Terlinthun.

Passamaquoddy Indians Going on Tour



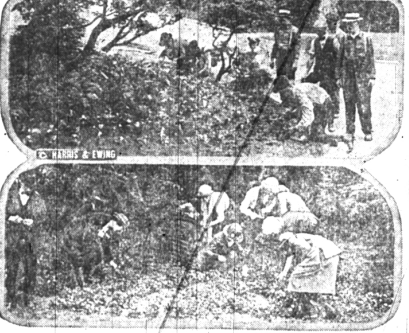
The Passamaquoddy Indians are going to leave their reservation at Pleasant Point, Maine, this summer for a tour of the country. The photograph shows Governor Soper Mallett, big chief of the tribe, in full regalia.

HEN WITH WOODEN LEG



Ever hear of a chicken with a wooden leg? Here's one that lays eggs and scratches just as well as if she had both legs. Two months ago the right leg became infected, so that amputation was necessary. Dr. M. H. Ross of Los Angeles is the owner of the hen.

White House Flowers All Picked



Lower picture: Tourists picking flowers from the White House beds, a really unusual sight in Washington, the privilege having been granted in order that new beds might be planted. Upper picture: Replanting the flower beds in the White House grounds.

Will Send Moving Pictures by Radio



C. Francis Jenkins, Washington inventor, in his laboratory with the receiving instrument of his latest invention, which will make possible the transmission of moving pictures by radio. The real secret of the invention rests with the pneumatic rings which he only recently perfected. Mr. Jenkins holds the Elliott-Cresson gold medal, awarded by the Franklin Institute of America, as the originator and inventor of the moving picture machine.

GIRL IS ATHLETIC STAR



Miss Dorothy Bough, here seen going over the hurdles, was a star performer in an athletic meet in Philadelphia. She made the 75-yard dash in ten seconds, tying the women's record.

Convincing the Captain.

When wireless telegraphy was in its infancy there were many people who were quite skeptical as to its efficiency. One of these was the captain of a trans-Atlantic liner. It happened that on one voyage Frank Marconi was one of his passengers. One evening the captain turned to the great inventor and asked him: "Do you really believe in wireless telegraphy?" "Signor Marconi smiled and replied: "Now, captain, just you send a telegram to your wife and tell her to telegraph from Philadelphia, and you will receive her reply when in mid-Atlantic." "This I did," related the captain, "and, sure enough, my wife telegraphed to me. I was quite convinced that 'wireless' was genuine."

Motor Improvements.

"Gasoline becomes more evil-smelling every year."

"I think," commented Mr. Chingta, thoughtfully, "they must be conducting some experiments to save motor fuel."

"Gas is not more inflammable because it's malodorous."

"No. The idea evidently is to get the gas so obnoxious that the old motor will hop out of its own accord and try to run away from it."

Nothing in Old Theory.

I have known a vast quantity of nonsense talked about bad men not looking you in the face. Don't trust that idea. Dishonesty will stare honesty out of countenance any day in the week, if there is anything to be got by it.—Hickens.

Real News.

Headline—"Hogs Done." That, young students of journalism, is news, because it is unusual. It is not in the nature of hogs to decline anything.—Boston Transcript.

New York P. O. Employees Finger-Printed



In the investigation of a recent big post office robbery in New York every employee there was "finger-printed," and it was found that a good many of them had police records. Those men were discharged. Postmaster E. W. Moran is here seen having his finger prints taken.

MAY HAVE TO WEAR A BARREL

North Carolina Prisoner Sends His Only Pair of Trousers to His Relatives.

Kinston, N. C.—Claude Bush, who sent his only pair of trousers home to his people in Elizabeth City after he had been sentenced to five years in state's prison for highway robbery, returned in his overalls. Jailer Tom Conway, who declared Bush sent his

"High" way to "inconvenience the state," says the prisoner will continue to wear just what he has on, which is "nothing to brag about," until he starts for Raleigh in a few days hence. Then he will wear the cheapest pair of jumpers Conway can find. "He hasn't got on as much as an artist's work would wear at a Greenwich Village ball," said Conway, and as a