ON THE LOS ANGELES FRO NT

(From the Los Angeles Times)

Bandits and stick-up men who happ- period daring the past year to direct their predatory footsteps toward the drug store of L. B. Weaks at Pico Boulevard and Fairfax avenue have learned somewhat to their sorrow how Mr. Weaks came to be called by his neighbors the "Deadliest Druggist o. West Pico."

His score and his eight antagonists during five holdups since January, 1929, follow:

Two hold-up men shot.

Two serving life terms in San Quentin.

Two under arrest, identified by the druggist, and facing similar terms.

On the other side of the ledger the bandits have obtained just $7 in cash.

The recapitulation of the druggist's efforts followed still another attempt to hold up his store late Friday night, and again his markmanship led to the arrest of the two men now charged with the crime, Robert Cunningham, 20 years of age, and Joe Carlton, 26.

It was only a few hours after they had been fired upon by Weaks that 2 bandits were captured yesterday after a chase from Los Angeles to Santa Barbara. Detectives Bergeron, Leslie and James, of Wilshire division, took up the trail shortly after the hold-up upon learniing that the men, one of whom was wounded, had checked out of a rooming house a few minutes before.

The one $7 loss sustained by Weaks was on th occasion of his first robbery. The next day the drugist, who served with the American Expeditionary Force, purchased several pistols and began target practice, specializing on quick draws. He equipped himself with an under arm spring holster and planted the pistols in various convenient spots under counters around the store.

In March Jack O'Brian and Harry Phillips, who had not observed Druggist Weaks on the target range, paid him a professional call. The resultant hail of bullets almost wrecked the drug store, but Phillips was dragged out by his companion, whose zeal was worthy of a better cause, and driven away.

City detectives a few days later arrested the two and subsequently prosecuted the physician who attended Phillips for not reporting the gunshot wound in the man's chest. The two stick-up men were sentenced to seven years to life in San Quentin.

Two other attempts to hold up the Weaks drug store were made and each time the proprietor shot it out with the robbers in approved Western style. He didn't "get his man" on either of these occasions. But between old-ups the druggist practiced steadily on the range, and Friday night when his latest hold-up occured he was ready.

"I intend to defend my position as proprietor of this drug store if I have to buy a machine gun," said Mr. Weaks yesterday. "If more suburban storekeepers would keep up their target practice and reach for an automatic instead of the ceiling when stick-up men appear, there would be fewer hold-ups."

"There isn't much danger. Hold-up men aren't such good shots. A druggist can always drop behind the counter, while the bandits must stand out in the middle of the store. That disconcerts their aim. Out of perhaps forty shots fired at me in the past year none has come close enough to scratch me."

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Blossom-Time for Jean

By DUFORD JENNA

(Copyright)

JEAN quailed inwardly as she saw Meda's dark, cynical eyes swing down the dining room table. The girls had been discussing old maids and the comments had already been a bit personal.

"For the president of the Old Maids' club, I nominate Jean. Can't you just see her some day being called 'Auntie,' putting on her woolen underwear on a certain day, no matter what the temperature is."

The laughter cut into Meda's speech. Jean quivered to the center of her shy little soul, and for the first time she turned on the girl who had seemed to get pleasure, from the day of her coming in, in "kidding" her in a way that hurt even as it made fun for the others.

"Perhaps, you don't know the whole story, Meda!" she said quickly.

"Oh, I see! I smell a mystery—the boy back home, eh? Tell us about him!" Meda's soft, insinuating voice ran on.

Jean fled from the table to the refuge of her room where she sat on the edge of her bed in stricken silence. The word "home" had been the key that unlocked a rush of memories of the little village that she had left. Through the memories filling her mind was mixed in a little cry—"Oh, why did I say that to Meda?"

A knock on the door interrupted her thoughts, and Alice Lane came in. She put her arms around Jean.

"Don't you let Meda bother you, youngster," she said smiling. "Meda really envies you, I think, your gentleness and shyness; and I don't think she really means to hurt you."

"But I can't help resenting it, Alice," Jean said with a half sob.

"I know, but you just show a little more spunk, and I will help you out," Alice advised her.

Jean nodded, but the scheme did not appeal to her—to "talk back" to the sharp-tongued Meda called for ability that Jean did not possess.

No other idea came to help her until, the following afternoon, she turned from her way home from work to a flower shop.

A young man with pleasant eyes came to wait upon her. She gave her order—a box of flowers, and she asked him to send them to the address she gave—her own. As he took the order he chatted with her, and her shy girl's soul unfolded like a blossom under his kindness. Seeing her interest, he took her about the shop, and she went with heart and eyes alight.

That evening the flowers came. They filled her common little room with fragrance. Jean hid her face among them, and as flowers always did, they quieted her mind.

Alice discovered her with them. The girls came in, Meda among them.

Meda stared at them, then whirled on Jean.

"Oho, so it wasn't a bluff after all, eh? Girls, what do you know about that? Her boy friend sent them! And they are lovely!" Meda acknowledged.

The idea had certainly worked as Jean discovered. But as the next week came and the next, and the flowers took every spare penny she had, she realized that her idea had not been thought out to the end. She must stop buying them, and what would happen then?

She left no order, one week; no flowers came as they had before, and Meda immediately discovered the fact.

"What's the matter with your boy friend, Jean? Or were you sending them to yourself? We never saw this boy friend of yours!" the keen-eyed girl suggested.

The color flamed to Jean's brow as Meda looked at her. "Ha, I believe that's it, you—"

The hall bell rang, and the maid brought up a box. Opened, by eager hands, Jean saw before her a box of far more costly flowers than she had ever bought, and these she had not purchased.

Amid the exclamations of the girls, one voice suggested sourly, "Meda, you go soak your head. It's about time you let up on Jean. Nobody thinks enough of you to send you flowers like these!"

Meda for once, was dumb. Jean gave each girl one of the lovely blooms, including Meda. Meda took it, her face softening.

After they had gone, Jean stared at the box. It was from the same shop. A mistake must have been made.

The next day she stopped. She had learned the name of the clerk who waited on her, and she went to him. His eyes lighted as he saw her and softened as she told him of the mistake.

"No, Miss Hudson," he said quietly. "I sent them because—well—" His voice changed in tone—"Honestly, I wish we could be friends. You love flowers, so do I—that's enough to introduce us. You don't like the city; neither do I. Why not go to a play tonight with me—and—well—" he paused, his eager words tripping on each other.

The color tinted her cheeks. "Oh, I would love to," she said, feeling as if she just breathed the words.

That evening was Jean's triumph. First he came, and the girls met him; then Meda had stared at her and said—"Jean, you look lovely." And there was the gorgeously happy evening with him, and the good-by at her door that held promise of other good-bys and a time when no good-by need be said.

Valuable Information

Grandma had just arrived on a visit and to take part in celebrating young Bobbie's birthday on the morrow.

After supper Bobbie started to fidget round grandma's chair. To the surprise of everyone present he said: "Grandma, which is the right side of you? Mother said if I'm a good boy and keep on the right side of you you might buy me a bicycle."

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Chess Without a Peer in Line of Amusements

Chess is the king of games. Its subtlety and scientific beauty is without a peer in the line of amusements. For centuries the sport has constituted one of the principal diversions of kings, statesmen, painters, poets and captains of industry and commerce. It has been universal in its scope and without restrictions among peoples, creeds or countries.

This intellectual pastime frequently has been suggested as a cure for a few of the world ills. Students of the game are of the opinion that it develops thinkers, brings to light genius and encourages mathematical calculations. The dull brain is stimulated into flaming activity; young minds are schooled to think clearly and concisely, while the old brain is rejuvenated. It is a mental solvent that contains those ingredients that make the eye sharp, the spirit calm and the disposition unruffled. In brief, chess is a mysterious science dealing with profound problems.

Like golf, the game takes possession of the mental faculties and diverts them from their ordinary grooves. The absorption and abstraction afforded constitute a panacea for the cerebral organ wearied by business or frazzled by cares, the latter being neutralized by the foresight demanded.—Kansas City Times.

Nova Scotian Island Dreaded by Mariners

Every year, Sable island, on the coast of Nova Scotia, has had its tale of disasters. During the war between the French and the English, troop ships were known to be dashed to pieces in the terrific breakers. In 1746 the Duc d'Anville lost a transport and a fireship in a severe storm near the island, and in 1761, one of the vessels that had been with Wolfe at Quebec was wrecked. A curious tale is told about the latter.

There was an old landmark on the island in the form of a pyramid of sand a hundred feet high. In 1842, during a fearful hurricane, this was completely blown away, and where it had stood were some small huts built from the timbers of wrecked ships. The huts contained articles of furniture, bales of blankets, some military shoes, and boxes of other goods. A brass dog collar that was unearthed bore the name of Major Elliott, Forty-third regiment. This was the regiment wrecked in 1761, and examination of the records showed that the soldiers who had been saved from Wolfe's transport had been taken off the island. The site of their old encampment is now under water.

Donkey's Wonderful Foot

The foot of an ass is one of the most ingenious and unexampled pieces of mechanism in animal structure. The hoof contains a series of vertical and thin laminae of horn, amounting to about five hundred, and forming a complete lining to it. In this are fitted as many laminae belonging to the coffin-bone, while both sets are elastic and adherent. The edge of a quire of paper inserted leaf by leaf into another will convey a sufficient idea of the arrangement. Thus the weight of the animal is supported by as many elastic springs as there are laminae in all the feet, amounting to about 4,000, distributed in the most secure manner, since every spring is acted upon in an oblique direction.

Arms and the Bishop

One does not usually associate the parade service with humor, though this conjunction occasionally happens. Here is a case from India: In the battalion orders of a smart infantry regiment there appeared the following notice: "The bishop of Lucknow will preach at the parade service on Sunday morning next. All men will carry 20 rounds of ball ammunition." Ever since the mutiny the troops in northern India have attended church with arms and ammunition. But it was unfortunate that the order to do this should follow so closely on the bishop's appearance in church.—London Morning Post.

Whereupon

The young men had been behaving in a disorderly manner at a Revivalist meeting, and the missioner asked them:

"Why did you come to this meeting?"

"To see miracles performed," answered one of them.

Whereupon they were summarily ejected. "We don't perform miracles," explained the missioner, "but—we cast out devils!"

Only Fair

When we know that we have a contagious disease it is only fair to accept quarantine as graciously as possible, no matter how inconvenient; to stay away from public gatherings where we might carry a disease to others; and to warn chance callers when we think we have one of the non-quarantine diseases.—Successful Farming.

Splinters

Mother was dressing a chicken, and Jane, age four, was close at hand with the usual number of questions. The feathers had been removed, but the pin feathers were numerous and much scraping was necessary.

"Oh, mother," exclaimed Jane, "how did the chicken get all those splinters in it?"

Long-Lived Poets

Poets, on the whole, are a long-lived race, writes "Looker-on" in the London Daily Chronicle, and some records are recalled of poets laureate. Of those in office since the time of Ben Jonson, most have reached a good old age, and held office for many years. Wordsworth, for instance, lived to be eighty, Sir William Davenant eighty-two, Tennyson eighty-three, and Colley Cibber eighty-six. The average tenure of the laureateship has been over twenty years. Southey held it for thirty years, and Tennyson for forty-seven.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned has obtained from the Orphans' Court for Kent County letters of Administration on the personal estate of

RICHARD C. LEAVERTON

late of said county, deceased. All persons having claims against said deceased's estate are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the proper vouchers thereof, to the undersigned on or before the 16th day of May, 1930, otherwise they may by law be excluded from all benefit of said deceased's personal estate.

All persons indebted to this estate must settle at once.

Given under my hand this 12th day of November, 1929.

STEPHEN R. COLLINS,
Administrator.

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