Can You Blame The Poor Cops

OFFICER KEARNEY had a personal, intense dislike for radios, which he called raddios and which, he said, were keeping a good man down. He explained it all to the pale clerk who led him to the rear of the shop. "It don't give us little guys a chance. I been needin' a citation to get my promotion, but there ain't never anything doing. You see these guys tearin' around; they got a raddio and the chief at headquartes sends 'em the word when there's a hold-up or a murder and it's all over with by the time an ordinary guy gets his dogs movin'."

"Well, there's no law makin' you buy one if you don't like 'em," the clerk stated.

"The h—l there ain't—Mrs. Lester Kearney."

"Oh!" said the clerk. "I've heard of such cases."

"I can't afford it but she says you aren't in it any more unless you've got one," Officer Kearney stated. "So trot 'em out."

They moved toward the rear of the store. Suddenly the clerk stopped: "Who sent you here?"

"Why," the officer responded, "my friend Tiny did—Tiny Burke. Said you and he was sidekicks. He gave me the address, 862 Whiting street, and said you'd treat me right."

"Ah, yes—good old Tiny."

They stopped before one of the machines lined against the wall, and the clerk adjusted the dial. When sound came he assumed a pose of rapt attention.

It developed that the item was market quotations on hogs, wheat and corn from WHOZ.

"Seems like a powerful machine. Is there a price?"

"—Er—one hundred fifty," came glibly.

"Cheap enough for a trusty. How come?"

The clerk winked. "To our friends, you understand. And anybody who's a friend of Tiny is a friend of mine. All right?"

"O. K. Any music in the air?"

The clerk shifted the dial. There was a gruff rumble and the machine sent forth a low growl like lions in pain.

"Patrol number eight—go to 683 Bombay—"

The clerk hesitated only an instant. "That ain't music, I'm sure of that. I was tryin' to get—"

Officer Kearney put out a restraining hand. He seemed puzzled. "I'd know that voice in a wind storm, and I'll eat my badge for a plate lunch if it ain't Sergeant Carey."

"Yeah? They send out reports from the police station to the patrols. It's a good machine what'll pick that up. It's h—l for these here burglars, too. The cops are right on their necks."

"That's what I was sayin'," said Kearney. "It don't give us plain hoofers a chance."

The voice droned on, sending out the startling vice and crime incidents which a large city breeds. "A woman jumped from the fifteenth story of the Liberty hotel. See Moran. He reported it. Number 12 get this. Radio store at 862 Whiting held up. Look for Jakie Nack. He loves radios. Reported by the garage next door. Owner tied up in the rear room but he got to a window. He's layin' low until you get there."

The store was very quiet, except for the drone of the broadcaster's voice. For a moment both men looked startled. Then the clerk grinned:

"Holy smoke! That's this dump. Somebody pulled a boner. They're dumb, I tell you. Them cops are just plain dumb. We'll have the whole force on our necks in a minute."

Officer Kearney mused.

"Just a minute, son—come back here a minute."

The clerk stopped, his back turned on the officer. For an instant he stood rooted to the spot, then he shrugged and returned. The officer continued: "They're dumb—sure. They got the wrong number. All cops are dumb. It's the burglars that are the wise guys. Guys like this Jakie Nack. You know him?"

"Sure, all us radio stores are on the lookout for him. A slick guy, about my size."

"Well, say, now, I wonder—"

The clerk grinned again. "I follow you, chief. You've got a notion—maybe you'd like to put the bracelets on me?" Grinning from ear to ear, he held out his hands toward the officer.

"Well," said Officer Kearney, rising, "Yes, I would." He flashed a pair of handcuffs and in an instant slipped them expertly around the man's wrists.

"Cooked," Jakie Nack said, sheepishly.

"Yeah, cooked. We're all dumb, Jakie, all dumb. It ain't only the cops." He raised his voice and called to the rear of the store: "Oh, Tiny—come on. I got him."

Jakie looked crestfallen.

"Say, is that guy Tiny Burke, this here friend of yours, the same one that I—"

"Sure, Jakie. He's the guy you hogtied in the back room. He gave me the high-sign through the window, so I came in after tellin' the garage man to send in the alarm. I wanted those raddio guys to get here after it was all over with. Thanks for the demonstration, Jakie. I guess I can afford one now."

"I hope it drives you nutty," said Jakie graciously as the patrol screamed to a stop.

Pansy an Importation

The commercial pansy of today is a development of a small flower native to Europe, variously named. It is a direct descendant of the heartease of the English gardens and the Johnny jump-up, and was probably brought to the United States by the earlier settlers.

No End of Trouble

Correct one trouble and you cause another. Eliminate inferior people and the superior would have nobody to afford the contrast that keeps them satisfied. San Francisco Chronicle.

HOME DEMONSTRATION NOTES

Saturday, October 4th, Flatland Girls' Club at Janet and Ruth McVean's, 2 P. M. Mrs. L. A. Sutton, local leader.

Monday, October 6th, Galena Junior Girls' 4-H Club at school house after school. Mrs. Thomas Cruikshank and Mrs. C. H. Crawford, local leaders.

Tuesday, October 7th, Still Pond Girls' Club at school house after school. Mrs. Wm. Medders, local leader.

Wednesday, October 8th, Galena Women's Group at school house at 2 P. M.

Wednesday, October 8th, Swan Creek Women's Club at Mrs. Lee Magness at 7.30. Mrs. P. W. Bigelow, president.

Thursday, October 9th, Rock Hall Women's Club at Star Life Insurance office, 11 A. M. to 3 P. M. Mrs. Walter Wirts, president.

Thursday, October 9th, Turkey Tour.

Friday, October 10th, Betterton Girls' Club at school house after school, Mrs. Elmer Thomas, local leader.

MUSKRATS NOW REAL INDUSTRY

Trapping muskrats, an occupation that has given pleasure and profit to countless farm boys, has developed and large muskrat farms are now found in many States where there are large areas of marshland.

In the old days muskrat skins were sold for as little as 15 to 25 cents apiece. Now the carcass will bring that much as meat, and the skins have advanced almost tenfold in value according to theUnited States Bureau of Biological Survey. The annual catch has now reached 14,000,000 muskrats.

The earliest use for muskrats fur was in the manufacture of an excellent imitation of beaver hats. Modern fur dresses and dyers now imitate many of the more costly furs with that of the muskrat. This practice, together with the multiplicity of designs decreed by fashion for women's apparel, has created a continuous demand for the pelts.

The chief requirements in muskrat farming, according to the Biological Survey, are to maintain a food supply for the animals and to guar dagainst depleting their numbers by too close trapping. In some localities muskrats are kept on definite premises by the erection of suitabue fences, and these also aid in preventing "poaching" and in lessening depredations by natural enemies.

Muskrats multiply rapidly. Their aquatic retreats and general habits assist them in protecting themselves. Though injurious to crops in some localities, muskrats generally inhabit places unsuited to agriculture.

Many of the marsh areas bordering on the Great Lakes and the tidewater marshes of New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland and Louisiana, and some of the northern tier of States that formerly were considered useless, are now being utilized for muskrat farming, the Biological Survey says. Because of the increased value of furs, these areas are yielding steady and profitable returns and when sold they frequently bring more than do adjacent cultivated lands.

Land of Thunderstorms

Java is probably the country which has the most thunderstorms. The earth experiences about 16,000,000 thunderstorms a year, or an average of 44,000 daily.

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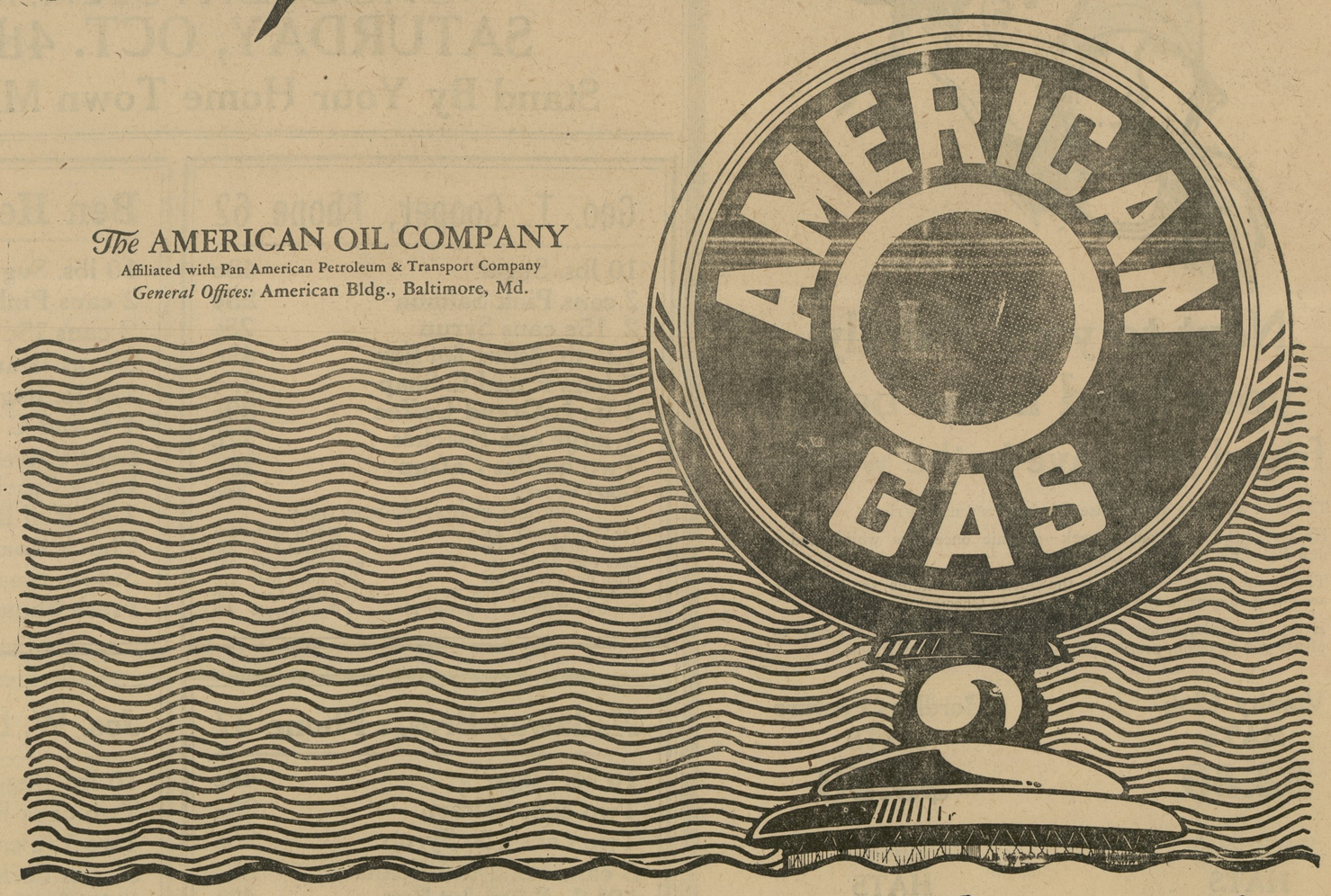

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