

BRITISH RAILWAYS ORDERED TO RETURN EXCESS RAIL RATES

(By Associated Press) BUENOS AIRES, Oct. 5.—Rate increases which the British-owned railways of Argentina put into effect last March, amounting from 15 to 25 per cent, have been declared null and void by a decree of President Yrigoyen, issued today, which orders the roads to return the money paid in excess of the old rates to the shippers interested.

The action was taken following a note addressed by the ministry of public works to the railroads, stating that the raising of the rates without previous sanction of the government authorities implied non-recognition of the control of the state over these public utilities.

Roads Held Out

The roads contend they had the right to raise the rates under an interpretation of the law and continued to keep the increases in force notwithstanding that ministry of public works proceeded to levy fines upon them of 1,000 pesos (about \$690) a day and later 10,000 pesos a day.

Recently, however, after much discussion, the roads informed the government that it had not been their intention to disregard the authority of the nation and that they were ready to acquiesce in any decision the government might take in the matter.

The president in his decree remits the fines and directs the ministry of public works to proceed to the revision of the existing rates.

PARIS REORGANIZES HER FAT MEN'S CLUB

(By Associated Press)

PARIS, Oct. 5.—The Fat Men's club, of Paris, in order to become a member of which, one must weigh 200 pounds, and which had to close its doors during the war, has recently been reorganized and is planning a gala of its own to be held in some rustic spot in the suburbs of the city, sufficiently spacious for their evolution. The membership now numbers 58, among whom three are women. They also weigh over 200 pounds.

Mr. Maurer, the president, weighs 290 pounds, while the secretary, Mr. Alizas, is a comparative lightweight, just tipping the scales at 202. Mr. Hoffman, recently elected by the Queens of Beauty as the handsomest man in Paris, was admitted to the club a short time ago. He turns the scales at 210 pounds, and has the remarkable waist measurement of one yard and 30 inches.

American Legion

NEW YORK, Oct. 5.—Use of the giant liner Leviathan, for months idle at the army docks at Hoboken, as shelter and sleeping quarters for homeless and jobless ex-service men, is being sought of the Shipping Board by the American Legion.

Following the Shipping Board's announcement that the ship is going to be reconditioned and restored to service, the Legion likewise requests that as many unemployed service men as possible be hired for the extensive repair work. The minimum estimate of the cost of reconditioning the liner is \$8,000,000, and a large number of men could be employed throughout the winter.

It would be most commendable on the part of the Shipping Board and would earn the everlasting gratitude of the ex-service men if immediately the unemployed could be put to work reconditioning this ship or, in the meantime, homeless ex-service men would be permitted to use it as their temporary headquarters. John T. Taylor, vice-chairman of the Legion's legislative committee at Washington has written A. D. Lasker, chairman of the Shipping Board. "Thousands of these men are walking the streets or sleeping in parks at night and permission to use the ship on which they once crossed the ocean would give them the feeling that our country has not forgotten them."

The Leviathan, formerly the German Vaterland, carried 4,500 American officers and 120,000 enlisted men to Europe before the Armistice. Her average capacity per trip was 14,000 men.

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Rubberneck Remarks

By FREDERIC J. HASKIN

MONTREAL, P. Q., Oct. 5.—The rubberneck wagon, which a few years ago was confined to cities with unique sight-seeing features, is now, without exaggeration, ubiquitous.

Practically every town of any size or distinguishing features is equipped with at least one line of busses to show strangers its millionaire row, city hall and normal school.

The rubberneck wagon is typically an institution of the day. Imagine, if you can, any one of your Victorian ancestors with his ideas of dignity and reserve climbing up on the seat by the driver and rubbernecking with animation while a megaphone individual shouted facts and jokes in his ears. This is what travelers want nowadays. If there was any doubt of this, a glance at the neatly packed busses rolling over the streets of any big city would prove it.

Here in Montreal, an unusual situation prevails. The quaint old cabs and victorias have stood out against the invasion of the big, efficient-looking busses with their megaphone spouters. But it is no use. The busses are here, and the cabs will be gone eventually, though a few people do still prefer their old-world atmosphere.

The real reason why the cabs have been able to hold out against the autos is Mount Royal. This mountain that rises back of Montreal is a pleasure park belonging to the city. It is a favorite drive, or climb, with residents of the city, and strangers never miss driving to the top to enjoy the broad view of Montreal below and the St. Lawrence winding beyond.

They drive up because the city permits no automobiles to climb Mount Royal's winding roads. At different times sentiment has been aroused in favor of removing the restriction on automobiles. But the constantly curving roads are regarded as too dangerous for swiftly moving vehicles, especially if the drivers should be inexperienced, intoxicated or reckless. So the cabbies are in their element here, and do a quietly bustling business up the mountain.

Montreal further varies the monotony of the usual assortment of green, red, blue and white busses, by having its own sight-seeing street car. This car is gaily decorated in gold paint and electric lights, so that it resembles the chariot on the merry-go-round. It goes round the base of Mount Royal and offers an hour ride

for 25 cents. But elsewhere in the city, and in other cities, the sight-seeing automobile is what might be called the tourists' delight.

The interesting thing about the busses is the people who do the spilling. Generally they know their harangue by heart and deliver it in stentorian tones with about as much expression as a boy reading the newspaper editorials to his grandfather.

The busses hold to one belief, and that is that the tourist likes jokes. When the megaphone man is about to spring a good joke on a building, he goes through the same sort of stunts that a circus star does to prepare his chief stunt. In the circus, the music stops, the star stands still and clasps his hands and waits. The audience holds its breath and is all

well. Then the bus cicerone hands out a few cold facts, and then pauses. He is still wearing his megaphone, and the bus waits anxiously for the next pearls of wisdom. By the time the atmosphere is sufficiently tense, the stentorian point has been reached. The megaphone man dramatically shouts off his right arm and says, "On your left, ladies and gentlemen, the Steel Works, sometimes referred to as the City Hall. On—your—left."

The crowd relaxes and giggles. And the lady on the third row repeats the joke wrong for the deaf lady back of her.

Apparently there is no end to the jesting possibilities about a city. It is a new game. You look at a building and wait for the megaphone operator to point out the hidden humor. Or, maybe, you try to spring one yourself, hoping to achieve fame by having it incorporated into a story told five times a day, to thousands of people in a year.

An insane asylum would obviously inspire any guide to point it out and add soothingly: "We don't go any closer." And a cemetery inevitably inspires the pun: "These grounds are so beautiful that people are dying to go there."

A stock joke in Washington is sprung at Scott Circle. The guide calls this Government Row. He points out the statue of General Winfield Scott, representing the war department. Daniel Webster is on the left, representing the state department. "And Hahnenmann," he concludes with

PAST MASTERS WILL GIVE REMINISCENCES

versary of the lodge, Wednesday night.

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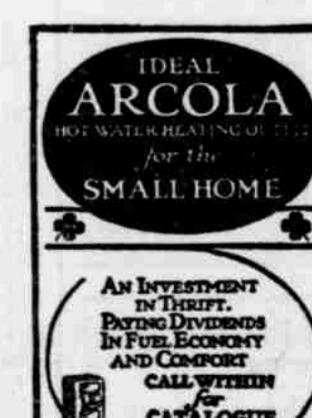
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