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FELL TO DEATH IN THE DESERT

**Dramatic Fate of General Laperrine in Sahara.
 MAROONED BY FALL OF PLANE**

Lose Bearings Over Immense Desert, and Shortage of Gas Forces General and His Companions to Land—Two Found on Point of Death—Report Tells of Dramatic Death of the Commander.

The official report of Lieutenant Provost, who found General Laperrine dead and his companions—Aviator Bernard and Mechanician Vassel—on the point of death in the Sahara desert, has been received by the commander of the Tenth corps here, says a dispatch from Algiers to La Petit Parisien (translated for the Evening Star). This report, after telling of the loss of bearings on the trip, recounts the unfortunate landing of the general and his dramatic death in these words:

"It was about noon; the plane was sailing aimlessly over the immense Sahara, for the west wind had blown it away from the caravan trail, the only mark which General Laperrine had to follow. The supply of gasoline was getting low and finally Bernard reported that there was only enough left for half an hour's flight. To avoid the trouble of a landing suddenly forced by the exhaustion of gas, General Laperrine and Bernard decided to land as quickly as convenient. A heavy wind interfered with the landing and caused the machine to capsize as it hit the sand. The general's left collar bone was broken in the fall, but Bernard and Vassel were uninjured save for a few scratches.

Faced Death With Fortitude.

"The first few days after the landing General Laperrine suffered greatly from the broken collar bone; but he bore the pain with great fortitude and with no word of complaint, for he realized that he must keep up the spirits of his subordinates. He discussed the situation optimistically with them and sought to calculate a way out of the difficulty. At last, realizing that a horrible death was inevitably approaching, he said to his companions:

"I have crossed the desert eleven times and on the twelfth trip I die. I am to blame for your plight, boys. One would have thought that I must know the Sahara, but no man knows it yet."

In spite of his own despair the general never ceased to try to encourage his companions. He told them that a miracle was always possible, and there was no time to give up the fight completely.

"In the fall of the plane the reservoir in which drinking water was carried was cracked and the water was lost, and the only water supply available for the air wrecked trio was the ten gallons in the radiator of the airplane. They had food for only a few days. About February 25 General Laperrine's condition became much worse. He was no longer able to speak and a delirium set in that robbed him of his mind.

Buried in the Sand.

"March 5, at the end of his strength and for two days in the agony of death, General Laperrine gasped his last in the arms of Bernard and Vassel. The two survivors buried the body of the general near the wreck of the machine, digging a grave knee-deep in the desert sand with their hands. After having thus put to rest all that was mortal of their leader they were in very low spirits and each day more of their courage escaped them, for they saw no hope of escaping death on the arid waste.

"Thus things went until March 10, when Bernard began to show signs of giving way; he was hardly able to walk. The next day fever kept him down all day and after that, despite his strong constitution, he was not able to get up. Vassel, more robust, felt his strength slipping also. March 14 he was unable to get up.

Both were lying beside the crashed airplane. Bernard was unable to talk; he lay motionless. That day Lieutenant Provost, searching that section of the desert for the missing aviators, was seen by Vassel, who, summoning all his strength, got his carbine from the plane and fired several shots, which attracted the attention of the cavalry detachment led by Provost."

EXIT THE HUSBAND KNOCKER

And Woman Writer Exalts in the Position Which the Fair Sex Has Won for Itself.

The husband knocker is a thing of the past, according to Anna Steese Richardson in People's Magazine.

"When line after line of industry opened its doors to women," she says, "when colleges and technical schools trained her for lucrative positions, when the daughter of the house was given a latchkey which matched her brother's, and when two or three business women gathered together in a flat and made it blossom into a home, where they could rest after the day's work and wash their hair and crepe de chine 'undies' on Sunday, the sex made the amazing discovery that it did not have to marry in order to live and be respected. Girls who did not like the first man who offered himself could take a chance of waiting for the 'right man' without fear of hunger, stabbiness or ridicule.

"And when girls of this sort do marry, they play the game in the sportsmanlike fashion which is the result of business experience, of climbing down from the clouds of romance to mingle with men in everyday life, under the same conditions with which their husbands must wresle six days in the week—and some nights! They may have lost some illusions about the opposite sex and its certain-teed ability to love, honor and cherish, but they have gained a better and broader understanding of the temptations to which men are subjected. They appreciate the part which a peaceful, congenial home life plays in a man's business or professional career.

"These modern wives look with scorn on the woman who does not share her husband's interest in business, who will not listen—and enjoy—the recital of the day's events downtown—and who does not match his fight on overhead at the plant with a rigid household budget. They feel nothing but contempt for the wife who whines.

"So, exit the Husband Knocker!"

Search for Carbon Black.

Carbon black is one of the vanishing products for which no substitute is yet in sight. This is a velvety black pigment, vastly superior to the grayish lampblack from oil, and is produced by burning natural gas in air. It constitutes most of the 30,000,000 pounds of black used yearly in the ink, polish, pigment and rubber industries of the United States. In making it, only 1.5 to 3.5 per cent of the total carbon in the gas is recovered, and the approaching exhaustion of natural gas makes necessary a new source of raw material. G. St. Perrott and R. Thiesens, bureau of mines investigators, report little result so far from their search among various liquid and gaseous hydrocarbons.

Wisdom—Yes.

An Indianapolis girl recently married and went to a small town to live. Then mother began to receive letters telling of the low price of things in that village. She also boasted that better and fresher produce could be obtained. One day her mother received a letter which read, "Yesterday when I was in the grocery store I happened to see a basket of horseradish roots and I bought three big ones for you so that father can have all the grated horseradish he wants."

A few days later mother's answer went back. It read: "The roots arrived all right. But, daughter, here in Indianapolis we still call them parsnips instead of horseradish."—Indianapolis News.

"Polly" Not Pettit.

The French ministry of war publishes figures showing that the traditional idea that the French "Polly" as a little man is without foundation. In 1914, the ministry says, the average height of the 258,437 conscripts who presented themselves for service was 5 feet 5 1/2 inches. In 1914 only 1,837 men of 5 feet or less were passed for service, as the war went on, this number increased.

Things Apart.

My little niece was studying her geography and asked me to bound the state of Nevada. Her grandmother looked up and said: "I am surprised that a little girl that has traveled as much as you have must ask any one to help them with their lessons." Caroline said: "Grandma, when I travel, I travel for joy and not 'jography.'"—Exchange.

Ugly Cut.

Customer—I see that the barber across the street has slashed his prices.

Barber—Yes, and if he'd only confine his slashing to prices his customers wouldn't holler.

Do Angels Dance?

Edith—How absurd of you to tell that awkward cousin of mine that she dances like an angel. I don't believe angels can dance, anyway.

Jack—Neither do I.—Boston Transcript.

Very Respectable.

"I understand the new pupil's parents were very particular her studies should be very ladylike."

"Yes; she won't cipher at all with vulgar fractions and will recite only proper nouns."

Ambition Spoiled.

"Her one aim was to live a spotless life."

"Well, she can't do it now she's had an attack of the measles."

KIDNAPED

By REBECCA T. FARNHAM.

Grant Fisher anxiously glanced at his watch and quickened the speed of his car as he swept on toward the lights of Greenville showing in the distance. As he entered the town the figure of a girl walking along the sidewalk caught his eye. Suddenly sweeping down beside her he stopped the car.

"Do you sing?"

She turned and stared somewhat dumbly. Then she nodded.

"Jump in then." And before she knew exactly what had happened she was sitting by his side as they rolled on nearer and nearer the center of the town.

Finally the car stopped before a building with the words "Greenville theater" in blazing letters above it. The girl gave a sigh of relief as she saw that this was her captor's destination. A few minutes later she had passed with him through the stage entrance into the theater—and was entering into the explanation of his mysterious conduct.

"It's a vaudeville act—singing. My soprano's gone back on me. I can't sing alone tonight. It's something out of the ordinary, and I've got to make a good impression. Can't change my program now. Do you know all these songs?"

She glanced through several sheets of music thrust into her hands. "All right," she said truthfully. "I know them all."

"Good! Here's the costumes and makeup. Wear the Irish one. Green, you know. Four minutes."

Grant had cause to be excited. Out there in the audience, as he had scarcely 24 hours ago learned through round-about means, a scout of a famous opera company was sitting. He had come there to hear him sing with his soprano. Suddenly Grant felt a chill of horror and fear creep over him. What if this girl were really incompetent, after all, and caused the act to be a failure? What chance then would he have of making a good impression upon that scout and becoming a singer in opera instead of a mere vaudeville artist? He turned to the girl with some vague idea of telling her that she wasn't wanted after all. But just then the curtain went up and he heard the piano begin the opening measures of the song.

He forgot all about his fears in the next moment as her strong, thrilling voice rose with his. Man alive! Had he ever thought he had a good soprano before? The applause rose in volume of sound as the last encore was finished. Behind the scenes Grant found words very inadequate to express his emotions.

"You can't know" he began, "what you've done for me tonight. You have a wonderful voice. You ought to do something with it. Have you ever thought of it?"

"Yes, I have thought of it," the girl answered slowly.

Suddenly Grant realized that the figure in clinging green was a most adorable bit of girlhood.

"I don't even know your name yet," he said. "My name is Grant Fisher."

"If you don't mind," replied the girl, "I think I will get dressed."

"I'm a fool!" she exclaimed. "You had some important engagement and I've made you break it. Is it something that can still be attended to?"

"I was only coming here," she answered with a little smile. "I was too late, anyway, to see but half the show, and I had the rare experience of taking part in the vaudeville. Thank you for that."

She bowed in farewell and went away, leaving him in a state of bewilderment.

For the next few days Grant spent half his spare time in scouring the streets of Greenville in his roadster, anxious for another glimpse of the girl. The other half he was riding back from Greenville to his headquarters in the city, always on the watch for the longed-for message from the opera company.

At last the summons came and at the appointed hour he was being ushered into an office where were two desks, at one of which sat the mighty personage.

"Mr. Fisher," said Mr. Townsend, "I should first like to introduce you to my right-hand man, Miss Eloise Radlin."

Grant turned toward the other desk and—there sat the girl.

Somehow he managed to pull himself out of his amazement long enough to make the necessary polite remarks. Mr. Townsend went on:

"Miss Radlin is the chief cause of your being here, Mr. Fisher. We need another tenor, and when I heard of you I sent Miss Radlin as a scout. She has informed me that 'we can't do without you,' and as she herself is an important soprano, who sings many times in combination with a tenor, I think she ought to know."

Grant looked toward Eloise and was delighted to see her blush. Then, as Mr. Townsend went into the next room for something about the contract which was to make Grant a member of the company, the two were alone together.

"How could you ever recommend me after the way I treated you, like a highwayman, a bandit, a kidnaper!" cried Grant.

Eloise bent forward. "Faint heart never won fair lady," she said softly. And something seemed to tell Grant that he had made a conquest.

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INITIATION RITES FATAL

Ether Rubbed on Student During Ceremony Caused Death.

Alfonso Quinones, a special student from San Salvador, in the sugar school of the Louisiana State university at Baton Rouge, is dead as a result of injuries received when he was burned with ether at the initiation ceremonies of a fraternity.

According to the statement of students, part of this ceremony consisted of rubbing a portion of the skin with ether. During this act the fumes became ignited. Quinones was burned so badly that he died soon after.

Priest Bars Low Gowns From Church.

"Entrance into this church is forbidden to women wearing low-necked dresses," is the notice posted on all four entrances to St. Mary's Catholic church at Phoenix, Ariz.

Do Angels Dance?
 Edith—How absurd of you to tell that awkward cousin of mine that she dances like an angel. I don't believe angels can dance, anyway.
 Jack—Neither do I.—Boston Transcript.
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