

SAILOR TELLS STRANGE TALE

Exciting Adventures Follow Wreck of Vessel on Coast of South America.

WATCH INTERESTS INDIANS

Sailors Spend Weary Months on Coast Waiting for Rescue—All on Verge of Starvation When Picked Up by Coast Guard.

Houston, Tex.—A strange tale of adventures in the wilds of South America, of shipwreck and weary vigil on the coast was told recently by Captain Whittemer of the Mount Evans.

"It was in 1903, during the days of the salt boats," Captain Whittemer said, "that I had what probably was the strangest adventure of my history. I was very young then, and had been to sea only a few years. I was still with the St. James, a sailing ship on which I set out for my first voyage. On this voyage we were out of Rio de Janeiro for Valparaiso.

"We had been out several days—I forget the exact number—when a gale hit us. We tried to stay safely off from shore, but all efforts were futile. For three days we were battered and torn by a heavy sea, and on the fourth our vessel was cast on a reef near what is now known as Good Success bay.

"When we saw that the ship was doomed we decided to leave her. We went overboard in lifeboats and rowed for 20 miles up the coast.

"We built a fire and waited for morning. It was terribly cold. Our clothing was wet and fear was felt for several of the men.

"Watch interests Indians.

"When morning finally came we decided to split into two parties. One party was to take the boats and try to reach the coast-guard station, the other was to return to the beach.

"It happened to be one of the 13 to return to the beach.

"We had gone about 15 miles when we were stopped by a river—it was not wide nor deep, but it was very swift and great pieces of ice floated on it.

"We were still standing on the bank of the river when we saw a band of Indians coming toward us. I stood close to where they emerged from behind a small knoll, so there was nothing for me to do but await developments. The others ran.

"The Indians surrounded me and looked me over curiously. For some time I was undecided what to do. I was frightened. The Indians were reputed to be cannibals. Then a woman in the band noticed my watch fob.

"I took out my watch and gave it to her. I was surprised to find that it was still running. The ticking noise proved interesting to her, and she directed the attention of the whole band.

"The rest of the party observed that I was having no difficulty with the Indians and started back to me. As they drew near they came in for a great deal of comment from the Indians, but there were no indications of violence.

"I walked slowly away from the Indians. No effort was made to stop me. When I had drawn a short distance away I halted and motioned the others to follow me. They, too, left the Indians without difficulty.

Live on Grasses.

"Afterward we learned that these Indians were known as the Terre del Fuego Indians. Their name was derived from the land in which they lived, dubbed Terre del Fuego by sailors, because of the peculiar blue light that shone over the islands at times. The Indians wore no clothes except a loin belt, despite the extremely cold weather. The belt they obtained from the skin of a guanaco, a species of deer that thrives in that territory.

"We lived for several days on what few grasses we could find and upon a small shellfish, something like a clam. We found these growing on rocks.

"About a week later we reached St. John's lighthouse. That is a coast guard station for the Argentine government, but a boat calls only once every three months. For five months we waited for a boat to call. During that time one of our comrades died from exposure and the rest were on the verge of death by starvation when we were picked up by the coast guard boat Amalio. We found out that a revolution had taken place in Argentina and that it had been necessary to take off all the coast guard boats.

"We were taken to Ooswar, the most southern port in the world, and stayed there for about a month before we finally caught a boat to San Francisco, again."

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CONSULT WEATHER BUREAU

If Moving to Another State You Can Get Just the Information You Want From the Government.

Washington.—"What is the healthiest place in the United States?" "Is there any place in Florida where a person can live the year round without getting malaria?" Questions like these come almost daily to the weather bureau of the United States Department of Agriculture. The latter is evidently from a correspondent who is discouraged by New Jersey mosquitoes and wants to try something else. Inquiries of this type, including questions on the temperature, climate, rainfall, and similar factors of weather which affect living conditions, business, or work in some distant locality, are taken care of by the climatological division of the weather bureau.

The inquirer is usually supplied with printed data giving a great many facts about the section he is interested in, as well as a letter answering his specific questions.

The weather bureau has 100 printed sectional descriptions of this character which it sends persons asking about conditions in definite places in continental United States. Similar data are also available for Porto Rico and Hawaii. Information about Alaska is in preparation.

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IS LAWYER AT 18



Miss Zolma Longstreth, who, at eighteen years of age, graduated from the Arkansas law school at Little Rock. She is the youngest lawyer in the state, at least the youngest qualified to practice, yet she is unable to gain admittance to the bar because of her young years. She is endeavoring to have the state legislature pass a law permitting her to practice, and has a hobby for criminal law. She is the daughter of United States Commissioner Longstreth of Little Rock, formerly a major in the regular army.

BOSSY CHEWS UP HER MONEY

Ohio Woman Leaves \$1,000 in Bills in Her Buggy and Cow Does the Rest.

Martins Ferry, O.—The long green looked like good pasture land to Bossy, so she helped herself to a \$1,000 cud.

Mrs. James Weatherston was the victim of her cow's appetite for high finance. She left the \$1,000 on the seat of her buggy while she went into the barn to get the horse.

When Mrs. Weatherston came out, the wallet was gone, but the cow's jaws were working freely and there was a lump in her throat. Mrs. Weatherston promptly forced open the animal's mouth, reached down and drew out a pulpy mass that was once \$1,000 in bills.

HEN SINGS ABDUCTOR TO JAIL

Novel Test Before Jury Results in Prison Sentence for Nebraska Man.

Omaha, Neb.—The happy song of a pet hen sent Charles Grady to jail at Butte, Neb. Grady was charged with stealing chickens from Andrew Lorenson. Among the poultry alleged to have been stolen was a little hen, which Mr. Lorenson insisted he had trained. The jury went to view the chickens at the jail. Mr. Lorenson said the hen would fly to any one's arm, if called, and sing a song. A juror tried it, with the result that the jail sentence followed.

Child Falls in Oil Well and Is Drowned

Electra, Tex.—"Daddy—Daddy, help me!" were the agonizing cries which came from the ten-inch opening of an oil well here. Rescuers worked frantically, but the narrowness of the hole, which was 180 feet deep, handicapped their efforts. It was a race with death which lasted five hours, but death won. Rising water in the hole drowned the child before grasping hooks were fastened into the clothing and the body was drawn from the well. The child was Lee Gandy, four. He stepped into the opening of the well.

FRENCH MARRIAGE CUSTOMS CHANGE

Many Girls Happily Wedded After Being Won in Fashion of English Sisters.

Number of Educated Gentlewomen Who Are Earning Their Living Is Increasing Every Year—New Occupations Are Open.

London.—French parents know no better than English parents what to do with their daughters, writes a Paris correspondent of the Times. When marriage fails, or is unduly delayed, action becomes imperative. For a girl, marriage was the invariable remedy; today there are not enough men to go round and girls must look for some alternative to wifehood and motherhood when they leave school.

An aim in life is essential. Their parents are the first to realize this and turn reluctantly from matchmaking to the choice of a career. The girls are less reluctant, because they do not despair of finding a husband and are glad to think they may meet him and choose him for themselves.

Sometimes their dreams are realized, and there are many happily married women in France who have been wooed and won in the English way. They met their husbands through their work. The numbers of educated gentlewomen who are earning their living, or preparing to do so, increase every year. The liberal professions include many qualified women. There are a few notable cases where women are associated with big business concerns. hitherto run by men. In agriculture women sometimes direct their estates, but there is no general feminine movement towards outdoor manual labor. Women gardeners can be counted on one hand; farmers are almost as rare.

Upholds Modern Mothers.

Mrs. Leon Daudet in her recent book, "Comment Elever nos Filles," puts herself on the side of modern mothers in such things as sport and liberty of thought "within measure," but is opposed to the idea of women taking a part in politics, law, medicine or business. She does not believe they will find happiness in a public career. "La véritable vie des femmes est a la maison." She would have her daughters accomplished in fine arts and fine manners, charitable, domesticated, "sachant composer un menu et un bon vin d'executer." They should excel in well chosen sports, and in their late teens Balzac's novels might be set before them.

In all they do they should be watched over and guarded. For daughters so educated marriage is the only desirable end. They are ill fitted to go out into the world.

M. Pierre Soulaire in his novel, "La Rue de la Paix," draws a vivid picture of a girl brought up in this way who is forced eventually to earn her living. It does not offer an encouraging outlook and one feels the girl who must earn her livelihood needs something more than the education which even a delightful and virtuous home can give. She emerges from her shell too much of a woman to stand alone.

That there are French women who understand that their daughters must be better armed for life is evident, but they belong more generally to the petite bourgeoisie than to the grande bourgeoisie, or the aristocracy. Not until quite lately have women of the upper classes contemplated taking up paid work outside their homes, and the prospect confounds them. Many mothers would like to see their daughters married unsuitably rather than not married and forced to earn their living.

Needs the Money.

Tucson, Ariz.—After playing every part in life's cast from lumberjack and prizefighter to the graduate school of a great college, Fred (Kid) Wedge, who attracted nation-wide attention when he hoboed his way to Harvard, plans to leave Tucson to fill a movie contract. Wedge declared he intended to employ his profits to return to Harvard, which he was compelled to leave on account of waning finances.

"It's only a means to an end with me. I haven't lost the old ambition," declared Wedge. "I expect to take Mrs. Wedge and the boy to Cambridge this fall and I need the money."

Crooks Keep Loot in Safety Deposit Vault

New York—Through the confession of two criminals detectives were led to a safe deposit box maintained in a bank for the disposition of stolen property.

Abe Harris and Louis Klein pleaded guilty to possessing burglars' tools and Klein agreed to open the box. A visit to the bank revealed the box was empty.

It was not known that they rented the safe deposit box until the arrest of a third man. The police believe that another man may have had a key and removed valuables since the arrest of Klein and Harris.

RADIO MASHES PEEVES LADY

Outraged and Indignant Pennsylvania Lady Makes Complaint to Governor of State.

Philadelphia—Enter the radio usher.

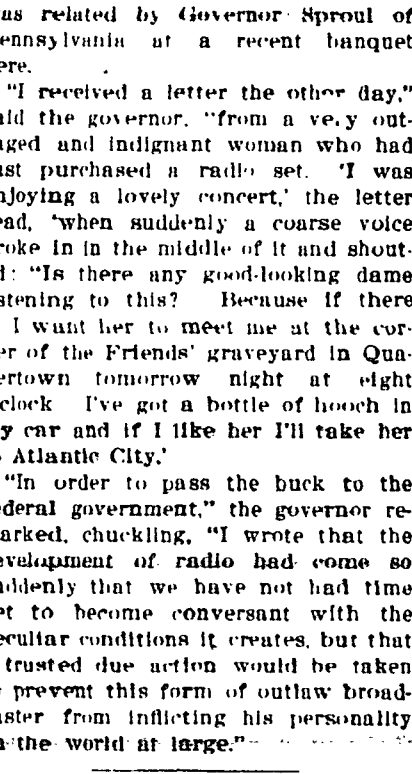
His initial appearance in the ether was related by Governor Sproul of Pennsylvania at a recent banquet here.

"I received a letter the other day," said the governor, "from a very outraged and indignant woman who had just purchased a radio set. 'I was enjoying a lovely concert,' the letter read, 'when suddenly a coarse voice broke in the middle of it and shouted: "Is there any good-looking dame listening to this? Because if there is I want her to meet me at the corner of the Friends' graveyard in Quakertown tomorrow night at eight o'clock. I've got a bottle of hooch in my car and if I like her I'll take her to Atlantic City.'"

"In order to pass the buck to the federal government," the governor remarked, chuckling, "I wrote that the development of radio had come so suddenly that we have not had time yet to become conversant with the peculiar conditions it creates, but that I trusted due action would be taken to prevent this form of outlaw broadcaster from inflicting his personality on the world at large."

OFFICE BOY TO PRESIDENT

Mr. Gerard Swope, who, in 1893 was entered on the pay roll of the General Electric company as a helper at the astounding salary of \$6 a week, is now president of that organization, the largest electrical manufacturing corporation in the world. Mr. Swope is also president of the International General Electric company, the export and foreign department of the organization.



THE ROMANCE OF WORDS

"VILLAIN"
HISTORY, which has a habit of repeating itself, runs true to form in a number of words, as may be seen by the comparison of the changes undergone by "pagan" and "villain." The former, as we have seen, first meant a dweller in a village (pagus), then a heathen villager and then a heathen.

Similarly, "villain" was originally applied to the serf or peasant, known as "villanus" because he was attached to the villa or farm. In this sense it had no opprobrious meaning whatever, being practically a synonym for our word "countryman" or "rustic." Then, because it was taken for granted that the peasant would be churlish, selfish, dishonest, and generally of evil moral conditions—referring, of course, only to the peasants of other days—the word began to take on these secondary characteristics, and, at the third step, nothing of the meaning which the etymology suggests survives. The peasant is entirely lost, and the evil moral conditions of him who is called by this name alone remain, for in its final stage, the epithet may be as freely applied to the peer as to the pauper. In fact, thanks to popular fiction and the even more popular screen, the current visualization of a villain is that of a well-dressed, black-mustached, cigarette-smoking person, bred within the morally cramped confines of the big city rather than raised in the theoretically pure atmosphere of the farm. Thus do words swing around until their meaning points in a direction precisely opposite to that in which they started.

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DIES AFTER 50 OPERATIONS

Overseas Hero of Seventy-Ninth Division Loses Four-Year Fight to Regain Health.

Catawissa, Pa.—Herbert McCarty, twenty-eight years old, a veteran of the Seventy-ninth division, lost a four-year fight for life after undergoing nearly fifty operations to overcome wounds he had suffered a few days before the armistice, when his body was riddled by bullets from a machine gun of a German airplane. McCarty had been in hospitals almost continuously since he was wounded. In the operations 14 ribs had been entirely removed, a portion of one shoulder blade and a collarbone taken out.

CAUSES MOTHER'S DEATH

Child Jumps Into Her Lap and Causes Internal Injuries That Prove Fatal.

Pottsville, Pa.—By playfully leaping into his mother's arms, Edward Barry, eleven years old, unintentionally caused the death of Mrs. Alice Childs, forty-five years old, at Port Carbon. The boy was a child by a former marriage. Mrs. Childs was seated in a rocking chair when the boy, coming in from play, jumped into her lap. Mrs. Childs was at once taken violently ill with internal injuries and soon died.

Uncommon Sense By JOHN BLAKE

TEN YEARS

TO THE boy of eight, ten years is an eternity. Ten years ago he had no existence. Ten years more and he will be a man in stature—a size that seems to him far beyond attainment.

To the boy of twenty-one, ten years, while not a lifetime, is a long stretch ahead.

At the end of the coming ten years he will be well on his way to wherever he is going, success or failure.

If he could understand just how much those ten years mean, just what can be done with them, just what they will yield if rightly cultivated, there would be far less trouble and distress in the world.

To the man of forty, ten years are ten years which must not be wasted. The next ten years are his best, as far as productivity is concerned. If he has not made the last ten years count, he still has a chance with the next ten.

After that, unless he is a phenomenon, the chance will be gone. He can progress after fifty, go farther than he has ever gone, but rarely unless he is going strong on his fiftieth birthday.

Look at your remaining years as an asset. Examine the next ten of them for opportunity, and see if you can allot to each enough work to carry you at a better pace into the next decade.

Ten years wisely employed at any time after twenty ought to make a man either a success or a failure.

They may not be enough to bring a fortune, but they ought to bring habits and methods which later will insure independence.

Compare the next ten years with the last, and determine that these stretches of time, now empty and unimproved, shall be filled with achievement that is worth while.

You can put into them almost anything you choose—work, effort, thought, or idling, and time wasting.

Almost any man can be made or broken in ten years. You have at least that time before you if you are the age of the average newspaper reader.

Make up your mind that even if the last ten years counted for nothing, the next ten will count for much. Make that purpose, and stick to it. And these coming ten years will be the best you have ever known.

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HAD BEER 3700 YEARS AGO

Discovery in Egypt Shows Pharaoh Had Barley Brewed Away Back

Cairo, Egypt.—A model of an Egyptian brewery, approximately 3700 years old has been discovered here by the Flinders Petrie of the University of Pennsylvania.

The model, which is believed to date back to 1800 B. C., shows a dozen employees making beer from barley. A barrel of barley was also preserved, and little except the outside hulls was left.

The Petrie sent the model to the University of Pennsylvania, where it will be preserved.