

American Submarines at Rest After Long Cruise



Some of Uncle Sam's undersea craft tied up at an anchorage in the Hudson river. These subs accompanied the Atlantic fleet from Cuban waters.

Shrewd Tricks in Smuggling

Ingenuity Perverted in Trying to Avoid Payment of Duties on Gems.

CLEVER SCHEME FRUSTRATED

Customs Inspectors Find \$10,000 Worth of Diamonds Concealed in Fountain Pens and Tube of Tooth Paste.

"I often wonder what would happen if half of the ingenuity which is expended in doing or trying to do crooked things in business were spent in carrying it on along honest and accepted lines." So spoke one of the best-known men in the local jewelry trade; the remark being inspired by the recent frustration of a very clever scheme for smuggling diamonds past the customs inspectors at this port. In this case, an attempt had been made to smuggle in \$10,000 worth of these gems—13 separate stones—by concealing them in the barrels of two fountain pens and in a tube of tooth paste.

"Of course," the jewelry merchant went on, "if a man has any tendency toward smuggling, the present price of diamonds and the high import duties levied on them afford him plenty of temptation. Under the present tariff an importer of diamonds must pay one-fifth of their value to the government if they are cut, and one-tenth of it if they are brought in rough. Consequently, if the man with the fountain pens and the tooth paste had been successful, he would have saved from \$1,000 to \$2,000 in duties, depending on whether his stones were cut or uncut."

Many Clever Schemes.

"But, even in the old days, when the lower import duties made smuggling less attractive from a financial viewpoint than it seems to be now, all kinds of schemes were tried to beat the customs. Some of them worked for a long time, but sooner or later there was a slip-up somewhere."

"In one interesting case that came to my attention the man involved had been under suspicion for some time, but the treasury department officials had never been able to 'get anything on him.' They were morally certain that he was smuggling in diamonds, but that was not enough to convict him, and they never could catch him with the necessary evidence. He always worked without accomplices, which made the customs people all the more ashamed of themselves for being unable to land him."

"Finally, the local authorities got word from their agents on the other side that the suspected man was buying diamonds in a large way, and they immediately instructed those agents to trail him day and night and supply all possible data. This was done, but through some slip the suspect was tipped off to what he was up against. He immediately laid plans to cover himself. He finally wrote a letter, signed with a fictitious name, to the collector of the port here, giving what seemed to be inside information on the suspect and his operations. Not only was the name of the ship on which he would reach this country given, together with the number of the stateroom and other data, but the letter actually told in what part of a certain trunk the diamonds could be found."

Found Paste Gems.

"All of the details were so accurate that it was an easy matter for the local officials to follow them up. The suspected trunk was located and opened, and, sure enough, there lay a big collection of stones. The customs men were elated, but when the matter was sifted down it was found that the gems were paste and that the man could not be held on a major charge. He was released after certain necessary ceremonies had been completed, and promptly left for the hotel in which he made his home. Once there, he had his wife peel a huge porous plaster from his back,

place, and leave the ship. The accomplice always booked eastbound passage on the same steamer and in the same room, which he got through a friendly clerk in the office of the steamship company. He went aboard as early as possible, and did the gems up into an inconspicuous bundle. Shortly before the ship sailed a woman would come to bid him bon voyage. She stayed on the ship until the final whistle blew, and then, in the resultant excitement and bustle, returned to the dock without attracting undue attention. With her she carried the smuggled diamonds. It was not until one time, when a rather elderly woman filled the role of the friend of the chief accomplice and had a fainting spell, that the game was discovered. She was taken to a hospital for treatment, and there the diamonds were found on her person."

In another case the officials were also morally certain that a certain man was smuggling, but here again they were unable to get the evidence necessary to convict. This man, however, worked with accomplices and, when he was finally captured through no fault of his own, his system came to light.

"It was simplicity itself. He would cache the diamonds in his stateroom,

the number of which was always known in advance to the chief accom-

F. C. Cottrell Is Real Scientist

New Chief of the Bureau of Mines Has Notable Record.

GAVE WORLD SECRET FREE

Invented Smoke-Consuming Device That Saved Many Valuable By-Products—Smithsonian Institution Gets the Profits.

Washington.—Frederick G. Cottrell, a true scientist, who has given away the wealth his brain has produced and continued to work for the small stipend of a federal employee, has been appointed the chief of one of the government's greatest scientific agencies—the bureau of mines.

The group of scientists which re-

volves around the Cosmos Club in Washington, there is much satisfaction over this appointment. Too often the man at the head of a government scientific bureau is more of a politician than a scientist. But this cannot be said of Doctor Cottrell.

He has many claims to the appreciation of his fellows. He is a man who does things and says little. He is that rare thing, an American who cares little for either money or publicity.

The clearest proof of the possession of the qualities of the true scientist that this man has ever given, a demonstration deemed a model to be followed by those of his kind, came a decade ago, when he made a discovery of such practical value that it was obviously capable of being made to yield all the riches any man might desire. After having demonstrated its possibilities Doctor Cottrell gave it away. He gave it to the cause of science. He gave it as an endowment to be used to aid other scientific research. Doctor Cottrell's invention is a device, which may be put into a smokestack of a factory, or a smelter, or even the chimney of your own house, and which precipitates the particles that make up smoke, thus preventing them from emerging to smother the country, and also obtaining valuable by-products.

Doctor Cottrell gave his patents on this process to science. He turned them over to the Smithsonian institution to demonstrate. A research corporation was afterward formed and this corporation is marketing the patents and realizing royalties from them. The war materially interfered with the installation of these devices, but as far back as 1915 the net profits were running up to \$100,000 a year. Now that the war is over it is thought the device will be generally applied throughout industry, and there would be no surprise on the part of the research corporation if it should, in a year or two, be yielding a million dollars a year in clear profits.

the fruit. The orange growers brought suit against the cement factory and the litigation which ensued is said to have cost a million dollars. Eventually the cement people heard of the local renown of the scientist at the University of California and of his ability to precipitate the materials in smokestacks. Doctor Cottrell went to Riverdale and installed his apparatus. The result was that the nuisance was abated and it was necessary that the community sacrifice neither its cement plant nor its oranges.

Smoke Contained Potash. The electrodes in the smokestacks of this company yielded every day a hundred tons of the minute particles, which would otherwise have been spread out on the community. At the suggestion of Doctor Cottrell this company examined into the quality of the material thus precipitated. They found that it contained large quantities of potash, and potash is the basis of one of the most valuable fertilizers in the world.

This accomplishment was back of him when the young scientist gave up his work as a teacher and came to Washington to enter the government service. The idea of an application of his findings slumbered for years, but today this device has been installed in scores of great plants throughout the United States.

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White House Rain Routs Secret Service Guard.

Washington, D. C.—One of President Wilson's sheep, a big ram, grazing on the front lawn of the White House, took a sudden dislike to "Dick" Jervis of the secret service guards and chased him into the executive offices. Jervis' disappearance so infuriated the ram he turned around and butted Secretary Tumulty's automobile several times. Then he placed his feet on the running board and addressed the chauffeur with a loud "ba-ba-a-a!"

Her Destiny Obscure.

Lawrenceburg, Ind.—Mrs. Elizabeth A. Myers, aged 84, a widow, who is dead from the effects of a broken hip, sustained in a fall down a stairway at her home, died in the room in which she was born and in which she slept all her life.

EYES AND VOICE

By R. RAY BAKER

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Roscoe Bates was one of the points of the queerest love triangle on record. At least Roscoe had never heard of its equal.

He was in love with two young women. Nothing remarkable about that, you will say; it's more often that way than not. There's no disputing that. The fact that he was in love with two girls—or thought he was—was not the remarkable thing about Roscoe's romance.

Here's the thing about it: One of the girls Roscoe had never seen and the other he had never heard speak; and he could not tell which of the two was the more desirable. As for that, though, it looked hopeless for him in Roscoe's case.

Roscoe was better acquainted with "Voice" than with "Eyes." In fact, he did not know Eyes at all. Voice, of course, was the one he talked with over the phone, and Eyes was the one that worked in the same building with him. He had tried in various ways to meet her, but unfortunately the girl was employed in an office entirely separate from the one in which he had a desk, and he had not been able to find one among his fellow workers who knew any of the girl's associates.

Eyes had smiled at him when he met her on the stairway for the first time some ten months ago; and subsequently when he met her, which was frequently, she had greeted him the same way. But it was just a friendly, comradely smile—not the invitation-to-a-flirtation kind—and he was gratified it was that way. Roscoe had liked the girl from the start, and during the months he saw her come and go from the building he became convinced that he loved her—or would love her if he had half a chance. However, he was quite the opposite of forwardness—not exactly timid or bashful, but rather reserved, you might say.

Roscoe's acquaintanceship with Voice started a year back. It was a case of "wrong number." The girl was calling up a newspaper office to get the baseball scores—for it developed she was a "fan"—and had become connected with Roscoe's desk instead. He was a "fan" himself, and had the scores at his tongue's end, so he furnished her with the desired information.

Then he took one of the boldest steps of his life. He told her he would give her the scores every day if she would call him up; in fact, he offered to call her, but she refused to give her number. She accepted his invitation, and soon they became quite friendly in their telephone associations, which at first dealt mainly with baseball "dope," but later widened their scope to other subjects, although never descending to the plane commonly known as "kidding."

Roscoe fell in love with the voice, not in a silly way, but seriously. He was a sentimental youth and the novelty of the situation appealed to him. Still, he was handicapped by his reserve and could not muster the courage, or whatever the missing ingredient might be, to ask the girl's name or to meet her.

Thus matters stood when two months later he began meeting Eyes; and he went up in the air, so to speak. Eyes' eyes were as beautiful to look upon as Voice's voice was to hear, and he felt that either of the girls would fit in with his ideas of the ideal.

Roscoe was not a particularly handsome young man; still, he had his attractive features, one of which was his immaculate appearance, while his features were clean-cut, and he had a couple of dimples that stamped him as having a genial disposition. Yes, it was entirely possible for a girl to get in love with Roscoe at first sight, although he did not flatter himself on that score and did not suppose that Eyes gave him more than a passing thought.

As to Roscoe's voice, it had tones that were pleasing enough; at least, there was no harshness connected with his speech. He realized, however, that it possessed no enticing qualities, and he labored under no delusions that Voice had fallen in love with him or was more interested than one enthusiastic baseball fan might be interested in another.

About the time Roscoe had decided he cared the most for Eyes, possibly because she was more tangible than Voice, and perhaps because of his fear that Voice might be quite the opposite of beautiful to look upon, and maybe because Eyes seemed the more elusive, one of his fellow workers came to him with this discouraging information:

"I found out who that girl is. Her name is Pearl Dixon and she's in Dearborn's office upstairs. But you haven't a chance, Ros. She's already in love with a fellow. I met her chum, last night, and she told me so."

Roscoe was disheartened, but brightened up when he learned that the next afternoon was to be a half holiday and he would have his first opportunity of the season to witness a baseball game.

Roscoe owned a small roadster which had not yet passed the crank stage, and in this he motored to the ball grounds. The game was so exciting that he forgot about his love

affairs, and after its termination he lingered to discuss with an unprepossessing woman whom he was acquainted with whom he was discussing a technical point on a ruling that had arisen during the diamond conflict.

When Roscoe left the grounds the crowds had vanished, all except a girl in a red coat, who stood outside the gate looking about as though in search of someone. She was Eyes, and she smiled with them when she saw Roscoe.

Roscoe's heart beat violently as he approached her, amazed at his own temerity, lifted his hat and inquired: "Can I be of service?"

"I don't know," she replied. "I'm looking for my aunt. We've separated in the crowd and I'm afraid she's taken the trolley car thinking I also was on it, and there isn't another car for half an hour."

Roscoe stepped into the breach. "I'll be glad to escort you home in my—my alleged automobile."

"I'll be equally glad to ride in it, I assure you," she told him sweetly.

Soon they were buzzing along the road—not too fast, for Roscoe wanted to prolong the trip, especially after he discovered there was no ring on the third finger of her left hand.

"Wasn't it a glorious game!" she exclaimed, starting slightly as Roscoe narrowly missed hitting another car, due to the fact that he was looking into Eyes' eyes.

They discussed the game in detail. "Do you know," she observed, as they whisked into the residential district, heading for an address she furnished, "you remind me a lot of a friend of mine—another baseball fan?"

Roscoe's heart sank.

"That must be the fellow she's in love with," he thought.

"He talks just like you, using the same idioms, and has the same favorite players," she went on.

This gave Roscoe a new lease on hope. If she loved this other man, and the other man was like him, he felt that he had some chance of beating him in a matrimonial duel.

"You should meet him," Eyes continued. "The next corner is where I live, please. Yes, you should meet him, but I could never bring it about."

"And why not?" he inquired, slowly.

"Because I never met him myself. Probably you'll think I'm a foolish little girl; but for a year I've been in love with a man I've never seen. He gives me the baseball scores over the telephone every day, and—but, of course, it's all useless. I'll never meet him."

The roadster came to a stop in front of her home with such violence that their heads struck the top.

"Thank you so much," she said, as he helped her out. "Maybe I can do something for you some day."

Roscoe gulped and groped for words, finally managing to say: "You can do something right now. Let me come up and see you tonight, and I'll bring this telephone man of yours along. I'm well acquainted with him."

And Eyes' eyes smiled at him and answered in advance of her lips.

ZUNI INDIANS FLEET-FOOTED

Remarkable Racing Tournament in Which Runners Usually Defeat Mounted Competitors.

The Zuni Indians of Northwestern New Mexico occasionally hold a racing tournament in which a number of the fleetest runners of the tribe contest for prizes to be given those who first complete on foot a circuit fully 25 miles in length, after a week of severe preparatory practice. The contestants are compelled to kick a small stick the entire distance of the race. Sometimes they bare the right foot and grasp the stick between their toes so that in taking a step they can fling it a surprising distance in front of them as they run.

The rule of the race is that this stick is never to be touched by any part of the body other than the foot. The contestants may get into severe difficulties when the nomadic piece of wood happens to fall into the midst of one of the large thorny clumps of cacti which abounds in that country, or if the river has to be crossed in the race. So extraordinary are the endurance and speed of these runners that they often cover the entire 25 miles in a little more than two hours.

Sometimes Indians mounted on swift ponies enter the race against the foot runners. At the end of ten miles the horses begin to show signs of fatigue, and when 15 or 20 miles have been traveled they have often to be withdrawn from the race. The foot runners are almost always able to win the race over their mounted competitors, and seem to suffer no serious effects from the great muscular strain to which they have been subjected.

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"Servants—and not necessarily good servants—now get \$15 a week, and at that they are hard to find."

"A young girl about to marry said to a middle-aged matron the other day: 'I met her chum, last night, and she told me so.'

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FARM POULTRY

RIDDING HOUSES OF VERMIN

Outline of Method Recommended by Poultry Specialists of Department of Agriculture.

The following method of ridding hen houses of mites and lice, when the weather conditions are such as to permit of the birds being kept outside the house for five or six hours, is recommended by poultry specialists in the United States department of agriculture.

Close all the doors and windows and see that there are no cracks or any other openings to admit air. Set an iron vessel on gravel or sand near the center of the house. Place in the vessel a handful of shavings or straw saturated with kerosene and on these sprinkle sulphur at the rate of about one pound to every 90 or 100 square feet of floor space. Instead of using the shavings and kerosene, the sulphur may be saturated with wood alcohol.

When everything else is in readiness, light the material and hastily leave the house. In case any anxiety is felt about fire, a glance through a window will show whether everything is all right. There is very little danger of fire when proper precautions have been taken to have plenty of soil beneath the vessel. After three or four hours, throw all the doors and the windows wide open to drive out the sulphur fumes thoroughly. Then let the fowls in one by one. As each enters, catch it and dust it well with insect powder, which will destroy the lice on the birds. Tobacco dust is also good to use instead of insect powder.