

American Woman Adopts a French Village



The market place in Hattonchateil, valley of the Meuse, France, which village with its 240 inhabitants, has been adopted by Miss Belle Skinner of Holyoke, Mass., who is shown at the left, with General Berthelot. Miss Skinner already has spent half a million francs on the town.

45,472 MILES ON ONE VOYAGE OF BIG THRILLS

The President Grant, Army Transport, Back in Brooklyn After Nine Months.

SAILED IN MANY CLIMES

Encountered Fire, Storms, Death, Birth, and Strange Adventures in Tropics—Experienced Every Danger Known to Sea.

New York.—Shore-staying people who sadly wear their heads and say that the romance and adventure of the seas went out with the clipper ships had better not express their views in the presence of any of the officers or men of the army transport President Grant.

For the President Grant, with her bottom full of barnacles and her sides coated with green moss, recently tied up at Pier 2, Army Base, Brooklyn, after a nine month voyage of some 45,472 sea miles, in which all hands from Capt. John Chambers to the smallest of the Filipino boys got all the adventure they desired, and then some. And Capt. Chambers may be said to be a good judge of adventure, for at 10 he went to sea in a clipper ship, sailed around the world at 19 as boson of another sailing ship, and has seen many strange things and tight squeaks in forty years at sea.

It would be impossible to sum up the doings of the President Grant and her men on the long voyage, equal to almost twice the distance around the globe, but they went through fire, storm, sudden death, births, arctic cold and tropic heat, men overboard, parties, fights, black nights, typhoons, glassy seas and rescue at sea.

Off for Vladivostok. All of this started very prosaically—to the men of sea—when the President Grant warped out of her pier at Hoboken on the afternoon of February 2 last bound for Vladivostok, the Russian port on the Japan sea. There were 365 officers and men on board, including 20 officers and men of the army, most of whom were of the medical corps. The former liner is a vessel of 18,072 tons and is 599 feet long. Before the ship was half way across the Pacific the officers and crew were to be thankful for every ton of weight and every foot of length, but this is anticipating the story. Captain Chambers was on the bridge, the chief officer, H. L. Jones, was busy straightening things out all over the ship for a long voyage, and down in the engine room Chief Engineer A. E. Brock was grooming his 7,500 horse-power engines for the long and trying task ahead of him.

Just by way of showing that a sailor's life is not always as perfect as pictured, Chief Officer Jones was leaving behind his bride of one month. He was happy that he had the mountain of work that falls to the executive officer of a ship to take his mind off his troubles.

The primary purpose of the voyage was to transport Czech-Slovak troops from Vladivostok to Trieste, Italy, after their long, hard Russian campaign. The ship was not idling on her way over, however, for she had stowed away in her after holds 5,000 tons of steel rails, beams and plates, which she was carrying for the shipping board to Japanese ports.

Fine weather and smooth seas attended the first leg of the passage, down the American coast to Colon, at the entrance of the Panama Canal. The port was reached after a run of eight days, and the big locomotives pulled the ship through the locks and out the other side in seven hours and twelve minutes. Eleven days and eleven hours more of steaming at the ship's regular gait, which was almost always between eleven and twelve knots, brought her through the Golden Gate at San Francisco on Washington's birthday, February 22.

After five days here to take on coal

and supplies the President Grant steamed out on the Pacific crossing. She swung out northward toward colder climes on the northern great circle route. Before she sighted land she encountered three very heavy gales during which from ships all about her she heard profane radio comments on the weather which was forcing them to lie to or steam off their courses. The President Grant, however, was a liner and she kept right ahead on her eleven knot speed regardless of the big swells of the misnamed Pacific. Twice she halted for short periods for Chief Engineer Brock's men to make repairs in the engine room.

While far from land a fire, one of those mysterious conflagrations which break out occasionally at sea, developed in hold No. 1, forward. There was only a quantity of life preservers in this hold, but the dense smoke that billowed out made things look bad. In fighting this fire Boson's Mate Edison was suffocated in the hold. Ordinary Seaman Ray went down through the choking fumes in a gallant effort to save him. Both men were stifled to death. The hold was flooded and the voyage resumed.

Chance to See Strange Cities. On March 17 the President Grant dropped anchor in Yokohama roads, after crossing the Pacific in seventeen days, nine hours. There the liner lay twenty-one days discharging cargo and here the crew received generous shore leave, as they did everywhere else throughout the voyage, enabling them to visit many cities and localities rarely seen by seamen.

More cargo was discharged at Kobe, the next Japanese port of call, where the ship stayed eight days. After passing through Tsugara Straits in foggy weather the ship came safely to Vladivostok, arriving April 22.

Here the President Grant took on board 5,437 troops and sailed for Trieste, ploughing through fog and rain to Hongkong, where a stop was made for coal and supplies. Singapore was reached May 12, and after skirting Sumatra and entering the Indian ocean, the President Grant stopped at Colombo on the island of Ceylon. A stay of five days was made here.

There was fine weather and glassy seas on the trip across the Indian ocean, but in the Red sea the temperature rose to 102 degrees and the uniform of the day in the fire room was one pair of light sandals.

A Ride on the Camels.

At 10:25 a. m. on June 4, the ship entered the Suez Canal and reached Port Said on the Mediterranean sea the next day. While in this part of the globe members of the crew had an opportunity to try out the camel as a means of locomotion. In Ceylon they had tried elephants, and in China rickshaws, and at Venice, which they visited after the ship reached Trieste, they tried gondolas. The arrival at Trieste was on June 12, more than four months after the start of the voyage.

At Trieste orders were waiting for another shipment of Czech soldiers, so after twelve days in port, the transport steamed on the back trail. At Port Said she caught the United States army transport Crook, just sailing for Trieste, and hastily transferred to her five stowaways who had crept on board at the Adriatic port.

Colombo was reached July 16, after passing through southwest monsoons and heavy seas in the Indian ocean. On July 21, after five days at Colombo for repairs to be made and supplies taken on, the ship steamed eastward, and five days later anchored on a very dark night at the entrance to the narrow and crooked Singapore straits. Next morning the ship proceeded toward Manila, hugging the coasts of Borneo and Palawan to avoid typhoons. Manila was reached August 1, with the crew all very busy painting and cleaning the ship in preparation for her next load of passengers. On August 5 the ship steamed for Karatsu, Japan, for coal,

but next day halted at the entrance to Subig Bay to land six stowaways who had secreted themselves on board under the decidedly mistaken impression that they would be rapidly transported to the United States.

Rescue Japanese Fishermen.

A few days later the President Grant sighted a motor launch of about 80 feet in length drifting helplessly over the Pacific swells with a signal of distress hoisted. The transport dove to and lowered a boat. The men on the boat were Japanese fishermen, who said their fuel had given out and they had drifted for five days. They were given enough gas to take them back to Nippon and the President Grant proceeded, reaching Karatsu August 10. After five days of coaling the transport steamed toward Vladivostok, reaching the Russian port for the second time on August 18.

There 5,874 troops under command of Gen. St. Cecek, were embarked and the President Grant headed into the rough seas and southwest monsoons of the Sea of Japan and the China sea. Hongkong was reached September 2 and Singapore six days later through much rough weather. Ceylon was touched once more and the Indian ocean, Red sea and Suez canal passed without mishap. When Port Said was reached, October 6, the canal authorities ordered the ship moored in the African basin, against the protests of both Captain Chambers and the American consular agent. When the tide fell the big ship went aground aft. Captain Chambers ordered coaling stopped and water tanks pumped out. The ship was pulled ahead by its anchors into deeper water. Fortunately the bottom of the basin was soft and the ship apparently suffered no damage.

After two days at Port Said the ship left for Trieste, reaching that port October 13. This second voyage with troops was made novel by the presence on board of 600 Russian women, wives of the Czech-Slovak soldiers, and a number of babies. Three babies died on board and two were born.

Home Again at Last.

A terrific storm arose while the transport was moored to a dock at Trieste and for three days the ship was held with great difficulty. Ten or eleven lines and eight mooring wires held her safely, but the mooring bits on the port quarter cracked and one of the wires parted.

Then came the time the crew, and more particularly Chief Officer Jones, was looking forward to—casting off on the last leg. On October 23 the President Grant, homeward bound, sailed from Trieste with 2,000 immigrants on board. She passed easily through the Mediterranean, bucked a storm lasting four days in the Atlantic, and dropped anchor at 1 a. m. Sunday, November 20. The voyage came to an end officially when, at 10 a. m. Monday the big liner warped into Pier 2, army base, Brooklyn, tied up and slapped rat guards on her lines.

"Certain Man" Answered Charge With 85 Yellowbacks

At the closing session of a revival meeting in Washington, N. C., an evangelist, Rev. B. F. McLendon, leaned over the pulpit and told his congregation that a certain man, present at the service, had not been true to his family, or his religion, but that if he would deposit a \$10 bill in the collection plate it would be taken as a token of his repentance and nothing further would be said, but that if he refused, the evangelist would publish his name.

The collection included 85 ten-dollar bills and five notes asking the evangelist to keep quiet, and promising the \$10 in the morning.

Killing Bee Spoiled.

Seymour, Ind.—Citizens of this town had visions of a killing bee with bank robbers as victims, when the burglar alarm went off at the Jackson county bank. They surrounded the institution and waited five hours for the vaults to be opened and the batteries did the rest.

Only a Summer Girl

By H. LOUIS RAYBOLD

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"Dear Maida," ran the note, "I rather expected to call on you this evening for a last stroll on the beach as a fitting end of our 'little affair,' but Cousin Sally has begged me to take her to the last hop at the inn.

"With regrets,
"ROBERT WHITNEY."

Maida, sitting on the floor before a half-filled trunk, crumpled the paper in her hand and gazed with unseeing eyes at the chaos around her. What did it mean? He knew she had been expecting him. Hadn't he practically taken it for granted that he should see her almost every night for the last three weeks? And he had signed his name so formally—Robert Whitney, instead of the familiar "Bob."

Maida's blue eyes overflowed and she buried her face in her arms on the nearest support, which happened to be a pile of freshly ironed clothes.

Partially filled packing boxes, bare bookshelves and forlorn-looking couch denuded of its cover and pillows bore witness that this was Maida's last night at the beach. Tomorrow morning she and her mother would lock up the door of the little cottage, hand the key to the owner and take the trolley back to the city for the winter.

It was true that except for an all too brief two weeks in August, she had had to go back and forth to the city every day.

But Maida had come to the beach prepared to play a dangerous game, old as the hills and fraught with mischief to the players.

The fact that Maida's busy fingers were tapping busily at the keys of her typewriter had never prevented her little shell-like ears, half submerged though they were in waves of sunny hair, from absorbing the gossip which circulated among the girls of the office. She knew that such a one had been "engaged for the summer," that so-and-so had had an "affair"—in short, that a flirtation in which both knew that nothing serious was intended was a legitimate part of every summer outing.

And Maida, who had nineteen unsophisticated affairless summers already to her credit, decided that for once she would do as the other girls. Fortifying her resolution, she even made public her intentions to the others, who jollied her and begged her to compare notes with them.

A few days after Mrs. Deering and Maida were installed in "Seaview" cottage, the boy next door invited Maida to the weekly hop at the hotel. And there she met Bob Whitney—tall, browned, athletic, lively, everything to make him an ideal figure in a summer girl's eyes.

Maida, a bit excited by the swarming music and gay company, had chatted and laughed and danced in a way to arouse any man's interest. There had followed a call on Bob's part, an invitation to Maida and her mother to go sailing, and bids to other festivities which make up the life of a transient summer colony.

Not that he allowed himself to become her exclusive property. Other girls were sometimes the recipients of his attentions, and recently he had been going about a bit with his pretty second cousin, Sally Winters, who happened to be a stenographer in the office adjoining the city attorney's.

With Sally's advent, Maida had been forced to admit to herself that tragedy had come of her meant-to-be-innocent plan—no tragedy to Bob, but to herself. For Maida had fallen in love with her victim, madly in love, and she told herself, quite hopelessly.

So this evening of the day his note had come she sat huddled in the couch hammock on the dark porch. The one companion in whose company she had enjoyed these pleasures was basking in the favor of another girl, utterly unmindful of her loneliness. Bob had beaten her at her own game.

But wasn't that a familiar step on the boardwalk which ran behind the cottages? Maida sat up quickly. She would like, after all, to say good-by in friendly fashion, even if everything was as at end.

The step drew nearer and as it approached Maida's heart beat correspondingly faster. It was Bob.

"All alone?" he called gayly, as she rose to meet him. "Didn't know but I'd have to sit out the gang if I wanted to say good-by."

"I thought you were going to the dance with Sally," returned Maida, for the life of her unable to keep a note of coolness from creeping into her voice.

"Well, yes," admitted Bob, "I was, but she got a bid from a handsomer man, and to tell the truth I was glad to tell her to go with him. Sally and I are first-rate pals, but—well, I don't imagine, now that you're going, that you are interested any more," he said, meaningly.

Maida stood leaning against the porch railing, her hands plunged in her sweater pockets.

"Let's go down to the beach," suggested Bob.

Maida hesitated, then decided that she would see the game through no matter what it cost her not to let him suspect. "All right," she answered, listlessly.

A few minutes later and they were seated on a huge boulder at the base

of which beat the restless sea. High up was riding a delectable silvery moon.

The silence, which had been unbroken during the short walk, was ended suddenly by Bob, who spoke in a strange voice. From the words which followed the girl shrank—shrank until her face grew pale in the moonlight and her eyes looked wan and tired.

"You summer girls are maddening," he said low and bitterly. "You're not the only one. But you are the first one who has affected me. Oh, I know I've no business to talk to you like this, but perhaps if I do it may save some other fellow from the torments I've suffered ever since Sally told me."

"Told you what?" asked Maida.

"That one day when she was in your office for a minute she overheard you telling the girls how you were going to amuse yourself this summer—that you knew it was all right when both sides understood. Sally told me, because I had been fool enough to let her see that I was getting to care for you. She thought she spoke in time, but she didn't," concluded Bob, grimly.

"I listened to you," cried Maida indignantly. "You must listen to me. What you say is partly true. I did intend to carry on like the other girls, but I didn't know then that I would meet you, and I'm sorry—" Her voice faltered.

Bob was gazing wistfully at her flushed face. "Maida," he said gently, "you don't mean—"

Maida lowered her lashes over her smudgy blue eyes, but not before Bob had seen the lovelight in them.

Hardly yet comprehending, he held out his arms. "Come to me, Maida, if it is to be for all time—not for a summer."

And Maida went.

AIRPLANE SERVES THE CROOK

Law Officers Face a New and Decidedly Dangerous Aid to Evaders of Justice.

Scotland Yard, which every Britisher considers the world's highest organization for the capture of criminals and the detection of crime, and to which every British writer of detective stories has given unstinted praise for cleverness, has just been outwitted, according to London's own confession, by a shrewd criminal who has brains enough to think of some other way than a land or water route of getting out of England.

The machinery of the great English detective organization was put into operation along all the old accepted lines; a close watch was kept on all trains and the passengers of every outgoing boat were carefully scrutinized. The man for whom this net was spread did not attempt any of the disguises or subterfuges in which the writers of the modern Old Cap Collier stories greatly delight. He telephoned to the London airport at Croydon, asking for a reservation on the plane leaving for Paris. When informed that the afternoon craft had already left, he went to the aviation ground and secured a special plane. It required a liberal distribution of money, but it paid him. He hopped over the top of the big police net and dropped safely on French soil.

The report of the feat says this aerial escape of a criminal "was the first in the annals of British crime." But the whole history of crime is full of instances where the clever criminal has surprised the police by the employment of a new invention or contrivance which was never intended for his use. This exploit should prove not alone to Scotland Yard but to the police departments elsewhere the necessity of precautions that will make its recurrence impossible.

Air Samples From Clouds.

Salt Lake City has been laboring for some time under the handicap of a plague of smoke and the authorities have sought relief in many directions without success, according to a writer in the Philadelphia Press. Recently the theory was advanced that the sulphur dioxide gas from the numerous smelting plants in the vicinity of the city were responsible for an upper air strata, which prevented smoke from rising, so that it hung in a pall over the city. In order to verify this theory some especially designed vacuum bottles were made and carried aloft in airplanes and samples of the upper air taken at various levels, and when the contents were analyzed there was not a trace of sulphur dioxide, so that some other cause will have to be found for the smoke cloud.

Sun as a Source of Power.

In a recent paper on this subject, C. LeRoy Melsing records that in certain subtropical regions, where coal is scarce, such as Egypt, the Punjab, and the Karoo of South Africa, teak-wood boxes, blackened within, fitted with glass tops and properly insulated, have been found to register from 240 to 275 degrees Fahrenheit in the middle of the day, and with the addition of an auxiliary mirror to reach even 320 degrees. These boxes are used as ovens for cooking, as well as for many other purposes.—Scientific American.

Difficult Case.

"I'm up against it," said the doctor. "I have a patient suffering from aches and pains and I don't know what's causing the trouble."

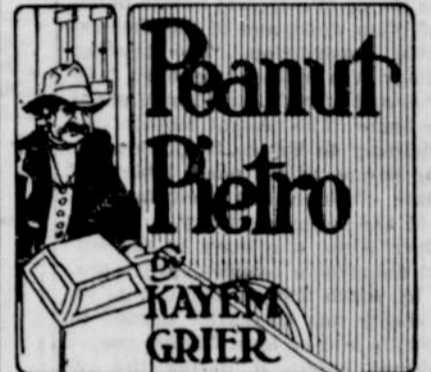
"Had his teeth examined?"

"That's the difficulty. I had all his teeth extracted two years ago. I've cured many a man by having a tooth or two pulled, but what are you going to do for him when he's run out of teeth?"

Gladys George



This charming "movie" star is a native of Maine and has been on the stage practically all her life. She played her first role at the age of three with a stock company at Waterbury, Conn., and since that time has appeared with many notable stage stars.



OTHER day I go veesit Fat Stock

show een one place but I no lika ver mooch. Ever seence one time when I losa tree hundred dolla I no gotta any use for da stock. Dat time I buy da fake stock and deesa kind ees fat stock—mebbe not deefinitely only leetle bit, I dunno.

Anyway ees plenty cows and sheeps and bulls een dat show when I go veesit. Some da time you could see da bull but mosta time you heara da bull. Seema like eese more bull en dat place as een congress or da Bulsheviki.

Dat place where I go ees calla Union Stock Yards. Mebbe all da cattle be-long weeth da union, I dunno. I feegure eef union cattle getta sama wages like a union breeck layers ees no taka ver moocha time getta fat. Two, tree week steady work getta fat and rich same time.

But I dunno somating bouta cattle. I aska one guy wot good ees da peeg for. He say peeg maka pork chop, cow maka beefsteak and da sheep maka lamb stew. I aska heem eef da bull maka bullion and he says I was craze een da head.

I no say somating, but ees one ting I no feegure out. Jusa between you and me and no for spreada round, I walka all day een dat place looka for something. I wanta see wot da animal looka like whosa maka da ham and eggs.

Wot you tink?

A LINE O' CHEER

John Kendrick Bangs.

THE BANK OF CHEER.

I'd start a Bank if so I could Where I could store the things of good.

That come into my days; The wealth of Love and Joyous Cheer, The Good Will of my fellows here That drives away all sense of fear That lurks along my ways.

And when the coffers all were full Of Balances Delectable I'd take my Check-Book out, And send a good Sight-Draft to all Who labored dully in the thrall And lay beneath the grimy pall, Of Hopelessness and Doubt, (Copyright.)



How It Started

HIGH HEELS.

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S reign started the fashion of high heels for women's shoes. The pair of her shoes which is preserved to the present date must have made her three inches taller when she wore them. The heels were added to increase the height of the wearer to so make her more stately and impressive.

(Copyright.)

Some Artist. Teacher—That's the best drawing you have ever made. Student—Glad you like it. Teacher—I don't.—Boys' Life.