

Leviathan, Again in Service, and Her Officers



The great steamship Leviathan, most palatial of American passenger vessels, has re-entered the service after being reconditioned at a cost of millions of dollars. She is here shown as she left Newport News, and above are her navigating officers, Captain Hartley in the center.

Yeggman Caught in Long Chase

Cancerous Lip Leads to Capture of "Hostile John" O'Brien, Safe Blower.

Philadelphia.—Hostile John O'Brien, of whom it is said that he could blow a safe with such expertness that were the safe abutting a paper cluttered desk not one of said papers would be so much as fluttered by the concussion, is a prisoner in Philadelphia.

Hostile John is something of a throw-back to the ancient and therefore romance-cloaked days of Wal Crosby, Easy Roberts, Bill Dow, Mark Shimburn, George White and like celebrities of the ponderous '80s. And let us not forget to mention, says the New York Herald, as long as the capture of Hostile John is Philadelphia's, that city's favorite safe-cracking hero, the late Jimmie Logue.

A tired old man is O'Brien now, sixty-eight years old and apparently resigned to spending the remainder of his days in a federal prison. But he has seen almost everything that seemed good to him. He will probably die of cancer, and it was because of this malignant growth upon his lower lip that he was caught. Driven by pain to apply at a Philadelphia hospital for treatment of his disease, he virtually surrendered, because it was this cancerous infection that was his chief mark of identification.

At least half a dozen men with such growths were arrested before the authorities found Hostile John. And what a change in the man! He got his title because, unlike the average safe-cracker, he was a belligerent soul ready to fight it out with his gun, with a length of pipe, with his short, heavy jimmy, with his fists. Many a battle has John given the police here and there in the world, although the records do not show that murder may be charged to his account. John has calmed down. He did not resist arrest.

Old-Fashioned Yeggman.
His arrest caused a stir because he is one of the last of a dying race—that race of old-fashioned yeggmen—and because of the chase around the world which is ended.

The particular job this time was the blowing of the safe in the post office in Oxford, N. C., almost three years ago. It must have been a simple job for Hostile John. He pried open a window, drilled the iron box, dripped a quantity of nitroglycerin into the lock mechanism and touched it off. There was \$40,000 in the safe and it seems reasonable to assume that John fled with the major portion of that in his money belt, for John never was one to divide equally with his confederates.

There was nothing messy about the job. O'Brien knew by experience just how much nitroglycerin to use. In some respects he was not unlike the Humble Dutchman; in others, very unlike. The Humble Dutchman, a contemporary of John's, was a clumsy yegg, as his violent demise would indicate, but he was a basher or strong-arm when cornered. The Humble One was often arrested in his earlier days and was wont to weep so copiously and to so exploit his starving legendary wife and sick children (or was it just the other way?) that the detectives who had collared him were moved to sympathy.

The Humble One, feeling the softening of the official clutch, would jerk himself free and with one tremendous wallop of his huge fist stun his captor and run for it. But he was a crude paterman. He carried his liquid nitroglycerin in a bottle in that pocket that has become most popular since the United States adopted prohibition laws. He jimmied a post office window out in Ohio somewhere. The sash cord broke as the Humble Dutchman was half-way in and half-way out. The falling sash struck the nitro bottle. The Humble Dutchman vanished, never again to trouble us.

Enjoyed Immunity.
Hostile John was no such bungler. And before it is forgotten, it is ex-

plained that a paterman is yegg for that class of safe robbers that used nitroglycerin. After despoiling the Oxford post office, John fled to Europe as Mr. Thomas Dougherty, banker and planter. For a time he gave London the benefit of his presence, frequenting the race track and the better-class gambling establishments, winning and losing with the usual regularity. Once he was questioned by Scotland Yard, but such was his bearing and his excellent alibi he was not arrested.

But the United States government was after him, and O'Brien knew it. He went to Paris and to the Riviera. Nice and Monte Carlo knew him as a rich American who gambled like a gentleman. They didn't know that at least twenty-five of his years had been spent within American prisons, and probably didn't care. He lost and smiled; won and smiled. Monte Carlo asks no more of one.

Eventually, however, fortune turned against him and he lost much of his Oxford haul. He landed in Florence, but American agents were hot on his trail, and late in 1921 he fled westward to Rio de Janeiro.

He took his remaining \$4,000 to the gambling houses of South America, working as far south as Buenos Aires, and so successful was he that at one time or another his fortune grew to be \$30,000 and more. But we must not forget that Mr. O'Brien was the victim of a cancer. Age and the fleshpots had not helped him. He went to a cancer specialist in Rio and this doctor, being a truthful man, told John that he was doomed unless an expensive operation should be successful.

Kept After Him.
And all this time the United States government kept after him, advertising him well and stressing that cancerous lip. When he sailed somewhat secretly from Rio, O'Brien must have had a matter of \$15,000 or \$20,000 in his money belt. But not one cent of this was expended upon luxurious travel. No, he shipped for New Orleans on a leisurely freighter, a common yet uncommon deckhand—the richest deckhand on record, in fact. A trifle bowed with years and none the better for the disease that fate seemed to insist he retain.

It was in January, 1922, when John arrived in New Orleans. Almost at once he made preparations to have that lip treated. He made arrangements with a specialist and went so far as to engage a room in a semi-private hospital when a policeman took notice of him and, after consulting the files and thereby refreshing his memory, properly decided that the man that blew the Oxford safe was present.

In some manner John learned of his danger. When the policeman called at the hospital to make his capture he was told that Mr. Dougherty (John himself) had failed to enter the institution. The hospital people suggested that the policeman make a report of the fact to his chiefs in order that a search for the unfortunate Mr. Dougherty be instituted.

"It would do little good," replied the policeman, "inasmuch as the police of the world have been on the lookout for him for two years. He'll not be back."

Quite right, too. John did not come back. Instead he moved on West to El Paso and thence across the Rio Grande to Tia Juana, where a gentleman of means and sporting proclivities can dispose himself without a great deal of censorship.

Financial Ups and Downs.

The races in Tia Juana took John, as they say, as they have taken other adventurers. He played favorites; he played hunches. He lost consistently. Once he recouped at faro, only to hand his winnings to the omnivorous bookies. Once he went completely broke, only to regain a little. And with his misfortunes came the old pain and the renewed decision to enter a hospital. John, you must remember, was sixty-seven or thereabouts, then, but a man's desire to live is strong.

A last plunge! Only to get enough money to pay the specialist! Luck was with him again. He cashed largely on a long shot and—well one doesn't account for such things. He plunged once more and lost all but a little. And on that day in Tia Juana he came face to face with a Department of Justice man who hailed him cordially and correctly. Just what would have happened had John braved it through cannot be told, for he elected to depart.

We text find Hostile John O'Brien in New York—broke and arrested. He was arraigned as the robber of Oxford's post office and the United States commissioner fixed bail at \$7,500. And then a miracle happened. From somewhere John produced \$7,500 in cash. This he posted as a guaranty that he would appear for trial. The day for trying him arrived, but not Mr. O'Brien.

It was quite natural that the chase should be resumed with greater keenness. Here was an old chap, sixty-eight to be exact, making the government's very best sleuths look foolish. And a man so marked, too! At least fifty government men joined in the pursuit. Six or eight victims of John's disease were arrested, examined and let go before they actually got him. And then they locked him up without bail. They are taking no more chances with John. He takes his predicament most philosophically.

Refuses to Admit Guilt.

"Understand," says John, "I'm not admitting that I ever did anything that wasn't legal and on the square. That's my contention. Now it's up to the government to prove otherwise. I'm an old man and not foolish enough to believe that I'm going to live forever, but I'd like to die peacefully like, 'What would I do if I had my life to live over again? Don't ask foolish questions. I'm a fatalist. I did what was mapped out for me to do. A man don't get up in the morning saying that he's going to do this or not do that. That is, he won't if he's wise. He'll just go along meeting things as he comes to them and acting accordingly. You can only order your life up to a certain point. After that you take what's coming to you—and like it, if you're wise."

French Demand Motors That Economize on Gas

Paris.—France is ten or twelve years behind the United States in automobile production, is the conclusion of Andre Citroen, sometimes described as the Henry Ford of France, upon his return from America after making a comparative study of manufactures in the two countries.

"In France," said M. Citroen, "we haven't mass production of automobiles yet because of a more limited market. There are 12,000,000 cars in the United States, a very big market whereas in France we have 300,000 cars, with, say, 75,000 customers, each one of which buys a new car every three or four years."

"The chief difference in French and American cars," said M. Citroen, "is that of style. The French like a graceful, light machine, burning relatively little gas. The automobile is still something of a luxury with the average Frenchman. Consider, there are only 30,000 in a big place like Paris, of which 12,000 are private, 12,000 on hire and the rest trucks."

"I was amused," said M. Citroen, "at the reception given the two sets of cars I took with me. I thought my caterpillar car which made the trip over the Sahara would be regarded with curiosity. Not at all. It was my regular type car. The novelty of possessing a French car will appeal to Americans, I think. There everything is for novelty. Yesterday is a closed period for Americans, something to be forgotten."

Girl Champion Gum Chewer.

Salem, Ore.—Helen Paulding of Silverton, Ore., claims the Northwest record as a gum chewer, but she won by only half a length of a stick of gum from Bernice Stand. At the initiation of Silverton high school graduates into the alumni association the initiates were compelled to put on a gum-chewing contest. Miss Paulding chewed 44 sticks at one time and Miss Stand 43½.

Growth of Duck Raising in U. S.

Last Census Showed 2,817,624 Worth \$3,373,966 in This Country.

New York.—Duck raising is conducted successfully both as a side issue on general farms and as a special business on a large scale. The Peking is the most popular breed for the production of meat, and the Indian Runner is the most popular for the production of market eggs. The rearing of ducks for market on a large scale requires extensive capital and experience, remarks a New York Times writer. Young ducks forced for rapid growth and marketed at from eight to twelve weeks of age are called "green" ducks. They weigh from four and one-half to six pounds each and are the principal source of income on commercial duck farms.

"According to the census of 1920," says Alfred R. Lee of the United States Department of Agriculture, "there were 2,817,624 ducks in the United States, valued at \$3,373,966. This shows a slight decrease in numbers from the census of 1910, indicating that the production of ducks in the country as a whole is barely holding its own. The decrease occurred in the southern states, but several of the states in which ducks are raised on special duck farms showed an increase in the number of ducks kept."

New York Ahead in Duck Raising.

"Massachusetts, California and Colorado showed an increase of about 5 per cent. New York, which contains by far the greatest number of duck farms, shows no change in the number of ducks, but as the number raised on commercial farms has undoubtedly increased materially in the last ten years, a decrease in the number of ducks on general farms must have occurred to offset this increase on duck farms."

"There are about the same number of ducks as geese in this country, and only about three-fourths as many ducks as turkeys. Ducks are most numerous in the following states, arranged according to their production: Iowa, Illinois, Pennsylvania, New York, Missouri, Minnesota, Tennessee, Ohio, South Dakota, Indiana and Nebraska. The number ranging from 235,000 head in Iowa to 100,000 in Nebraska."

"There are eleven standard breeds of ducks which have been admitted to the American Standard of Perfection. These breeds may be divided into three classes: (1) The meat class, including the Peking, Aylesbury, Muscovy, Rouen, Cayuga, Buff and Swedish; (2) The egg class, represented by the Indian Runner, and (3) the ornamental class, composed of the Call, the Crested White and the Black East India. The ducks commonly kept on many farms in the South and Middle West are of mixed breeding, and are generally of small size, poor layers and undesirable types of market duck. Except the Muscovy, all our economic breeds of ducks are said to have originated from the Mallard or wild duck."

On a Large Scale.

"Duck raising on a large scale has been developed as a special business to a considerable extent on Long Island, in sections within easy shipping distance of New York city, Boston and Philadelphia. Intensive duck farming on a large scale has been more successful than intensive chicken raising, as Peking ducks, especially, stand confinement well, are more easily brooded and are less subject to disease than chickens. Artificial methods of hatching and rearing and labor-

saving machinery have been used very successfully on duck farms.

"The demand for table ducks at good prices is mostly limited to a few large cities, and is not nearly so general as the demand for chickens or fowls. The demand, however, appears to be gradually increasing, but this lack of wide market materially influences the establishment and growth of duck farms. The market conditions should be studied carefully before making a large investment in ducks."

"A prejudice against the duck flesh and eggs exists in many places, caused probably by eating the common duck, which has been allowed to roam in places where filthy conditions exist. The rearing of ducks for market on a large scale is a business requiring capital and extensive experience. Practical experience on a large duck plant is the best teacher, but the novice can begin in a small way and enlarge as experience justifies. Ducks can be raised with success and at a profit on general farms, but do not appear to be so well adapted as a source of income to average farm conditions as fowl, although they serve to add variety of both meat and eggs for the farmer's table."

CALIFORNIA HAS RECORD



So far as known, this is the highest auto license number ever issued—number 1,000,000—which was recently issued by the state of California. The one-millionth license was not issued out of order, but only after 999,999 previous ones had been given out.

Hen Lays 183 Eggs in Seven Months.

Springfield, Ill.—With a record of 183 eggs laid in the seven months from November 1, 1922, to June 1, 1923, a white leghorn hen owned by H. B. Hammer of Weaver, Ia., has outlasted all other hens in the two-state they belong to Ecuador. Here, surely, is a new field for enterprise."

Islands Natural History Museum

Hidden Gold, Strange Birds and Giant Tortoises on the Galapagos.

Washington, D. C.—"The Galapagos islands are being revisited by scientists because they form an incomparable natural history museum," says a bulletin from the Washington (D. C.) headquarters of the National Geographic society.

"Charles Darwin began his scientific exploration and he reported on the various species of giant tortoises, each species confined to a single islet, and pointed out that half the flowers and half the birds of the island are to be found nowhere else in the world."

"More than 2,000 volcanic cones besprinkle the archipelago, one estimate has it, and the islands' volcanic origin accounts for the peculiar interest they hold to science. Darwin deduced that the group has not been nearer the mainland, nor have the islands been closer together than now."

How Peculiarities Developed.

"Hence the species of flowers and birds which drifted to the islands have undergone a development in their isolated environment very different from that in their native habitats. Seldom has nature provided such a clear-cut opportunity to study the processes of evolution."

"The Galapagos hold a different sort of lure for the modern world. Most tales of hidden treasures warrant many grains of salt, but it seems certain that the pirates of South America hid their loot of gold and silver where they had their headquarters, in these islands. Two caches have been unearthed, silver ingots and pieces of eight. The finder of one built a hotel in Ecuador; the second drank himself to death."

"The islands lie just under the equator, but the air frequently is chilly on some of them. One, Albe-

marie, also called Isabella, is 500 feet high. The cold Antarctic currents which fan the coast of Peru strike seaward at Cape Blanco and surge against the Galapagos group. Up to 900 feet most of the islands are barren, above that level they are swathed in clouds whose moisture aids luxuriant vegetation."

"Wild goats, cattle, cats and dogs, as well as hidden treasure, bear evidence of the rendezvous of buccanniers. In 1832 Ecuador annexed the islands, and since 1885 they have had a governor. They acquired a strategic importance with the opening of the Panama canal, for they lie on the canal-to-Australia route."

"The largest island of the group, the aforementioned Albemarle, is larger than Long Island, New York; the entire group has an area considerably in excess of that of Delaware. The nearest of the islands to mainland is 600 miles west of Ecuador."

Have Economic Value.

"Treasure and science to one side, as a famous humorist would say, the future of the islands looms large upon their agricultural merit." Ralph Stock, in his classic account of "The Dream Ship" expedition, wrote:

"The soil is a rich, red loam, almost stoneless, and scarcely touched by the plow. There are 3,500 head of cattle at present on Cristobal island, and it could support 50,000 with ease. There is no disease and no adverse climatic condition with which to contend, and at three years old a steer brings \$100 (gold), live weight, at Guayaquil—when a steamer can be induced to call and take it there."

"There are a few hundred acres under cultivation when there might be thousands, and 200 bone-lazy reons do the work of 50 ordinary farm hands."

"Looking down on this fertile valley, it is hard to realize that one is standing on the lip of a long-extinct crater, that in reality Cristobal is a series of these, dour and uninviting to a degree, viewed from outside, but veritable gardens within. And there are four other islands in the Galapagos group—some smaller, some larger, than Cristobal—uninhabited and exactly similar in character. Nominally, egg-laying contests at Quincey and Murphysboro."

Kills Self by Bomb in Mouth.
Leipzig, Germany.—When police approached to arrest him Johann Reisse placed a small bomb in his mouth, lighted the fuse and blew himself to pieces.

Shot by Wad of Gum.
Norfolk, Va.—Mary E. Davis, thirteen years old, was wounded in the breast by a wad of chewing gum shot at her during an Indian play in her school. The injury is not serious.

Baby's Birth Causes Blockade in Traffic

Eugene Reed, colored, employed as a gateman by the Long Island railroad at Rockville Center, N. Y., was advised by telephone at five o'clock one morning that a baby was being born at his home. He waxed impatient when his relief failed to arrive three hours later, and telephoned his boss regularly at five-minute intervals, but no relief arrived.

At 11:48 a. m. he lowered his gates and went home. Twenty minutes later, when a long string of automobiles had accumulated, the police arrived and straightened out the tangle. The next day Reed lost his job.

Close-Up of Fatal Texas Oil Fire



A spark created by the clashing of bits of metal as crews of men were trying to cap the Hughes gusher near Kerens, Tex., set the gas and oil on fire and 14 men were burned to death. The well burned for days, the intense heat making approach impossible until men attired and equipped with asbestos suits entered the heated zone and recovered most of the charred bodies of the victims. Although thousands of curious spectators were kept at a distance of 500 yards from the scene, P. J. Howe, photographer for the Fort Worth Record, ran to a point within 30 feet of the blaze, and at the risk of his life made this extraordinary picture. Howe's clothes were ruined by the spouting oil and his camera and plateholders were burned.