

Diamond Dick Found After Many Years

Famous Shot Now Practicing Physician.

Norfolk, Neb.—Diamond Dick, noted frontier character, pony express rider and one of the most deadly marksmen the West has ever produced, who quietly dropped out of sight a quarter of a century ago, has just been discovered in Norfolk in the person of Dr. Richard J. Tanner, one of the foremost physicians in Madison county. For more than twenty years Tanner has been practicing medicine in Norfolk and no one even suspected that the physician was Diamond Dick, who used to shoot pennies off the heads of persons just to show what he could do with a gun.

Diamond Dick's identity was made known when he volunteered to take part in a rodeo the local American Legion post was putting on. An intimate friend of Tanner "tipped it off" to some of the committee that the doctor was a dead shot and might be induced to give a "demonstration." Tanner put on an exhibition of shooting that fairly took away the breath of the audience and ended in his acknowledgment that he is the famous Diamond Dick, once known all over America for his shooting.

In his exhibition Tanner used the same two old pearl-handled 45-caliber revolvers and the repeating rifle he carried when he rode pony express to the Black Hills through the worst Indian-infested district in the trans-Missouri country.

Diamond Dick was at the height of his career when he dropped out of sight. At that time he was traveling around the country with a circus, giving an exhibition of fancy rifle and pistol shooting. He had been doing this several years. One of his stunts was to shoot a penny off the head of a companion.

One day he drew his salary and quietly vanished. A month later Richard J. Tanner matriculated at Cotner college, Nebraska. A couple of years later he enrolled at Nebraska Wesleyan. Five or six years later he had won his medical degree and was a full-fledged doctor.

He practiced a year or two in a Kansas town and then came to Norfolk, where he has ever since lived. Tanner likes to recall the early days among the West's great gun-toters and pioneers. He knew Wild Bill Hickok, California Joe, Calamity Jane, Deadwood Dick, Texas Jack, Buffalo Bill, Pawnee Bill, etc.

He had fought Indians all the way from the Platte to the Belle Fourche and nothing but his wonderful ability to handle his guns and to outdo his enemies kept his scalp on top of his head time after time.

Diamond Dick's resurrection was more dramatic than his disappearance. It had been whispered around Norfolk that one of its citizens who had been a crack shot in other days would do some shooting at the rodeo.

The time came and Tanner rode into the arena. He was dressed in his old buckskins. Somebody threw a glass ball up into the air. Tanner looked at it a moment, threw up his gun and fired. The ball went to pieces.

A trap sent a clay pigeon sailing through the air. Tanner didn't seem to take any aim or to pay much attention, but the clay pigeon went all to pieces following the crack of his rifle.

Two targets came sailing out in different directions. Two sharp cracks

of the rifle and both targets were in pieces.

Pits Ace of Spades.
A target board was brought out. Tanner shot rings about it. He cut the heart out of an ace of spades. He fired over his shoulder, using a mirror. He fired left-handed. He fired between his legs. And every time he fired the target showed a bull's-eye.

A friend took an apple, placed it on a stick about three feet long and held it out. Diamond Dick fired just one shot and the apple went to pieces. The



Diamond Dick.

friend offered to hold an apple in his hands, but Tanner refused to fire at it.

But in 1890 he used to shoot an apple off a girl's head twice each day. Finally Tanner's friends stuck a penny into a slit in an apple, stuck the apple on the end of a stick and held it up.

"Crack" went the rifle. The penny was gone. The apple was intact.

Trapped in Ice Box
Millville, N. J.—Nick Cormoose, sixteen years old, went into the refrigerator of the Royal Confectionery company to get some ice cream, and while he was eating the door swung shut.

More than two hours later he was found, unconscious and almost frozen to death. He was soon revived.

Say They Get Gold by Alchemy of Old

French Scientists Give Recipe They Use.

New York.—A few months ago the world was startled by the announcement that Professor Nagoka in Japan and Professor Miethe in Germany had succeeded in making gold out of mercury. The process was not yet of commercial value, but still the transmutation of the elements so ardently sought by the ancient alchemists had been effected. Now comes the assertion that some alchemists of the old school in France have succeeded in doing the same thing, but this time it is real alchemy.

The French have scorned all modern methods, and do not employ electric discharges or high tension currents.

Tokyo Lad Is Honored for Great Generosity

Washington.—Genichiro Yamada, a Tokyo boy, is told in a letter by John Barton Payne, chairman of the Red Cross, that he was responsible for "one of the most remarkable instances of self-denial and generosity I ever encountered or heard of." Yamada, upon receiving his "annual allowance" of \$1.50 from his parents, forwarded the entire sum to the American Red Cross to help relief work after the Santa Barbara earthquake, saying he recalled "the great sympathy and kind assistance" from the United States after the similar Tokyo occurrence.

SEEKS VETERAN IN ASYLUMS AND JAILS

Mother Hunts for Son, World War Soldier.

Marquette, Mich.—Traveling about the country visiting penal institutions and asylums, hoping to find some trace of her son, Joe Anderson, World War veteran, who disappeared from Detroit, March 6, 1924, Mrs. Margaret Anderson, sixty-seven, has arrived here.

Her son enlisted when he was not yet sixteen and was assigned to Company K of the One Hundred and Thirtieth Infantry. He was gassed overseas. Later he was charged with desertion, convicted and sent to Leavenworth prison. Mrs. Anderson walked from her home at Sioux Falls to Washington, where she sought clemency for her son from President Harding. She contended Joe was not responsible for his act because of having been gassed. President Harding paroled him.

After his parole Joe went to work at his trade as machinist. At the end of nine months he suddenly disappeared and the mother has never heard anything of him since. Mrs. Anderson visited the Ford plants here at L'Anse and the asylum at Newberry. She said her son might be going under the name of John E. Johnson and has always given his address as Stevens Point, Wis. He is over six feet tall, thin and of blond complexion and has a scar on his chest on the left side where he was wounded in the war.

She said she is making her way to Chicago, visiting asylums and industrial centers in hope of finding some trace of her missing son.

Their Firm Was Founded Only 817 Years Ago



Here are shown R. W. Farman, Jr., at the right; R. W. Farman, Sr., left, and young R. Farman, grandson, owners of a basket-weaving concern which has been in operation for 817 years. The original firm of R. W. Farman and Sons, organized in 1308, is still flourishing at North Walsham, Norfolk, England.

Will Play Golf in Twenty Countries

'Golfing Skipper' to Conduct Unique World Cruise.

New York.—We have often heard of singing skippers, literary skippers, poetical skippers, musical skippers and skippers who have become famous as doctors and scientists, but we have rarely heard of a skipper who ranks with some of the best golf amateurs. The "golfing sea captain," R. G. Latta, is well known on the Atlantic as a man to be feared on the golf links and there is hardly a port which he has entered where he has not played the ancient and honorable game of Scotland.

Captain Latta was not originally intended for a seafaring life, having been placed in an office as a youth un-

that, when the steamship Empress of Scotland leaves New York next December on a 129-day cruise of the world, carrying with her the Round the World Golf club made up of tourists who have been invited by practically all the golf clubs in the 20 countries to be visited to match their skill against the local champions, Captain Latta should be in command.

Traveling the seven seas, strange races, unusual customs, as well as unfamiliar caddies, will greet the golfing skipper and his golf enthusiasts.

Plan Unique Cruise.
Imagine the skipper and his touring golfers teeing off at Naples, with Vesuvius for a background; at Cairo, where the links are the sands of the desert and where one wears tennis shoes, with the Sphinx afar off as a "silent gallery"; in India, with gorgeously covered elephants, your carriers to the links, on the side lines and some golden-topped mosque in the distance; at Batavia, on the Island of Java, that mysterious country and subtropical paradise of the romances of Joseph Conrad, the late seafaring novelist, where the gallery will be made up of natives attired in a riot of Batik silks; at Manila, the queen city of "The Pearl of the Orient"; in China and Japan, where "rickshas

carry one to the green and the setting is either a pagoda or cherry-blossomed trees; at Honolulu to the distant music of ukuleles and the odor of pineapples carried on the breeze from far-off groves, and then to try the golf links of sun-kissed California, of Panama and of Havana.

The uniqueness of this golfing cruise around the world with a golfing skipper has never been attempted, and when the Empress of Scotland pulls into her dock at New York next spring the story will be told of how at Delhi, up near the Himalaya mountains, either Captain Latta or one of the tourists, holed out in three, beating the local maharajah, who probably played with gem-studded clubs and was attended by silken and golden-robed caddies.

Earth Round, Monk Said Long Before Columbus

Oxford, England.—Had Christopher Columbus known as much of English theological literature as he knew of navigation he might have saved himself a deal of pains in his effort to prove the world was round. He might have consulted a musty tome recently dug out of the dust of Oxford's hoary libraries, a "Metrical Lives of the Saints," written by a monk at the end of the Thirteenth century, in which it is set forth that:

"As an appeal the urthe is round, so that evermo
Half of the urthe the sonne bischyneth,
hou so hit evere go."
He would have been told that the moon itself gives no light, that the earth is bigger than the moon, and the sun 165 times bigger than the earth.

VENDETTALAND IS LAND OF CONTRASTS AND MYSTERY

Corsica Is Full of Interest to the Tourist.

Washington.—Corsica, Mediterranean Island, in the neighborhood of which France lost five brave seafaring airmen, in a disaster comparable to the loss of the PN-9 No. 1, is described as follows in a communication to the National Geographic society.

"Submerged by wave after wave of history and conquest, home of a race full of passion but free from low crime, the scented isle south of the Cote d'Azur offers a distinctive reward to those who leave the rush and display of the continent to visit vendettaland.

"Corsica, like every other country, is a land of paradox. But more than most, it is the land of paradox. Behind the striking beauty of the island, concealed beneath the commonplace exteriors of the people, there is a mystery, a contrary quality which first escapes observation and later intrudes everywhere. Probably nowhere is a generalization more likely to be true and false at the same time.

"One goes to Corsica, as did Boswell's friend, expecting to find every bandit a menace. He remains to find the man with the gun the most unromantic of mortals. Melodrama heroes have accomplished more with the glitter of a silver spoon held revolver-wise than the most Tartarinesque of Corsicans attempt when loaded to the

belt. Yet personal encounter between natives is still a commonplace.

"Corsica, where women go safely alone by night and gendarmes travel in pairs by day, where there are hundreds of bridges and no rivers, where everyone expects the visitor to pay verbal tribute to 'Kalliste' (Most Beautiful) and few can name the mountains in whose shadow they were born!

"Banditry is still a byword and thievery is abhorred. The innkeepers boast of what grand things they would do if there were more tourists, and neglect the few they have. The sun gives the land its charm; and the snow, its beauty and health. The roads are blocked by horses, mules and donkeys, few of them laden, and the automobile, even for the single traveler, offers the cheapest means of transportation. The perfume of the maquis and the smells of the streets are alike indescribable."

Michigan Breeds Herd of Pure Albino Deer

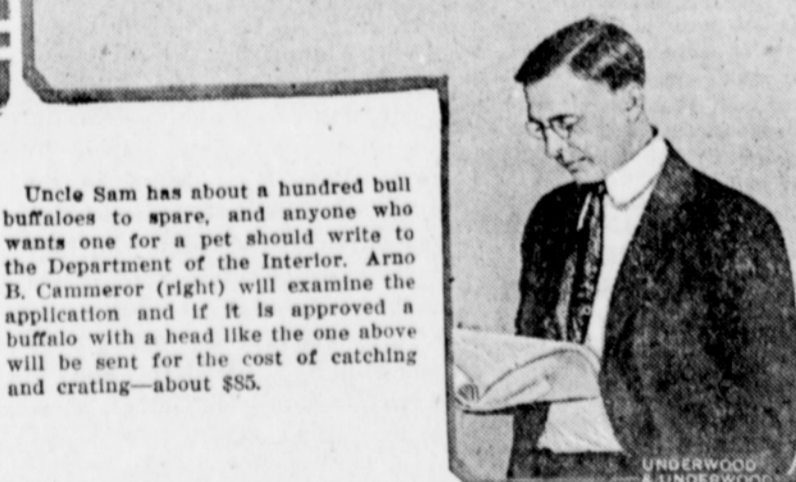
Detroit, Mich.—On Grand Island, a game refuge in Lake Superior, is a herd of partial and pure albino deer—the result of breeding from Albinos originally taken by capture. Men have previously bred albinism into various animals, as the white rats and mice, and domestic rabbits, but this experiment constitutes the first attempt at such selective breedings with any of the large mammals.

That which has been accomplished on Grand Island, and with comparative ease, is difficult of accomplishment in a state of nature where the albino is cruelly conspicuous and speedily hunted down by man or the hunting beasts. There have been occasional reports of albino deer in Oregon. Always the white coat proves the animal's undoubling. There is no rest until it is slain.

Father, 42, Mother, 41; They Have 10 Children

Attleboro, Mass.—Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sheldon, of Broags Corner district, are claiming records for family honors. Mr. and Mrs. Sheldon were married when he was sixteen and his wife fifteen, and they have ten children now, at the age of forty-two and forty-one. None of the children has ever had a day's illness, and only once has the doctor been called to the Sheldon house, except to assist the stork, that occasion being when Joseph, Jr., the eldest, stuck a fish hook in his hand.

Here's Your Chance to Get a Buffalo



Uncle Sam has about a hundred bull buffaloes to spare, and anyone who wants one for a pet should write to the Department of the Interior. Arno R. Cammerer (right) will examine the application and if it is approved a buffalo with a head like the one above will be sent for the cost of catching and crating—about \$55.

They still follow the recipe of the medieval sorcerers. But, in contrast to their ancient brothers, they are not at all secretive about their work, and have published their procedure in full, so that every one can now go ahead and produce gold in his spare time.

The idea is very simple. Take 125 parts of pure silver, seven parts of bisulphite of arsenic and three parts of sulphide of antimony. Melt this and keep it at a temperature of 1,000 degrees centigrade for some four hours and you will obtain a yellowish metal. This must be melted again, and again ten parts of the arsenic compound should be added very gradually. And again you must keep the temperature at 1,000 degrees centigrade for four hours.

Finally you add ten parts of potassium nitrate, ten parts of ammonium chloride, ten parts of borax and some powdered soap, which is supposed to purify the metal, which will now again take on a white color. Your labors are now finished, and you will be rewarded by finding one-quarter of 1 per cent of gold in the residue.

To prove that it is not a fake, M. Jollivet Castelot, the president of the French Society of Alchemists, has had several chemists of renown repeat the experiment, and declares that all of them have confirmed the results.

The history of the transmutation of one precious metal into another goes back to the Middle Ages, but Francis Bacon is really the man who first put alchemy on a scientific basis in his famous book, "The New Atlantis." Sir Robert Boyle founded his "Invisible College" on that structure, and after several experiences and transmutations this institution became the Royal society (under the reign of Charles II), the first scientific society in Europe.

Germans Fail.
In the meantime, news comes from Germany that three other physicists, Erich Tiede, Arthur Schlegel and Frieda Goldschmidt, have repeated the experiments of Miethe without the slightest success. Using chemically pure mercury and subjecting it to the same infusion treatment as did Miethe, they have not been able to find even the smallest traces of gold in it. Also we are informed that Doctor Aston, the world-famous physical chemist of the Cavendish laboratory in Cambridge, England, has decided that if gold is made from mercury it must be heavier than ordinary gold. Unfortunately for the electrical alchemists, their analysis showed that their gold made from mercury was precisely the same as ordinary gold, which is another severe blow for them.



Captain Latta, the "Golfing Skipper."

till his twentieth year when he went to sea on a sailing vessel of which his uncle was the master. After sailing round the world for nine years, playing golf at every port he could, and getting his master's certificate, he joined the fleet of the Canadian Pacific railway in 1905 and has since then carried that company's flag the farthest north of any of his fellow officers to Archangel, and the farthest south, around Cape Horn.

Rushes for the Links.
During the past two winters when he piloted his steamship on cruises through the West Indies, he was just as enthusiastic as the tourists to go ashore, not so much to sightsee as to try the local links and pit himself against the local stars, and many a local star succumbed to his prowess with the clubs.

Golf has probably made Scotland as well known as her famous bards, her fighting chiefs and clans, her pipers and her plaids, and it is only proper

Revive Their Old-Time Hunting



Above are shown Crow Indians watching for a sight of the buffalo herd in the spectacular mimic hunt in Yellowstone National park, in which the days of their fathers were revived.