

FIVE LOSE LIVES IN ELECTRICAL STORMS IN EAST

New York, July 17.—(A.P.)—Terrible electrical storms have taken a toll of five lives, uprooted trees, unroofed buildings in many towns, destroyed crops and crippled fire services in the east.

In Wheeling, Va., two men were drowned when rain descended with tremendous force late yesterday, sweeping out small bridges and undermining roads.

A Pittsburgh man was about to tune in his radio when a bolt of lightning took his aerial and killed him. Lightning also killed a farmer in Glensburg, N. Y. A man at Asburyville, Ont., plunged blindly into the storm with his coat over his head for protection, was killed by a motorist.

Lightning struck the heart of Mount Gretna, Pa., an encampment of national guardsmen and stunned and burned several men. A deluge followed the lightning and swamped the camp.

Tidal waves were reported along the shore of Lake Ontario, from Charlotte to Forest Lawn. The water receded as much as forty feet and rushed back.

More than a score of buildings were unroofed at Riverside, N. J. The gale demolished the orchard in this vicinity in the heart of New Jersey's peach and apple territory. Thousands of the fruit trees were flattened. The loss was estimated at between \$200,000 and \$300,000.

MYSTERIOUS NOTE SECURES REPRIEVE FOR DOOMED SLAYER

(Continued from page one)

that the inscription, "murdered by the state of Illinois," be placed on his tombstone.

Governor Small's action came after Scott's relatives early this week had been unsuccessful in efforts to obtain a reprieve or commutation.

Business men and friends of Scott, who three years ago was rated as a millionaire in Windsor, Ont., addressed an appeal for clemency to President Coolidge. Several reprieves previously had been granted while the supreme court of Illinois passed on the case.

Maurer was shot and killed April 2, 1924, in the basement of a drug store. Scott maintained his brother had fired the shot during a quarrel at a drinking party, but the prosecution contended a hold-up had been staged by the brothers.

Russell Scott, arrested the next day, pleaded guilty to murder, but when the court indicated a death sentence would be imposed, his attorney burst into tears and pleaded for mercy. Through a technicality the plea was withdrawn and Scott was tried and sentenced by a jury, whose judgment was sustained by the supreme court.

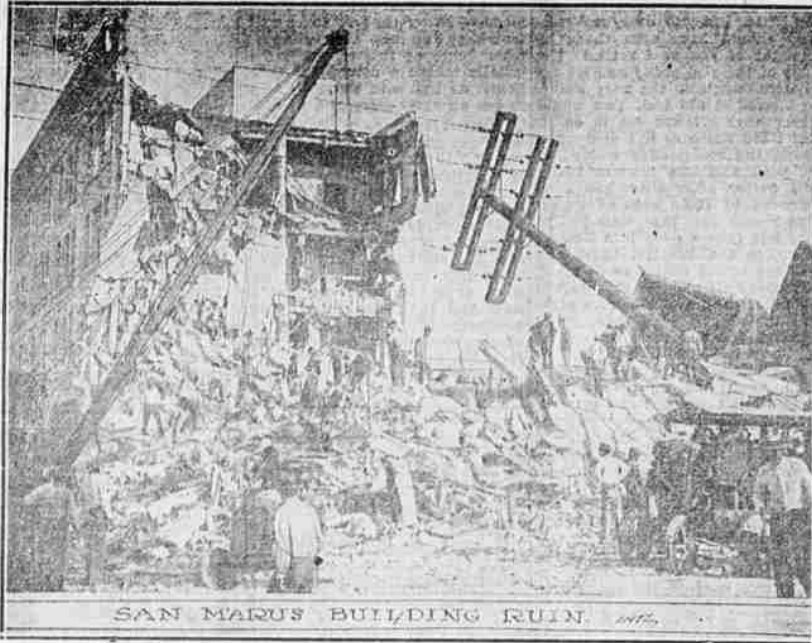
In his heyday, Scott headed a \$30,000,000 sales corporation in Windsor, Ont., interested in the construction of a \$12,000,000 bridge over the Detroit river. The project failed and Scott went broke.

Society

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with us. Then, he refused to make the extra 20 miles and would return back to his native town. All those people are scared to death to venture out beyond the little circle of their home, 20 miles is all right, but to go beyond that, might mean danger. He promised to take us and we were bound to go forward. I suggested that we strap the bundle on the horse and she would walk, leading him. We started out this way. It was now 2 in the afternoon and we had 20 miles to go, and after a while met a bunch of men and one volunteered to take our pack. He proved to be splendid, but the horses were so slow and the boy taking care of them acted so disagreeable, it was perfectly maddening. I got off and walked and after an hour of such proceedings, I became disgusted and threw the reins to the surly boy and began tramping the fastest speed you have ever seen. My feet were so sore, I had not put on my walking shoes, only carpet slippers, in spite of that, I saw the necessity of forgetting aches and pains, or it meant staying all night on the mountain side with no other companion than a naked Hoguea native as watchman. How we did speed, I know I made 5 miles an hour the way I was going. We had a good ten miles and I knew it was five in the evening and we had no idea where the rest house was, our caragadore was unable to keep up with us, the load of 40 pounds is rather heavy. However, we had to wait for him when darkness overcame us. He went on ahead, there was no moon, but the occasional flashes of lightning helped some and luckily we had a white oil-cloth wrapped around a r bundle and it gave a slight glimmer of color in the distance. We could hear the river below us and thousands of fireflies dancing in the air, but to see a light and meet a human, seemed to be the very last thing in this country. This went on till nine o'clock—he then led us down by the river, across a bridge and there we were—in the cutest little rest house, all made of bamboo and grass roof. The good caretaker prepared us one of the best meals on the entire trip and it certainly did taste

Santa Barbara Begins Reconstruction



SAN MARCUS BUILDING RUIN.

No time has been wasted by Santa Barbara's citizens in commencing reconstruction following the earthquake which destroyed a large portion of the city. The work of clearing the wreckage of the San Marcus building is shown under way. A new San Marcus building will rise on the site.

good. I told him we were fortunate in securing such a splendid caragadore on the road and he replied that man was his policeman for this district. He certainly was a peach. For such a faithful service rendered, I gave him 50 cents, 20 more than the usual fare and he was so delighted he published the news to other natives, which played havoc on the way. It made no difference to the others that this man had been of such service to us, I had given more than the usual wage and they expected what they never received. We had a tiresome walk that day, the views were not so lovely and we had left the rice terraces and it means just forging ahead, making time. The only interesting occurrence was the

wading of two torrents of streams had to be done my dear. Three days from Baguio, the soles of my golf shoes became disjoined from the body of the shoe and I had to walk like a high stepping horse in order to keep that flap on the remaining piece of leather. Oh, it was maddening, made so much effort to walk. When we got to camp 33, just 45 miles from Baguio, we met an acquaintance we had made in Bontoc and the said gentleman was worried how I would get home, even half way. There were no horses in this neighborhood. The shoe did not worry me particularly, I had had so many aches and pains, this seemed very inconsequential, but he fussed a great deal and ending by tearing up his oilcloth and

binding up the shoes and covering the lot with his stockings. I looked like an old gouty woman on the way. I swear to you I did not see anything more alluring in the liquid line than the jade green diamond streams in the canyons. How lovely they were and how tantalizing. Perhaps 2000 feet below, these streams dashing over the white rocks, forming iridescent pools and we hot from our walking, could think of nothing more perfect than a dip in the water. I never saw mountains with more cascades, perhaps not so high, or as much volume as our waterfalls, but every crevice lurked with water and every stream had to be waded. What cares the Igorot with his bare legs about ankle

deep water, it serves as a cooling lotion for his knobby feet. But to walk with wet feet only adds blisters in forming into real duty—successful ones. I certainly became disgusted with my feet before the end of the trail was reached. From Haig! I was able to get a pretty good horse. Mr. H. rode down the mountain with me and all he had to do to make the horses go was to speak to them in an ordinary tone of voice, then they would fly, but just see me alone, if he happened to be in the rear. My horse would begin to stumble and could not possibly get over rocky paths without my guidance of pulling the reins and incidentally coaxing and pushing him besides. These horses certainly know how to fake. Lillian got along fine, excepting being very tired, but I think she was remarkable on the entire trip for one unaccustomed to walking. She did not have a blister. The morning we rode ahead of her, before the four separated, L. went on by herself, thinking we would catch up quickly. We rode all the way to Bontoc without seeing her and when we got to the rest house made inquiries and she had not appeared. We became alarmed about her and Mr. Gardner went to the constabulary to have an officer scout the country for her. He finally got trace of her, it seems she took the wrong trail going to a place called Baunce, instead of Bontoc, the kilometer post having "B" on it and she did not realize her mistake until she got to this little town 5 miles away, 5 miles return and then had to walk to Bontoc. Yes God, the poor girl. We got the only car, and the first one ever in this country, and rode back till we found her, hot, tired and dripping wet as the afternoon rain had come on before she could find shelter. I lost five pounds on the trip. No wonder, I do not see how I even weighed 5 pounds. Besides the walking, I had no appetite, the food was repulsive to me. We had chicken and eggs three times a day for ten days. Well, anyway, it was a magnificent trip, I would not miss it for a million dollars and would not do it again for like sum—just now. It was always my desire to go. Mrs. S. staid here alone while we were gone and I think she and Montague, he is Vigan, and she here, spent most of their time worrying about us getting caught in the rain—which we did not.

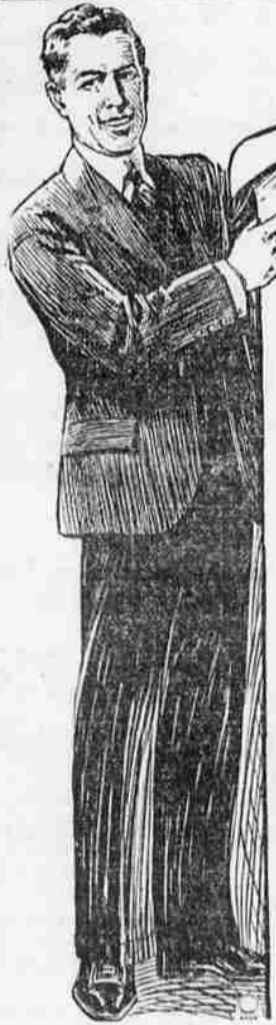


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