

DEBT PACT TO TAKE EFFECT

British Settlement Before End of Month Is Expected.

Washington, D. C.—The agreement between the American and British governments under which Great Britain will have 62 years for the payment of its \$4,600,000,000 war debt to this country will become effective before the end of this month. This was made certain Monday with the action of the house ways and means committee in instructing Chairman Fordney to move in the house to accept the senate changes to the amendment to the debt funding act, giving congressional approval of the agreement. The committee vote was unanimous and the house vote is expected to be practically so.

Direct action by the house will make a conference with the senate unnecessary and will save considerable time. Immediately after the house vote the bill will be made ready for President Harding, who is expected to sign it in a few days.

Several republican members of the committee were not wholly satisfied with either of the senate amendments, but they voted to accept them because they thought it would be unwise to throw the bill into conference and thus make it subject to uncertainties which surrounded all important legislation in the closing days of congress.

Chief objection was to the Robinson amendment requiring congressional approval of the settlements with the other debtor nations, the argument being advanced that this might operate to slow up negotiations with those nations, because congress will not be in session again until next December. The Harris amendment requiring the appointment of three democrats to the commission also was not entirely satisfactory to some of the majority.

CITIZENSHIP BAN ON HIGH HINDUS

Washington, D. C.—A high caste Hindu is not a "free white person," within the meaning of the naturalization law, and therefore under the recent decision of the court excluding Japanese is not entitled to citizenship, the supreme court held Monday in an appeal brought by the United States against Bhagat Singh Thind.

The court ruled that the words "white person" must be given the meaning they have in common usage and are not to be applied through a scientific study determining whether the persons affected descended from white stock.

A certificate of citizenship was issued to Thind, a high caste native of India, born in Punjab, by the United States district court for Oregon. He had entered the United States prior to the passage of the exclusion act of 1917. The government took the case to the ninth circuit court of appeals, which asked the supreme court for instructions as to whether a high caste Hindu of full Indian blood was a free white person within the meaning of the naturalization statutes.

Having decided that a Japanese is not a "free white person" the supreme court was asked by the government to determine whether a Hindu is a "free white person" eligible to naturalization and citizenship. While the supreme court decision last November in the Ozawa case definitely fixed the rule to be applied in determining eligibility to naturalization, limiting the right to those who are "free white persons" within the meaning of the revised statutes, it remains for the court in each specific case involving a definite nationality to apply the rule and determine whether persons of that particular race are "white persons."

Prince in Auto Mishap.

London.—Prince George, youngest son of King George and Queen Mary, had a narrow escape from injury in an automobile collision Saturday between London and Plymouth. It became known here. The prince was traveling in a car owned by Lady Mountbatten, who was driving, when the car collided with another machine at a dangerous cross roads. None of the occupants was injured, but the other vehicle was badly damaged.

Ex-Captain Sentenced.

New York.—Federal Justice Winslow Monday sentenced George S. Miles, formerly captain of the transport Van Buren, to 18 months in the Atlanta federal prison. Cruel and unjustifiable punishment and illegal confinement of H. H. Baxter, a pantryman on the high seas, were the charges against him.

Three Cougars Killed.

Astoria, Or.—Word was received from the Nehalem valley Monday that three large cougars were killed there Sunday by James Niemi, John Gronzel and Robert Polk. The deep snow in the hills had driven the animals down to the lower levels in search of food.

Everything, From Soup to Nuts

By JANE OSBORN

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When it was agreed that Ballister, father and mother, should go to California the first of December, the rest of the Ballisters rather took it for granted that the usual Christmas reunion at the Elms should be dispensed with. That is, all but twenty-year-old Janet, who was remaining at home that winter with old Uncle Ned, her brother, Tom, still at high school, and faithful Maggie, in the kitchen.

Of course, we're going to have Christmas here same as usual," Janet told her brother, Malcolm, as he was starting off for college, "and you can bring home a couple of boys with you if you want, and we'll have Uncle Ned and old Mrs. Titus and everybody, the same as usual. I guess I can cook a Christmas dinner all right."

"Good for you, Janet," was the brother's answer. "I'd hate not to come home for the holiday. If your household allowance runs out count on me to make up the difference. Have everything, from soup to nuts."

It was agreed. The Thursday before Christmas, Janet began making lists of what she would need in order to make her Christmas bill of fare complete, and she began reading cookery books and compare a dozen different recipes for turkey stuffing, trying to find the one that contained the largest collection of ingredients. She had been practicing for a month in making pie crust, and was quite an expert. She reigned supreme in the kitchen, Maggie being allowed to intrude only when time came to wash up the dishes, for Maggie was a notoriously poor cook.

Saturday night at eight her brother arrived with two classmates. They had had dinner on the way, knowing that "company" dinner the day before Christmas would not be a welcome proposition to any housewife. A flushed but happy Janet met them in the family living room, after Maggie had let them in.

"Well, sister," beamed Malcolm, "how goes it? We've brought husky appetites and we had a slim dinner tonight, so as to have room for a big feast tomorrow. Have you ordered everything—from soup to nuts? Cranberry sauce, stuffing, nuts, raisins?"

Janet nodded in proud affirmative. "How much does the turkey weigh?" said one of the companions, feeling that he ought to add his comment.

He saw, but did not know the reason for a quick intake of breath on the part of Janet. She bit her lip. "Thirty-five and a half pounds," she hazarded. "But I—don't expect it till tomorrow. You know the butcher is so busy; sometimes he puts off delivery until the day."

Malcolm was going to suggest an evening spent together in the big living room. But Janet excused herself. She said she had to see about the pies in the kitchen.

She fled to the kitchen and then up the back stairs to her room, donned her coat and hat, fled down the back stairs and then through the lonely driveway of the Elms down the suburban street to the shopping section of town. Some of the stores were still open. Her own butcher had closed, but a rival showed a light still burning.

The man looked at her in astonishment. "Turkeys have been sold out since five this afternoon," he answered. "Folks don't put off getting turkeys till this time."

Then Janet went to the nearest drug store, looked up the house telephone of her own butcher, and sent a frantic call to him.

"I don't know how I forgot it," she said. "I was so busy thinking about the stuffing I forgot the turkey."

But the butcher assured Janet that no more turkeys were to be had. He had never had to sell the one he had secured for his own family use. Janet went home, and rousing Maggie from a catnap in the kitchen told her of her plight. "They are giving turkeys away to poor folk, down at the Second church," said Maggie. "Maybe you could get one there."

Janet took this inspiration as the drowning man's straw. She hurriedly donned the raggedest clothes she could find, threw on an old shawl of Maggie's about her head, and started out again.

"If Malcolm asks for me," she told Maggie, "tell him I've gone to bed."

They were still giving out dinners at the Second church and Janet entered the dimly lighted parish house, with shawl drawn closely around her face.

"Could I have—have a turkey?" she asked the women at the desk. "I am very poor."

Janet's idea was to get the turkey by hook or crook, then the next day to return to the church and explain and apologize and pay them two or three times as much as the turkey had been worth. The good woman looked surprised. "We don't give out turkeys," she explained. "They are so expensive. We've had chickens and roasted pork in the dinners—but every dinner has been assigned. You know you have to have your application in ahead of time—I'm sorry."

Janet sighed and withdrew. At the door she sighed again, and thinking of the fiasco of her Christmas dinner without a turkey clenched her hands convulsively. The good woman at the desk did not see her, but a

young man who had just come into the room did.

Janet looked, recognized, and then rushed out the door. But he followed. It was Roderick Black—Roderick Black, with whom Janet had quarreled two months before over a trifle. Janet hadn't ever intended to speak to him again—so she assured herself.

"Something's wrong," Roderick said as Janet tried to turn her head from him. "You wouldn't be here at this time of night if you weren't in some kind of trouble. I've promised to deliver some dinners in my car." Roderick was leading Janet to the car that stood at the curb. "Hop in," he ordered, "and in a minute I'll be back with the baskets."

When Roderick returned he found Janet weeping quietly, for she was more exhausted than she knew from the long work of the day. She was bitterly disappointed about the lack of a turkey. Added to that, the sight of Roderick was too much.

Roderick took Janet beside him in front, and as they went slowly toward her home she explained.

"I wasn't ever going to speak to you again," she said with a sob in her voice, "but I had to tell some one. I think I must be half-witted or something. No one with a brain would forget the turkey for Christmas."

Roderick soothed with one hand and drove with the other, but he did not drive to the Elms. Instead, he drove a mile beyond to a rather famous country tavern. There he came to a stop.

"I know the manager in here. He's a client of mine. He's no doubt got plenty of turkeys for the crowd on Christmas. Wait a bit and see what I can do."

Janet waited. Inside Roderick was told that turkeys were scarce, that it would be ruinous to business to give up one. Roderick offered to pay \$20 for a 20-pound bird. He doubled the amount, paid cash, and came out with the turkey under his arm.

He drove Janet home before he went about delivering the church dinners.

"I don't know whether to have dinner at the Salvation Army or at the inn tomorrow," Roderick said.

"If you—would you—do you think you would like to come and have it with us?" Janet asked.

That gave Roderick courage. Before he would let Janet and her turkey out of the car at the back door of the Elms he asked her, as he had asked her on several other occasions, to marry him, and Janet said yes. Then she fled into the kitchen, threw off her ragged shawl, put on an enormous apron to hide her old dress, and walked slowly into the living room.

"Whose car just drove up at the back door?" asked Malcolm.

"I guess that was the turkey," said Janet with an air of unconcern. "By the way, I expect Roderick Black for dinner tomorrow. You don't object?"

"Why, I thought you and Rod weren't speaking."

Janet laughed merrily. "That's ancient history," said Janet, and as she bade her brother good night a few minutes later she said: "We may have something interesting to tell you—tomorrow."

Town Names Derived From States.

The names of towns on the borders of states are sometimes made up of syllables from the names of the states. Sylmar, for instance, in Maryland, borrows syllables from Pennsylvania and Maryland, and Pen Mar, in Pennsylvania, does the same thing in a slightly different way. Calexico, in California, indicates its proximity to Mexico in its name.

Mexicali, just on the other side of the border, in Lower California, has become celebrated as the possessor of "the longest bar in the world," to which Californians can cross over from Calexico and slake their thirst without fear of prohibitory laws. Texarkana derives its name from the fact that it is on the boundary line between Texas and Arkansas.

Turning Bones Into Bronze.

Living men with bones of bronze may soon be a common sight, according to an important announcement to the Academy of Science at Paris by Professor Doumer, disclosing a method by which large quantities of copper may be introduced into the human organism by means of electricity.

The process consists of passing a weak current through two electrodes soaked with a solution of sulphate of copper, the electrodes being placed on the skin of the patient.

It is thus possible to introduce five to ten centigrammes of metallic copper daily, eventually saturating the organism to such a degree that the bones become metallic and the skin takes on a bronze blue.

Right at His Heels.

"Is your heart bowed down, my brother?" asked the sympathetic soul. "Yes," said the discouraged citizen. "My jinx is still following me around."

"Nonsense! There is no such thing as a jinx."

"Yes, there is. Every time I stop and listen I can hear the blamed thing's claws scratching on the pavement."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Taking No Chances.

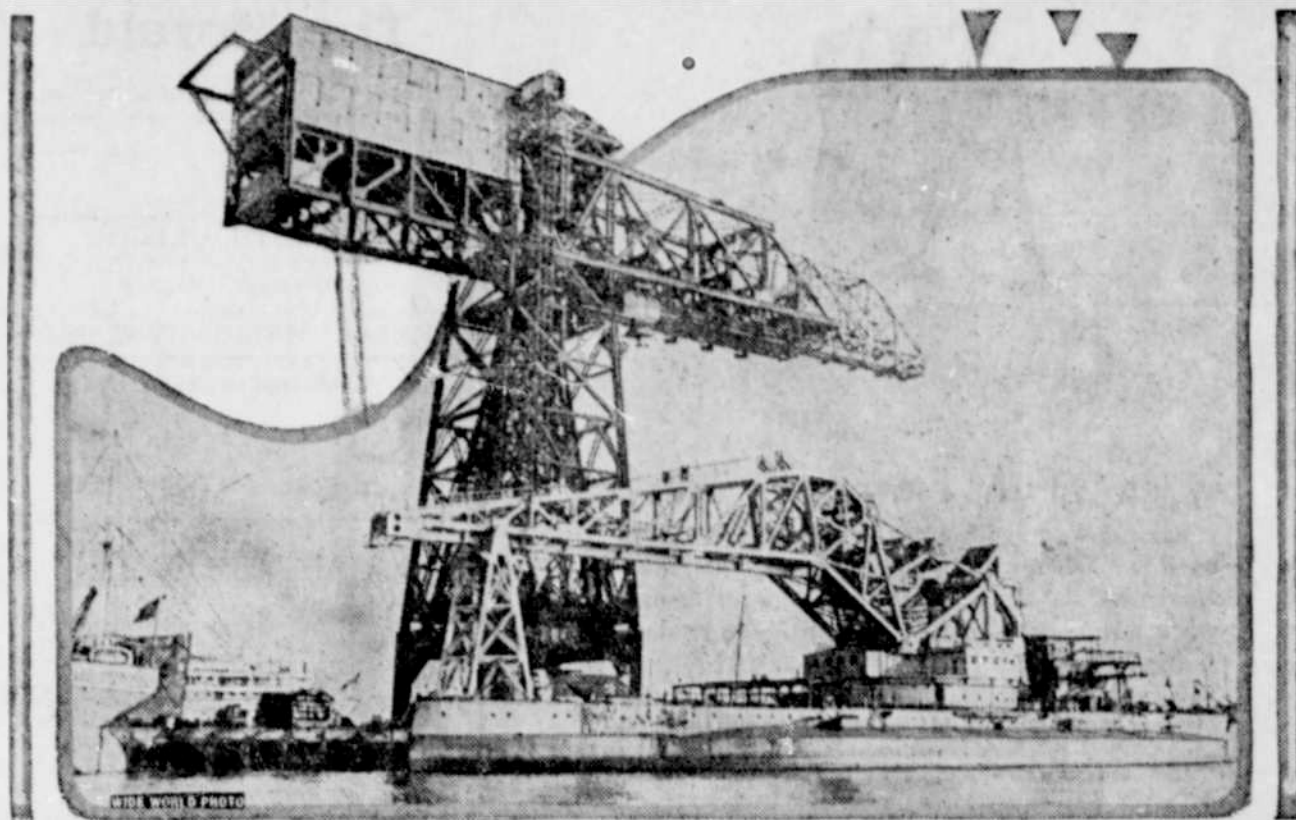
A bright little boy, who had been engaged in combat with another boy, was reproved by his aunt, who told him he ought always to wait until the other boy "pitched into him."

"But," protested the little hero, "if I wait for the other boy to begin I'm afraid there won't be any fight!"

Air Propellers for Yacht.

A yacht, which has been built in Virginia, will be the largest vessel yet driven through the water by aerial propellers if its designer's plans succeed.

Navy Now Has Two of World's Most Powerful Cranes



Here is the mammoth 350-ton stationary crane at the Philadelphia navy yard, with the newly completed floating crane Kearsarge tied up alongside. The Kearsarge recently completed successful tests, lifting 312 tons. The Kearsarge floating crane, considered a most remarkable marine development, is capable of lifting nearly as heavy a cargo as the stationary crane in spite of the fact that it is much smaller.

Tragic Tales of Unclaimed Cash

Banks Hold Many Millions Deposited by People Who Never Claim Money.

CONGRESS IS URGED TO ACT

Government Estimates Dormant Balances at \$35,000,000—In 1917, 518,873 Persons Had Failed to Claim Accounts.

If, some day when the world seemed dark and dreary, you were notified that a bank was holding a bunch of money just waiting for you to come and ask for it, how do you think you'd feel?

New York.—What becomes of the people who make deposits in banks and never claim the money? What becomes of their relatives and connections?

Once a year the banks are required to publish the names of these depositors, and in many instances efforts are made by special investigators to find individuals. Extensive search and much work follows, but in nine cases out of ten failure is reported. The money lies in the banks waiting claimants.

Members of congressional committees at Washington to whose attention the subject was called intend bringing the matter up for action with a view to making use of this overlooked source for additional treasury funds. In a formal recommendation to congress in 1917, and each year of his term subsequently, Comptroller John Skelton Williams urged legislation "to require long dormant balances to be deposited in the United States treasury." The present comptroller, D. R. Crissinger, repeated these recommendations to congress, but so far nothing has been done.

Total Near \$35,000,000.

In 1917 the exact total of these unclaimed balances was \$27,237,927, of which \$21,638,689 was in the city banks and belonged to 518,873 customers. The largest sums were in Eastern states, including New York, the total being \$13,634,242, belonging to 273,843 customers. Government experts estimate that the total now reaches nearer the \$35,000,000 mark.

Inquiries at the banks and special investigators' offices show that even in recent cases of death of depositors it is a hard job finding relatives. Take the case of Edward J. Kelleher.

He kept a shoe shining establishment in San Francisco. There came to him one day in 1917 an Italian shoe shiner who insinuated that Eddy's store kept other things as well—maybe stolen goods, maybe not. Eddy laughed and asked him where he got that stuff. The Italian didn't care for his manner, pulled out his gun and shot him.

Shoe shining must be a profitable business. Eddy Kelleher left a nice little nest egg of \$30,000 all ready set for the queue of relatives. But they were slow in coming. So slow, in fact, that the public administrator after jolting everything in his power to find them gave it up.

By one of his correspondents, the case was referred to Nelson H. Tunnell, 71 Chambers street, New York, the attorney who represents many of the city banks in dormant balance matters. Tunnell unearthed many interesting things about the departed Kelleher. He had served a couple of terms in San Quentin prison for robberies, under another name. He had also lived in the Bowery in New York and inspected the inside walls of the state prison for two years. His bank

records gave his birthplace as Lawrence, Mass., while the prison record suggested Salem, Mass. Tunnell discovered the baptismal entry at Lawrence, however, along with those of three other children, brothers and sisters of the dead man.

Advertised Without Result.

He advertised extensively in Lawrence and in Salem without result. It was only after considerable work, extended further afield, that a nephew and niece were located in South Dakota. They knew their uncle well and had even offered to help him once after his imprisonment. Bread cast upon the waters, etc., Kelleher's money was distributed to them.

There died in 1920 Mary McCrea, who was born in Brooklyn in 1850. Mary McCrea has left \$50,000 for some one—but who? She was the daughter of James Brickley and Bridget Chandler, Brickley, born in County Wexford, Ireland, came to the United States in 1840 with his sister, Elizabeth. Elizabeth was married in Brooklyn to John Walsh by whom she had a daughter, Catherine, in 1850. After Walsh died she was married to John Lawless. There were no children. Catherine married, also in Brooklyn, but the name of her husband is not known. About 1873 they went to the Pacific coast, and it is believed her husband died and that she married again.

Returned to Ireland.

Brickley is known to have returned to Ireland in 1864, where he erected headstones to his parents and relatives, but he came back to this country and died in 1870. His daughter, Mary, married Samuel McCrea, who apparently had money. Efforts by Nelson Tunnell to trace the rightful claimants for the legacy have so far met with no success, but it is thought that many will remember Elizabeth Buckley Lawless, who used to keep the little candy store at 106 Boerum place, Brooklyn.

Another \$28,000 goes a-begging with the death in 1915 of Harry Allen Hastings. He was born in Oneida county, New York, in 1861, and it is known that his mother's maiden name was Allen. Not much else is known. Hastings was a waiter in Cornwall-on-the-Hudson, and later served at the old Delmonico's in Beaver street. He left \$28,000.

But for romance and detective work, the Bowers Savings bank case of the Cullmann account is hard to beat. In 1861 Frederick Collmann or Cullmann, a turner, of 425 Fifth street, opened an account with the bank which in 1863 was transferred to Eliza Cullmann. In the passing of years the account became dormant and search for Cullmann was fruitless until one day a William Cullmann appeared on the scene saying he had been struck by the similarity of names in the advertisements.

His father, a prosperous pipemaker, had died suddenly and the shock had rendered his mother subject to fits of insanity. She kept the family together, however, until one day after an attack in the street she was attended to and taken to an asylum. The three children, William, Charles and Franz, were sent to city institutions, cared for until proper age and indentured to various parties. Thus the family was scattered.

Names Found to Agree.

The names of the children agreed with the beneficiaries named in Cullmann's account, but unfortunately the Cullmann who had come to light could not remember the address of the family during the year previous to 1873, except that they lived in a house on the East side, opposite a graveyard. Examination of city maps revealed that one of the addresses fitted this description exactly. His mother's name, also, was Eliza. An old wallet belonging to his father, whose name was written on the flap, bore a distinct resemblance to the signature on the

Cat Summons Policeman to Aid in Kitten's Rescue

London. A cat, helped by a policeman, succeeded in rescuing her kitten that had fallen down a well at Alton, in Hampshire.

The distressed cat attracted the attention of a policeman, and the faint cries of the drowning kitten explained the mother's agitated antics and cries.

Two efforts made to save the kitten by lowering a bucket failed.

Then the constable lowered the mother cat by a rope. Her natural aversion to water vanished in her desire to save her kitten, which was raised exhausted to the surface, firmly but gently held in its mother's teeth.

account opened by Cullmann. Sundry other documents, marriage certificate, etc., served to connect his mother with the account.

Cullmann was deeply moved when he learned that the amount involved was over \$1,100. "If only we had known this, the family would never have been broken up," he said. He was advised how to proceed, take out letters of administration, etc., but three years later, in 1901, the bank still held the account and wrote asking him about it. He declined to have anything further to do with the case, saying that it only revived memories for him which he wished dead. But he was willing to let Mr. Little of the bank clear up matters.

Little discovered early in the case that Eliza, with the cunning of the insane, had an account with the Metropolitan Savings bank for over \$2,000. The account read: "Andrew Miller or Eliza Cullmann, in trust for William, Franz, Charles, Mary." Cullmann had not previously mentioned his sister, but at mention of her name he remembered her as being on Randall's island with the brothers. After the children were indentured to different parties, Franz and William ran away, returned to New York and eventually found each other.

Mother Cured.

In the meantime the mother had been discharged as cured, and she and the two boys were reunited. But another attack of insanity sent Eliza Cullmann back to an asylum. It was therefore up to Little to discover Eliza, the mother, and Charles and Mary, the other two children. From police records he found that Elizabeth Coleman (an easy mistake in the name) was admitted to the asylum at Ward's Island in 1874, and that she died at Hart's Island in 1885.

From Randall's island he was assured that the records did not show any trace of there ever having been four such children on the island. But William Cullmann stuck to his statement, and a personal visit to Randall's proved that he was right. The record was brought to light showing that William, thirteen; Franz, eleven; Charles, nine; Mary, seven, were committed to the island June 9, 1869. The records also showed to whom they had been discharged, and this gave a starting point, although it seemed hopeless to find the other two after so many years.

Mary was discovered, married, living at Yalesville, Conn. Charles was found by means of photographs and advertising throughout the whole country.

There are lighter sides to the game. One woman found not long ago in New York told the bank officials that she had not applied for her dormant money because she had lost her bank book and thought the money went with it. Another woman did not call at her bank for 23 years, being afraid her husband would get the money and spend it. One book had been forgotten because the children had been allowed to scribble all over it. Other books have been discovered in old trunks after 30 or 40 years. There is a story, tragic or otherwise back of every one of these unclaimed balances.