

Retires After 50 Years Sea Service

Veteran Captain of Liner Tells of His Many Adventures on the Deep.

New York.—When a man has sailed the seven seas for 50 years and decides to settle down, it is difficult for him to decide what he would like to do. That is the problem confronting Captain Adrian Zeeder; he has just handed over the helm of the Manchuria to younger hands, and he need no longer rise at two bells to go on deck and see what the weather is doing.

If one did not have the captain's own word for it, one would suspect that this seaman of the old school was in the grip of the wanderlust. He sailed the other day for England and will go from there to the South African home, where he was born. Then he is coming back again, and after that—well, as the captain says, something may turn up.

For one thing, he hopes to make an excursion through the Mediterranean. In all his 50 years of circumnavigating the globe he has visited almost all ports and lands except those bordering on the blue strip of water between Africa and Europe. "I never happened that way," he said. "A man wouldn't you know, unless he was on one of the regular runs to India or cut through from the East. I never sailed that way; just missed the Mediterranean, you might say. But I guess I have seen all the other seas between the two poles."

"Shipwrecked? No, I never was shipwrecked, either. But I've been mighty close to it many times. Once we were down in Cook's straits, between the two islands of New Zealand, and it was blowing like the J—, I mean it was blowing mighty hard. The weather was thick, too, and I never saw the sea toss a ship about the way it did ours that day; first we were up, it seemed a thousand feet, and then down two thousand, and with every heave I thought we should break in half. Somehow our old timbers held together, and we made port, we were mighty thankful, I can tell you.

On Sailor's Luck.
"We had luck that day. No man should go to sea unless he is lucky. It takes a lot of luck to get along. If it isn't on your side you are soon foundered. Why, I have seen a thousand times that I'd have gone down sure without the luck. Somehow it always turned my way, and here I am, feeling as good as new. But I've made my last cruise; 50 years is enough. I've lived in ships since I was a boy in knee breeches; now I want to go ashore for a while and see how the people live on dry land."

The philosophers say that men are ruled by opposites. That rule would seem to hold good with Captain Zeeder. His idea of a comfortable life is to sit in a big armchair at one of those spacious club windows such as you see in Fifth avenue, with nothing to do but watch the crowd go by. He has always been a clubman when he could be, in all parts of the world, belonging to dozens of social organizations, and every trip to sea has ended in a vision of getting back to the club for a quiet-hour in a big, stuffed chair.

Of course, the Captain doesn't tell you all that. One reads it between the lines. But he does talk entertainingly about the sea, which he knows as some of us know our street. And when he gets into the swing of a yarn he takes his visitor along. Still he says that he cannot see why anybody should be interested in him, just a plain sailorman.

"No, the sea is not as it used to be," he said. "Mighty different from the days when I was a boy. The sailor of today lives in a bloomin' boudoir and has somebody to wait upon him. I didn't start out like that. No, sir, in my day before the mast it was mighty different. And we had sailors then, you can lay your last quid; then you could take a ship through a gale that would tear the heart out of some. Nowdays—" and the Captain waved his hand expressively.

Heard the Call Early.

"I first got the smell of the sea in my nose when I was just a shaver," he said. "We lived about four miles outside Cape Town, and I would sneak away to go and look at the ships. Most of my school days were spent somewhere else than in school. I couldn't bear the sight of a spelling book. Sort of went to my head and made me long to run away. By the time I was nine or ten I knew the coasting and shipping craft that put into Cape Town. I used to go down to the docks and sit there for hours, just watching the boats. Once I went aboard and that ruined me. Since that moment I never have felt at home anywhere else.

"I couldn't have been more than nine or ten when I began to go off with the fishing boats. You can imagine how my mother felt about it. She used to cry a lot and say that I shouldn't run away to sea. I promised her that I wouldn't, and I didn't. Nevertheless I went when I was about eleven, and she consented. I was a mighty proud chap when I signed on the old Lord MacDuff as a sort of cabin boy and extra hand. We had a hard skipper, one of those iron men you've read about in the books, but a fine sailor. He dipped his bread in his punch to soften it. And punch was needed to break it.

"Put yourself in my place and you

will get some idea of how that life went with me at first. I was a sturdy youngster and the feel of the sea made me happy. But I had been raised in a good home, where we had plenty of everything. And my first days on shipboard were lean-bellied days. The food was bad and not much of it. Many a night—before I learned how to go hungry—I have taken a piece of hard bread with the weevils in it and gone to the grease barrel, intending to skin up a bit of the grease and swallow the whole business before I got a whiff of it. But I always smelled the grease first and never quite made it.

Modern Tars Have Hails.

"Yes, those were hard days, but happy ones, too, the happiest of my life, I think. When a fellow was off watch he could lie in a sunny corner, his head on a coil of rope, and watch the clouds go by. Nothing to do until the Captain kicked you up for the next watch. And what a joy it was for a boy to lie there, hearing the lap of the sea against the bow, with the roll of the Atlantic to rock you, like a baby, in her arms. Yes, those were the happy times; no responsibility, no thought of the future, just a boy getting his first scent of the sea. Of course, it wasn't so pleasant to be hungry, but one got accustomed to that after a while, and it was the rule to be empty rather than full. We tightened our belts a notch and thought what a devil that Captain was. He was a hard skipper, a mighty hard one—but a fine sailor."

The Captain smiled, as if being a fine sailor made up for all shortcomings.

"Sometimes I hear people say that life at sea is hard," he remarked. "Well, they should have sailed in one of those old ships I knew 50 years ago. They would have learned something about life. The first time I landed in New York, back in '78, I was barefoot and bareheaded, like most sailors of the time. I walked up Broadway in my naked feet and nobody paid any attention to me.

"This was quite a city, even then. Beyond Madison Square the country was open fields, and most activities stopped at Union Square. The waterfront was a lively place then; a policeman would hardly dare show his head after dark when the men were lively.

Master at Twenty-Four.

"Oh, yes, all hands drank when they came ashore, and they had a big time. And why shouldn't they? After a ship's company had been months at sea on hard tack, salt beef and tea, they needed something different. But nowadays all that has changed. Sailor men will soon need ladies' maids to wait on 'em and butlers to pour their bloom'n' tea. No, the sea isn't what it used to be, my lad, and you can lay a quid on that."

But Captain Zeeder steers a course learned on the decks of 300-ton brigs.

Captain Zeeder had sailed in ships of many sorts and put into many ports before the age when most boys are getting ready for college. A ship of 2,500 tons was a good-sized craft for those days. He has crossed the Atlantic in a mere cockle-shell of 300 tons. Before twenty he was fourth officer, hailing out of London, and by degrees he worked his way upward to a captain's certificate. He had his master's papers at twenty-four, but did not get a full command until some time later. For 28 years he sailed out of San Francisco. More recently he won distinction for transporting troops across the Atlantic.

From Sails to Oil.

"I have seen the sea turn from sails to steam, and now they say all ships will be driven by oil," he said. "Well, I wouldn't be surprised. I can remember when bold prophets said that most ships would be run by steam, and people laughed at them. But I have seen that come about. Maybe the oil-burner will do away with coal before long, and a blessing that will be to the lads in the stoke-hole. There never was more agony on this earth than in the firing room of a ship. Oil would be a blessing to the men down there. I hear it said that we may even have electric ships, or perhaps we shall do all our sailing by air. Who knows? But for my part, I like to spread a sheet and run with the wind."

Zeeder is past sixty now, and looks forty-five. He has a wind-burned and sun-burned face and his mouth clamps tight at the corners. Every inch of

Roads Must Use Control Devices

Washington.—Virtually every large railroad in the country will be required before February, 1926, to equip substantial parts of its mileage with automatic train control devices under the terms of an interstate commerce commission order issued here recently.

The order was addressed to 92 out of 108 class 1 railroads in the country, these controlling more than 90 per cent of the total rail mileage in the United States.

his six feet conveys power. And best of all, he walks as a sailor should, with a bit of a roll to starboard, then back again. Since big ships became the rule of the sea, leviathans that ride out the roughest weather, we are in danger of losing the seamanly roll that once marked the race of sailors. In this mechanical age they walk like ordinary men, not as descendants of the Vikings should.

Free Now for Adventure.

The Captain comes of old South African Dutch stock, the race of men whom Conn Doyle once called "the most virile enemy England ever crossed swords with." And one cannot but wonder how he is going to expend all the energy that raised him to the bridge.

"I couldn't farm," he confided. "Didn't do much of it as a boy and I am too old now to learn. And I couldn't be a clerk, because I never was smart at figures. They would not let me sit around the old home out in South Africa, and I am afraid I would be unable to stand it, anyhow. So I shall have to find some kind of a job and keep myself busy.

The listener more than half expects him to say that he will knock around and see the world a bit, but it doesn't seem quite fair to suggest it. The look is in the Captain's eye, even though he keeps the admission to himself. It would not take much persuasion for him to go adventuring again, just as he did half a century ago in the old Lord MacDuff.

"I never cared for the steady runs where nothing ever happened," he confided. "I was always bent on going to new places and getting some fun out of my job. People tell me that I am young. Well, I have made it a rule not to let a day find me older than the one before. And I haven't had a dull day in my life. Every day has been full of interest. I'd like to live them all over again. And I've never worried; always kept my chin up and taken the seas as they came. I've had luck with me, though, lots of luck. A man cannot get along unless he has."

Tells of Early Days on Pacific.

Captain Zeeder has some reminiscences of the Pacific. He got a command there when traffic with the Orient was just beginning to take on something like its present importance.

"Why, they are running ships across the Pacific like trolley cars," he said.

"The trade is getting heavier every week. Our old Pacific Mail fleet was one of the finest afloat. I never saw ships run more beautifully; just beautiful they were; everything organized and slipping along like a clock. I commanded several. They were wonderful ships. Back in 1897 I was on the China, a craft of 3,500 tons, and we had a hard time to fill her up for the trip across. Now ships ten times that size come in from the Orient loaded to the decks. Then years ago the traffic was close to 100,000 tons a month; today it is around a million and growing fast, and most of it carried in foreign ships. Yes, the old days certainly have changed in the Pacific, with ships clearing for every port on both sides almost as often as they do in the Atlantic."

Captain Zeeder had a large part in the recent war, but did not think much of the role he played. "I carried over thousands of troops and enough TNT to blow up all Germany," he said, "but other men did much more than that. I never lost a man, and I hope all of them got home again. We were going up the Channel on the Siberia when a ship just ahead was torpedoed. We almost ran into her funnels as she sank. But we missed destruction that time. It came close to us again off Queenstown when a ship was sunk alongside us. At another time, our ship missed a torpedo by twenty feet.

Carried Troops to Manila.

"Those were stirring days and kept a man thinking. How did I avoid the torpedoes? Oh, just luck, I guess; and somehow or other I always had a feeling beforehand when we were going to meet a U-boat. I could almost tell the day and hour. Afterward I would be so relieved that I felt like somebody else, with the safety of those men assured. Just plain luck. No man could fight a war without luck, even when he did his fighting from a transport."

The captain had a hand in an earlier war, carrying troops to Manila. And he almost became a filibuster in the '90's when two Guatemalan factions needed a load of arms out of San Francisco. The captain agreed to command the ship and land her cargo, and everything was arranged; then he got orders to take over the Siberia and had to let the revolution get along without him. "The man who backed that expedition lost his mind over it," he said, "so maybe it was just as well for me that I didn't take 'em."

Back in 1909 the captain ran his ship into Hongkong while a typhoon was blowing and while dozens of other ships were standing by, afraid to take the risk. But the captain is not the sort of man who lets a typhoon stop him if there is any way around or through. That time he set his tiller dead ahead and went into the harbor as fine as you please, with envying eyes of all those other sailor men trained on him. Since that glorious day he has been King Zeeder.

The captain is a bachelor. "I never had time to marry," he said. "What business has a sailor with a wife, any way? Sailing is a life apart, I guess."

It is not hard to guess that his ship has been his true love. And he is a man of sentiment, as proved by the four canaries that have helped keep cheerful his cabin on the Manchuria. But the captain is through with cabins and ships and the rolling deep. At least he says that his sailing days are over.

Nayarit Richest State in Mexico

Inhabitants Can Raise Any Crop They Desire.

Washington.—Nayarit, mentioned as one of the Mexican west-coast states in which there have been revolutionary disturbances, is the subject of a bulletin from the Washington headquarters of the National Geographic society, based on a communication to the society from Herbert Corey.

"The Twentieth century has been a bit late in reaching this state of Nayarit, of which Tepic is the capital; but it seems convincingly here at last," says the bulletin. "The railroad has come, so that one may ride in pullman cars direct from the northern border, if one prefers the rails to the Old Spanish road.

Rich in Raw Materials.
"Bolshevism has had its play in Nayarit. Mexico City intervened when a Bolshevist governor was elected, and ordered the seating of the conservative candidate in his place. "There is no richer state in raw materials in the world, perhaps, than Nayarit. No one knows how rich it is. In its 10,000 square miles the 170,000 inhabitants can raise any crop desired.

"The farmer has but to vary the elevation to find the proper climate. Limes, lemons, oranges, wheat, corn, beans, bananas, palms, coconuts, cotton, tobacco—the list is endless. There are even two grapevines and one apple tree in Nayarit, which are eminently fruitful. No one seems to know why it has never occurred to anyone to plant others.

Gold Bars by Handful.

"Nor is irrigation needed, so well balanced is the rainy season in the greater part of the state. In the mountains there are proved mines by the score. One hears of little workings here and there, where two or three men are chipping away at a small vein and pulverizing the ore in an old-fashioned arrastra, in which mules drag heavy weights over a stone floor. Now and then the men come into town with a handful of gold bars.

"The trouble in Nayarit for years was that the state was in the grip of the great landed interests. There are almost no small landholdings and few of the larger ranches were properly worked.

"One great Spanish house and one great German house—the word house is used as more truly descriptive of these organizations than the modern terms of company or firm—dominated the situation. They had the only money to lend in Nayarit.

Men Held as Serfs.

"They controlled the market. They ruled the state as a feudal principality. When the Southern Pacific built its lines into Tepic, in 1922, its labor camps were searched twice a week by the majordomos of the great houses. "This man is ours," the majordomo said. "And this man, and that. What can this man do? He is a carpenter? Very well; we will take him, too."

"The railroad could not fight back. Its best men were sometimes taken in spite of every effort to protect them. Men to whom the road was glad to pay three pesos a day were returned to the houses for a wage of less than a peso. The men dared not resist. The whip has been used not so long ago on recalcitrant peons in Nayarit. The houses had their own way of bringing pressure on the courts.

"Until they saw that they could no longer resist the pressure of modernity, the houses fought the coming of the railroad. Competition from outside was unwelcome to them. The nearer one got to the railroad, before it reached Tepic, the less one paid for the sugar made at Tepic and freighted out by mule.

"One understands that a ground fertile for the growth of any unhealthyism had been prepared. Even after the revolution came and peons were presumably free, they were held in

bondage. They were compelled to pay a tribute to the houses—in eggs, or chickens, or work.

"It is true—one does not hear this from the peon—that they were always fed, even when free men went hungry, and that there were always roofs over their heads, and far better roofs than their free friends owned. But they turned rebel against their masters when they had the chance.

"Some of the land was distributed among the peons and many songs of liberty were sung.

Money for the Printing.

"When the Bolshevists were in control they played precisely the same sort of hob with the financial system that most of the other leaders have played since Diaz fell. It seemed so easy to get money merely by printing it. It was a popular tenet that white folks and bankers were alike enemies of Mexico.

"Between the revolutionists and the bandidos and a few neighbors, almost all the live stock in the state was killed or stolen.

"For months Tepic and Nayarit lived by a system of barter. Property values went down almost to nothing. The taxes were due and payable just as if the owners had been prosperous.

"When the owners could not pay, the state offered the properties for sale—for cash. There being almost no cash in the country, the properties did not sell. Then they were offered at successive reductions, until the prices became absurd. These set the values for all the rest.

Aztec Rites Are Shown on Stone

Ancient Rock Depicts New Year Ceremony.

Mexico City.—According to an article in Mexico City's "Universal," Dr. Ramon Mena, one of Mexico's archaeologists, has recently discovered during some excavation work in the city slaughter house a large stone depicting in detail the New Year's ceremony of the ancient Aztec race.

Students of history know that one of the principal, if not the most important, ceremonies of that race was what they called the regenerating fire burned on the entry of a new century. The Aztecs believed in this fire as the essence of a new life and that by it the world recovered the energy necessary to continue life, it being their conviction that without the ceremony the world would come to an end.

According to the Aztec method of counting time, the month consisted of twenty days, with the result that the dreaded end of a century occurred once in every 52 years. The ceremonies were performed in the month known as Panquitzaltiltli, which is calculated to have corresponded to November.

Authenticity Unquestioned.

Details of the stone, the authenticity of which is not questioned, are: From left to right; extending across the entire width, is depicted the god of fire; then a stone surface representing the month Panquitzaltiltli; next the male and female woods which the priests burned on the entry of the new century for the continued propagation of the species. In the center there is a very distinct representation of an open fireplace, bordered by heavy supports and approached by a series of stone steps, the depiction here being four priests, with conical signs of the land's fertility attached to their heads and bearing the sacred symbols of Time. Surrounding the central scheme are a number of crosses. Below and extending across the stone is depicted a procession of priests bearing the symbols of the centuries, and on the extreme

DIAMOND THIEF FREED



The only hen ever arrested and locked up all night in a cell, is pictured above with Patrolman Shuman T. Smalley, at the lockup in Boston. The chicken, a prize one at that, named "Lady Camille," while at a poultry show pecked a \$250 diamond from the setting of a ring belonging to George A. Hennessey, who was strolling by. After a night in jail the hen was released by a merciful judge, who stated that one cannot blame a hen for anything she does.

Charcoal Runs Autos

Berlin.—Gas generated from charcoal is being used instead of gas generated from benzine on Berlin motorbuses. Experiments have been conducted for a year with charcoal burners and they have been found economical and otherwise successful.

right a woman masked or veiled that she may not see the dreaded rites which precede the New Year's ceremony.

Utensils Destroyed.

The stone is hard rock, compact and very heavy and in an almost perfect state of preservation. The Aztecs became terror-stricken on the approach of a new century, unless certain that their priests had everything ready for burning the sacred fire. On the last day of the year, after the usual meals, all household utensils, incense receptacles and other religious appurtenances were broken into pieces, to be replaced by new material, provided the sacred fire had the desired effect. This custom accounts for the many fragments of such articles which have been found from time to time in Mexican ruins.

On the evening of the last day of the year the multitude, headed by the high priests, ascended the Ixtalapa mountain, known as the "Hill of the Stars." The ceremony began in a primitive way, the priests rubbing together pieces of resinous wood until flames appeared. Once burning, other pieces of wood were lighted and handed to priests of an inferior rank, who ran at full speed from the mountain to the neighboring villages to bring them the new life.

Sacrificial Stone.

In the National museum of Mexico City is to be seen the formidable sacrificial stone of the Aztecs whereon, as the concluding act of the New Year ceremonies, they cast the hearts of enemy warriors who had been conquered in battle, afterward laying them on the altars of Huitzil-Pochtili. Doctor Mena states, as a matter of history, that the Aztecs did not cut out the hearts of these warriors while in the possession of their faculties, as is generally believed, but did so after the administration of a herb which acted as an anesthetic. The placing of them on the altars of the war god was another elaborate ritual.

The days following the New Year were of intense activity, and after saluting the sun, the fertile land and the Father of the Universe the sacred fires were taken to the main Aztec temple, and thence to the minor temples situated at the four cardinal points.

Jap Naval Loss in Quake Heavy

New York.—According to the China Weekly Review, Japan's naval losses by the recent earthquake, though not officially published, are known to have been extremely heavy, says the Living Age.

Besides the principal naval base at Yososuka, "two of the largest battleships, the Mikayshima and the Tokushima, have been destroyed; likewise the Mitsu, which was the subject of much argument at the Washington conference."

In addition, what are described as "enormous submarine oil storage tanks" at the Yokosuka yards, where the naval authorities have been accumulating fuel oil for seven years, were wrecked, entailing a loss of some 50,000,000 barrels.

Visit of President Masaryk to Paris



President Masaryk of Czechoslovakia visited Paris recently and was given a warm reception. He is here seen at the tomb of the Unknown Warrior at the Arc de Triomphe, where he laid a wreath.