

FOUND A CONTINENT

Captain Nathaniel B. Palmer in Front Rank of Explorers.

Stonington, Conn., Was Birthplace of Brave Sailor Who Was the First to Discover Land in Great Antarctic Ocean.

American sailors have in more than one instance proven, while following their pursuits, to be explorers of the first magnitude.

This fact is recalled in the case of Capt. Nathaniel B. Palmer, a native of Stonington, Conn., a port that once supported a prosperous fleet of merchant vessels.

Captain Palmer, when twenty years old, discovered the Antarctic continent.

Today Captain Palmer's old home in the quiet seashore town of his birth is a place honored by resident and visitor alike, while a few miles from it, at Noank, a famous old shipyard, bearing still the name of Palmer, is perpetuating the traditions of the locality by turning out ships for the new merchant marine, under the construction program of the United States shipping board.

Captain Palmer was an active, strong, aggressive character. When as a lad of eighteen he made a voyage on the brig *Hersilia* as second mate, it chanced that he was landed at the Falkland Islands to kill wild bullocks for meat, while his ship sailed away in search of an island of which the Yankee captains had heard vague stories, but had never seen.

In the absence of the *Hersilia* an Argentine vessel, the *Esperito Santo*, touched at the Falklands for water. Her captain told young Palmer that he was bound for a place where there were thousands of seals.

The Argentine sailed away before the *Hersilia* came back; but on his vessel's return, young Palmer insisted that she put after the *Esperito Santo*, in hope of finding the strange island.

This was done, and after many days' sailing, the Yankee brig found not only the vessel she had followed, but islands to that time unknown in North America, the South Shetlands.

In 1821, Nathaniel Palmer, as commander of a Stonington sloop, the *Hero*, sailed again to the South Shetlands for seals. Finding the seals nearly exterminated there, he sailed farther and farther in search of new sealing grounds, stopping only when he sighted land not laid down on any chart. There were numerous islands, and beyond them a wild coastline and dim mountains.

One night the *Hero* lay becalmed in a thick fog that enveloped her like a blanket. After taking the deck at midnight for the middle watch, Captain Palmer was astonished when his man at the helm struck one bell, to hear the sound repeated twice. The same thing happened at two bells and so on through the watch. Superstition did not leave the sea in those days, and the men of the watch were alarmed.

At seven bells the fog lifted a little, and two men-of-war were seen not more than a mile away. After the United States ensign was run up at the main peak of the *Hero*, one of the warships sent a boat alongside with an invitation from Commander Bellinghousen of the Russian navy for the captain of the American sloop to come on board his ship.

Captain Palmer went just as he was dressed—in sea boots and sou'wester. The scene was one of impressive contrasts when Captain Palmer stepped into the commander's luxurious cabin.

The polished, accomplished Russian commander insisted on sitting down to luncheon with the rugged young Yankee in sea boots, a meal that Captain Palmer found elaborate, after the fare on the *Hero*.

The Russian officer had been two years on a voyage of discovery. He examined keenly the chart and log-book of the *Hero*, and questioned Captain Palmer at length concerning the land he had found.

Finally the commander arose, placed his hand upon the young captain's head, and said: "I name the land you have discovered 'Palmer Land' in your honor; but what will my august master say, and what will he think of my cruising for two years in search of the land that has been discovered by a boy, in a sloop only a little larger than the launch of my frigate?"

Islands named for Peter and Alexander are still so designated on charts of that part of the Antarctic; but the land found by the boy captain of Stonington appears on every chart of that part of the world as "Palmer Archipelago."

It was nearly 20 years after Captain Palmer's discovery that the rim of the Antarctic continent was explored, by an Englishman, Sir James Ross, of the famous *Erebus* and *Terror* expedition.

Women Gain on Men.

Professor Phillips of Amherst college believes that the American women of today are physically much finer and stronger than the women of yesterday, and that if the women continue their physical improvement in the succeeding generations as much as they have in the last generation, it will not be many centuries off when the American women will be as physically equal and fit as the American men.

His Fate.

"If he ever gets to the front, Jim will be hit the first thing with a shell."

"What makes you think so?"

"The law of natural affinity; he's such a nut."

EVERY OTHER FIELD KILLED

So a Phoenix Pioneer Could Do Nothing Less Than Set Up as a Painter and Decorator.

Phil Snodgrass, a former resident, is visiting Phoenix and refreshing the memories of the few old-timers who remain, the Arizona Republican states. Most of them had forgotten the names and even the existence of many of the residents of more than a generation ago. Mr. Snodgrass recalls them all and has asked about them. He remembers landmarks that long since have disappeared and were forgotten by those who had become familiar with the buildings that had taken their places.

The coming of Mr. Snodgrass has revived many incidents connected with the lives of the old-timers. H. R. Patrick, of course, was here then, having completed the excavation of the Grand canyon. Having nothing else to do, he was waiting on the site of Phoenix for civilization to come and preempt it.

Mr. Patrick was then, as now, a civil engineer. His leveling rod had seen rough times and needed painting. About that time P. C. Bicknell appeared on the scene and advertised himself as a decorative painter. He undertook to paint the rod. When Mr. Patrick received it back he had a leveling rod unlike any other in existence. He felt sure that that was the first one. Bicknell had ever seen. Though Mr. Patrick had paid \$5 for the decoration, he made no complaint, but repainted it himself after a fashion, so it would do.

Years afterward Patrick and Bicknell met in a saloon in Wickenburg and in talking over old times both became quite frank and outspoken.

"You remember," asked Patrick, "that leveling rod you painted for me?" Bicknell remembered it very well.

"Well," said Patrick, "what in the devil induced you to hold yourself out to the public as a painter? Why didn't you advertise as a minister of the gospel or the czar of Russia?"

"I'll tell you," replied Bicknell, "I was broke. I had just landed in town on the tail of a freight wagon, without a penny. I had to do something. I went up and down the street and saw the signs of blacksmiths, carpenters, doctors, lawyers and about everything else. All professions and trades seemed to be represented except that of painting and decorating and I claimed that vacant field by right of discovery. So I stuck out a shingle, though I had never before held a paint brush in my hand. The ornamentation of that leveling rod was the first job I got."

American Proves Grit.

When an American is told that anything is impossible his impulse is to try to do it without delay. For this reason no one will be astonished, though everyone will be interested, in the story of a member of the American Aviation corps in France who was disciplined by having his machine taken away from him temporarily because he had used it in looping the loop—a dangerous evolution, on account of its peril forbidden to be attempted in this machine. While, "well up in the blue," the aviator had started to perform the feat and made five graceful loops in descending to the ground. His commanding officer closed his reprimand by asking, "Why did you do it?" and the aviator replied, "A Frenchman told me it could not be done." It was not unnatural that this explanation made a favorable impression on the officer, and that he related it with admiration in proof of the fine spirit of the fellows the United States is sending across the Atlantic to hold up Uncle Sam's end of the world war. —Milwaukee Wisconsin.

Guests Must Provide Bread Cards.

In such sorely pressed neutral countries as Sweden the war has resulted in rich and poor alike being subjected to many restrictions heretofore unknown. An illustration of this—without its humorous aspect—is found in a Swedish wedding invitation recently received in this country by friends of the bride and bridegroom. The latter were members of two wealthy families in Stockholm, and the handsomely engraved missive included an invitation to a banquet at one of the finest hotels in the Swedish capital. It was in a notation at the bottom page that the hand of war manifested itself, in these words: "Please bring your bread cards." This meant that well-to-do hosts at a wedding could not provide their guests with bread except in restricted amounts and in the manner prescribed by law. —Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Crushed Zeppelin Under Road Roller.

When the French began to take to pieces the skeleton of the gigantic Zeppelin that fell on the hills near the banks of the Buech they found it an almost inextricable tangle of metal. The way they went to work was most ingenious.

At the suggestion of M. Dumanols, naval engineer, they cut the carcass apart with oxy-acetylene torches; the pieces of framework were carried by men to a nearby road, where a heavy steam road roller was sent over them to crush them flat. Thus the bulk was reduced by four-fifths, and the metal—most aluminum—was carted away to the foundry.

Uncomplimentary Allusion.

"Looking at the writing on that letter you have just addressed and posted reminds me that you have one asset the Kaiser brags about."

"What is that?"

"A mailed fist."

NOT ALL HIS FAULT

Incident Shows Peril of Loneliness in Big City.

Youngster Easily Led Astray When Home Folks Failed to Keep in Touch With Him—Whole Sermon in Judge's Comment.

The warden of L— street jail in New York city sat at his desk busily working on some records when there walked into the office David Bascom from a little rural community tucked away in the far hills of Vermont. He was a pathetic, wizened figure as he stood there in agony and embarrassment twirling his hat and waiting for the warden to look up. There was heart hunger in his eyes that smote the man at the desk with pity.

"Is Joseph Bascom a prisoner here?" he finally stammered. He could hardly bring his tongue to say the word.

"Yes," said the warden promptly. "We had a young man by that name brought in night before last for burglary. Struck me as the wrong kind of fellow to be in that business; too innocent-looking and too straightforward-appearing. Are you his father?"

"Yes," said the old man as he dropped wearily into the proffered chair. "I don't see how he ever came to do that sort of thing. It isn't according to his bringin' up. Me and his mother never had no education to speak of, but we was always honest, and brought the children up strict like. He's been in New York less'n six months."

"Wait a minute and I'll call him in and see what he has to say for himself," said the warden as he touched a button on the desk.

In a few moments a clean, open-faced young fellow was brought in by a guard, and one of those agonizing scenes that only jails behold ensued. When the first shock of the meeting was over the warden said to the young man:

"Now tell your father and me how you got into this scrape. Nothing you say will be used against you at your trial."

"When I first came to New York," the young man began, "everything went all right. I got a job and found a good boarding house. I didn't feel homesick at first, because I was so interested in my work through the day, and at night it was interesting to go out and see the sights. But after I got used to my job and had seen most of the sights I had more time to think and to get homesick and lonesome. The folks at home didn't write, and I didn't know anyone here. I used to sit in my room evenings and picture the tomatoes ripening on the window sills at home, and I could see my mother moving about the yard in the sunshine and dad plowing in the back forty. I could almost smell the apples in the orchard and hear the dry corn leaves rustling, and it all made me so homesick and lonesome I just had to go out and walk the streets. That was the way I ran into the gang I was caught with. I guess they used me as a tool. Anyhow, I got caught at the first attempt."

"That sounds straight, and if I'm any judge of faces I guess it is straight," said the warden. "I want you to get your story before the judge through your attorney. Your record has been clean till now, and I think it will make a difference in the sentence."

The trial was held and the facts presented to the judge. "Sentence suspended," he announced at the close, with a gruffness of voice to hide his emotion. Then he added, looking at the father, "If I had my way I'd impose a jail sentence on parents who let their boys and girls come to this city and don't write them at least twice a week to let them know that some one in the world cares for them and is thinking of them. More young people go wrong in this city from lonesomeness than we shall ever know. You should have had backbone to stand alone, young man. But as your parents are participants criminals, and I can't sentence them, I'll suspend your sentence. Next case!"—Youth's Companion.

Hooverized Country Breakfast.

Excerpt from the Hooverized food experience of the man who edits the "Missouri Notes" column in the *Kansas City Times*:

"The friends who entertained us warned us that they were living very frugally and proved the assertion at every meal. For example, for breakfast one morning we had nothing but cereal and real cream, home-made sausage, fried potato cakes, stewed fruit, hot biscuit, two kinds of preserves and coffee. The menu for the next morning, as announced the night before, was nothing but waffles, and that's all they had, with the exception of bacon and eggs and a few little side dishes. We horrified our hostess that morning by eating only 29 waffles. Our allotment was 37, and she said it was unpatriotic not to clean the platter."

Beautiful Feet in Hartford.

We have observed that a large majority of the men who traverse our residential streets in this time of snow and ice wear overshoes of some kind and that the large majority of women do not. Whether it is woman suffrage or plain recklessness that accounts for this difference we cannot say. It cannot be because overshoes are uncomfortable to a woman, for those wearing them look very trim. —Hartford Courant.

OLD METHOD OF TRANSPORT

Raft as Used in America Today Has Its Counterpart in Every Country in the World.

"The raft has been used for centuries for carrying various cargoes," writes Day Allen Willey in *St. Nicholas*. "It carried Egyptian cotton on the Nile; it is in service on the Congo river in Africa and the Ganges in India; but the raft which is its own cargo is that composed of logs—a method of water transportation that originated in Nova Scotia a half century ago."

Tree trunks cut from Nova Scotia forests were moved on wooden rollers to one of the harbors, where the logs were piled in layers and bound together with twisted wire rope. The raft was to be taken to a lumber mill on New York harbor, where the logs were to be cut into timber for building purposes. To haul the raft while on the sea, one end of a heavy wire rope was fastened to its bow, the other was secured to the rear deck of a steam tugboat. It started on its ocean journey, but never reached its destination, for a gale of wind sprang up, the towing rope parted, and the raft drifted out to sea. Later, some of the logs were found washed ashore on the Norwegian coast.

"In the Northwest the transportation of lumber in rafts is very extensive. They are of enormous dimensions, in shape closely resembling a cigar, having its greatest number at the middle and tapering to a point at both ends. While these rafts are of varying sizes, the smallest usually contain at least five thousand pieces of timber, ranging from 80 to 110 feet in length and from two to nearly five feet in diameter at the butt."

"Consequently, some of the rafts made in this peculiar fashion are nearly as long as the largest transatlantic liners, measuring no less than 650 feet from end to end."

Effect of War on Trade.

It would be impossible to give in detail the effect of the European war on American trade, but partial statements show the approximate effect on some branches of trade. Thus it appears that during the first 20 months of war our exports of articles used expressly for war purposes amounted to \$1,062,582,240. The smallest shipments were in the opening month of the war, August, 1914, when such exports amounted to only \$3,551,011 and increased almost steadily up to March, 1916, when the total was \$114,326,428. For the 20 months the exports of explosives amounted to \$168,159,515; gunpowder, \$104,605,785; cartridges, \$40,808,617; dynamite, \$3,211,073; commercial automobiles, \$82,667,125; mules, \$30,026,591; horses, \$125,241,206; airplanes, \$7,401,707; firearms, \$20,140,981; miscellaneous iron and steel, including empty shells, \$111,603,316; rubber, including auto tires, \$38,853,768; barbed wire and plain wire, \$44,485,385. According to statistics of the United States department of commerce, more than three-quarters of the total export trade of the United States in 1916 went to the allied nations of Europe, and this including only war exports, and not provisions or foodstuffs.

Shark Fishing an Industry.

Shark fishing has evolved from a sport to an organized industry in the Pacific waters off the southwestern coast. The skin of various species of the fish when tanned forms a tough, durable leather that is in considerable demand, and the oil that is extracted from the carcass likewise has commercial value. Of late a Japanese syndicate has undertaken the exploitation of this long-neglected field and, as a result, large numbers of sharks are being captured. The mottled skins of the tiger sharks are being made into slippers, belts, gloves and other articles, while those of the great blue and basking sharks, which are especially thick and strong, are used for purposes that demand long-lived material. —Popular Mechanics Magazine.

What She Forgot.

Miss Decorous had made a special study of biblical history, and she addressed the Sunday school class thusly:

"Now, children, I have told you all I can concerning the nations which were driven out by the Israelites. They were the Hivites, the Hittites, the Jebusites, the Perizzites, the Girgashites, and let me see—yes, the Amorites. Can you remember them all, children? Now you look puzzled. Rosie. Have you any questions?"

"No, teacher," came the shy reply, "except that you haven't told us about the flea-bites?"—Pearson's Weekly.

Europe's Worst Famine.

The famine of 1911 extended over one-third of the area of the empire in Europe and affected more or less directly 30,000,000 people, while 8,000,000 were reduced to starvation. Weeds, the bark of trees and bitter bread made from acorns, constituted the chief diet for the destitute. This was the most widespread and most severe famine which has befallen a European nation in modern times.

The Joy of Work.

Instead of being a curse, work is man's greatest blessing. There is no one thing that has ever done so much for humanity that has given so much happiness, saved so many human beings from despair, and kept so many from suicide; no one thing that has called forth so many hidden resources, developed and strengthened so many powers of mind and body as has work. —Nautilus.

MONEY TO WIN WAR

How Americans Can Defeat Blood-Crazed Kaiser.

Small Contributions From All Who Love Liberty and Appreciate Its Blessings Will Save World From Grave Danger.

Many are familiar with the fable that appeared in the old school readers about the king who offered a fortune and the hand of his daughter to the man who could tell him a story that would last forever in the telling, with the stipulation, however, that, in case the story came to an end, the person who failed to complete it was to lose his head by the sword.

A number of adventurous spirits lost their heads in the attempt to keep a serial going forever to amuse the eccentric monarch, but one young man finally won the fortune and the daughter by wearing out the very soul of the king with the story about the locusts carrying off the corn. "And then another locust came and carried off another grain of corn," etc., etc., until the king decided he had had enough of the story.

America—in fact, the whole world, is dealing with an "eccentric" monarch today. This monarch wants the impossible, and everyone who refuses to give it to him must lose his head. There is one way to deliver the peoples of the world from this menace.

Kaiser Wilhelm can be worn out, if he cannot be crushed by one tremendous blow. And the government at Washington has pointed out the way. Money will defeat the Kaiser. Small savings, like the locusts, coming along from 100,000,000 American citizens, will wear out the soul of the war-mad monarch. American money can wear out any army in the world, because there is a great deal of American money and there are many Americans who have it. Just a mere matter of a quarter of a day from every wage earner in the United States would mean billions of dollars every year to buy guns and food for soldiers, and ships to carry them across the Atlantic to defeat the sinister purposes of the Kaiser and his crew.

A quarter, like the grain of corn, is not much in itself, but millions of quarters every day mean victory for righteousness and humanity.

Going Away Off.

Sloanie Williams, son of Thomas A. Williams, who recently removed to Montgomery, Ala., from Franklin, and the son of Capt. E. B. Chenoweth, former coroner of Johnson county, who enlisted in the medical corps at Ft. Harrison, and was sent to Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands, for base hospital training, were playing.

Sloanie started an argument by saying "My papa and mamma and I are going away off."

Young Chenoweth replied: "So are my papa and mamma and me."

Sloanie took the matter in hand and announced: "Well, I bet we're going the farthest."

Chenoweth immediately objected, and the argument waged furiously. Finally young Chenoweth asked young Williams: "Well, where are you going, anyhow?"

Williams was unable to answer, and the physician's son quick to show his superior knowledge, answered: "Well, wherever it is, I bet it isn't as far as Halleujah, that's where we're going to move to." —Indianapolis News.

Soap for Wounds.

Common yellow soap, the kind used by housewives in washing clothes and dishes, has been found to be a wonderful cure for wounds in French hospitals and its use has spread to the British medical stations. A solution is made from a cake and injected into soldiers' wounds, even in the latest instances into the deepest bullet holes, where it has proved itself to be a superior antiseptic to hydrogen peroxide and most other germ killers, and in addition a strangely effective healer of torn tissues.

Wounds treated with soap need fewer dressings and lessen pain far more than do wounds treated with other antiseptics. These facts greatly expedite the work of the surgeons, who can handle more men than when using other solutions.

What the Girl Said.

Being in charge of the complaint department at the local postoffice, I had a rather amusing incident occur a few days ago. The blank used in filling a complaint required answers to about a dozen questions, as, for example, date of mailing, contents, nature of complaint, as loss, damage or rifting. A young lady came to the window and explained that she was to receive a parcel containing medicine from an out-of-town doctor, and same was long overdue, according to advices regarding shipment received from the doctor. So I proceeded to have her answer the several questions on the blank mentioned. When I read the questions, nature of complaint, she replied, "Stomach trouble." —Chicago Herald.

Perfect Explanation.

Little Bobby—What does "knows no bounds" mean, dad? Explain it to me.

Dad (buried in newspaper)—Kangaroo with rheumatism.

More Careful.

"The German submarines have taken again to sinking neutral ships." "Yes, they know the neutrals haven't any guns."

HE MET THE NEW GENERAL

Canadian Officer Omitted Some of His Decorations, and Was Not Recognized by Lieutenant.

Col. R— of the Canadian forces had just been promoted general and assigned to the command of a brigade at the front. His native modesty was not impaired by his new rank. He put on his cap an almost invisible little bronze ornament and pinned on his shoulders two crossed sabers, likewise bronze and almost invisible. In the press of business, relates a correspondent, he neglected to add the red band of the staff, the blue brassard, or the scarlet and gold fancies that properly adorn the collar of a general officer of his British majesty's army. A couple of weeks had passed and he hadn't yet found time to go to town and buy all the things that make one look like a person of really high rank. And all the time he was living with Sparta simplicity in his dugout.

One day into the dugout blew a very young lieutenant—a lieutenant of infantry, in spite of a cavalier style of conversation.

"Howdy," said the lieutenant. "Dirty hole, what? Rotten sort of sewers you've got to live in. Staff's taken all the decent places, I suppose. I say, tell a fellow a bit of news."

(A lot of questions about the service, Russia, difficulty of getting leave, the acceptance of the polite offer of a cigarette.)

"Well," said the lieutenant at last, "I'm told you chaps have got a new general. What sort is he?"

"Oh," replied General R—, "a pretty fair sort."

"You've got to show me," said the lieutenant, whose language showed traces of both American and insular British influence.

"In that case," said General R—, smiling, "just look him over."

The young lieutenant looked. He took stock of a tunic that didn't show a patch of red anywhere. Then he caught sight of the crossed sabers, and leaped to his feet, redder than the reddest of the proper ornaments of a British staff officer.

General R— continued to smile sweetly.

His Coded Message.

That the big Fifth avenue hotels in New York have their camoufleurs, or as they are generally known, "four-flushers," was shown recently to many who were in the Peacock Alley of one of these. A bellhop had paged a man successfully and found him seated with two ladies. Obviously the individual enjoyed being with the ladies, and he wasn't a bit indignant about being paged publicly before them. "Here, boy, what is it?" he demanded with an imperious wave. "Telegram, sir," answered the bellhop, presenting his tray. The man took one look at the face of the message, flushed a bit uncomfortably, and then ordered the message returned to the office, where he would call for it later. "It's a code message, and I can't read it now," he explained to his fair companions. "I'll get my code book and get it later at the office." At the office the boy laid down the message with the explanation. "But it's not in code," retorted the clerk. The boy pointed to the face of the message. "It was code as far as his pocketbook was concerned," he said. "His spelling couldn't see the 85 cents." For there on the envelope it read, "C. O. D. 85."

When to Cut Trees.

Trees should be cut in winter, as timber dries more slowly at that time of year and there is little danger of damage from season checking. Logs can be handled most economically in the winter months as four times as many logs can be hauled on sleds as on wheels. If the logs or posts are cut in winter they become well seasoned before they are set, and proper seasoning is the most economical preservative treatment one can give to posts or poles. All the great industrial organizations, such as railroads, telegraph and telephone companies, that use enormous quantities of timber specify that it must be cut between October 1 and March 1. Experience has shown that best results have been obtained by cutting the trees at this time.

Jap Works "Flim-Flam" Game.

The captain of the coasting steamer *Talun-Maru*, lying in dock at Moji, was visited by a man in police uniform, who said he was sent to examine all bank notes on board, says a Japanese correspondent. He gave as a reason that a new counterfeit of excellent execution had been put in circulation. The captain produced notes for 500 yen (\$250), which the alleged officer scrutinized and finally said he would have to call an expert. Meanwhile he apparently placed the money in a jar and sealed it. It was the ancient "flim-flam game." The bogus officer did not return, and there was no money in the jar.

A Good Suggestion.

"Darling, now that you have consented to marry me I have an important question to ask."

"Yes, dear."

"Shall I buy you a diamond ring as an engagement present, or shall we take that money and put in a supply of sugar to start our married life with?"

A Good Plan.

"Her husband lets her have her own way in everything."

"It's a good idea."

"It is. She doesn't want to do half as many things she used to when she thought he was going to object to her doing some of them."