

To Mark Grave of "Appleseed"

Fort Wayne to Honor Man Who Planted First Nursery in West.

Washington.—The chamber of commerce at Fort Wayne, Ind., has instructed a committee to locate, mark and make accessible to the public the grave of Johnny Appleseed. This action on the part of the business men of Fort Wayne arouses public interest again in a man whom Secretary Sherman once described as "one of the most striking figures this republic has ever produced."

In 1847 a representative from Ohio, on the floor of the house of representatives, announced the death of "an old man who has done more for the West than any other man of his era." He alluded to John Chapman, popularly and affectionately known as Johnny Appleseed, who planted orchards and nurseries in the wilderness of Ohio and Indiana in advance of civilization.

Meager knowledge of Johnny Appleseed rests chiefly on tradition and legend. He was born in Springfield, Mass., in 1775, the year the embattled farmers stood by the rude bridge and "fired the shot heard round the world." Johnny's half-sister, who went West long after he did, said that when he was a boy he was fond of nature; he loved the flowers and the birds and the animals, and on summer nights he would lie on his back for hours gazing up into the starry heavens.

Disappointed in Love.

Why John Chapman left his native state to wander in the Western wilderness is one of the mysteries of his life. It has been a fertile but futile subject of speculation for generations among poets, novelists and historians. A tradition says it was disappointed love which drove him from his neighbors and friends and relatives in the Old Bay state; and this belief has the very faint support of the fact that Chapman never married.

He appeared as a wanderer in the valley of the Potomac in 1799. The following summer he was in western Pennsylvania. One day in the fall of 1800 a woman living on the banks of the Ohio river near Steubenville saw a crazy-looking craft floating down the stream. It consisted of two canoes lashed together, heavily loaded with bags and piloted by a barefooted, oddly dressed man wearing a broad-brimmed hat.

It was John Chapman with a cargo of apple seeds which he had gathered from the cider presses of Pennsylvania. He told the woman he was on his way into the wilderness to plant nurseries in advance of the pioneers. "My mission in life," he told her, "is to have apple trees ready for the settlers when they come."

Physically Johnny Appleseed was a man of medium height and spare build. The generosity and sincerity of the blameless soul within were reflected in his soft blue eyes. Had it not been for his clownish garments he would have been a handsome man; but it was his conviction that man should not clothe himself for show but only to cover his nakedness. He was not an ignorant or illiterate man; his conversation bore the marks of the good training and education he had received in his youth. He was of a meditative and deeply religious turn of mind, professing himself a disciple of Emmanuel Swedenborg, whose teachings he had somewhat, perhaps unconsciously, modified to suit his own convictions. His two missions in life were to make converts to his religion and to plant apple trees in the wilderness.

First Nursery in Ohio.

His first nursery, so far as known, was in a narrow valley along the Ohio, opposite what is now Wellsburg, W. Va. Later he penetrated the interior of Ohio, and for years his chief field of operations was along the Muskingum and its tributaries. He went westward as far as eastern Indiana as civilization moved in that direction. It is estimated that this eccentric man set out more than one hundred nurseries in the West. Many of the finest orchards in the early days of Ohio and Indiana were composed of trees bought from Johnny Appleseed,

the patron saint of American orchards. Equipped with an ax, a hatchet and a Virginia hoe, he would seek out a protected spot among the trees near a stream; there he would dig up the soil until it was thoroughly pulverized and plant several thousand apple, peach and pear seeds. Then, after building a brush fence around the infant nursery to keep away deer and other grazing animals, the pioneer orchardist would continue his journey until he found another suitable place for a nursery.

Settlers Find Fruit Trees.

When the settlers arrived from the East they found fruit trees waiting for them, to be bought for practically nothing. A "fippenny bit," which was worth about one-sixteenth of a Spanish dollar, was the customary price for a tree. But if the pioneer had no money, if he could not afford the fippenny bit, he got his trees anyway, either on credit or in exchange for a few old clothes which Johnny Appleseed was only too glad to get. Fortunately, there is still in existence a piece of paper containing some of Johnny Appleseed's writing. It reads as follows: "Due John Oliver one hundred and fifty trees when he goes for them to some of my nurseries on Mohican waters, John Chapman."

Johnny Appleseed did not limit his activities to planting fruit trees; he also planted small fruit, such as grapes, and he scattered through the forest the seeds of supposedly valuable medicinal plants—pennyroyal, horehound, rattlesnake root and dog fennel. A simpler and truer child of the wilderness never lived than he; he loved its solitude and its wild inhabitants. By the Indians he was regarded as a great "medicine man," and was always a welcome guest at the fireside of the settlers.

During the War of 1812 Johnny Appleseed did yeoman's service for the settlements. He frequently traveled long distances to warn the pioneers of the approach of hostile Indians.

The legends hovering around the death of this half mythical character are legion. A man who rode the Indiana circuits many years used to tell his congregations of an autumn day when he found an old man dying under the trees near Fort Wayne. He was being taken care of by some pioneers who had stopped for the night. The venerable man, said the circuit rider, called the children of the campers together, asked them to kneel and then offered up the most impressive and touching prayer he had ever heard. The circuit rider declared that Johnny Appleseed had the sweetest smile and the greatest soul he ever knew.

But fortunately there is a more complete and authentic account of the death of Johnny Appleseed. About a

week before his death, when near the site of the present city of Fort Wayne, he heard that cattle had broken into one of the nurseries 20 miles away. He immediately set out on the long journey to rebuild the fence and to protect his property. The weather was cold and wet; the fatigue and exposure were too much for a man past the Biblical allotment of three score and ten. On his return he stopped one night at the home of William Worth. It was March and the day had been cold and raw.

Prayer Impresses Host.

The sage refused to sit at the family table, instead eating a bowl of bread and milk beside the fireplace. He also declined the bed offered him, preferring, true to his nature and convictions, to sleep with a quilt and pillow on the floor. Before retiring for the night he asked Mr. Worth permission to read aloud from the Bible and to conduct family worship. He read: "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven; blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted; blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth," etc. He then offered a prayer which made an impression on his host so profound that he never forgot it.

According to Mr. Worth, the old man prayed "for all sorts and conditions of men, that righteousness might be made clear unto them, that saving grace might be freely given to all nations, that the Holy Spirit might guide and govern all who profess and call themselves Christian; that all who were afflicted in mind, body or estate might be comforted and relieved, and that all might at last come to the knowledge of the truth and in the world to come have happiness and everlasting life."

The next morning Johnny had a high fever; pneumonia had set in during the night. Doctors were called, the patient put to bed and everything possible was done to relieve him. But the doctors said the case was hopeless—nothing could be done for the dying man. All those who saw him in his last hours afterward testified that they never before saw any man so calm and self-possessed on the threshold of eternity. He smiled sweetly, with prayers on his lips, as his life faded out.

This was in 1847; Johnny was then seventy-two years old. Mr. Worth and his neighbors buried him at the foot of a natural mound in the corner of David Archer's private graveyard near Fort Wayne.—New York World.

Fashion Expert Predicts

Return of the "Plug Hat"

Omaha, Neb.—American man is probably the best-dressed male. This is the opinion of Charles F. Wetzel of New York, president of the National Association of Merchant Tailors. The top hat and cutaway coat for formal afternoon wear and full dress for evening wear will soon regain the place they occupied in the American social life of a decade ago, Wetzel declared. Mr. Wetzel is on a tour of the country, studying conditions in the tailoring industry.

Mastodon Tusk Found in Cincinnati



William Barber with two large pieces of the mastodon's tusk which he dug out of a gravel bank in Cincinnati, Ohio. The tusk was 8 feet 3 inches long.

NATURALIST FINDS NEW ANIMALS IN THE ARCTIC

Dr. Walter N. Koelz of the MacMillan Expedition Discovers Specimens Not Yet Named.

Washington.—Climbing Arctic cliffs barefooted, fighting in glacial waters, skinning specimens on a tossing ship swept by icy waves—these are some of the adventures of a naturalist in the Arctic as related in a radio message to the National Geographic society concerning Dr. Walter N. Koelz, chief naturalist of the MacMillan Arctic expedition.

"It appears from Doctor Koelz' summer work that there are a number of kinds of animals in the Far North which have not yet been named," the message says.

"Some of the most interesting results of the expedition have been connected with the gyrfalcons and red polls. The former become progressively darker as they go South, North

of Cape York both young and old birds are predominantly white, but in Godthaas, Greenland, many of the birds taken show no white at all. If protective coloration in rock and snow regions is a reason, the mystery is no more simple since in neither region has the gyrfalcon any enemy which must fear. In the North it is the only bird of prey equipped with hooked beak and sharp claws.

"One day Doctor Koelz was troutling in a small stream which emptied into a small arm of Godthaas fiord. In this water the trout become brightly colored. A picture which would drive any fisherman to envy and color photographs were secured by Jacob Cayer of some of these trout, which weigh five pounds.

The American round-the-world flyers flew in Douglas machines, with 400-horse power motors.

Eskimos Prosper in Farming of Foxes

Nome, Alaska.—Frank Du Fresnoe, in charge of the Stewart peninsula for the United States biological survey, reports that Eskimos are taking a full part in developing the farming of foxes and the marketing of their pelts.

The south side of the peninsula is on Bering sea and the north on the Arctic ocean. On the north coast line, white men destroyed the Eskimo livelihood by annihilating the whales and burning the driftwood.

The Eskimos have taken to white foxes and some families are making incomes of \$2,000 annually. From catching wild foxes and selling the furs, the natives have gone on to developing simple ranches.

The women do most of the work—it's the aboriginal way—but, Du Fresnoe pointed out, families threatened with extinction are beginning to thrive, though father sits around the cabin that has replaced the igloo, for centuries the Eskimo's only home.

Tap Wire at Pier; Seize Hidden Gems on Vessel

New York.—Tapping a telephone wire from a steamship pier, customs agents trapped two members of an alleged diamond smuggling ring. Jean was known when the two men were arraigned on charges of being implicated in the smuggling of 30 unset diamonds valued at \$15,000. Steamship employees and jewelers in this city were involved in the conspiracy, customs officials said.

The agents overheard a telephone conversation in which it was alleged Marcelle Jean, baggage master of the French steamship DeGrasse, talked with Sol Band, a diamond broker in the Maiden Lane wholesale jewelry district, in arranging for delivery of the smuggled diamonds. Jean was arrested as he left the pier telephone booth and Band was taken into custody at the place appointed for a rendezvous with the baggage master.

DUEL TO THE DEATH WITH SINGLE RAZOR

Former Friends Fight Through Rooming House.

New York.—Struggling desperately for possession of a razor, William Walters, twenty-six, and Edwin Castellenes, twenty-five, roommates in a furnished rooming house, No. 245 West Ninety-fifth street, fought a duel, resulting in the death of Walters and the serious wounding of Castellenes.

Other roomers were aroused by sounds of a violent quarrel. As they opened the doors they saw Walters, bleeding at the throat, run into the hall, go down to the second floor and into the bathroom, locking the door. Then Castellenes jumped on an extension roof back of the bathroom and climbed in the window to resume the battle.

A call for police brought Patrolman William Smith of West One Hundredth street station. He forced the bathroom door and found Walters and Castellenes side by side on the floor, bleeding from throat wounds. Doctor Kenny of Knickerbocker hospital pronounced Walters dead and took Castellenes to the hospital in a critical condition.

Both had been slashed with one razor, which was found in the room. The two had been good friends and the police were unable to learn the cause of the tragedy.

Twice Robbed, He Gives Embezzler New Chance

St. Louis.—Although he has twice been victimized by trusted employees, Gustave Koerner's confidence is unshaken, and he will give the latest of his erring employees another chance.

H. J. Borgmann, thirty-one years old, cashier and bookkeeper of the National Refrigerator company, of which Koerner is head, wrote a confession admitting the embezzlement of \$2,500 of the company's funds. Then turning to Koerner, he pleaded for a chance to "make good every penny."

Koerner told the police that although "one of our employees before cleaned me out of \$20,000, and I didn't prosecute, I don't see why I should make an example of him. I'll give him another chance."

Borgmann is back on the job.

Boy Escapes From Jail in Barrel of Ashes

Okmulgee, Okla.—Arthur Goodin, seventeen, of Henryetta, held in the county jail here on a grand larceny charge, copied from the movies. He hid in a large ash barrel on the top story of the county courthouse building, where the county prisoners are kept. He was covered with ashes, but remained in the barrel. Late in the day the barrel was placed in a wagon. It was hauled to the city dump grounds, and when the barrel was dumped, Goodin crawled out and made a run across the field, making good his escape.

Starves for 70 Days, Starts Lecture Tour

Budapest.—Another long-distance food abstainer has been found here in the person of Bela Vicsay, who existed for 70 days without food of any kind and with only a few sips of water every day. He then started on a lecture and propaganda tour with the object of making converts to his sect.

Insane From Radio

Stout City, Iowa.—Radio claimed an insanity victim when Mrs. Mamie Bedelne of Correctionville, Iowa, was sent to the state hospital for insane at Cherokee by insanity commissioners.

Mrs. Bedelne was under the illusion that her enemies were using the radio to prevent her from obtaining employment.

Giant Hailstones Kill

Belgrade, Jugoslavia.—Giant hailstones killed two persons and injured sixty others in the town of Staritsvth during a cyclone. The wind devastated the plain of Rnat, uprooting trees and cutting off communications. The damage is estimated at many thousands.

Wit and Humor

A RADIO OF THE FIELD

Timely tale from the Ladies' Home Journal: "A little stalk of goldenrod was just about dry enough to blow away."

"As a broadcaster," he chuckled, "I claim to rank with the most powerful stations in the country. Wonder how many are tuned in?"

A scattering volley of sneezes told that a number of people were already getting him.—Boston Transcript.

How He Tells Time

Smith—What time is it, old boy? Or haven't you your watch with you? Billfuzz—It's 11:45 a. m.; but I never carry a watch.

Smith—Then how do you know what time it is?

Billfuzz—I shave at 7:30 every morning and I can tell what time it is, day or night, by feeling how much my beard has grown.—Philadelphia Record.

How Could He Know?

Visitor—Will you be good enough to tell me the name of the picture they're producing?

Bystander—I don't know—yet. "What is it all about, then?"

"I'm sure I can't say."

"Aren't you one of the directors?"

"Heavens, no! I'm the author."

A NEW STEP



Farmer Uncle—I don't like this here crop movement a bit! City Niece—Oh, how do you do it, Uncle? I've never heard of that dance!

Hopes for Permanent Wave

Bobby-haired Betty Is a radio slave. She hopes they'll broadcast. A permanent wave.

Pass the Ball Grounds

Employer—On your way to the printer's you will pass a baseball ground.

Boy—Yes, sir? Employer—Well, pass it.

Would Never Do

"Now in winding up our stag banquet we will sing, 'Good Night, Ladies.'" "Have you gone crazy, Joe? All our wives will be listening in!"

Misunderstanding

"What's the charge?" "Five dollars." "I mean for the ride—not for the taxicab!"

WOULD KNOW IF HE HAD



"Is his car a sound one?" "Haven't you ever heard it go by?"

No Good Umpire

I never saw a good umpire—I never hope to see one. But when it comes to umpires, boy I'd rather see than be one.

One Way to Do It

"So many automobiles! How does a pedestrian cross the street?" "Now and then a car wants to cross. We cross with it."

Masher

Polite Stranger—I'm sorry to trouble you, madam, but I believe you are sitting on my hat.

Acidulous Female—If you try to enter into conversation with me, sir, I shall inform the police.

The Contradiction

Mrs. Fryer—And she prides herself on her good taste, doesn't she? Mrs. Guyer—She certainly does, my dear. And, say, I wish you could see her husband!

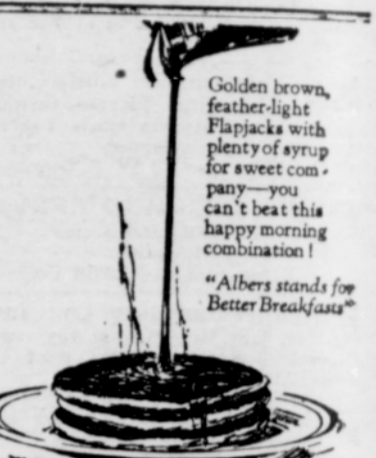
WRIGLEYS

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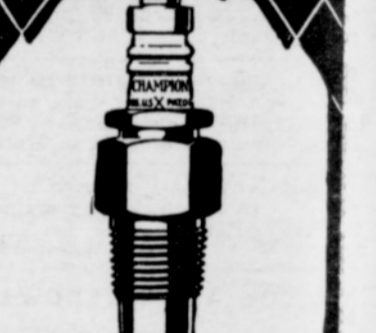


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