

Mail Ship Sails in Any Weather

Valiant Deeds Performed and Time Saved Handling Postal Cargoes.

New York.—A black fog envelops the port of New York, blanketing the skyscrapers. Not even the piles along the river front are distinguishable to the craft that timidly hug the shore. Little that floats ventures forth on such a day. But at Pier 72, at the end of Thirty-second street, a small white steamer slips out into the North river and turns toward the bay. A message has come: "Ship due at Quarantine." The United States mail ship President never fails to respond.

When the mail boat service was out of operation during and immediately after the war, more than a day was commonly required to land the mails. They came up the bay on ships, and when passengers and baggage had been landed and the cargo was broken the crew set about to unload the mails. The steamship companies engaged to deliver the mails at the general post office, but they took their own time about it. Once, in 1920, when the Mauretania brought 8,019 bags, an unusually heavy load, 40 hours elapsed between the time the ship arrived at Quarantine and the time the mails reached the general post office.

Such intervals are unknown in the experience of the President. A lot of 2,600 mail bags brought to dock in 1920 by an ocean liner reached the general post office almost 24 hours after the ship dropped anchor at Quarantine. The other day the same ship came in with more than twice that much mail. It was handed over to the President and the last bag was in a local post office station or on its way out of New York by train within six hours of the time the liner reached Quarantine.

Can Carry 4,000 Bags.

The President is a capacious little vessel of 167 feet length and 38½ feet beam, and all of its hold is reserved for mail. It could carry 4,000 bags easily. But if an approaching liner reports more than 1,500 bags the President carries a helper along. The company that operates it contracts to provide as many lighters as may be necessary to assist in transporting the mails, and one is deemed necessary for every 1,500 bags on account of the pressure of time. The liner must be unloaded on both sides at once if the job is to be done by the time the ship is through with the formalities of Quarantine. It sometimes takes as many as three lighters, in addition to the President, to unload a ship's mail, as when the Olympic came in last Christmas Eve, breaking all records with 14,000 bags.

As the President floats at her moorings, her radio is in constant communication with ships at sea. The

George Washington, with 1,000 bags of mail, and the Berengaria, with 6,000 are expected within three-quarters of an hour of each other. The President orders four lighters, two to attend to the George Washington and two to assist her at the Berengaria. The Berengaria is reported off Fire Island. The President makes ready to go. Already two lighters have set out to meet the George Washington. Then comes another message. All the George Washington's mail is stacked on one side. Only one boat can do the unloading. The President lets one of her lighters go, planning to use instead the extra one already at Quarantine.

"Strong nor-easter on the coast today," Captain Hilary comments, on the way down the bay. "The barges won't go out. They have it had enough even in the best of weather."

Unloading From Liners.

Soon Quarantine is sighted and the George Washington, with the mail lighter huddled at her side, the Berengaria is seen approaching. The President circles around and edges up to one side of the huge craft, the two lighters on the other side. As the liner lets her anchor fall ropes are thrown, men leap into an opening in the high steel side and make fast their little craft. They spread the safety net and adjust the gangplank to serve as a chute from the Berengaria's side into the President's hold. High over the top of the mail steamer's stack passengers look down on the operation.

The President's men grow restless. They must wait until the Quarantine officials are through with the liner's crew. Finally a great leather-bound bag bumps down the chute. The air mail! The diplomatic mail follows, then an assortment of bags of all sizes and shapes, some limp and some full.

In the hold of the President the bags flop. Dust flies as men rush about stacking them here and there, sorting as they load. Above the swishing sound from the chute ring strange-sounding names. The origin and destination of every bag must be called out and recorded. Here are bags of mail from all parts of the world bound for many points on the globe, New York City, California, South America and the Far East. Not uncommonly there is a wagonload for New Zealand alone.

Suddenly the stream of bags ceases. The doctors have sent again for the crew. Or perhaps a sharp-edge bag tears a hole in the chute that must be mended before the work can proceed. As soon as possible, unloading is resumed. When the last bag is off of the liner little more than an hour has passed, but in that time some 6,000 bags have been transferred, enough to fill fifty-three mail trucks. The President and the two accompanying lighters now carry about 300,000 pounds of cargo, approximately 7,000,000 letters,

not to speak of papers and parcel post packages.

Trucks Wait at Pier.

The whistle blows, ropes are unloosed and off the President goes, with the giant ship not far behind. Before the first passenger has landed from the Berengaria mail bags by the hundred are dropping from electric conveyors to the floor of Pier 72. Word of the mail boat's approach has been sent in advance, so that the trucks stand ready in line at the platform side.

The leather-trimmed bags of the diplomatic and air mails are held until the first truck is loaded, then stuffed in at the back, ready to be taken off first. Truck after truck is filled and scoots off to the general post office with city letter mail, to Varick street and the Pennsylvania station with mail for the South and to the Grand Central with mail for the East. Western mail is loaded in box cars and shipped directly from the pier.

Soon the President is empty again and ready to answer another call. Not infrequently she fills the day and the night with trips to Quarantine. One day this fall fifteen ships came in, twelve of them carrying mails, and the mail fleet had its hands full. The President goes at any time and in any kind of weather to meet an incoming ship, whether it carries a single sack of mail or 10,000 bags. If the liner arrives after 7 o'clock at night, when the health station is closed, and thus is detained until morning, the mail boats prove particularly serviceable. The mail may be delivered in Boston or get as far west as Cleveland before the liner docks.

In winter work piles up heavily at times for the little mail fleet, and winter, of course, brings the worst going. The President has gone down the bay on days when even the customs boat failed to appear, a rare happening. It has taken mail off ships stranded for two days in fog.

Solving the Chute Problem.

A tossing storm sometimes threatens to crush the mail boat against the side of some great vessel. Occasionally it has had to yield in the middle of its work and come back to port to take off the remainder of the mail. In the worst of winds and blizzards, though, the mail has not suffered. Only twice in the President's five-year career has it heard the cry "Bag overboard!" One of these bags was immediately fished up with a hook; the other a lifeboat brought back.

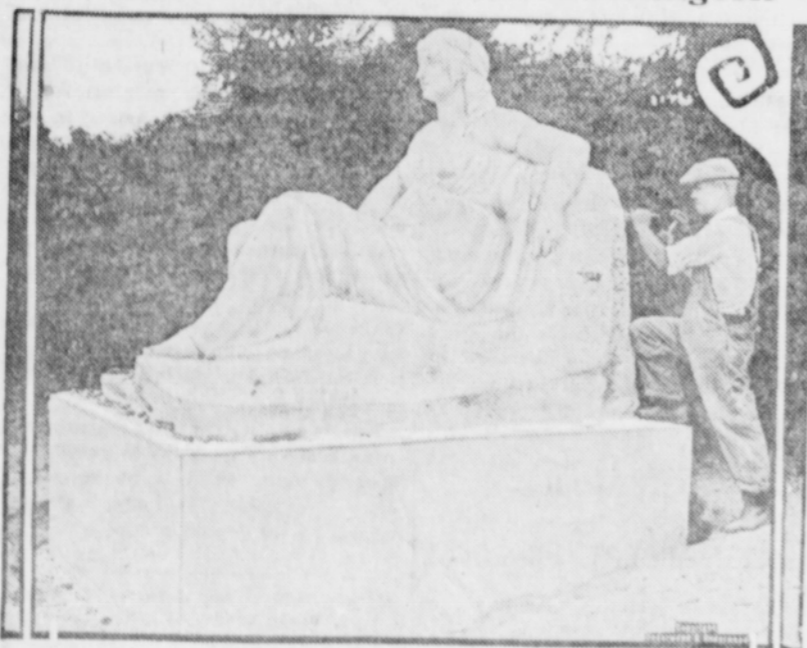
When the mail-boat service was re-inaugurated after the war the matter of chutes was a problem. The 28-foot wooden troughs used previously interfered with navigation or endangered the superstructure. Canvas chutes were out at a single using. Later rope-line canvas chutes were tried and proved satisfactory. Such chutes, of varying lengths, are carried rolled up in the hold.

Unloading a ship one month may be quite unlike unloading her another, as now she may ride high and again low, according to the size of the cargo. Conditions may vary, too, at a single unloading, even in perfect weather. The other day the France dropped anchor with a list to port. The President hooked up and started to unload the mail; then a ship bound for Bermuda sent over a considerable wash, and when she had passed, the France listed the other way. The change made eight feet difference in the necessary length of the chute.

Sometimes when a ship gets in at 11 o'clock in the morning at Quarantine, mail from it may reach the financial district that afternoon. The sea post service shares the credit with the mail boats. On lines with this service, clerks are busy all through the voyage to speed up delivery on the other side. They sort and resort the mail, tying it up according to postal routes, so that it can go directly from the pier to the carrier at a local station. According to W. J. Treloar, in charge of the sea post and mail boat service, four clerks working at sea will save an hour's work of 400 men at the general post office.

The President and its work is pointed to by R. P. Williams, superintendent of railway mails for the New York section, as Exhibit A of his department. Last year 1,550 ships were met at Quarantine, and in every instance from six hours to a day or more were saved in delivery of the mails. The mail boats carried almost a million bags, enough, end to end, to stretch from here to Chicago, or to fill a line of mail trucks twice the length of Manhattan.—New York Times.

Schuetze Monument in Washington



"Serenity," a statue in memory of Lieut. Commander William Henry Schuetze, U. S. N., is now being erected on Meridian Park hill in Washington by Charles Deering of Chicago. It is the work of Jose Clara. Congress authorized the site and the statue was approved by the fine arts commission.

EXPLAINS PLANS TO CHECK EPIDEMIC OF INFLUENZA

Dr. E. O. Jordan of Chicago Tells Health Experts There Is No Certain Preventive.

St. Louis.—Declaring that it is impossible to prevent altogether another epidemic of influenza by methods of quarantine and isolation, Dr. E. O. Jordan, head of the University of Chicago department of bacteriology, discussed the efficacy of various preventive measures in a paper before the American Public Health association here.

Practical difficulties in the way of administering efficient vaccination on a world-wide scale during an influenza outbreak seem so insuperable that we can hardly make it the basis of a protective campaign, he said. Face masks, he characterized as having limited applicability. Chlorine and similar gases he dismissed because they have not

yet proved of decisive prophylactic value.

"I believe, however," Doctor Jordan continued, "that something can be done to lower the attack rate in favorably situated small groups, to protect some individuals altogether and to lessen the virulence on the part of the necessary microbes. Difficult to apply, and uncertain of success as it may be, the minimizing of contact seems at present to offer the best chance we have of controlling the ravages of influenza."

"It is now clear that the first estimates of the loss of life caused by the influenza epidemic of 1918 were too low. The disclosures of the census of British India of 1921 and other data that have since come to hand make an estimate of 20,000,000 deaths in the whole population of the world probably not wide of the mark. This is comparably the worst catastrophe of

the sort that has visited the human race since the black death of the Middle Ages.

"Judging by the past nothing is more certain than that we shall some day have another visitation of this destructive infection. It is not to be doubted that if it were to descend upon us tomorrow we would, as public health workers and students of the disease, be little, if at all, better equipped to deal with it than we were seven years ago. It is conceivable, however, that if we occasionally remind ourselves of the gaps in our knowledge we shall be in a position to study more advantageously the manifestations of the disease even in the presence of an epidemic period. There are certainly also lines of direct investigation which can be prosecuted so we will be ready to cope with the next epidemic."

Weber Mass Found

Vlenna.—The score of a mass composed by Carl Maria von Weber and thought to have been lost in a fire in 1803 has come to light.

Death Wins Poker Stake of Three Lives

New York.—Police found three men sitting about a card table in a little East side room as still as though a spell had been cast upon them while they played. It had been a friendly game they had been playing apparently, but the only winner had been death.

One lay with his head pillowed on his arm, his right hand clutching three aces and two nines. Another was in the act of reaching for the pot, evidently having believed himself the winner because of a straight he was holding. The third man, who had discarded his hand was leaning back with his chin on his chest as though in thought.

Police went to the room in response to a report of the landlady that gas was escaping. Apparently the men had been unaware of the leaking gas, so intent had they been on their game.

Only one of them, Patrick O'Connor, was identified.

DOG'S BARK, MAN'S SHOT SAVE BABY

Farmer Kills Bird Trying to Clutch Child.

Welch, W. Va.—The timely barking of a dog and a quick, accurate shot from a gun in the hands of Z. A. Workman, a farmer residing on Laurel mountain near Kimball, prevented a big bald eagle from carrying away Workman's year-old daughter, Sadie May.

The little one was playing on a strip of carpet in the yard in front of the Workman home when the father's attention was attracted by the loud barking of his dog and its frantic jumping into the air. Glancing up, Workman saw a large eagle swooping down upon his child. His shouts caused the bird to deflect slightly in its downward flight, missing her by about three feet.

Quickly securing his shotgun, Workman dashed out on his porch in time to see the bird, which had been hovering about 30 feet above the child, start downward a second time. A well-directed shot brought the eagle to the ground within a few feet of the baby.

The eagle, which was brought to this city by Workman, is one of the largest ever seen in this section of the state, long famed for the size of bald eagles in the mountains hereabouts. Its wing spread was 7½ feet from tip to tip and its talons measured 5 inches across.

Terrier Routs Bulldog to Save Man Friend

Kansas City, Kan.—The old fable of the lion with the thorn in its paw was reviewed in another form here recently. This time the "lion" was nothing but a little terrier and there wasn't any thorn.

A meter reader for the Wyandotte County Gas company came from a house and saw a little black terrier sitting on the terrace. Being the kind of a man who likes dogs, the meter reader stopped and patted the dog on the head, receiving in return a large wag of a small tail.

The reader went across the street to pursue his work but a large bulldog resented the man's advances and chased him from the yard. The man was bitten on both legs and knocked to the ground. The bulldog advanced upon him for further demoralization. But now enters the hero. The terrier, about a third the size of the bulldog, dashed to the defense of his new friend. He bit first one rear leg and then the other of the bulldog—wisely avoiding the massive jaw of his opponent.

The bulldog, astounded, turned to fight the terrier and the man forgotten, ran to safety. The terrier set his new friend safe and decided his work for the day was done so proceeded to fade from the scene.

Bear Story Costs Man Two Years in Prison

Indianapolis.—A "bear story" related by Ben L. Reese of Attica, cost him two years at the federal prison at Leavenworth. Reese pleaded guilty on a charge of using the mails to defraud. His scheme involved the sale of bears by mail. Considerable merchandise arose in court when Alexander G. Cavins, assistant United States district attorney, read one of Reese's letters to a motion-picture man to whom Reese sold a bear, which he didn't have.

"You see I paid for the bear, but I didn't get him either," Reese told Judge Baltzwell.

"Didn't you know you ought not to try that?" asked the Judge.

"I'll try anything once," said Reese. "Then suppose you try Leavenworth for two years," said Judge Baltzwell.

Handcar Hits Deer

Eureka, Cal.—L. Upshur, employee of the Northwestern Pacific railroad, was pumping along in a handcar when he ran into a deer near Kikiwaki. The handcar was derailed and Upshur was thrown about ten feet in the air and landed on his right leg, the deer fleeing. Upshur is nursing a bruised leg and internal injuries in a local hospital.

The Kitchen Cabinet

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It is true that often the things we hope for fail to put in their appearance, but think of the wonderful compensation we get in the good things that appear so unexpectedly.—Lloyd.

FROM LEFTOVERS

When one has a cupful or two of cooked chicken, several things may be done with it, and a dozen more will suggest themselves as we think about it. If a little fried chicken is left, remove the meat in neat, even-sized pieces, crack the bones and cover them with cold water and put to simmer on the back part of the stove. Now we are ready to prepare:

Chicken Chop Suey.—Take one cupful of celery (or more if the dish needs to be stretched) to two cupfuls of minced chicken, a good sized onion minced, and one green pepper also minced. If one has a few cooked string beans with their liquor add them and the broth from the chicken bones and a cupful or less of good chicken gravy. Simmer for an hour on the back of the stove, add seasoning of salt and pepper and serve in the center of a hot platter with seasoned cooked hot rice as a border. If any chicken fat has been saved, pour it over the rice and add two teaspoonfuls of Chinese sauce to the meat just as it is ready to serve.

Curried Chicken.—Season a cupful or two of boiled rice with melted butter or chicken fat and a teaspoonful of curry powder. Arrange a baking dish with alternate layers of minced chicken and the rice with any chicken gravy. Have the rice at the bottom and on the top with the chicken between. Dot with bits of butter and put into a moderate oven to become thoroughly hot. Serve at once.

Save a cupful of coffee from breakfast and use in the following:

Ginger Bread.—To one well-beaten egg, add one cupful of sugar, half a cupful of melted lard, one half a teaspoonful of ginger, a tablespoonful of molasses, a teaspoonful of salt and three cupfuls of flour—sifted before measuring. Mix well and add one teaspoonful of soda to a measuring cup, and fill with boiling hot coffee. Pour over the mixture and stir until evenly mixed. Bake in a deep dripping pan forty minutes. The coffee gives a different flavor which makes the cake out of the ordinary.

Sweets and Cakes.

This is the season of the year when we all begin to think of homemade candies and cookies.

Cherry and Marshmallow Fudge.—Put into a saucepan one cupful of sugar, one-half cupful of cream, stir until well melted. Boil the mixture until it makes a soft ball in cold water, add one tablespoonful of butter and remove from the fire. Beat for fifteen minutes; pour into a buttered tin in which are one-fourth pound of marshmallows cut into dice and one-fourth pound of minced preserved cherries. Cut into squares when cool.

Velvet Molasses Candy.—Put one cupful of molasses, three cupfuls of sugar, one cupful of boiling water and three tablespoonfuls of vinegar into a saucepan over the heat; as soon as the boiling point is reached add one-half teaspoonful of cream of tartar. Boil until when tried in cold water the mixture becomes brittle. Stir constantly during the last part of the cooking. When nearly done, add one-half cupful of butter and one-fourth teaspoonful of soda. Pour into a buttered pan and pull when cold enough to handle. Flavor while pulling, with peppermint, lemon, vanilla or wintergreen.

Molasses Taffy.—Boil together one quart of New Orleans molasses and two tablespoonfuls of sugar five minutes, add two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, and a tablespoonful of butter. Boil until it cracks when dropped into cold water. Take from the fire, add one-fourth of a teaspoonful of soda and pour out to cool. When cool enough to pull, flavor and pull, greasing the hands lightly with butter. When light and creamy cut with the shears into small pieces.

Butterscotch.—Take one cupful of sugar, one-fourth cupful of molasses, one tablespoonful of vinegar, two tablespoonfuls of boiling water and one-half cupful of butter. Cook until brittle when tried in cold water, flavor with vanilla, turn into well-buttered pan; when cool mark off into squares.

Bread Crumb Griddle Cakes.—Take two cupfuls of bread crumbs and cover with sour milk, let stand overnight, in the morning add an egg, salt and a teaspoonful of soda. Beat well adding flour enough to make a griddle cake batter. Bake on a hot griddle and serve with fried sausage.

Butter-Scotch.—Take two cupfuls of granulated sugar, two tablespoonfuls of water, a tablespoonful of butter, beat without stirring until it hardens on the spoon. Pour on flat, buttered plates and when cool mark off in squares.

Relieve Max well

Advices Women of Middle Age

Brea. Calif.—I had just reached middle life and was on the down grade. My health was falling and I had hot flashes, together with pains and backache. I was very miserable indeed. I just happened to see an advertisement in our newspaper and sent to the drug store for a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It was exactly as represented. The pains and backaches disappeared. Also the hot flashes and I have gained in health remarkably while going thru the much dreaded "change." I wish I could tell my experience to every suffering woman.—Mrs. Lillie King, c/o Gen'l. Del. Liquid or tablets. All dealers.

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Put one on—the pain is gone

Stops Itching Peterson's Ointment

To the millions of grateful sufferers who know about the mighty healing power of Peterson's Ointment for old sores, ulcers, piles, sore feet and chafing. Peterson says, "use it for skin and scalp itch; it never disappoints." All druggists, 60 cents.

Headache!

Musterole drives the pain away and brings cool, soothing comfort. Made with oil of mustard. Rub on forehead.

Better than a Mustard Plaster

His Nose Knows

The center of onion production in the United States is moving slowly westward. Ezra K. Sidebottom thinks this probably accounts for the strange conduct of his dog who will stand for an hour at a time with his nose to the east, sniffing the air.—Capper's Weekly.

DEMAND "BAYER" ASPIRIN

Take Tablets Without Fear If You See the Safety "Bayer Cross."

Warning! Unless you see the name "Bayer" on package or on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for 25 years. Say "Bayer" when you buy Aspirin. Imitations may prove dangerous.—Adv.

Adam had his childish experience with little green apples after reaching manhood.

Relieved Over Night

At 53 never has a headache—never troubled with constipation.

"After a serious illness I became very constipated. The doctor's medicine relieved me only for a short time. I also suffered from swollen head, three or four times a month. One day I noticed you ads and sent for a box. Beecham's relieved me at once. I found that it took them on going to bed I would feel fine in the morning. I never have a headache now."

"I am 53 years old and I do all my own housework. I lay it all to the wonderful help which Beecham's Pills have given me for 29 years."

Mrs. W. C. Staub, Bethlehem, Pa.

Early elimination is the basis of much ill health. Beecham's Pills bring prompt relief to sufferers from constipation, sick headache, biliousness and other digestive ailments.

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