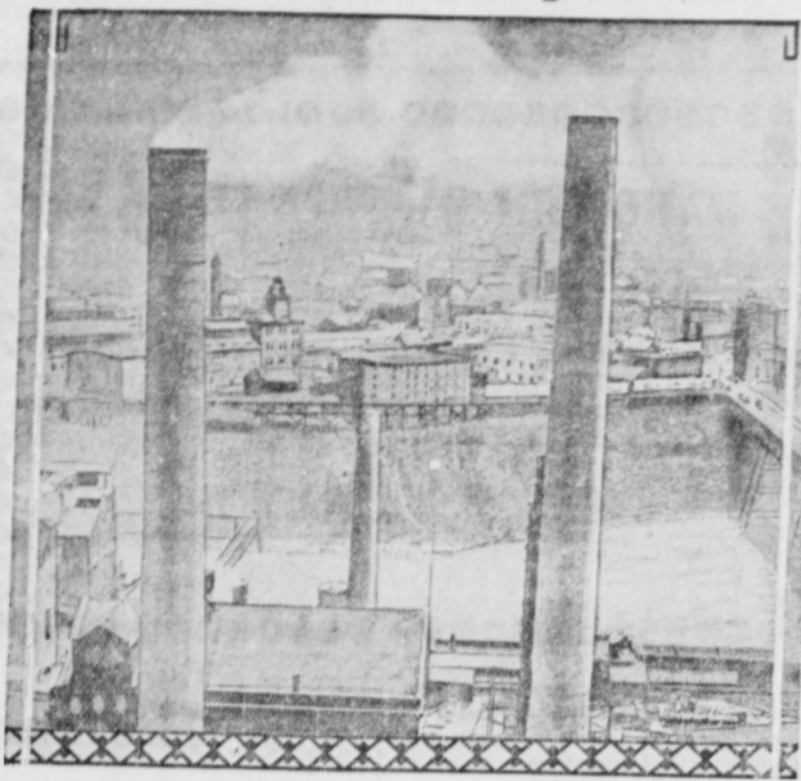


Here's Hugest Flashlight Photo



The above photograph is the result of the biggest and most successful flashlight ever set off at night. It shows a section of Rochester, N. Y., as taken from the roof of the 16-story office building of the Eastman Kodak company, when airmen of the United States army released a 14-foot bomb, containing 50 pounds of flashlight powder, 3,000 feet over the city. The photograph was taken with an ordinary press camera.

Balkans Under Bandit Spell

Daring of These Outlaws Is Celebrated in Song and Story.

Vienna.—Vienna was still thrilled by the spectacular trial of Menela Carniclu, a young Macedonian girl, who, at the opera last May, killed Todor Penizza, a notorious Balkan bandit chief, when news issued from Greece that the Brabans and Yagoulls, brigand bands that for years terrorized the inhabitants of Mount Olympus, had been wiped out. The heads of the leaders, on which a total of 10,000,000 drachmas had been set, were taken to Katerini, a provincial capital, and exhibited to the public. Reports of Balkan outlawry appear so frequently in the newspapers that a casual reader might conclude that southeastern Europe was largely populated by brigands. He would not be far wrong, for in that part of the world banditry is an ancient institution with firm roots in the customs of the people, and if every one is not a bandit, all are at least potential bandits. "Once upon a time there was a bandit." It is with this phrase that most of the bedtime stories in the Balkans begins. The bandit is also the hero of innumerable folk-songs. At the village feasts, when the wine starts flowing, tales of his strength and bravery are chanted to the monotonous tones of reed pipe and drum. The boys of Sofia, Monastir, Saloniki and Athens do not enviously read of superdetectives like Nick Carter or superathletes like Dick Merriwell. The thin, paper-backed volumes which they cleverly hide in their geographies and readers and ravenously devour while an unsuspecting teacher thinks they are following the lesson contain stories of superbandits. Athletes like Habe Ruth, Red Grange, Jack Dempsey and Paavo Nurmi would mean nothing to the Balkan youth who dream of emulating the exploits of Condylis or Todor Alexandroff. Condylis rose from a comitadjli chief, fighting the Turks and Bulgars in Macedonia to minister of war in Greece, and Todor Alexandroff, although only a bandit leader, made and unmade prime ministers in Bulgaria. Some Are Political Healers. In truth, banditry ranks high as a profession in the Balkans. Its practitioners win power, wealth, fame and sometimes death. They are ubiquitous and of two distinct types—political and nonpolitical. The former are usually members of revolutionary committees and are called comitadjlis,

which means committeemen. They are especially active in border provinces and usually receive secret support from the various Balkan governments. There are different groups with different political ends, but all plunder unmercifully the native peasants, shepherds and merchants. In many parts of Macedonia they carry on an underground government, levying taxes, dispensing justice and conscripting recruits. Those who refuse to submit to their dictates are punished by instant death. Therefore they inspire fear in the hearts of the populace. An experience I had on my way across the Balkans to Turkey vividly demonstrates this fact. At Trieste in the spring of 1920 I boarded the Orient Express for Constantinople. The country we rode through still bore the signs of war. The bridges were blown up and temporary structures of wood had been built to take the place of the old steel or stone. Passengers were ordered to get out and walk across these, as there was doubt that the trestles would bear up the loaded train. On the second day out of Trieste, when we had left Nish behind and were passing through the heart of Macedonia, the passengers were just rising from their berths when the train suddenly stopped. My companion, an Armenian merchant of Saloniki, looked out the window and gazed down along the track ahead. He immediately drew in his head, and, greatly excited, shouted, "Comitadjlis!" Hurriedly he took a wallet from his coat pocket and hid it under the mattress of his berth, and opening a suitcase he removed a packet of papers which he threw into the wastepan of the wash basin. A Knock on the Door. Wondering what had so terrified my fellow-traveler, I looked out myself and saw massed before the locomotive a group of men in ragged uniforms and armed with rifles—unshaven and fierce looking fellows. I recalled reading only a few weeks before that the Orient Express had been held up in Macedonia by a band of Bulgarian comitadjlis, the passengers robbed and a number of Serbs taken off and held for ransom; and I was silently thankful that, except for a few French francs to pay for meals in the dining car, all my funds were in a letter of credit negotiable only by myself; that my watch was of the dollar sort, and that I was not a promising candidate for ransom. The train began to move, the comitadjlis scrambled aboard. Train-robbering tactics in Macedonia, I decided,

differ from those in vogue in America. Dim memories of Jesse James and the more recent impression of the movies told me that the standard American method was to line up the passengers along the track and go through their pockets. Also a special detachment of bandits, I recalled, usually went aboard the halted train and rifled the baggage. The train rapidly gained full speed, and my companion and I sat down on the lower bunk of the compartment and waited for the comitadjlis to come and search us. In a hoarse whisper he said: "They are terrible men! They may kill us!" There came a knock on the door. The merchant was speechless with fright. "Yes! What is it?" "Petit déjeuner est servi," came back the reply. The dining car porter was announcing breakfast. Smoke-Room Gossip Not Fanciful. Out in the corridor was a dapper Serbian lieutenant with monocle and riding stock. He greeted me with a pleasant "Bon jour," and said he was commanding the detachment of Serbian soldiers which had just boarded the train and would accompany it to the Bulgarian frontier. The government at Belgrade had taken this precaution against comitadjli attacks ever since the express had been held up two weeks before. On hearing this the Armenian merchant, smiling sheepishly, took his wallet from under the mattress and put it back in his pocket, and removed the packet of papers, slightly damp but otherwise uninjured, from the waste pan. His mistake was natural, as the roles of comitadjli and soldier in this corner of Europe are often interchangeable. During the remainder of the journey to Constantinople the passengers talked of nothing but bandits; bandits who had become generals, provincial governors, and even prime ministers, and a Serb boasted that his king was the descendant of a famous brigand of the early Nineteenth century whose name was Kara (Black) George, from whom the ruling family of Yugoslavia takes its name of Karageorgievic. Kara George fought the Turks with much the same tactics as the Bulgarian comitadjlis use against the Serbs in Macedonia today. Every passenger seemed to have had at least one experience with bandits. All had been shot at, some had been wounded, abducted, ransomed. Not to be outdone, I told them of the exploits of the gunmen of my native New York and let them believe that I was personally acquainted with the most notorious. All this talk, instead of making the bandits seem more real, made me feel as if they were of the same nature as ghosts. On arriving at Istanbul, however, news that two Near East relief workers whom I was to visit in Cilicia had been murdered a few days before by Turkish chetabs (brigands in peace and irregulars in war) made the bandits again realistic. Kingdoms for Strong Arms. It is only a few months ago that the Greek island of Samos, off the west coast of Asia Minor, fell into the hands of two notorious brigands, the Gagades brothers, and their followers. This exploit brought to mind the days when any daring adventurer could have had a kingdom in the Aegean for the courage and skill to seize it. In the Fifteenth century, before the Turks won control of the whole eastern Mediterranean, all the islands in this corner of the world, as well as the greater part of what is now Greece, were ruled by so-called barons, counts, dukes and princes, who usually were nothing but glorified brigands, often fugitives from justice in their native lands in western Europe. Still earlier many a farm lad who had come to the Levant as a Crusader remained to rule over an opal isle or a rocky peninsula. And even under the Turk a few intrepid souls succeeded in maintaining their supremacy in remote places where the sultan ruled nominally, but where his officials never penetrated to return alive. This tradition of banditry, built up through centuries, still lives in the Aegean, although the modern bandit is seldom able to carry out an exploit in the grand manner. The Gagades brothers succeeded in holding Samos for only a few days. Two Greek battleships were sent from Piraeus to oust them. Faced with ten-inch guns, the brigands were forced to take to the mountains with all the occupants of the local jail, whom they had liberated on their first day in power.—New York Times.

COP WINS FIGHT ON EDGE OF ROOF AS BULLETS FAIL Surprises Robbers at Work and Follows One in 20-Foot Plunge

New York.—In the most approved movie thriller manner, Patrolman Stephen McCormick of the Brownsville station, Brooklyn, got his man early one morning but not until he had faced possible death from bullets or by a fall from the edge of a roof where he grappled with an alleged holdup man. His prisoner, who said he was Harry Price, twenty-four, of No. 14 Grafton street, Brooklyn, was held in \$50,000 bail by Magistrate Fish in New Jersey avenue court. Even Price's suit was taken from him, for police said it was one of several stolen from Isidore Snider, a tailor, No. 898 Rogers avenue, Brooklyn. Price appeared in court in borrowed clothes. Caught in Act. McCormick, only seventeen months on the force, was beating his hands together shortly after midnight to keep them warm when he saw a red



Almost on the Edge of the Building.

taxicab stop suddenly in front of the drug store of Jacob Rutes at Howard avenue and Prospect place. Two men slid out of the cab and entered the store. McCormick followed through a side entrance. The youngsters had a week in which to find and memorize suitable texts. On the following Sunday the teacher summoned the superintendent in order that he might witness the ceremony. Under his approving eye the scholars advanced, one by one, each with a coin ready and his brow furrowed by the effort of trying to remember the quotation he meant to deliver. First, as was fitting, came the brag pupil and, as he deposited a dime in the plate, he said: "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver." "Beautiful," said the teacher approvingly. "Now then, Harry what are you going to say?" "The liberal shall be made fat." "Willie?" "Whoso giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord." "Bobby?" "Freely thou hast received, freely give." "Very good, indeed. Tommy, it's your turn next." Tommy's hand came slowly forth from his pocket, bringing a penny. "A fool and his money are soon parted," said Tommy.

Plunges After. Up the dark stairs of an adjoining four-story tenement went the second man, closely followed by McCormick. On the roof the policeman fired and missed again. The man leaped out into the dark, landing heavily twenty feet below on the roof of No. 450 Howard avenue. McCormick plunged after him and fell on top of him. A score of pedestrians, attracted by the shots, screamed and shouted as McCormick and his prisoner, wrestling and fighting, teetered almost on the edge of the two-story building. The two were still grappling when detectives arrived and ended the struggle.

Stole Ice for Private Route; Goes to Jail

New York.—Leroy Stevens, iceman, who prospered so greatly that suspicious neighbors were aroused, was sentenced to from six months to three years in the penitentiary in the Bronx Court of Special Sessions. He was convicted of petty larceny on complaint of the Knickerbocker Ice company. For ten years his income has been \$36 a week, but Stevens, fifty-eight years old, employed a maid, a chauffeur, had a costly car and sent his wife to Florida for the winter. It was discovered he made short deliveries to the large customers, among them the Seton hospital in Spuyten Duyvil, and for his own account sold such ice to 130 customers of his own.

Find Ancient Egg

Bellingham, Wash.—An egg, buried three and a half feet under the ground for six years, has been uncovered here and declared to be "as clear as if it had been in the ground only six days" by H. G. Smith, manager of the Washington Poultry association's station. No one, however, volunteered to eat it.

Student at 76

Boston.—Abnerden R. King, seventy-six years old, retired business man of Weymouth, N. Y., has enrolled as a freshman at Boston university. "Just wanted to brush up on several subjects," King explained, "but thought I might as well sign up for the regular first-year program. One is never too old to learn, you know."

Boiler Blast Kills

Pensacola, Fla.—Five men were killed and three were seriously injured in the explosion of a boiler of a small sawmill at Ponce de Leon, Fla. The dead include E. P. Creel, forty-five, of Bonifay, Fla., owner of the mill. The cause of the explosion has not yet been ascertained.

MY FAVORITE STORIES

By IRVIN S. COBB

The Evidences of Regeneration

By a unanimous vote of the plantation hands one Henry Johnson was held to be the wickedest man on the place. He shot craps, he had served a year on the chain-gang for swinging a wicked razor, and, generally, lived a wild, free, reckless life. Accordingly, there was rejoicing at Zion church when word spread that Henry at last had seen the light and had been converted. The revival meeting whereat he had been redeemed culminated one Sunday in a grand baptizing on Goose creek. Henry had an eight-mile tramp to reach the appointed spot. When he started from his cabin after breakfast he stowed a dozen cold biscuits in the front of his shirt, meaning to refresh himself on the way. But in his newborn exaltation he actually forgot to eat. A great host was gathered on the creek bank, and, at his appearance, loud hallelujahs arose in a fervent chorus. The preacher laid hands on Henry and, aided by two of the deacons, escorted him to the middle of the stream where the water was waist-deep. As the clergyman, pronouncing the words of the ritual, immersed Henry deeply in the water the lowermost button of Henry's shirt slipped from its buttonhole and rapidly, one by one, four huge cold biscuits arose to the surface and went bobbing down the current. From the shore a devout sister raised a sudden cry: "Oh, Lordy, parson, dip 'im ag'in—dip 'im ag'in, in de Lord's name! His sins is comin' up in lumps."

Spoken From the Heart Out

In an effort to link practice with preaching, the Sunday school teacher asked her class of small boys to recite appropriate quotations from the Scriptures as they added their free will offerings to the regular collection. The youngsters had a week in which to find and memorize suitable texts. On the following Sunday the teacher summoned the superintendent in order that he might witness the ceremony. Under his approving eye the scholars advanced, one by one, each with a coin ready and his brow furrowed by the effort of trying to remember the quotation he meant to deliver. First, as was fitting, came the brag pupil and, as he deposited a dime in the plate, he said: "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver." "Beautiful," said the teacher approvingly. "Now then, Harry what are you going to say?" "The liberal shall be made fat." "Willie?" "Whoso giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord." "Bobby?" "Freely thou hast received, freely give." "Very good, indeed. Tommy, it's your turn next." Tommy's hand came slowly forth from his pocket, bringing a penny. "A fool and his money are soon parted," said Tommy.

There Spoke Envy's Voice

The town drunkard of a small Scotch community went on an especially vehement tear. The village authorities locked him up until he had entirely recovered. On the second day of his captivity, as he sat in his cell, thirsty beyond words, the minister, who was of a full habit of life, came to give him consolation and good advice. They sat down side by side and the dominie read the parable of the Prodigal Son. The prisoner seemed to hang on the words. He nudged up closer and closer, bending forward until his face was almost in the minister's face, and listened. "Please read it over once more," he said when the dominie had finished the chapter and started to close the Good Book. Touched by this further sign of penitence, the minister read it again. "Tell me, poor man," he said when he was done, "what was it held you so close the while I was reading—was it the lesson of the Scripture or was it the words?" "Nay, nay," said the tippler—"twas your grand breath!"

Department Taught by Wire

There was a so-called financial wizard who advertised to give lessons by mail which would enable patrons to prosper in their speculations. If by any chance an investment made under his advice did go wrong the customer was at once to communicate with him for further guidance; thus ran the promise of his published announcements. A subscriber down in the Southwest found himself in difficulties as a result of following the directions for playing the grain market as laid down by the expert. He wrote a letter to this effect: "You told me if I got into trouble I was to communicate with you and you would tell me how to act. Well, I done just what you said about buying winter wheat and I am now busted. How shall I act? Please wire." By wire promptly came back the answer: "Act like you are busted!"

The HAPPY HOME

By MARGARET BRUCE

Avoiding Petty Disputes

Father had essayed to relate an anecdote, as he and mother and Mary-Girl had gathered around the living-room table after dinner. It had to do with an amusing scene he had witnessed at luncheon in a restaurant that noon, in which a very fat lady, a very thin gentleman, and a comical-looking youth were concerned, and which suggested a certain amusing story to the business man with whom father had been lunching. In his introduction and lead-up to the story, father said: "The boy looked like that Peterson boy, you know—Charlie Peterson—only he was even funnier-looking." Mary-Girl spoke up. "Why, that Peterson boy wasn't named Charlie—his name was Fred, wasn't it, mother?" "I don't know," said mother slowly; "wasn't Fred the older one? I thought Charlie was the little poet-looking one. There was another Peterson boy—Phillip—wasn't he the boy we used to laugh about?" "No, Fred!" insisted Mary-Girl. "I know it was Fred." "Well," said mother, "I remember how Phillip used to go by every day and we always laughed—but go on with your story, dear." But father, whose story had been interrupted and spoiled by a useless digression concerning the name of a boy whom nobody really remembered—and which didn't matter anyway—retired into an annoyed silence. He



could not go back with any enthusiasm to the relating of the slight incident which he had thought would interest his family. The moment for telling the story had passed, and all because of a thoughtless dispute over a matter wholly irrelevant. What difference did it make whether the boy was named Fred or Charlie or Phillip? Why not let father continue without an utterly irrelevant discussion of this sort? How many of us do just this sort of thing, in our zeal to correct details which are entirely non-essential? Mother should have gently quenched Mary-Girl's interruption and taught her not to fasten attention upon these unimportant points when a sustained story is being told. It is a lesson for all of us.

Speaking of Walls

"Do you know what I think makes so many walls uninteresting?" asked a home decorator, studying the walls of the living room in which she was sitting, having tea with the hostess and a friend or two. "But you surely don't call these walls uninteresting," broke in one of the friends, with a hasty glance at the hostess. "Indeed I don't—that's just why I spoke," answered the decorator. "Do you notice how our lady hostess here has the wall spaces of this room broken up by objects having varied outlines? The trouble with most walls is that there is nothing on them but pictures, and square or oblong pictures at that. There may be variety in size, but there is generally little variety in shape or grouping. Pictures, pictures, pictures! Many women seem to think that nothing else is appropriate on a wall, except mirrors perhaps, and they are similar in effect. "But look at these walls. Look at that lovely wall clock in exquisite polychrome, with its black ornamental iron frame in delicate tracery. See how it lightens up the corner there, contrasting with the square picture on the next wall space. Not only its color but its outlines make its corner interesting. "Over on that other wall you see she has broken up the monotony of the pictures by that wall-vase filled with trailing English ivy. These colorful majolica wall-vases are exceedingly decorative in a living room or dining room, especially when hung in a narrow panel between two windows. I'm particularly pleased, too, with that old carved wall-bracket in the shape of a garzoyie, with the quaint lantern hanging from its mouth. In fact, the walls in this room are delightfully different from the ordinary living-room, with walls blocked off with pictures like a checker-board." "My, you make me blush," said the pleased hostess.

Interesting Items

Bedouins make yarn of camel's hair. The best mahogany comes from Hayti. Aluminum furniture is now being made for homes and offices. The first wireless signal sent across the Atlantic was the letter S. The average wage of a first-class mannequin in Paris is only \$5 a week. Twice as many city women as country women go crazy. In proportion to numbers

ONLY ONE ARMY OFFICER IN FOUR IS WEST POINTER

Number Commissioned From Civil Life Far Exceeds Total of Academy Graduates.

Washington.—Hardly more than one officer out of four in the regular army and Philippine scouts is a West Pointer, and the number commissioned direct from civil life exceeds the total of academy graduates. These figures are disclosed in the annual report of Maj. Gen. Robert C. Davis, adjutant general of the army, made public. It fixes the total regular active commissioned force on June 30, this year, at 11,880 for the two branches, with enough retired and reserve men on active duty to bring the grand total up to 12,462. Of that number, 3,262 are West Point graduates, 3,960 came from civil life, 2,044 from the officers' reserve corps, and 1,604 from the enlisted ranks of the regulars, National Guard, volun-

teers or some other branch of the service. The total enlisted strength was 135,254, of which 96,035 were on duty in continental United States. To maintain the force, 45,553 recruits were necessary during the year, of whom more than 92 per cent were native-born Americans. General Davis figures that it costs \$62.58 per man to gather recruits, including those for the Philippine scouts. The report reiterates army objections to the one-year enlistments authorized by congress and shows that departmental policy has limited acceptance of men under this provision in a particular locality where no important transportation cost was involved. During the year the strength of the officers' reserve corps jumped from 51,706 to 95,154. More than 4,000

new reserve officers were obtained from the training corps graduates and the civilian training camps added another 500. A plea for preservation of 100-year-old army records that are dropping to pieces from much handling is made by the adjutant general in his report. They cover the regular army for the period of 1812-1912, including original muster rolls of the regiments. "Their gradual disintegration will continue until they shall have literally fallen to pieces, unless the constant handling to which they have been subjected can be obviated through transcribing all information which they contain upon index-record cards," General Davis warned.

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