"Desert Rat" Is Victor in Fight

Twenty-Year Battle of Poor Inventor Ends With Supreme Court Award.

Washington.—George Campbell Carson, "desert rat" miner, has won his lone fight against a big, powerful corporation and is to receive the millions his inventive genlus has brought him.

The United States Supreme court has denied the American Smelting and Refining company a review in its action to have Carson's patent infringement claim set aside. Twenty years ago he invented a process for the reduction of copper ore.

Adopted by the big smelters, the process brought about a ten-year tangle of legal warfare.

Court after court has heard the case. Time and again a favorable decision has put sums ranging from \$2,-000,000 to \$20,000,000 within the reach of the sixty-year-old Western miner as royalties, but always a further legal combat postponed realization of his dreams. Now, however, the classic struggle in all probability is over with Carson assured of the fortune he has pursued with such persistence. The days of living in a sailor's lodging house on the San Francisco waterfront have drifted into the past and the one-time "desert rat" stands on the threshold of a new life. Without money or friends he waged for years a single-handed battle against corporation officials and lawyers until in the end he obtained the assistance of Rudolph Spreckels and Robert Hayes Smith, San Francisco capitalists.

And now that Carson has won, what will he do with the millions? That is a question which he has been asked before and he has answered it characteristically. For the "desert rat" millionaire through ten years of ceaseless litigation has proved himself a philosopher. Last year when the United States Circuit Court of Appeals awarded him the royalties a swarm of questioners descended upon him in his waterfront lodging.

To Work in a Laboratory.

"What am I going to do with the fortune?" he is quotel as saying. "Twe been simply swamped by piles of letters from people who want-to sell me everything imaginable. I suppose it happens to everybody when they come into money. What I have really always wanted is a workshop and a laboratory, and now I don't see what is to prevent me from having them."

Dozens of women have proposed to the new millionaire, who, with a patient smile, dropped their correspondence in the waste basket. "Even if I'm rich now I don't belleve any woman is going to get me," he informed an interviewer. "If I ever decided to get married, though, I'd look for the domestic, settled type of woman. A man, to my way of thinking, ought to marry a woman about his own age. A

omen makas things too day

He would construct a smelting furnace which could be charged from the side. The dream remained with him for years while he wandered here and there in the deserts and the mining settlements, but it was not until 1906 that he was able to perfect his plans. While working as a chemist and metallurgist in Denver he invented his famous "reverberatory furnace" for smelting copper. The next move was to get it patented, but for nine years this protection was not forthcoming. In the meantime, filled with the certainty that he had invented something that would revolutionize the process of copper reduction, he went from smelter to smelter, interviewing officials and mining engineers and placing before them sketches and plans. Carson was frank about the invention, for which no patent had yet been granted, although his application was

granted, although his application was in Washington. He told its inmost secrets and explained its workings. And still he was turned away from the smelters, unable to interest anyone in purchasing his rights.

His Patent Granted.

1915 his patent was finally In granted and a short time afterward Carson found himself in New York attending a meeting of the American Society of Mining Engineers. Here his fortunes took an upward turn. Some one was reading a paper on a new process for the reduction of copper ore. Carson stirred in his seat on the instant, all his interest aroused. The process described as already in operation in the big smelters was the invention which he had perfected and unsuccessfully tried to sell for years. The moneyless, friendless inventor went out and found that everywhere his furnace was being used. The companies refused to recognize his claim for patent infringements. . A court in Tacoma ruled against him when he brought suit for royalties. Carson only smiled quietly and prepared for the next battle. In the meantime, as he tells it, he

had gone to the offices of one company and had been permitted to see an official, who shock his head when Carson explained his motive.

"Your patent is absolutely worthless," he says he was told. The official, however, offered him \$1,000 for it, says Carson, who turned down the offer with promptness, as well as subsequent bids of \$2,000 and \$3,000.

"No," said Carson. "It would be blackmail for me to accept your money if my patent is without value. We shall settle the worth of it in the courts. I intend to prove to you and to the world that my process is all that I have dreamed it to be."

There, in a word, is the inside story of Carson's long fight. He was struggling for the ideal, the dream of an inventor, and he meant that' nothing should check him. He picked up a humble living in San Francisco as a mining and metallurgical engineer while still he carried his battle through

8 Dead and Buried,

Dead and Buried, Man Returns Home Moberly, Mo. – Returning to his home here two weeks after he was supposed to have been buried, James O'Neill, seventyfive years old, had difficulty in convincing his family that he isn't a ghost.

A man had been found dying of exhaustion on a road near Columbia, Mo. Turned over to the police, he died in jall after saying his name was O'Neill and that he lived in Moberly. O'Neill's son identified the body, recognizing his father's clothing and possessions.

O'Neill explained to surprised relatives that his clothing had been stolen while he was away.

Spreckels and Smith. When they heard his story, they announced that they would stand back of him with the financial aid that was so necessary to a protracted legal combat. John H. Miller, his attorney, will receive a third of Carson's fortune in royalties and Spreckels and Smith will now be repaid for their confidence in the quiet inventor who never lost faith or courage.

Failed to Shake Him.

The adverse decision in Tacoma was the first blow at Carson's hopes, but it failed to shake him. There came the day when the United States Circuit Court of Appeals awarded him \$5,000,000 in royalties on his patent, with possibly \$15,000,000 more to follow. The "desert rat" and his story appeared on the front pages of the newspapers. Callers flocked to his lodging and such a welter of mail descended on him that he was unable to read it. All the luxuries of the world lay before him. Then abruptly they were thrust over the horizon once more, for the company petitioned for a retrial of the case. Carson stayed on in the sailors' lodging house.

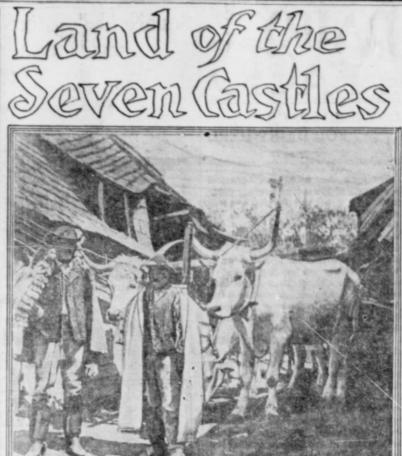
When the news came to Carson that the petition for a retrial had been denied by the Circuit court he was flat on his back in a hospital. It was the best medicine for him, and to the innumerable questions that once more showered on him he returned cheery answers. Was he thinking of putting the money into charitable works? "It would only create an army of grafters," he answered succinctly.

"Then what are you going to do?" "I've never been very good at making plans," he returned. "I believe in letting tomorrow take care of itself. I guess it will from now on." Before his process was put in op-

eration in the smelters it was possible to treat only 240 tons of copper ore in a top-loading furnace. By the Carson process in a side-charging furnace, 700 tons of ore can be treated.

It is typical of the man that he has taken his defeats and victories with equanimity. "I'm not surprised," has been his invariable answer each time he has been adjudged in the right. And he has crystallized his entire philosophy in that sentence with which he met congratulations:

"Most of all I want to prove to myself and to the world that my dreams



Draft Oxen of Rural Transylvania.

(Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.) R UMANIA always was a land of contrast, geographically, socially, and historically, but since the great accretions to her territory that have come about as a result of the World war the contradictory elements within her borders are even more striking.

She contains an epitome of the history of Europe from Roman times to the present, and people and places illustrative of each stage are found

side by side within her confines. One may see on the same day a shepherd in a long fleece cape, moving across the plains toward the mountains like a quaint survival of an ancient civilization; a fiery nomadic gypsy galloping along a dusty road, with long hair streaming; a peasant like a soldier from Trajan's column at Rome, with white, embroldered blouse and thong-bound legs, scratching the soil with a primitive plow; a nobleman in his castle gazing down into a medieval Saxon village; and an oil magnate scattering his wealth amid Bucharest's imitative charms.

Many of these contrasts were inherent within the prewar boundaries and all of them in much enlarged postwar Rumania, due to the addition of Transylvania to the kingdom. This is because Transylvania, known in Rumanian as Ardeal (Forest Land), in Hungarian as Erd ley, and in German as Siebenburgen, has been the frontier of the West egainst the East for centuries.

Its inhabitants have, furthermore, successfully maintained that border against the Turks since 1700, and this history of border wardenship has given the region its racial complexity and architectural charms.

ress on the borders of Europe, has been semi-independent from early times, and was recognized among the titles of the king of Hungary as a grand principality. However, administratively, it had been since 1868 an integral part of Hungary.

In this status the country remained until 1918, though not without certain uprisings among the Rumanian population which was denied many of the political rights enjoyed by the other three nationalities. As a result of the peace treaties following the World war, and on the basis of the fact that a larger portion of the inhabitants of this region were Rumanian in race and language, the province became a part of Rumania.

The best way to obtain the full flavor of Transylvania is to approach it from the east via the road from Bucharest to Sinaia, across the baking, dusty plain, through the region heavy with the odor of petroleum, up the slopes of the Carpathians where mountain streams have gashed rough earth wounds in the hillside, past artificial-looking folklore castles, to the ancient frontier of Transylvania, at the top of the pass at Predeal.

Here, upon emerging from the narrow valley on a high plateau, there is spread before one a view of the receding foothills and expanding plain of Transylvania.

Before one comes in sight of Brasov one is already aware of what the mountain barrier has meant and what it has protected for so many centuries. In about half an hour from Predeal the mountains give way to the fertile plain known as the Burzenland, which surrounds Brasov.



(By REV. P. B. FITZWATER, D.D., Dean of Day and Evening Schools, Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.) (@. 1926. Western Newspaper Union.)

Lesson for November 28

GIDEON AND THE THREE HUN-

LESSON TEXT-Judges 7:1-25. GOLDEN TEXT-Be strong in the Lord and in the power of His might. PRIMARY TOPIC-Gideon and His Brave Band.

PRIMARY TOPIC—A Brave Leader. JUNIOR TOPIC—A Brave Leader. INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Gideon and the Three Hundred. YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—Working Together With God.

Because of Israel's sin, God permitted them to be brought under the cruel yoke of bondage at the hands of the Midianites. So grievous was this affliction that they hid in dens, caves and strongholds (Judg. 6:2). In their distress they cried unto the Lord and He sent deliverance to them through the judgeship of Gideon. The angel of the Lord appeared to him while at the post of duty. Gideon hesitated. His hesitancy was not due to unbelief but to modesty and cautiousness. He came from an obscure and uninfluential family (Judg. 6:15). Before going forward in this enterprise he wished to be doubly sure that God had called him (Judg. 6:36-40). The tangible evidence was furnished by means of the fleece. Gideon began his reformatory work at once (Judg. 6:25-27). He not only began at once, but began at home. This is God's order.

I. The Opposing Armies (v. 1).

Gideon and his army arose early on the eventful day of his victory and encamped by the spring of Herrod. Over against them was the host of Midianites in battle array. Gideon's army was quite insignificant in comparison with the Midianites. II. The Sifting of Gideon's Army

II. The Sifting of Gideon's Army (vv. 2-8). At Gideon's call, 82,000 men re-

sponded ready for the struggle. This seemed a small army to go against the Midianite army-135,000 strong, but God said even this was too many, lest they be led to boasting and self-confidence. Their real danger was not in their small army but in their pride. All that were faint-hearted were allowed to go back, leaving only 10,000. There were 22,000 cowards in that group of men and worst of all, they were not ashamed to confess It. Still, this was too many. When God was through with His sifting process only 300 remained. The 10,000 were brave men, but not of proper quality and fitness. Those who lapped the water showed alertness and watchfulness.

III. God Gives Encouragement to Gideon (vv. 9-15).

God commanded Gideon to go down to the Midianite camp where he would hear something that would cheer his heart and strengthen his hands. God always comes to cheer us when our hearts are faint. When he came near he heard a man tell a dream which was that of a barley cake tumbling into the camp and smiting it. He also heard the interpretation given to that dream which made Gideon to be that cake. This greatly cheered his heart and strengthened him for his work and caused him to break forth in praise to God. The barley cake is a very insignificant thing-a very cheap affair in itself, but with the hand of God upon it it would be sufficient to spread consternation among the Midianites and bring destruction upon their armies. No matter how weak and insignificant a man may be, if God is with him he shall not fail.

Joint of the stand of the stand. What do I think of the flapper? There never was a jazz-mad flapper who didn't have her wings burned in the end." Perhaps his time spent in the lonely desert has made Carson yearn for the sight of greenery. At all events he has said that he would like to attempt something along the lines of tree culture.

"I want to see the barren areas of California put into trees and farms," is the way he phrases it. "So, very possibly, I shall work at that a while."

The Inventor's Dream.

Chemistry, however, still is, as it always has been, a hobby with him, and for some time he has been engaged on experiments for the manufacture of sulphuric acid. His original invention, which brought him into fame overnight by a court award of a fortune in royalties, practically revolutionized copper smelting. He had run away from his boyhood home in Kenton. Ohlo, at fourteen. Two years later he was in Arizona working in a copper mine. The furnaces at that period were loaded from the top. As he watched the sweating, harassed laborers charging them under heavy difficulties, the desire was born in Carson to alleviate their lot and eliminate the quated process.

the courts. In San Francisco he met were real."

Ex-President's Home Will Be Saved



ers charging them under heavy difficulties, the desire was born in Carson to alleviate their lot and eliminate the waste of energy necessary in the antiquated process. This little brick house which stands in Cleves, Ohio, was the home of a former President of the United States. William Henry Harrison lived here for many years. A movement has already been started by citizens of the town to have Congressman Stephans of Ohio arrange for the preservation of the old structure.

STUDENT NOW HUNTING OLD PAL WHO GAVE HIM HAZING

Thrashing Turned Fortune's Wheel for Henry O'Reilly, Who Wishes to Shake Tormentor's Hand.

New York.—Having made \$175,000 in three years selling real estate, Henry O'Reilly of New York city has begun an unusual journey with his wife and baby son, Donald. He has salled for his old home in St. Johns, Newfoundland, to shake the hand of the mah who kicked him into the lap of fortune.

Fourteen years ago, when O'Reilly was an honor student at St. Bonaventure's college at St. Johns, his Irish blood rebelled at hazing, and he sliced his hazer across the face with a carving knife. For that he received such a beating that he could not leave his bed for two weeks.

That beating, administered by one fani, seventy-four years old, and of the students at the college, proved the beginning of the turn of fortune in the same room, rested their aging

for O'Rellly. He left the college, went to sea, fought through the war in the English navy, and then came to this country. He married. Yet three years ago the O'Relllys still were "broke.". Then came their tremendous prosperity with the boom of Long Island real estate, which O'Rellly was selling. "I might have kept on being just as poor as my father if that brother at college hadn't given me the worst beating of my life." O'Relly said. "Hold it against him? No, I am going back

to shake the hand of the man who kicked me into the lap of fortune."

Ten-Year Spaghetti Pals Die Together

New York.-Through the last ten of their declining years, Ciro Scrofani, seventy-four years old, and Frank Ferraro, sixty years old, slept a

legs under the same board while they ate spaghetti together, and drew their living from a common source as they worked together in a cigarette factory.

Recently the two old pals visited friends and at night went to bed in their little two-room apartment at 361 East Seventy-sixth street, Mr. Scrofani in his cot on one side of the room, with his beloved banjo on the wall above his head, and Mr. Ferraro on a twin cot on the opposite side of the narrow room,

In the morning it was learned that death had visited the room in which the two old men had lived for ten years and had taken them as they had lived—together.

When Joseph Scrofani, son of the elder man, broke in the door, the room reeked with gas that continued to flow from a stove that many times had warmed the two aged companions.

Keeping Mum

and Rich Restaurant Owner Kills Girl lept and Himself and Withholds Reasons. ging -New York Paper. Nowhere in Europe is the sense of pleasant remoteness more keenly felt than in this district. Though little known to a traveling public, it is part of the stuff that all our dreams are made of, through such novels as "The Prisoner of Zenda" and "Graustark," which seem either consciously or unconsciously to have been laid in the neighborhood of some one of the seven castles which give the German name, Siebenburgen, to the province and which are quartered on the arms of greater Rumania.

Mixture of Races.

The towns of the castles were settled by Germans from Franconia, who were locally called Saxons and who, in all the years of their separation from Germany, have maintained a close connection with their mother country, its culture and institutions, the while efficiently keeping the Carpathian frontier.

They had likewise the co-operation of the Szeklers, close kinsmen of Magyars, who for their delight in combat have been settled along the northern portion of the mountain wall. Back of these warders the mass of Magyar farmers and Rumania laborers, foresters, and shepherds tilled the fertile valleys between the rolling foothills that gradually ebb from the Carpathians toward the Hungarian plain.

It is this mountain wall that accounts for the history of Transylvania—a jagged, glorious barrier that dominates the landscape.

The Saxon woman, pausing in the field to adjust her straw sailor hat atop her tightly bound kerchief, gazes at the rugged heights as if at the border of the unknown. The Rumanian cowherd, driving his sleek cattle along the Olt, knows that beyond those heights the brothers of his race now rule; and the Magyar farmer looks upon them and wishes they had been higher and untraversable.

Yet, had the mountains been impenetrable, Transylvania would have been neither so picturesque nor so rich. Fear of the Turks accounts for the walled towns, fortified churches, and great castles. Trade with the East accounts for the prosperity of the guilds in Brosav and other towns, as well as for the beauty of such structures as the Black church, with its priceless collection of prayer rugs.

Became Part of Rumania. Transylvania, on account of its geographic situation, like a natural fortlage, intimate yet aloo2

Brasov Is Interesting.

This town of some 60,000 inhabitants has been suggested as a 'capital for the new and greater Rumania, and it has much to recommend it, being almost in the center of the country, easily defended, having the charm of age and tradition and room for expansion in the surrounding plain.

Nevertheless, the tourist cannot but be grateful that nothing has as yet come of a project which would annihilate an ancient Saxon border stronghold amid Frenchified public buildings, such as modern architects would be likely to erect to house the official departments of this highly centralized government.

The present-day citizens of Brasov look not unlike German university students; no trace of centuries of battles with the heathen gleams in their spectacled eyes, and no frontiersman's freedom of motion betrays itself through their stiff-cut clothes. Blond they are and blue-eyed, but they are obliged to yield in freshness of complexion to their rustic cousins of nearby agricultural villages.

The Black church, which dominates the town, derives its name from the fact that it was burned in 1689 and never properly scoured since. The result is both dour and impressive. It is a good example of Fifteenthcentury Gothic, without any tower.

With Brasov as a center, one may explore the Saxon and Szekler regions at the base of the mountains. Southward Hes the Saxon town of Rasnov (Rosenau), over which towers the massive ruin of the Burgberg, now owned by the former Crown Prince Carol of Rumania.

There is no approach by road to this giant fortress, but a sharp climb brings one to what was a little city inclosed within the great walls of the castle, whose massive keep still dominates the plain. This once populous village is now inhabited by a single farmer and his wife, who occupy the fortress where once a hundred Teutonic knights kept the border of heathenesse.

Beyond Rasnov the road continues into a narrowing valley toward the pass at Bran. Just where the mountain walls almost meet, a little knoll with the river and road curving sharply at its base is topped by the castle of Bran, a gift to the queen of Rumania by the city corporation of Brasov. This, perhaps the most perfect fairy-story castle in the region, hangs above the little Rumanian vil lage intimate yet aloof. IV. God Gives Victory to Gideon (vv. 16-23).

His attack was unique. The whole matter was of faith (Heb. 11:32). The ground of his faith was God's Word and the token which He had given him. Gideon with his 300 men formed into three companies, each man being provided with a lamp concealed within a pitcher. Thus armed they surrounded the camp of the Midianites. They were all instructed to keep their eyes upon their leader and imitate him. We too are to keep our eyes on our Leader, Christ, and to ever do as He does. At the proper moment they blew their trumpets and broke their pitchers, giving opportunity for their lights to shine out. This awful crash of breaking pitchers, followed by the sound of trumpets accompanied by the shout "the sword of the Lord and of Gideon" threw the Midianites into a panic, causing them to fight amongst themselves: 120,000 were thus slain, leaving but 15,000 of that mighty army (Judg. 8-10).

In making the application to ourselves in this age, we can think of the sound of the trumpets as representing prayer or calling to God; the torches as the light of the Gospel; the pitchers our human nature, the whole as this treasure in earthen vessels.

To Be Free From Sin

If you would be free from sin, fly temptation; he that does not endeavor to avoid the one cannot expect Providence to protect him from the other.

Praying

One young person prayed once: "I can't hold much, but I can overflow m lot.--Missionary Worker.

Willful Ignorance

Willful ignorance will bring terrible famnation .--- Spurgeon.